

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SCRIBNER'S. If anything can add to the well-earned reputation of this beautiful monthly, it is the fact that the present January number ushers in a new story, by its editor, Dr. Holland. From the first chapters of "The Story of Seven Oaks," we are justified in predicting that, while it will maintain the fame of its author, it will prove, in addition, the principal attraction of SCRIBNER'S for the ensuing year. The January number contains besides, the first of what appears a remarkable series of papers on "the Canons of the Colorado," by Major Powell. It is the account of a journey of exploration down an unknown river, amid a variety of romantic and perilous adventure, and in the midst of scenery of the wildest description. The article is admirably illustrated. Beside the usual selection of poems, sketches, and short stories, there is a first instalment of "Some old letters" written from England in the time of William IV, by a young American lady, which are remarkable for their freshness and the glimpses of society given by them. SCRIBNER'S magazine begins the new year under the most brilliant auspices.

ST. NICHOLAS. While this delightful periodical, devoted exclusively to literature for boys and girls, has always been a welcome monthly visitor to its readers, it is especially at the Christmas season that its appearance is timely. Its very name is suggestive of the pleasures and amusements of the holidays. And the January number is a real holiday number in the best sense of the word. What we most admire in this work is the fact that the most serious and experienced talent of the country is enlisted for the instruction and entertainment of children. In the present number, for instance, we find the names of Louisa Alcott, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Bret Harte, Trowbridge and Olive Thorne among the contributors. While these names, added to that of the talented editor, Mary Mapes Dodge, insure a perfection of literary labor, they point to a fund of life-experience which is of the greatest assistance to youthful readers. We have always said that ST. NICHOLAS is, in form and matter, the best juvenile periodical ever published in any country, and the January number only confirms us in that opinion.

HYMNS AND RHYMES.—A beautiful little volume, suitable for the holidays and for every-day reading as well. The selection is exceedingly well made, containing gems of religious and sentimental song from such pens as George MacDonald, Charles and Mary Lamb, Lucy Larcom, Whittier, Robert Buchanan, Barry Cornwall, Christina Rossetti, and Mortimer Collins. Such compilations, when well done, always deserve commendation, because they popularise our best verse, and acquaint children with them from an early age.

THE ATLANTIC.—This old favourite opens the year in splendid array. Not only do familiar names, known to us from childhood, rank among its contributors, but several new names of promising writers appear on the list. Chief among these is that of the editor himself, whose charming Venetian story was one of the principal attractions of the volume just closed. So long as the *Atlantic* cultivates perfection of style, as does this writer and the most of its contributors, it will always retain its hold on the affection of students and men of letters. Space does not allow us to go through the present number in detail, but we may mention our satisfaction at the editor no longer assuming the responsibility of David Dale Owen's writings in its pages. We have had occasion before to animadvert on both the form and the authenticity of this gentleman's spiritualistic doctrines, and his recent experiences with the Katie King imposture have confirmed us in our estimate of him. We think the *Atlantic* would only be doing itself justice and its readers a favour by publishing a corrective article on all this spiritualistic humbug, from the pen of some able writer.

LIPPINCOTT'S.—Most of the American monthlies have wisely adopted a special department of literature in which each strives to excel, and by which it claims particular favour from its readers. The specialty of Lippincott's is the cultivation of the fine arts. Something interesting and instructive on the lives and habits of contemporaneous poets, painters, musicians, and actors is always to be found in its pages. Its art correspondence from Paris and other European cities is generally new and fresh. These, together with its superb illustrated matter, make it very readable and entertaining indeed. The Rhine Travels of Edward Strahan, illustrated by no less a pencil than that of Gustave Doré, constituted in itself a main attraction of last year's volume. In the present number the papers on "Stage Life in Italy," "Via San Basilio," and others are directly in the line which we have mentioned. The article on the Parsees is also full of information.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE.—The floral establishment of Vick's at Rochester is the largest and most perfect on this continent. He is an enthusiast in the love and cultivation of flowers, and every seed which is drawn from his house may be relied upon. The semi-annual catalogue which he has been in the habit of publishing, is now published as a quarterly, and the January number is simply a gem of illustration and typography, and a complete manual of the beautiful art of horticulture. Mr. Vick calls for aid to the sul-

ferers by the ravages of the grasshoppers in the West, and offers a personal supplement of \$500. He also offers liberal prizes to agricultural and horticultural societies in the United States and Canada for the best show of specimens by amateurs. We have had occasion to test the superiority of Mr. Vick's seeds of flowers and vegetables, and we can honestly recommend them to all our readers.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

INTRODUCTION OF THE NEW YEAR.—This allegorical picture is intended to embody the Tennysonian idea of ringing out the old and ringing in the New Year.

NEW YEAR IN CANADA.—We call the attention of our readers to this beautiful illustration of Canadian customs for the visiting season of the New Year. Every episode of the visit can be traced with distinct and characteristic minuteness.

FORTUNE.—The almost sudden death of this great Spanish painter at Rome has been a subject of mourning for the whole artistic world. Fortune was yet young, being only thirty-six years of age, but, in that short space, he had achieved immortality. What adds to our interest in his fate and name is the fact, that nearly all his works have been purchased by the celebrated amateur, Stewart, of Philadelphia, who will probably soon give an exhibition of them.

SNOWED-UP.—A characteristic Canadian winter scene. It must not, however, be imagined that this is our normal condition during winter. It is exceptional, where the roads of the interior are impassable.

HOCHELAGA BANK BURGLARY AND THE EDWARDS' SAFE.—Early on the morning of the 18th ult., an entrance was effected by a number of burglars—who apparently were old adepts at the work—into the Hochelaga Bank, 97 St. Francois Xavier street, in this city. According to appearances, they first commenced by darkening the upper part of the windows with black cloth; placed a watchman in the uppermost storey overlooking the street, establishing a line of communication with him by means of a strong cord passed through steel loops screwed into the stairway and ran through holes in the floors connecting with a bell in the banking-rooms. A rope was also fixed from the chimney of the last house in that row to the roof of the Peoples' Telegraph Co's Offices and from thence to the Seminary Gardens in order to aid them in taking hasty flight. Having thus secured an exit, they proceeded to "business." The safe was placed in an ordinary brick vault, 15 feet high, 7 wide, and 4 feet 10 inches deep, the ordinary iron doors of which were easily prized open with a crowbar. The safe one of "Edwards' Burglar Proof," stood in the left hand corner, and 4½ feet high by 2½ in width and 2 in depth. They then proceeded scientifically to close up the cracks of the safe, leaving a space of two inches, top and bottom, to allow for the working of an air pump. The hose of the pump was then cemented to the uppermost space, and the air being drawn out from the top caused the powder to be sucked in at the bottom to the extent of three flasks full. By 4 a. m. the work was completed, a time fuse was applied, and the vault doors closed to deaden the sound. The burglars then retreated up stairs to await developments. The result, however, disappointed their expectations, and proved, as on a former occasion, the enormous strength and excellent workmanship of Mr. Edwards' safes. A loud explosion soon followed, which wrenched off and doubled the doors of the vault and part of the brick work, blowing out the windows and doors, and smashing the office furniture. Happily for the Banking Corporation the safe resisted their efforts. The concussion however was so great as to split the uppermost left hand corner of the safe; a solid angle of wrought iron and steel, four inches by half, but in spite of that the bolts holding the safe at the top, bottom and right hand side remained firm, although bent nearly half an inch out of the perpendicular. The iron door of the inside compartment was also bent firmly inwards, and the locks were afterwards found to be intact. Meanwhile the burglars had become alarmed and decamped by way of the roof, running along till they arrived at No. 87, where they descended by means of a rope attached to the chimney on to the roof of the People's Telegraph office, and from thence to the Seminary garden, making good their escape by way of St. Sulpice street. They made several unsuccessful attempts to reach the street, and finally effected their purpose by breaking open the gates adjoining the Cathedral, as appeared by their tracks on the snow. A couple of policemen on duty hearing the explosion and crash, made for the spot, and being speedily joined by others, entered by the private door leading to the upstairs offices and obtained admission to the bank by a side door which was open under the stairs. So soon as the smoke of the powder cleared away, a scene of utter confusion was presented to their eyes. Amid the wreck of office furniture, fallen plaster and bricks, lay the vault door, and alongside were a number of burglars tools, which, though not many, were of excellent workmanship and strength. They consisted of a sectional "jimmy," three feet long, 1 small do of 18 inches, a hammer, a wooden mallet, screw-driver, a skeleton handsaw, a pair of nippers, by which the key left in the office door had been opened from the outside, a number of screws, a powerful jack-screw, a strongly made steel air pump or "exhauster," worth \$200; about 40 feet of inch tubing; 30 feet of rope, a powerful dark lantern,

and a number of tin vessels, the use of which has not been defined. Three empty powder flasks, and one partly full, lay on the floor, bearing the superscription "Dupont, Eagle Foundry, Wilmington, Delaware," and lastly, a pair of 1st quality kid gloves. The total worth of the tools is estimated at about \$500. An ineffectual attempt was made to catch the burglars, but from the preparations made, and the forethought exhibited in their every arrangement, it is evident they had studied both the bank and the neighbourhood beforehand, and knew well how to make their retreat. Mr. Penton, Chief of Police Judge Counsel, the Bank Officials and Detectives, were early on the scene and made a thorough examination of the premises. The nefarious implements were taken to the Central Police Station, and the safe was dragged out by four of Mr. Edwards' employees and opened, occupying about four hours in the operation, and that by the free use of their tools, thereby making a great noise, which proves that even though the burglars had continued uninterrupted in their task, they would not have succeeded in securing the money before discovery, as the rent already made prevented the possibility of another explosion, and manual labour would have been too noisy and slow. The total amount of securities lodged in the safe is estimated by one of the officers of the Bank as follows:—\$60,000 to \$70,000 currency; other bills and cheques, \$15,000; valuable securities, &c., \$800,000; representing a total of about \$875,000. It is said that parties at present in the city are suspected, but nothing further can be ascertained. Business was carried on as usual, and the Bank was visited during the day by some 5,000 to 6,000 persons.

In our illustration No. 1 represents safe as found after the burglary, with upper left hand corner slightly rent. No. 2 represents the interior of one of Mr. Edwards' celebrated safes which have received so much commendation for resistance to the burglarious attempt.

BURGLARS TOOLS.

1. Pointed chisels, hollow gouge and reamer.
2. Common bits, Iron and Steel drills.
3. Powder flask.
4. Broken do
5. Brace.
6. A. B. English force screws in sections.
7. Still punch.
8. Common gimlet.
9. Wooden mallet.
10. Screw driver.
11. Lock saw for cutting bolts, &c.
12. Monkey wrench.
13. Rubber hose or tubing, belonging to No. 17.
14. Fuse.
15. Ball of Twine.
16. Ring Screws, which in connection with twine were used to establish a telegraphic arrangement or alarm from the upper story to the place of operation.
17. Suctions arches and tubes used in connection with the air pump.
18. D. E. &c., with Putty.
19. Air Pump and Suction Pump at once, used to force powder in the cracks of safe-door.
20. Spring powder Box.
21. Bulls eye lantern.
22. Sledge Hammer.
23. Batch of Putty, used in connection with No. 16 to stop up the cracks around safe-door, so as to be able to operate with No. 17.
24. Set of Kit of wedges.
25. Tool Bag.
26. Extension Jimmies and Crowbar in connection, (this is a very powerful instrument).
27. Pair of Skeleton Keys.
28. Do Tweasers.
29. Coil of Rope for means of escaping from upper story of a building.

ARGOT OF THIEVES AND BURGLARS.

Slang, cant, and argot have one quality in common—an origin in metaphor. This characteristic marks at least nine-tenths of the not-English words used by English-speaking people. In the argot of New York we find scores of illustrations in point, most of which partake of the genial element of euphemism. It is to this class of words that we direct attention at this time. Harsh repulsive, and fatal things are spoken of in words that sound as if intended to propitiate some malign power. *Abait omen* breathes through the nomenclature of these haunts of poverty, degradation, and crime. Many of these words belong to the world in general, but fall in with those which are merely local. Thus Death, the most formidable and revolting of the grim demons that hover over the perverted consciences of the children of vice, is called an "anodyne," and "The Old" and "Old Grim" are the hardest names given him. Assassination in this gentle tongue becomes "consolation," simple murder is "hush," and one who has been killed is said to be "easy," while a corpse is called an "innocent," a "dustman," or a "stiff," and a skeleton is a "grim." A prisoner who dies in jail is said to have received a "wooden habes," and ordinary dying is "kicking the bucket." A man who is hanged is said to "dance at his own death," and a hanging is pleasantly designated as a "sheriff's ball." A gallows is called a "ladder," a "picture frame," or a "morning drop;" the halter is a "tippet;" hemp, "neck weed;" and to hang is, in this euphemistic parlance, to "swing." A coffin is an "eternity box," a "wooden coat," or a "sould's cure," while burial is a "ground sweat," and a grave is an "earth bath," and to bury is to "put to bed with a shovel." The undertaker is a "land broker," a graveyard a "land-yard," and a church burial-ground, classically, "St. Terra."

Next to death to the professional wrong-doer is punishment, chief of which is imprisonment, and here sweet words convey bitter meanings, no less than in the more solemn presence. A penitentiary is delicately designated as an "academy," a "premonitory," or a "boarding school." Sing Sing is known as "The Stone Pitcher," which is an expansion of the more common "jug," meaning a prison. The State Prison at Albany is referred to as "The College," and "the Tombs" in New York City as "The City College." A fellow-prisoner is known as a "college chum," and whipping is called "school oil." A prison in general is a "boarding-house" or a "bower," and convicts are either "canary birds" or "innocents"—not abroad—while the imprisoned are said to be "sick," and those at Blackwell's Island are "taking air and exercise." When a man is arrested his pals—associates—speak of him as "booked" or "bagged," and if transported he is "boated." Sentenced for life is "long gone," and the treadmill is known as "the everlasting." Handcuffs are "ruffles," "United States plate," or "chinkers," and two handcuffed together are said to be "married." A police court is rendered attractive by being called a "theatre." To whip is to "lace" or "anoit," and to be choked or garroted is to have "quinsy." Blood is softened from its monosyllabic literalness into "claret" and "the ruby," and "high coloring" is the phrase that means bleeding freely.

Thieves are known among themselves as "tradesmen," and for young aspirants to distinction in that direction our American professionals borrow the English terms, "Tyburn blossoms." Their implements are daintily named. A pick-lock is a "charm," a "Katey," a "Betty," or, so pregnant with meaning, "Blarney;" burglar's tools in general, "playthings;" a bowie-knife and revolver, "trinkets;" a slung-shot, a "life preserver;" pistols, "pops" and "snappers;" a bullet, a "blue plum;" and spurs, "persuaders." An expert tradesman is called an "artist." To shoot is to "pop;" and to change the name and other inscription on plate, watches, &c., to escape detection, is called "christening."

A man who is drunk is said to be taking "attitudes" or to be "in attitudes." A bumper is a "smiler;" to drink, to "smile;" and brandy is called "French cream," doubtless from the Frenchman's habit of putting his *cau de vie* into his postprandial *café*.

To rob a man is to "ease" him of something, and an article stolen is said to be "made." A thief looking round for plunder is spoken of as "recruiting." To "vowel" a debt is to give a note for it, from the usual vowelled form of such notes—the I. O. U. The pawnbroker is one's "uncle," enormous lies are called "whiskers;" jealousy is "the yellow;" cowardice, "the white feather;" and a pack of cards "The History of the Four Kings." Rather broad for popular definition, but no less striking, are such terms as "star-gazers" to designate a class not given at all to astronomical studies; "hash," for a repulsive mess; and "Venus's curse," a "cow"—from Horace—"ghouls," "left-handed wives' pin money," and a host of others of uncomely form and unseemly portent.

These all have one character. They are all euphemistic and figurative; sometimes coarse, but often delicate beyond what one would expect from such an atmosphere; at times robust and rarely even obscure. Never more absurd, logically considered, than the slang that is found current in higher strata of society, and, as a rule, quite as humorous. They lack respectability, and hence become a theme for the curious.

HUMOROUS.

A MILWAUKEE woman's bonnet costs, upon an average about \$15, but she has the bill made out for \$30 or \$40, in order to show it to the woman next door.

MISS KELLOGG says that American girls have the sweetest voices in the world. When one of them puts her mouth to a hole in the fence and "hollers" to the girl next door to "fetch back them crimping irons," it fills the air with melody.

A SPREAD-EAGLE orator wanted the wings of a bird to fly to every village and hamlet in the broad land, but he wilted when a naughty boy in the crowd sang out: "You'd be shot for a goose before you had fled a mile."

AN old farmer gives it as his candid opinion, after many years of observation and experience, that the arrival of a circus will do more towards enforcing the Fourth Commandment than a dozen Sunday-schools.

DR. CARPENTER asserts that Newton's law of gravitation is a mere hypothesis. This is an age of disenchantment. Even the man who falls in love with a beautiful head of hair too often discovers that it is a mere hypothesis too.

A YOUNG lady at home from boarding-school for the holidays, was asked if she would have roast beef, when she replied: "No, I thank you gastronomical satiety admonishes me that I have arrived at the ultimate stage of deglutition consistent with dietetic integrity!" The young lady was never asked if she would have anything ever again.

As my wife at the window one beautiful day, stood watching a man with a monkey, a cart came along with a brood of boys, who was driving a stout little donkey. To my wife then I spoke, by way of a joke, "There's a relation of yours in that carriage." To which she replied, when the donkey she spied, "Ah, yes—a relation by marriage!"

"THE only thoroughly blighted being," says the *St. Louis Journal*, "is the man who has been deceived in a meerschann. When he has expended his money in purchasing the costly comfort, when he has consumed tobacco enough to unsettle the nerves of a rhinoceros and the stubborn pipe still refuses to colour, demonstrating to him the fact that he has been sold, then does the hollowness of this world and all that therein is become fully and disgustingly apparent."