

sea, a few only escaping. Seven ships were driven on shore near North Point and dashed to pieces on the rocks, and their crews perished."

Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Miranda a sentence which at once expresses the violence and fury of the storm, such as it might appear to a witness on the land, and at the same time displays the tenderness of her feeling—the exquisite feelings of a girl brought up in a desert, but with all the advantages of education, all that could be communicated by a wise and affectionate father.

Miranda exclaims,

"O! I have suffered  
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,  
Who had no doubt some noble creature in her,  
Dash'd all to pieces."

She proceeds:—

"O! the cry did knock  
Against my very heart. Poor souls they perish'd."

Alas! how many poor souls have perished through tempests, cyclones, hurricanes, whirlwinds and storms!! If their cries could but have knocked against the hearts of all "Ministers of Marine," Ship-owners, Chambers of Commerce, Marine Insurance Agents, Underwriters, and all others interested in shipping, would they not take greater interest than they now do in Telegraphic Meteorology? Would they not then upon the score of compassion—if not upon that of self-interest—maintain an observatory or observatories, daily receiving from all points of a wide extent of territory like that which embraces this continent, washed by the Pacific and Atlantic oceans,—telegrams stating the conditions of the weather, and giving forecasts of the probable state of the weather on the ensuing day?

Ought they not to do all in their power to maintain a staff of efficient and trustworthy observers to investigate the laws of storms, and hurricanes, such as occurred in 1780, at Martinique, when 5,000 people lost their lives?

Ought not some of the youths at our Universities and Colleges—the future statesmen of the Dominion—to be taught every science in regard to the works of Nature, or of the author of Nature? Ought they not to know something of those natural forces, those material agents, those movements of the atmosphere or great commotions of the air, that concern the lives and properties of our people? Again, something about the clouds above calling, as it were, to the waters below, and one wave encouraging and exciting another to join their forces, and overwhelm the shipwrecked mariner and immigrant?

(Written for the "Canadian Illustrated News.")

#### MR. SPROUTS, HIS OPINIONS.

JOSEF VISITS THE "COSMOPOLITAN DEBATING SOCIETY,"—A VERY INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE DEBATE.

Calling the other day upon my old friend "Sprouts," whom I had not seen for some time, I was somewhat startled by his rushing up to me in a state of considerable excitement and requesting that I would immediately give him the name of the "nobbist lawyer as I knowed of." Now, although it can hardly be said that lawyers are not sufficiently plentiful in this favoured city of ours, I was hardly able on the spur of the moment to name a practitioner who would answer my friend's definition, because those gentlemen of the long robe with whom I have the honour to be personally acquainted rather tended to *sediness* than *nobbiness*, at least so far as their personal appearance was concerned. However after due consideration I gave Mr. Sprouts the name of one of our most eminent counsel, and at the same time expressed my hope that he had not got into any unpleasant legal difficulties.

"Not by no means," he replied; "in fact I think I shall make somethin' handsome out of it. I'll tell you how it is. You sees me and Betsy was a walkin' along Jameses Street wen Betsy she steps on some ice and comes down flop. Of course since she's gone into Society Betsy's become werry delicate in her sensibilities, so she squeals out and goes off into hystericks; so I calls a sleigh and drives her 'ome and sends for the doctor—medikle hattendand Betsy calls 'im. He ain't one of these new-fashioned coves wot don't believe in stimulants, so he hadministers Sally Wollatilly and Hot Viskey hinternally, and Betsy she soon comes round."

"Then the medikle hattendand, he says that if it hadn't been for her Grecian Bender as she might 'ave hinjured herself hinternally, and that the Corporation was liable for not keepin' the sidewalks in horder; so like the Merikins the other day I'm a goin' to sue for 'hindirect dammidges.'"

I expressed my hope that he would be more fortunate than our transatlantic brethren had been in the prosecution of their claims, and was about to take my leave when Mrs. Sprouts entered gorgeously attired for her afternoon drive. Since I last saw her she had assumed that indispensable adjunct of high fashion, an *eye-glass*, and anything more supremely ludicrous than the contortions which her good-humoured and rather rubicund countenance underwent in her abortive efforts to get the glass firmly fixed on her optic orbit, I never had the pleasure of witnessing. Mr. Sprouts watched her struggles with undisguised anxiety—'at last he exclaimed:

"Look here, old gal, if you don't drop that blessed old quizzin' glass, blowed if you won't get a fit of appleplex or somethin'."

"Josef," returned Mrs. Sprouts with much dignity, "I'm surprized at you; don't you know as hey-e-glass is all the go now in fash'nable cercles; Lord Dufferin wears one 'imself, and you ought to do the same. Mr. De Boots," she continued, turning to me, "I wish you would persuade Mr. Sprouts to put 'imself more forward. Wy, wen the Governor was here Josef never assuomed his proper persition, and the consequence was we wasn't hinvited to none of the dinners."

"Wot next," growled Mr. Sprouts, with much asperity; "do you think becoss the Governor 'appens to be a pleasant, haffable sort of cove, as he wants a lot of fellers always a danglin' at his 'eels and a borin' his life out like some of the fellers here have been a doin'—blessed if I didn't feel ashamed of some of 'em. No, no, old woman. I've a werry great respect and hadmiration for Lord Dufferin, but I ain't a goin' to force myself upon 'im, and means to wait till I'm invited; and I think it's a werry great pity as some others as I could name ain't of the same opinion. But where are you a goin' to,

old lady, that you're got hup such a swell?" "Oh," returned Mrs. Sprouts, bridling, "I'm a goin' for a drive with Mr. De Courcy Belleville." Mr. Sprouts' expressive countenance became overcast. "Look 'ere, Betsy," he exclaimed, "I don't like your drivin' about with these young swells, it ain't proper; wy don't you wait a little while and I'll go with you myself." "Nonsense, Josef," Mrs. Sprouts replied, "it ain't the thinz to drive about with one's 'usband, nobody in society ever does, and Mr. DeCourcy Belleville's a werry nice young man—he's a notery, wich is a highly genteel perfession, and he visits at all the best 'ouses, and I ain't a goin' to listen to hany rubbish of that sort," saying which Mrs. Sprouts swept out of the room with an air of injured innocence. Mr. Sprouts stood scratching his head with an appearance of much perplexity for some moments, and then said, "I'm blest if I can understand some of these games that society's hup to; here's no end of fash'nable married women in this here city as always has two or three of these young fellers perpetually a scootin' about after them like so many lap-dogs, and their 'usbands don't seem to be of no account except to pay the bills; it may be all werry hinnocent and proper, but it don't look nice, and I ain't a goin' to stand it. But look 'ere, old fellow," he continued, brightening up, "I've got a hinvitation to the 'Cosmopolitain Debatin' Society' to-night, and I'd like you to go along with me." I expressed the pleasure it would give me to accompany Mr. Sprouts, and accordingly called on him at eight o'clock that evening, and we wended our way together to the place of meeting.

The "Cosmopolitan Debating Society" has been established in Montreal for several years, and is remarkable no less for the eloquence of its members than for the lucidity and terseness of their speeches. Unlike many other debating societies, they never make long speeches without head or tail, beginning, end or middle; they never wonder away from the subject and mistake personal abuse for convincing argument. No, they are lucid and argumentative, calm and dispassionate, free from prejudice, and open to conviction; these are startling assertions, but I think they will be fully borne out by the report of the debate at which Mr. Sprouts and myself had the privilege of being present.

Arrived at the spacious hall in which the debate was to be held, my distinguished companion was received by the President and members with that impressive cordiality perfectly free from obtrusiveness or toadyism, for which Montreal is so remarkable and which has been so strikingly evinced in the case of certain other eminent personages who have lately visited our capital. The ceremony of introduction over, the President, Monsieur Jean Baptiste Longtoe, took his seat and opened the business of the evening in the following address.

To be continued.

## Notes and Queries.

All Communications intended for this Column must be addressed to the Editor, and endorsed "Notes and Queries."

"NOT LOST BUT GONE BEFORE."—Where did this saying originate?

"AS GREAT AS KING BEE"—May not this be simply another form of "as great as can be—Americanized, as great as kin be?"

F.

13. SAINT CHARITY is found in the Martyrology on the first of August; "Romæ passio sanctarum Virginum Fidei, Spei, et Charitatis quæ sub Hadriano principe martyrie Coronam adeptæ sunt." Spenser mentions her in Eclogue V. 225.

ED.

13. DUP.—To *dup* is to *do up*, as to *don* is to *do off* or to *do off*. Thus in Damon and Pythias, 1582:—"The porters are drunk, will they not dup the gate to-day?" The phrase probably had its origin from doing up or lifting the latch. In the old cant language, to "dup the gyger" was to open the door. See Harman's Caveat for Cursetors, 1575.

ST. FILLAN'S QUIRICK.—In the *Canadian Illustrated News* for January 25th, a correspondent wishes to know where the head of St. Fillan's crosier, called the *Quirick*, is now. I remember seeing it stated in the papers that the relic referred to, was used at the consecration of a certain bishop (Walsh I think), in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto. The same was used by the Abbot who was, what I may term, the Chaplain to the Scottish forces, when he officiated immediately before the famous battle of Bannockburn. If your correspondent does not receive an answer to his query through the *News*, I would recommend him to write to Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, on the subject.

Métis, Quebec.

T. F.

DATE AND PLACE OF BIRTH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—Sir Bernard Burke has settled the question as to the date of the birth by the first Duke of Wellington, in the recently published book by Ulster King of Arms—*The rise of Great Families*. Sir Bernard quotes *Eschwe's* (Dublin) *Magazine* for May, 1769: "April 29, the Countess of Mornington, a son." The parish register of St. Peter's Dublin, contains the entry of Arthur Wellesley's baptism—Sunday, 30th of April, 1769. It is authenticated by Archdeacon Manns. On the same day the apothecary in Dawson Street supplied the medicines, the record of which in his day-book was shown at the Dublin Exhibition. Sir Bernard further proves that Arthur, Duke of Wellington, was born at No. 24 Upper Merrion Street, Dublin—now the office of the Commissioners of Church Temporalities.

DRINKING CUSTOMS OF THE IRISH COURT.—Perhaps one of the most curious customs of this period of the Viceregal Court was that of the lord-lieutenant directing his stewards to conduct his guests to the "wine cellar" after six toasts had been given. This custom was of very old standing, and can be traced as far back as the time of the great Duke of Ormonde. In "the Carto papers," at Oxford, there is an amusing reference to it:—"Among the remains of old English and Irish hospitality, it was a custom in Parliament time for the members to go down into the lord-lieutenant's cellar where each man, with a glass in his hand, tasted what hogsheds he pleased. Some being thus drinking in the cellar, and dwelling longer on the wine than usual, sent up to the Duke of Ormonde, asking him to order them chairs, but he returned for answer, 'that

he could not encourage any gentleman's drinking longer than he could stand."—*Court Journal*.

THE FIVE ALLS.—The Five Alls was at one time a very common tavern-sign in England. It consisted of five human figures, each accompanied by a motto. The first was a king, in full regalia, with the legend, "I govern all;" the second, a bishop in pontificals, with the motto, "I pray for all;" the third, a lawyer in his gown, with the motto, "I plead for all;" the fourth, a soldier in regimentals, with the motto, "I fight all;" and the fifth a poor countryman with scythe and rake—the motto, "I pay for all."

## Notes and Comments.

We learn says the editor of *Land and Water*, on authority which we have usually found correct, that among the ministerial measures to be brought forward next session will be a bill for abolishing the custom of primogeniture, or in other words, for assimilating the law of intestacy with respect to real property to that which in similar cases prevails in regard to personal estates. We conjecture that at the same time efforts will be made to simplify the present cumbrous legal processes connected with the transfer of land; and while we reserve our remarks on both these questions for future discussion, we think we shall interest our readers if we call their attention to the observations made by the Prime Minister when Mr. Fowler moved to rescind the practice of entail on the 9th of April last year. "First of all, as to that branch of the question which relates to the transfer of land, and secondly as to that which relates to the succession to the land in cases where the succession follows the course of the law, and is not determined by the will of the testator, . . . I venture to submit with some confidence to the House that on these two subjects we are already in arrears, and that it is most expedient to hasten forward our deliberations upon them. . . . There is the question of the transfer of land, on which, as far as principle is concerned, unanimity of opinion prevails in this House. . . . Then there is the question of intestate successions to land. Upon that important matter the Government are unde. specific pledges to the House to deal with the subject, and they greatly regret that they have not been able to fulfil the expectations which were raised in reference to it. . . . I think it almost necessary, for the credit of the Government and of the House, that we should proceed with a bill on these subjects, and make some progress with them."

Lord Bury lately read a paper on the Treaty of Washington in the theatre of the Society of Arts, before the members of the Colonial Institute. The Duke of Manchester presided. Lord Bury contended that the interests of the Canadians had been sacrificed to the necessities of Imperial policy, first in the withdrawal of the claims for compensation arising out of the Fenian raids, and next on the fisheries question. His Lordship said he could not regard otherwise than with the highest admiration their cheerful acceptance of the heavy burden which was imposed upon them by our joint nationality. Lord Bury, in reference to the San Juan difficulty, said that while it was impossible to impugn the award given by the Emperor of Germany, still it constituted another very heavy item in the loss which had to be borne by the Canadians. Various advantages were, however, supposed to result from the treaty, but there were many who were of opinion that the policy which we had pursued might be more likely to produce further demands from the United States than to promote a good understanding between the two countries in the future. It had been abundantly proved that the traditions of American diplomacy in such cases had been invariably to refuse redress and to assert to the fullest extent the rights of neutral commerce. Yet the new rules imposed upon neutral commerce restrictions never heard of before, and, in fact, placed neutrals in such a position that either a great portion of their trade would be crippled, or that they would unavoidably incur heavy damages to one or other of the belligerents. That was a position which had hitherto been strongly repudiated by the Americans, and it was difficult to believe that the propositions inserted by them when they were belligerents would appear to them to be so just when applied against themselves as neutrals. A brief discussion followed the reading of the paper, and the discussion was adjourned.

There are some things too sacred for public display, and among them may be classed the art and mystery of "getting up" a newspaper. It is announced, however, in a letter from Vienna, that at the International Exhibition now being organized in that city, one of the great sights is to be the interior of a newspaper office, with editor, writers, reporters, printers, and publishers at work, just as in ordinary life. The industrious journalists are to be shown in a huge glass building, like bees in a transparent hive. The editor will be seen giving out subjects, revising articles, and exemplifying, with waste-paper basket at hand, the well-known rule in respect to rejected communications. Writers will be on view at work of the most varied kind; some at leaders, others at reviews; and a few even (if the character of Austrian journalism is to be rigorously maintained) at the incubation of canards. To complete the picture, a certain number of importunate visitors, anxious to obtain "favourable notices" or to reply to just but unpalatable criticisms, should be allowed to appear. It is to be hoped that the literary performers will be well up in their parts; that the editors will wear a becomingly grave aspect, and that the writers will not be seen pausing for lack of inspiration, or refreshing their memories too frequently by turning to books of reference. Cobbett once expressed a desire to bring all the journals of London together on Kennington Common, that newspaper readers might see by what sort of men they allowed themselves to be influenced. The writers of the *Nevé Frée Presse* had probably never heard of Cobbett's amusing but not very intelligent sneer. They, at all events, are the heroic gentlemen who, with a love of publicity which proves that their hearts are in their profession, propose during the forthcoming Vienna Exhibition to do their literary and journalistic work in presence of as many sightseers as can be got together from all parts of the world.