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The Daily News.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOV. 2

☞ SEE FIRST PAGE. ☜

DIARY OF A BESIEGED RESIDENT.

(*Paris in Close Siege. Diary of the Leader of Daily News.*)

Fromentin, indeed, cannot live without excitement, and for the last twenty-four hours they have taken to waking about as if they were guests at their own funerals. It is not that there is any abatement of the spirit of Home. Always acting they are now acting the Stoics. It is somewhat amusing to see the serious, quiet face of patriots who meet, with a sigh and shedding a few tears, a—[illegible] as if it is by no means [illegible] beneath this outward calm a certain keen resentment upon the [illegible] part, is well played. Outwardly, however, is certain, order has at length been restored to disorder. Except in the migrating hordes any armed men are to be seen in the streets, and even in the central Boulevards, except when there is a report of some success or during an hour in the evening, there are few crowds. In the righting faubourgs there is a resigned determination to fight to the last. Here men there have arms and they have not care to quit uniforms. Men, women and children are all of one mind in the quarters of the working men. I have been very much struck with the difference between one of these poor fellows who is prepared to die for his country, his calm, quiet demeanour, and the absurd airs, the noisy drawls and the dapper uniforms of the young fellows one meets with in the fashionable quarters. It is the difference between reality and sham, bravery and bombast.

I am not sorry to learn that the sale of the ultra papers is not large. M. Blanqui's office was yesterday broken in by some National Guards, who made it clear to this worthy that he had fallen on chosen his moment to attack the Government. I have not myself the slightest dread of a general pillage. The majority of the workingmen no doubt entertain extreme Socialist ideas, but any one of them who declined to make any distinction between Liberty and that of his richer neighbours would be very roughly handled. So long as the Government sticks to its policy of do surrender, it will be supported by the faubourgs; if, however, it attempts to capitulate upon humiliating terms, it will be objected from the Hotel de Ville. It is a somewhat singular thing that Rochefort, who was regarded even by his friends as a vain, mad brained demagogue, has proved himself one of the most sensible and practical members of the Government. He has entirely subordinated his own peculiar views to the exigencies of the defence of the capital, and it is owing to his good sense that the ultras have not indulged in any revolutionary excesses.

They could stand it no longer, the afternoon was too fine. Stern patriotism unbent, and tragic severity of demeanour was forgotten. The Champs Elysees and the Avenue de la Grande Armee were full of people. Monsieur shone by his absence; he was at the ramparts, or was supposed to be there; but his wife, his children, and his kitchen wench issued forth, obviious alike of dull care and of bombarding Prussians, to enjoy themselves after their wont by gossiping and lolling in the sun. The Strasbourg fetish had its usual crowd of admirers. Every bench in the Champs Elysees was occupied. Guitars twanged, organs were ground, merry-go-rounds were in full swing, and had it not been that here and there some regiment was drilling, one would have supposed oneself in some country fair. There were but few men; no fine toilets, no private carriages. It was a sort of Greenwich Park. At the Arc de Triomphe was a crowd trying to discover what was going on upon the heights above Argenteuil. Some declared they saw Prussians, while others with opera glasses declared that the supposed Prussians were only trees. In the Avenue de l'Imperatrice was a large crowd gazing upon the Fort of Mont Valerien. This fort, because I presume it is the strongest for defence, is the favourite of Parisians. They love it as a sailor loves his ship. "If I were near enough," said a girl near me, "I would kiss it." "Let me carry your kiss to it," replied a Mobile, and the pair embraced, amid the cheers of the people around them. At Auteuil there were fiacres full of sight seers, come to watch the Prussian batteries at Meudon, which could be distinctly seen. Occasionally, too, there came a puff of smoke from one of the gunboats lying below Pont du Jour.

Do the Prussians really mean to starve us out? The government gave out a fortnight ago that there was food then within the city for two months' consumption for a population of two millions. It is calculated that, including the Mobiles, there are not above 1,500,000 mouths to feed, so that with proper care the supplies may be made to last for three months. Prices are, however, already rising. We have a bread and a meat maximum, but to force a butcher to sell you a cutlet at the tariff price, one has to go with a corporal's guard, which cannot always be procured. The *Gazette Officielle* contains a decree regulating the sale of horseflesh. I presume if the siege lasts long enough, dogs, rats and cats will be tariffed. I have got 1,000f. with me. It is impossible to draw upon England, consequently I see a moment coming when, unless rats are reasonable, I shall not be able to afford myself the luxury of one oftener than once a week. When I am at the end of my 1,000f. I shall become an advocate for Felix Pyat's public tables, at which as far as I understand his plan, those who have money pay, and those who have not eat.

M. F. Pyat announces in the *Combat* that the musket of honour which is to be given to the man who shoots the King of Prussia is to have inscribed upon it the word "Peacemaker." We have taken it into our heads that the German army, Count Bismarck, the Crown Prince and all the Generals of the Corps d'Armee are in favour of peace, and the only obstacle to its being at once concluded lies in the obstinacy of the Monarch, whom we usually term "that mystic drunkard."

The Mobiles, who receive 1 franc 50 centimes a day, complain that they are unable to support themselves on this pittance. The conduct of these peasants is above all praise. Physically and morally they are greatly the superiors of the ordinary run of Parisians. They are quiet, orderly, and, as a rule, even devout. Yesterday I went into the Madeleine, where some service was going on. It was full of Mobiles listening to the prayers of the priest. The Breton regiments are accompanied by their priests, who bless them before they go on duty.

The generation of Parisians which has arrived at manhood during the existence of the Empire is, perhaps, the most contemptible that the world has ever seen. If one of these worthies is rich enough, his dream has been to keep a mistress in splendor; if this has been above his means, he has attempted to hang on to some wealthy mistress. The number of persons without available means, who somehow managed to live on the fat of the land without ever doing a single day's honest work, has become enormous. Most of them have, on some pretext or other, sneaked out of Paris. One sees now very few ribbons of the Legion of Honour, notwithstanding the reckless profusion with which this order was lavished. The Emperor's flock, marked with the red streak, have disappeared.

ON THE RAMPARTS.

Everything appeared, where I was, ready for an attack. The sentinels were posted at short intervals, the artillerymen were lying about near their guns, and in the Rue des Remparts there were several hundred National Guards. They appeared to be taking things easily, complained that the nights were a little chilly, and that business at home was at a standstill. In the course of my drive I saw a great many barricades in process of formation. Eventually, I presume, we shall have a second line of defence within the other walls. This second line has already been divided, like the ramparts, into nine sections, each with a separate commander. I met at least a dozen sordid-looking Prussian spies being conducted to prison. Each of them was surrounded by twelve men, with bayonets fixed. Coming home I saw one French soldier with pistols twaring the most poor Mobiles the cowards. Of course the usual crowd accompanied them. I heard that they were on their way to be shot.

INFLATE BALLOONS

I hear of some one going to try tomorrow to get through the lines, so I gave him a copy of this letter. My last letter went off—or rather did not go off—by a private balloon. The speculator rushed in just as I expected him to be off, and said, "Celestine has burst." To my horror I heard that he was speaking of the balloon. He explained, "Ernestine burst on us, and to Ernestine I owe my life. I have not seen the speculator since. It may be that Ernestine has burst too.

[illegible]

I really think the [illegible] from the [illegible] evening.—The first canal [illegible] Prussians are on a wood near Villers, where they have been driven by the French. As they in the most cowardly manner decline come out of it, the wily Parisian braves are rubbing the outer circle of lines ever with petroleum, as a preparatory step to burn them out. This vetatious face is believed by two-thirds of Paris.

RAILROAD ENTERPRISE IN CANADA

Canada is just now showing a remarkable spirit of enterprise in the construction of railroads. Even [illegible] are [illegible] and there certainly is every doubt that we shall succeed in obtaining the requisite stock for the proposed North Shore line. Not deeming it sufficient to secure the route of the interior, wherever they wanted it, they are now seeking a more direct connection with the West than the Hamilton and branch of the Grand Trunk affords them, and they hope ultimately to bring the interior as through, or at least superior, to the Erie. The benefits to be derived from such a scheme would be immense, and it is gratifying to see the spirit displayed in this matter among the people of the ancient capital. The Province of Quebec is also interested in the building of wooden railroads to some extent, two or three projects of the kind being at present in progress.

In Ontario there are several lines in course of construction, portions of two of them having been formally opened two weeks since. The first of these is the Wellington, Grey and Bruce, so named because it will run through those counties to Lake Huron. Although it is in reality a Hamilton enterprise, the promoters of it being residents of that city, it commences at Guelph, a point nearly 50 miles distant. There is, however, a line from Guelph to Harrisburg on the Great Western, by which road the connection is formed with Hamilton. After leaving Guelph, the new line runs through a fine agricultural district, the western portion of which is destined to be the garden of Ontario. It strikes several important villages, and is to terminate at Southampton, the extreme northwest point of the Peninsula. The terminus may be fixed at some other place on Lake Huron, as it is probable that private interests will have to be subserved. However, the terminus has not been fully decided on, and it is well-known that speculation has been busy in the expectation of Southampton receiving the goby. Were Southampton selected, the completion of the road to that point would give the most direct route to Fort William and other ports on Lake Superior. The estimated cost of the road is $15,500 per mile, or a million and a half of dollars for the whole line. The progress of construction has been rather slow, although the country is very even over the first section, with no very heavy work, except the bridges. The first section, from Guelph to Fergus—fifteen and a half miles—and that has been completed since the turning of the first sod in June 1868.

Heavy cutting will be encountered at the commencement of the second section, where it passes over uneven ground for some miles. There is a good deal of high grading at this point, and at Elora some deep cutting has been done at the approaches to the large bridge which spans the Ouse, or Grand River. The second section of the line, 24 miles, has been put under contract and is being pushed forward with vigour. It has also been decided to ask for tenders for the construction of the third section, extending from Hamilton—the end of the second section—to Walkerton, a distance of 21 miles, or 65 miles from Guelph. A junction is formed with the Grand Trunk at the latter place, thus giving a choice of two routes for the travel and traffic over the Wellington, Grey and Bruce Railway. The work is of a permanent character, and the road will be one of the best in the country; but it will probably be a long time before trains run from Hamilton to Southampton, if at all. When the road reaches Walkerton, the county town of Bruce, the greatest difficulty will have been overcome; for, once there, it will never do to stop, and means will be found in some way to reach the lake, which can be done at a distance of between twenty and thirty miles, the latter being the distance from Walkerton to Southampton.

The greatest obstacle in the way has been the rivalry of the Toronto, Grey and Bruce scheme, a narrow gauge project, the first section of which extends from Toronto to Arthur, a rising village ten miles north of Fergus. From this point there will be competing lines, and it certainly appears to be a great piece of folly to build two lines so close to each other. It is expected that the first section of the Toronto line will be opened before winter sets in. A long and fierce warfare was waged between the rival lines, in consequence of the desire to secure municipal support along the route. By the charters the municipalities were empowered to subscribe stock in either undertaking, and convert the same into a bonus; and, as a matter of course, the promoters of both schemes soon had active canvassers in the field. The Hamilton men were victorious in Grey and Bruce, no opposition presenting itself in Wellington. In addition to several townships giving each a liberal bonus, the County of Bruce voted $250,000 to the Hamilton scheme. The other project has yet to obtain whatever aid it needs in Bruce. In all probability its construction through Grey has been secured.

The other line just opened is the Central Canada, a road intended to open communication between Ottawa and the interior of the counties adjacent. Its promoters claim that it will be an important link in the projected Pacific Railway. Fifty-seven miles from Ottawa to a place called Sand Point have been completed, and already the good effects of the additional accommodation are felt in the improved facilities of travel between the Dominion capital and what is designated Central Canada. The line will certainly be an important one, and prove a large feeder to the Ottawa and St. Lawrence and the Grand Trunk Railroads. Quite an impetus has been given to the business of the first named road, which was previously very limited, since the opening of the Central Canada. It is a matter of the greatest moment, that in the construction of new lines of railway, the object of serving the public along with individual interests should not be lost sight of, and this is eminently the case with the project in question. The Ottawa district will be well served by the Central Canada. The proposed Madoc and Kingston line will run through a district which greatly needs railroad accommodation, and the same may be said of the Wellington, Grey and Bruce, the Toronto and Nipissing, and the projected Southern line, one of which, the Loop Line, is about to be commenced, and it is understood that a beginning is shortly to be made with the Canada Southern also.

A short line is to be built connecting the flourishing town of Brantford with the Great Western line at Harrisburg, thus giving it a choice of routes by two lines to almost any section of Canada. The money has been subscribed, and the road is expected to be in running order next February. The Hamilton and Port Dover, an old project, is to be revived, now that one or more southern roads will be built, with which it will form a direct connection. The last scheme mentioned is the projected extension of the Picton and Belleville Railway, leading from Picton on the Hamilton and Toronto Railway to Belleville on the Grand Trunk. The road was opened for a short time by the Great Western Company. The road was one of the worst ever built. The Grand Trunk was crossed by a wooden bridge built on cribs. Years ago the mason work was set but the first Spring flood carried away the cribs, and with it the only bridge that existed on the line, which has not been worked since ten years. Force seems to be used to let that the road will be put into order again. The projected line, however, is to be [illegible] operation would remove the difficulty between Belleville and Picton.

[illegible]

The assertion that the Prussians are [illegible] Nevertheless [illegible] Gambetta [illegible] Paris [illegible] Versailles [illegible] Prussian [illegible] Versailles [illegible] Prussian [illegible] Versailles [illegible] Prussian