

(By Balloon Mail.)

LETTER FROM PARIS.

AN INSIDE VIEW OF THINGS.

PARIS, Nov. 16th.—News of the victory at Orleans by pigeon. Newspapers call it "our first victory," etc., and endeavor to use it as an incentive to the prostrate patriotism of Paris, but the patriotism of Paris remains prostrate. Paris must be low when it can't be roused by a rumor of success. I congratulate one and another on Orleans, but I get nothing in reply but a shrug and the remark, "If we only can keep it," or, "The Prussians will retake it to-morrow," or, "Yes, this is another of the victories which is followed by a defeat made doubly a defeat by the momentary success which preceded it." So talk the patriots of Paris. The newspapers pipe unto them, but they will not dance. Can they dance? The Parisian thermometer must be very low, to be below the dancing point. The *Combat* says the signature of Gambetta is sufficient to make the news doubtful. But at all events there is nothing approaching enthusiasm, while there is something approaching misgiving, if not despair, in the presence of the "first victory."

The "Secretary-General of the Committee on the meat of horse" publishes our resources in "*Viande de Cheval*." He says, when the Prussians shut us in they shut in with us 100,000 horses, comprising those in the army. Since that there have been slaughtered 30,000 horses. We have therefore 70,000 left for all purposes. Put down for the army 20,000, for "services of the first necessity" 10,000, and we have for the butchers and their customers 40,000. The average weight of a horse is 250 kilogrammes. Total amount of horse-meat, ten millions of kilogrammes. Distributing this at the rate of 50 grammes per inhabitant and per day, we have horse rations enough for 100 days. Secretary-General Decroix says the flesh of horse is a sixth more nutritious than that of beef—50 grammes of horse-meat contains more nutriment than 60 grammes of beef. Allowing a half ration to children, the soldiers can be furnished with from 80 to 100 grammes per day. Thus by regulating the rationment of cheval and preventing fraud, we have horse-meat rations for three months. The best parts of the horse bring two francs a pound.

But all official statements, whether they refer to horse-meat or the number of cannon we are manufacturing, are received with a shrug by those of us who have learned a thing or two. However, say what you will about "lying bulletins" in France, the bulletins are all believed in France with unquestioning confidence. The Parisians believe everything they are told, and everything they tell one another. Nor does disappointment discourage their credulity. The consequence is that our public mind is in a constant state of feeble effervescence. I say feeble. Two months ago Paris went up high, and down low, under the tidings from the army of the Rhine. Now Paris varies on y slightly, whether up or down, from the condition of torpor into which she has at last sunk. Since the dismal affair at Bourget, we have been so inert that, as I have said, the "first victory" has failed to rouse us. The newspapers sputter, the Government flaps and crows, but even newspapers and Government are noisy with evident difficulty; and as for the Boulevards and cafés, the very feebleness of their effervescence proves the thoroughness of their torpidity. Military loungers multiply again. Swell officers jog about in cab, or prance along on handsome horses. The National Guards, in their polished boots and carefully-buckled gaiters, hang listlessly about their counters or their shop doors. A deserter, under an escort of seven muskets, passes by his fate at intervals of noticeable regularity. A leaden heaviness is in the atmosphere, but we shall have a sortie which is to make or break now very soon, they say.

A SIEGE BILL OF FARE.—Soup from horse-meat; mince of hack of cat; liver of dog; shoulder of dog with tomato sauce; jugged cat and mushrooms; outlet of dog and peas; haub of rat and Robert sauce; leg of dog, with gravy from small rats; and plain pudding a la marrow of horse.

Let me assure you that this is a veritable bill of fare; and although we do not often meet so many of our fellow-animals at the table at one time, nevertheless it would be difficult to take a Restaurant meal now in Paris, without being served with at least one of the above-named animals. And I have seen some animals in the market of a most unnamable sort. The blind market man tells you it is an otter, or a rare spe-

cies of hare, or an extraordinary small and odd kind of sheep; but still you go away with the suspicion that you have seen, and will presently eat a cat in disguise. And upon my word, they have a skill in this process of concealment which keeps one, I have no doubt, a constant victim of his imagination. Carry the imagination, and the citadel is taken. Imagine that you are eating a piece of old-fashioned roast beef, and that is what you are eating, and as we are besieged in a city where deception is reduced to a science, how can we doubt that it is carried into the *cuisine*? To say the truth of our culinary situation, we really do not know what we are eating, when we eat at Duval's or the *Diner de Paris*. We have only to dispose of the meat courses as rapidly as possible, and keep the conversation as much as possible on the war. For eat we must. Such appetites were never heard, read or dreamed of. Everybody complains of his or her appetite. It increases, too, in inverse ratio to the decline of animal food. Here again the human imagination proves itself an enemy of human interests. A poem might be written as long as Akenside's on the Pains of the Imagination. We are fretted with impatience, and gnawed with hunger, because our imagination is animated with the idea that at some future day we shall not have more than two-thirds of the too much which we daily consume. As for the "perishing classes," they are bewailing the loss of what they never had. Their idea of siege is nothing to eat, and their notion of King-William-Bismarck's policy is starvation, so they have nothing to do but to make up their minds that they are starving. I have taken pains to look in upon their pinched imaginations, and it is extremely diverting to see with what woe-begoneness and pitifulness they respond to your inquiries. What could be your motive but their relief, and what is relief to their imagination, but roast beef and mince sauce for their palate?

PARIS, 20 November.—Deaths from the 13th to the 19th of November: Small-pox 451 (increase over the week preceding, 12); scarlatina 14; measles 9; typhoid fever 94; erysipelas 12; bronchitis 92; pneumonia 72; diarrhoea 91; dysentery 25; cholera 2; quinsy 4; croup 10; puerperal affections 8; other causes 1,198. Total 2,064. Total of previous week 1,885. The increase is attributed to the insufficiency and unvariety of food, and the "excess in the use of alcoholic drinks," and it is hoped and urged that the "surveillance and precautions" be "redoubled." "Much patriotism and resignation, and a good use of alimentary resources, will insure our deliverance." The babes die for want of milk.—In ordinary times they are farmed out in the country. The Paris babe no sooner arrives in Paris, than it is given over to its future destiny in the shape of a buxom wet-nurse and a provincial residence. Paris hates babies. But one of the barbarities not enumerated in the list given by the civilized press of Paris against King William's Bismarck is, the fact that Paris must feed her own babies, or they will starve.—Paris is out of milk—mothers, cows, wet-nurses, all—and so the poor little things have the good luck to get out of this world as soon as they get into it. War sends them to Heaven, peace to the Provinces. It's a murder of the innocents so far as Bismarck is concerned, but it is a blessed escape so far as it concerns a Paris-lorn babe. Blessed above all others in the land of blessedness are they who go up there from the city of Paris.

But to give the devil (of a city) his due, drunken men are remarkably infrequent, and drunken women no where to be seen. Some of the former there are, and more than ever before the war, and they gradually increase, but I have walked the whole day long over Paris during the siege, comprising its worst portions, without seeing one man reeling through the streets.

In another such excursion I have seen three. I once saw five in a walk of five miles of crowded Boulevard. And I have counted a half dozen men in the cafes who, I thought, were boozed, but I must confess, after a large and studiously intentional observation, that the number of intoxicated people in this city is marvellously small. Sometimes I have doubted my eyes, and indeed, it has been suggested as a way of escape from this apparent paradox, that intoxication does not show itself in the Frenchman as it does in the Anglo-Saxon—that while the latter is boisterous and staggering, the former is silent and motionless. Be that as it may, certainly there can be no disputing the assertion that, as respects what we regard as the indisputable evidence of drunkenness, there is astonishingly little of it in Paris, and in Paris during the siege.

The difference, indeed I may say the contrast, between the revellers in a Paris cafe and a New York bar room is striking. To whatever lengths the Frenchman may go in his indulgence, he is at least quiet. He minds his own (and perhaps her own) business. Fellow dissipaters are let alone.—Each circle keeps to itself. There is no such thing as an uproarious row, gradually rising Darwinian on the theory from many centres until the whole assembly and apartment becomes one compact mass of pugacious and sometimes sanguinary brawlers. The French, on the whole, are quiet in their dissipations. It is only in politics that they are noisy. In their deliberative assemblies and in their public meetings they can play the drama of Pandemonium to perfection, but in the cafe or at the ball they seldom get beyond the hum which makes silence audible.

PARIS, Nov. 21.—At a concert, instead of the customary bouquet, the young lady was publicly presented with a piece of cheese, amid the appreciative applause of the audience. The incident is illustrative of our alimentary situation. But one is refreshed to see a city so addicted to bouquets and the like, and to spending their money for that which is not bread and cheese, for once reminded of the substantial aspect of human life. However, no sooner do I say this, than I recall the fact that has not far to come—Paris is beyond recovery in all that pertains to unmanliness, venality and unpatriotism. Paris has no realization of her situation—none. Toward the crisis she is torpid; toward everything else she is jolly gay. Yesterday, the ninth Sunday of the siege, no stranger would have mistrusted that we were an invested population. Even the multiplicity of swell officers and the variety of strolling regimentals might have been regarded an indispensable feature of a frolicsome capital. It was one of those superb days in which Paris excels, even in midwinter. The sun was just warm enough for comfort. The atmosphere was kindly. It thawed out the Parisians and the Parisians, thawed out on an autumn day, are always a diverting spectacle. But on this autumn day, at this state of the siege, Victor Hugo's transformation-able Parisians were particularly entertaining. They carried none of that dejected haviour of the visage, nor that fruitful river of the eye, which would of course be unbecoming in so heroic a people. On the contrary, nothing could be more indicative of satisfaction and contentment than the faces of the Parisians under the genial November sun. They were each and every one the picture of self-gratulation. Their boots were polished and their bellies were full—thanks, so far, to the fortunes of war. The children were sportive from inability to comprehend the situation, and for the very same reason their parents sauntered along under the leafless trees without the least appearance of solicitude or apprehension. Do you see that group—always changing in persons, always the same in number—looking out through the opening made by the street opposite? They are watching, with all their native indolent intentness, the nothing that is going on at the outposts.

It is a comparatively high spot on the Champs Elysees. You can see a part of the circle of high hills that surround the city. A little beyond those hills is the tentless camp of the invaders. But all is silent, and nothing is to be seen of a warlike sort out there. And you should see the languid curiosity of the gazing group. What are they looking at, and why do they look? They are looking at nothing, and they look because they know not what else to do. Does not a feeble suspicion of their humiliation come over their effeminate minds? I see nothing to suggest it. The National Guard and the old gent in the big blue necktie, the two little girls chasing one another round the group, and the matronly lady who holds her puny lad by the hand, the maid-servant in her white cap, the mobiles and the policemen—all look out over the tops of the houses upon the tops of the hills, with the hazy stare which seems to come from the haze that covers the hills. At the *Arc de Triomphe* there is another such a crowd. An old man will give you a peep at the Prussians through his telescope for four sous. On the *Trocadero* I look through a monster, and the greasy pile of loquacity who takes my half-franc insists that the sentinels I see standing three in a bunch, are Prussians, and I must believe him, if for no other reason than that I must have something to tell at the dinner-table. So it goes, looks and feels, all along the Boulevards and the Champs Elysees and the *Avenue Impériale*, now called *Uhrich*, clear out to, and into the desolated Bois de Boulogne—an

endless, sluggish stream of thoughtless people. Then there was a review of the National Guard in their habitual cleanliness. Gen. Trochu rode by them. The multitude look on silently. It was flat, flat flat. It was all a public fete. Such a spectacle under such circumstances would, I am sure, be impossible in any city of our country. The genial sun went down, the chilly night came, and Paris went into her cafe, and at last into her bed. Poor Paris!

KEYNOTE.

—N. Y. Examiner.

The writer does the most who gives his reader the most knowledge, and takes from him the least time.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

PEN SKETCHES.

No. xxii.

Violent Persons.

Such are generally unreasoning—they never stop to think. Easily provoked they become furious. They have an ungovernable temper, and more than once I have seen them foam at the mouth. They use violent language, terms of abuse are employed liberally, hot, burning words—come without hesitancy.

They are violent in action. Blows follow words. Such seem to have no government over themselves. They are like a volcanic eruption, lava coming forth blighting and blasting all within its reach. What a curse to a family is a violent parent! What an evil a passionate master. Boys have fled in terror before such. I have heard some persons excuse their conduct by saying it was their besetting sin—if so why not seek Divine grace to control. Is it not questionable that there are passionate Christians as much so as there are drunken or dishonest Christians? If our religion has not changed our tempers, we may rest assured that it is not of the right kind. We become new creatures, when converted, but if our tempers remain unsubdued, it is a proof that we are not new creatures.

JOHN.

The following are from Reports made to the Home Missionary Board, published by request:

MISSIONS ON CAPE BRETON ISLAND.

Left Charlottetown, Aug. 16th, 1870, and on the same day landed at Hawkesbury, about 6 o'clock in the evening.

During my mission of nine weeks and two days I endeavored to preach in the following places, viz., Strait of Canso, West Bay, North Shore, Grand Ance, Kempt Road, Little Bras d'Or, North Sydney, South side North West Arm, the Bar, South Sydney, South Bar, Mira, Homeville, Cow Bay Mines, Glass Bay and Boulardrie Island. Preached 33 sermons, visited families, read the scriptures, remarked on the portions read, and prayed with them as often as I possibly and conveniently could; broke bread with the church at Sydney, and attended prayer meetings with the brethren in several places. Congregations in general large and attentive, and in some instances broken down under the Word. I cannot report a revival, such as I had the pleasure of laboring in at West Bay and vicinity last year, notwithstanding, of all the missions in which I labored in Cape Breton and elsewhere, I never had a more pleasant mission to myself, and I trust not altogether unprofitable to others. The final day will show it.

I felt sorry to leave the Island so soon, sooner than I intended, but an event which I could neither foresee nor prevent, has called me home this time. Cape Breton is a field, a great field, a great field already white to harvest. Among the Gaelic population in particular, the Lord is working mightily, not through preaching exclusively, yet, preaching (sermonising) not excepted. The people meet themselves in private houses, read the scriptures, exhort and pray together and the work is going on.

From Grand Mira to Sydney Mines, from "Dan to Beersheba" shore and backland settlement the work is going on. There may be some chaff, and likely there is, but without a doubt the Lord of the harvest is gathering his wheat into the garner, and that through such means as he pleases, whether reading the scriptures, exhortation, ministerial or lay preaching (as the people call it). "The word of the Lord is not bound." And that the Lord of the harvest would own this mission, and bless the seed sown in weakness, as He has owned former

missions and blessed the seeds in imperfection sown, is the prayer of your fellow laborer in the Gospel.

JOHN SHAW.

P. S.—Amount of Contributions received £20 8 24. The names will be given in the Annual Report.

BADDECK, Dec. 2nd, 1870.

R. N. BECKWITH, Esq.,

Dear Bro.—Since writing to you I have still been labouring at St. Anns and Baddeck, with the exception of attending a Quarterly meeting and Ordination at Port Hawkesbury, and on my way hence, held a meeting with the Church at West Bay, whom I found still going on in the way of the Lord.

The prospect at St. Anns and Baddeck, is brightening. Last Lord's day I baptised one—the first since I wrote you last, and there are still a number whom we hope will soon come forward.

My settled conviction is that the Spirit of the Lord is working among the people, both at St. Anns and Baddeck, for I am more than ordinarily enabled to preach the word with confidence in its power. The dead must come alive under the power of the word of Jesus; and just as I feel the power of that word, so I am enabled to preach it with faith, and rejoice in confidence of its being blessed to others. I sometimes thirst for more of a spirit of devotedness to the cause of my Blessed Redeemer.

WM. MCPHEE, Missionary.

For the Christian Messenger.

DONATION VISIT.

SUNNY SIDE.—On returning home from Prayer Meeting on the evening of the 28th of November, I found the Parsonage taken possession of by quite a number of the members of my church and congregation, who had come, as was afterwards shown, for the purpose of leaving with us some tangible proofs of their esteem. After the company had partaken of refreshments which were provided in abundance by the sisters, I was presented, on behalf of the younger members of my congregation, with a valuable silver watch and guard, and on behalf of the elder members of my church, for Mrs. McQuillin, who at the time was unavoidably absent, with a beautiful cloak and shawl. Presents were also, at the same time given to other members of the family. At a late hour, after speeches, singing, &c., the party broke up, all seeming highly pleased with the evening's enjoyment and leaving us the richer, not only by reason of the presents spoken of, and a pantry well stocked with provisions, but by what was far more valuable to us, the assurance that we have a place in the hearts and affections of this people, among whom it is our great privilege to live and labor.—Though this is the first regular donation visit we have received since coming to this place a year ago, it is by no means the first instance wherein the people of my charge have shown their liberality and esteem, for we have received many tangible proofs of both, for all of which we wish to record our grateful acknowledgements. May the Author of all blessings richly reward them, and His name shall have all the praise.

J. B. MCQUILLAN.

Port Hawkesbury, Dec. 9, 1870.

For the Christian Messenger.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. THOMPSON.

Wife of Rev. S. Thompson, died at Economy on the 19th Oct., aged 64. Mrs. Thompson came to this country in 1837, then strongly attached to the Presbyterians, and a member of that body. Subsequently she became convinced that believers were the only proper subjects of baptism and immersion the only mode known in the scriptures. Yielding to her convictions of duty she was baptized by the late Rev. I. Cogswell.—Her subsequent life gave evidence that her hope was a blessed reality. For eight years Mrs. T. was a great sufferer, those suffering, especially towards the last, increasing to intensity. Grace however was equal to the trial, and the patient sufferer murmurs not, but weekly bows to the chastening rod. Her deep sense of sinfulness led her to place full reliance on Christ. In his "blood and righteousness," she would say, "was her only hope"—his atonement was her strong confidence, and his grace through all her painful passage sustained her mind, no murmur escapes, only she desired to depart and be with her Lord, and like the dying martyr uttered as nearly her last prayer "Lord Jesus receive my spirit."—Com. Economy, Dec. 1870.