

less rugged and inconvenient than the tunnel "Ruelle des Chiens" (Dog's Lane), and the beach of the river St. Charles at low water. Towards 1816, the northern extremity of St. Peter street was finished which was previously bounded by a red bridge, still remembered in the popular mind. The Apostle St. Paul was honored with a street, as was his colleague St. Peter. Messrs. Benj. Tremain, Budden, Morrison, Parent, Allard and others, acquired portions of ground, on the north side of this (St. Paul) street, upon which they erected wharves, offices and warehouses.

The construction of the North Shore Railway will have the effect, at an early date, of augmenting, in a degree, the value of these properties, the greater portion of which now belong to our fellow citizen M. J. Bte. Renaud, who, it appears, purposes shortly adorning this portion of the Lower Town with first class buildings. Let us hope that this quarter may flourish and that our enterprising fellow-citizen may not suffer in consequence. (1) So note it be!

(2) We borrow from the "Directory for the City and Suburbs of Quebec," for 1791, by Hugh MacKay, printed at the office of the Quebec Herald, the following paragraph: "Rue Earltier" (out of the way streets.) "La Casse" (Cause Landings) follows the street "St. Michel" commencing at the house of Cadet (where Mr. de Aylwin resides), and continues up to St. Charles' bastille. St. Charles street commences there and terminates below Palace Gate. St. Nicholas street extends from Palace Gate to the water's edge, passing in front of the residence of the widow La Vallée; the old ship yard opposite to the boat yard; Cape Diamond street commences at the wharf owned by Mr. Aulic and terminates at the outer extremity of that wharf. D'Amore underneath Cape Diamond, the streets "Carmel, Mont Carmel, St. Genevieve, St. Denis, Des Neiges" are all situated above St. Louis street.

J. M. LEMOINE.

THE GOVERNOR'S BALL.

We clip the following from a late number of the Ottawa Times:

To the Editor of THE TIMES:

DEAR SIR,—Your paper is a sort of omnibus, and a very nice one; you find room in it for a young lady without crowding out some of those charming articles in which so much delight, about bishops, and priests of St. Albans, and apocryphal, and candlesticks, and Alderman Weller, and Mr. Martin. Try like a good soul, our dear Governor's ball has been talked about and written about a good deal and not badly, though I have heard there is high authority for saying that the account of it has yet to be written. But nobody has adverted to its constitutional virtues and the impetus it has given to loyalty. In the dark days of 1837, when rebellion was rife, Lord Gosford, a good kind soul as ever lived, seems to have forgotten this point of policy—and the extract I send you from papers of the time, will show you the peril to which the State was exposed in consequence. Miss Quadrille was my grandmama, a worthy girl as ever lived, and no more inclined to look to Washington than one of Her Majesty's Ministers,—as loyal and as British as the fair lady who enacted Britannia at Rideau Hall. Think of the part up suffering she must have endured before she was forced in her agony to cry out as she did. Lord Gosford gave the ball and saved the country; our Governor, more far-seeing, gave his ball without waiting even for a hint: he knew the "well understood wishes" of the ladies and met them, and he has not only been good himself but has made others good by his example, and those ducks of Ministers and their charming ball followed his lead of course. I am in possession of the archives of the Quadrille family,—and if your readers desire it, I can show them Lord Gosford's answer, which my dear grandmama used to say he sang most feelingly to the air of "The Sprig of Shiloh," like a jolly son of Erin, as he was. I have an account of the fancy ball too of the time, reported by a very junior member of your profession, since perhaps an editor—or dead. Before closing, I must tell you that at a jolly meeting of a number of young men and maidens, who had been at the ball, I ventured modestly to imitate my tuncful ancestress and sang:—

SOLO:

Round me while singing, exultingly stand, ye boys And ye girls, smiling all—and ye girls and ye boys, Join in one cheer for the Chief of the Clambroyles, Giver of beautiful balls!

CHORUS:

No, no, nothing's the matter now, No, no, nothing's the matter now, No, no, nothing's the matter now— Duffield gave us the ball!

And I assure you the chorus could not have been given more heartily, if Mr. Dixon had written for us and Mr. Mills had drilled us.

Affectionately yours,

MISS QUADRILLE, JR.

Ottawa, March 3, 1876.

EXTRA EXTRAORDINARY.

We have just received the following communication announcing a danger with which Her Majesty's Government is threatened from a new and unexpected quarter:—

(For the Quebec Morning Herald).

MR. EDITOR.—I am commanded to inform you that the sentiments expressed in the following song have been unanimously concurred in by a brilliant assembly of no less than 92 ladies. If the grievance complained of be not speedily redressed, let the parties implicated look to it.

I am, Mr. Editor,

Your obt. servant,

MISS QUADRILLE.

Quebec, 18th Dec., 1887.

SONG. AIR.—"Oh dear, what can the matter be!" Oh dear, what can the matter be? Oh dear, what can the matter be? Oh dear, what can the matter be? Nobody gives us a ball. Vainly my ringlets I bridding and curling am, Vainly in dreams too I whistling and twirling am. Oh, my Lord Gosford, Great Baron of Worthingham, Why don't you give us a ball? Oh dear, &c.

He promised, when first he came, he'd give us plenty. We thought in each season we'd get, at least, twenty; But if to perform that fair promise he meant, he Would surely now give us a ball. Oh dear, &c.

Then our beaux are all priming and loading and drilling. With brave loyal ardour each bosom is thrilling. If the brave love the fair—why the fair love quadrilling— Then why don't they give us a ball? Oh dear, &c.

Let them ne'er think that balls check men's ardour for fighting. Or that pump throw cold water on what they delight in; For the man who all points of war's science was right in, To Waterloo went from a ball. Oh dear, &c.

If our Governor, lovers, or brothers or spouses, Will not open their castles, their hearts and their houses, And their tyranny once our resistance arouses, We know who will give us a ball. Oh dear, &c.

We'll resolve that the grievance surpasses all reason; We'll declare such brutality justifies treason; We'll compound with the rebels for one merry season; And Papienon'll give us a ball. Oh dear, &c.

Every lady who can sing will please to chaunt the above on all fitting occasions, until our grievance is redressed, or "we seek elsewhere a remedy for our afflictions." By order of the Committee, Q.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

This being Leap Year, we will print for nothing the name of every girl who "leaps."

"That's going too far," as the Boston man said when his wife ran away to San Francisco with another man.

FORTI, on being scolded by a lady, said "I have heard of tartar and brimstone; you are the cream of the one and the flower of the other."

"SHALL I have your hand?" said Augustus to Matilda, as the dance was about to commence. "With all my heart," responded Matilda.

"ANGELINA, dear, are not my moustaches beginning?" "Well, Adolphus, they may be coming, but, so far as I can see, they haven't begun to arrive yet."

WHILE an Iowa woman was struggling in the water and likely to drown, her husband yelled out, "Now, bonnet—swim for life!" and she struck out and safely reached the shore.

JUDGE LAMBRETH, of Rome, Ga., has married 3,394 couples. When the judge is called upon to render up his account he had better appear only by substitute.

THERE is something so peculiarly delightful in locking arms with the woman he loves, that a man will cheerfully wade through mud up to his knees rather than to have her let go.

A DOCTOR was discovered holding a young lady in his lap the other evening, but he stated he was examining her for an affection of the heart, and she remarked that there was nothing wrong in laying her head on her pillow.

"You didn't laugh at my stupidity before we were married; you always said I was a duck of a lover," grumbled a complaining husband. "Yes, that's so," replied the wife; "and a duck of a lover is almost sure to make a goose of a husband."

"Do you trust anybody nowadays?" asked a beautiful young lady of a jeweller, as she toyed with the diamonds in a case before her. "No, ma'am," said the jeweller, "I don't trust anybody with anything; in a lady's case, I shouldn't dare to trust my feelings."

"I hope your wife is a good helpmeet for you," said an affectionate old lady to her favourite nephew; to which he enthusiastically replied, "Oh, yes, auntie, that she is. She knows all about meat, and they taught the girls carving where she went to school."

AT Cincinnati, a little girl, while playing, stuck her tongue through the crack of a door, when other children suddenly closed the door, cutting two-thirds of her tongue completely off. This is a very sad accident, but the girl's chances of securing a husband, when she grows up, are greatly increased thereby.

HE was taken sick in the night, and in her youthful ignorance she made two mustard plasters and put one in front and one behind, and then with horrid sarcasm she asked him how he felt. But he was a well-bred man and merely said that he realized with a tenderness he had never known before, the true position of a sandwich in the community.

"My dear husband," said a devoted wife, "why will you not leave off smoking? It is such an obnoxious practice, and makes your breath smell so!" "Yes," replied the husband; "but only consider the time I have devoted and the money I have spent to learn to smoke. If I should leave off now, all that time and money would be wasted, don't you see?"

HE was a good singer, says a New York paper and the boys at the club always liked to hear him. "Home, home; there's no place like home!" He rolled it out so sweetly and feelingly, it brought tears to their eyes; and then he went home, and sneaked round the back-way and up over the woodshed into the bedroom, so that his wife couldn't catch him at a disadvantage on the staircase. "Home, home; there's no place like home."

A gentleman passing by the goal of a country town, heard one of the prisoners, through the gates of his cell, singing in the softest and most melodious tone, that favourite song—"Home, sweet home." His sympathies being very much excited in favour of the unfortunate tenant of the dungeon, he inquired the cause of his incarceration, when, to his disgust, he was informed that the fellow was put in goal for beating his wife!

A LADY residing in New York, who, by the way, was one of the strictest of church members, chanced to go into the country on a visit to her brother, who was a deacon. On the first Sunday of her visit a little son of her brother's came running into the house with a couple of eggs which he had just found in a hen's nest.—"See, aunt," he exclaimed, "what our hens have been laying to-day!" "What!" exclaimed the lady, lifting up her eyes in horror; "is it possible that your father, a pious man and a deacon, allows his hens to lay on Sunday?"

OUT of the exuberance of his heart, a Galena man warbled this morning, "When the Spring time comes, gentle Annie;" and at the conclusion of the first verse he was reminded by his wife of the fact that when Spring did come, the children would have to have a new suit of clothes, the house a fresh coat of paint and the madame a stylish bonnet and pull-back. A seventeen-hundred-dollar mortgage would have to be lifted, a wood-shed built, a spare bedroom furnished for his mother-in-law who was coming to stay all summer, and sundry other little matters looked after. When his better-half had finished her remarks, the husband changed his tune and poured forth in a melancholy tone, "I would not live away, I do ask not to stay."

SKETCH IN THE OLD FORT, TORONTO.

This being the centennial year of American Independence when the triumphs of peace will culminate in a world's fair, it may be pertinent to take a look at one of the few remaining reminiscences of the early struggles of Canada; not however to flatter ourselves on our military genius, or excite ill-feeling in the mind of a reconciled enemy. On a sunny summer afternoon with only a passing reflection on the sentimental wounds which time has healed, we can contemplate rather admiringly a patch of potatoes in blossom regardless of the warriors' bones that lie beneath. Or sitting on the breach of one of the guns, thankful that there is no martinet about the place to suspect our dishonest intentions with regard to the old iron, we try to realize what we have read of the war of 1812, and Gen. Pike having been killed here. There is no board commemorating that event, but there is a "notice" to the effect that we are not to stroll on the ramparts, and also a "caution" to cattle not to stray in there or they "will be impounded." Whether the former order has ever been formally revoked or not, it is just as practically disregarded as the latter is by the uneducated cows which find this an excellent pasture. A cow is rather a pensive animal to lay claim to any of the war-like attributes of Job's horse. It is certainly not for the purpose of "smelling the battle afar off" that it sniffs at a cone of forty-eight pound shot, but to browse on the choice grass that grows in its interstices.

Othello's occupation seems gone and glorious war has gone into husbandry, but the time comes once a year at least, when a battery from Collingwood or St. Catharines goes into quarters here for a week of "dummy drill." They are a *mal* in the "killing trade" and experience relief when the morning's work has been gone through; then they are no longer listless, coats are off, arms are bared and each man is ready to attest with his whole might that peace hath its triumphs as well as war in the manner shown in the sketch. That little episode in the corner is evidence that the very ancient partiality existing between Mars and Venus is likely to continue. There is still a little trade on the lakes and it is clear by the swallows on the telegraph wires that it is a long time since that gun was fired.

THE FRENCH CHANSON.

However deficient in the higher qualities of poetry, France remains absolute mistress of the *chanson*. In England the song (except in some very rare cases) has dwindled downward into such imbecility, that bolder musicians have begun to intimate the possibility of dispensing with "words" altogether, and expressing their sentiments, so far as articulation is necessary, by the inane syllables of the *Solf-fo* system—a tremendous irony, which, if it were intentional, would do more to demolish our lesser songsters than all the bands of literary criticism. The idea is barbarous; but it is partially justified by the nonsense verses which we constantly hear chanted forth in drawing-rooms, to the confusion of all sense and meaning. But the song in France has never dropped to this miserable level. The crisp, gay, sparkling verses—the graceful sentiment, a little artificial, and reminding the hearer, perhaps, of Watteau's wreathed lyres and quaint garden groups—the captivating peculiarity of the *refrain*—combine to give a certain identity to these charming trifles. They may have no high title to poetic merit, but still they vindicate the claim of the literary voice to have some share in all expression of feeling. It is impossible to treat them as mere "words for music," or to throw them aside for the barbarous ja-gon of the *Solf-fo*.

MUSIC AND DRAMATIC.

A new opera called "Angela, or the Vision," by Theodore Stauffer, has just been brought out with success at Zurich.

A dramatic version of "Bleak House" will be brought out shortly at the Globe Theatre, with a special cast.

IN a box of books left by Alexander Dumas at Naples has been found the manuscript of an unpublished drama by the celebrated author, entitled "Le Législateur."

SIMS REEVES, the celebrated English Tenor, is announced to receive fifty guineas for each song, that he will sing on Good Friday night at the Alexandra Palace.

JENNY LIND has given five hundred dollars to a home for musical students established in Milan, Italy, recently, and offered to sing at a concert to be given for its benefit.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG denies the report that she is to marry a New Yorker. She says it will be time enough to think of marrying twenty years hence, when she is too old for the stage.

MR. W. S. GILBERT and Mr. Arthur Sullivan are to write a new comic opera in two acts for Mr. Charles Morton. It will probably be produced at the Winter Garden Theatre.

SIGNOR ARDITI left London for Vienna to conduct performances of Italian Opera. The company engaged includes Madame Patti, Madame Lucra, Mlle. Hellbron, Signor Marini, Signor Nicolini, and M. Caponi.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES MATHEWS have arrived in London, from India. Mr. Charles Mathews will not reappear in London till Easter when he will resume at the Gaiety Theatre his performance in his popular comedy "My Awful Dad."

THE Musical Standard says it is proposed to form a body of amateur players of musical instruments in London who shall hold themselves at the disposal of clergy who may wish to give services with orchestra on special occasions.

THE council of Trinity College, London, has instituted a preliminary "arts" examination of a moderate standard, which all future candidates for its musical diplomas will be expected to pass. This is to be noted as the first step in this desirable direction which has been taken by any English examining body in connection with the musical faculty.

AS excited supernumerary in a theatre at Shields, England, aimed his musket close in the face of the bandit hero of the play, and the heavy charge of powder and wadding hurled the actor from a platform. The audience applauded what they took to be unaccountably good acting, and were astonished by the announcement that the bandit was dangerously hurt.

A collection of Cremona violins belonging to Mr. John Thorney of Lancashire was recently sold in London. Twenty-six instruments and three bows brought £1,157 6s. 6d., the most valuable being an Antonius Stradivarius of 1694, which sold for £117 12s.; a Nicolo Amati of 1691, £115 10s.; another of the same make, £120 15s., and a Joseph Guarnerius, £75 12s.

IT is stated that Mr. Bonjean has, in consequence of the sad loss of his son, abandoned his engagements in America. He was guaranteed £125 a night for thirty-nine weeks. The banquet tendered to Mr. Bonjean by the Irish members of Parliament and Irish residents in London, which was postponed in consequence of the sad bereavement which recently befel that gentleman, has now been fixed to take place in July next.

SOPHOCLES'S tragedy of "Antigone" was recently produced at the Theatre Royal in Dublin, with Mendelssohn's music, and the gallery gods were so well pleased that, according to their custom, they demanded a sight of the author. "Bring out Sophocles," they yelled. The manager explained that Sophocles had been dead two thousand years or more, and couldn't well come. Thereat a gambic shouted, "Then chuck us out his mummy."

ALL the old Bonapartists seem to be re-entering public life. Vivier, the famous performer on the French horn, announces some performances. He is more celebrated as being the only man who could cause Napoleon III. to shake both his sides with laughter, as he had the privilege to amuse his Majesty with broad grins. Vivier made quite a fortune on the entry of the French troops into Mexico. He was passing a grocer's shop, and observing some monster Portuguese onions, he at once wrote in large letters on a sheet of paper, "Newly arrived from Mexico." The citizens stocked out of patriotism to purchase the new *6c* onion that their army had been the means of introducing to European households.

IN deference to fashion, which affects to consider all opera Italian, the managers of opera in England insist upon vocalists, however British their origin and patronymic, taking a name with an Italian ending. It is no secret, for instance, that the Signor Enrico Campbell, by a conceit of another kind Miss Hairs, of England, is now singing in Florence as Mlle. Chioni; Mr. Walker, a rising operatic tenor, calls himself Signor Valchieri. The late Mr. Jules Perkins, an American, was permitted to retain Perkins intact, on condition of making Jules into Giulio. These transformations are usually stipulated for by an express clause in the artist's agreement with the manager.

FANNY KEMBLE relates in the *Atlantic* a strange experience. She says that she has often looked up casually from a book into a mirror, and failed to recognize for a moment the image of herself. "Under a curious fascination," she says, "my countenance has altered, becoming gradually so dreadful, so much more dreadful in expression than any human face I ever saw or could describe, while it was next to impossible for me to turn my eyes away from the hideous vision confronting me, that I have felt more than once that unless by the strongest effort of will I immediately averted my head, I should certainly become insane. Of course I was myself a party to this strange fascination of terror, and must no doubt have exercised some power of volition in the assumption of the expression that my face gradually presented."

THE toilette of Mlle. Croizette, in the *Etranger*, will probably give the tone to the fashions for the coming season. Her dresses were designed by M. Carolus Durand, the painter, her brother-in-law. In the first act she wears an evening dress of white cross-grained cream-colored silk, with embroidered flowers of the same colour; the bodice is trimmed with a few white jet ornaments. In the second act her morning dress consists of a body and skirt of emerald green velvet, cut like a riding habit, three rows of grey buttons arranged diagonally reaching below the belt; the tunic is grey, and set off by small cords of Spanish velvet. In the third act she wears a walking dress of ruby velvet with plaited satin of the same colour, the flounces being of very wide gold braid, and bonnet and veil to match. In the last two acts the dress is *à la Pompadour*, the skirt being of grey silk delicately shaded with rose, ornamented with bouquets of flowers, trimmed with white and pale rose-coloured cord.