

SIR WILLIAM YOUNG.

On the 10th inst, Sir William and Lady Young celebrated their golden wedding at Halifax, Nova Scotia. Sir William who is Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, is highly respected by the community, and he received many hearty congratulations. He was born at Falkirk, Stirlingshire, in 1799, and educated at Glasgow University with the view of entering the legal profession. In 1814 his father emigrated to Nova Scotia, and he accompanied him. They began business as merchants, and father and son traded together until 1820, when the latter again turned his attention to the study of law. In 1820 he was admitted a barrister. Five years later, in 1830, he married Annie, eldest daughter of the Hon. M. Tobin. In 1833 he was elected to Parliament from Cape Breton, and retained a position in the Legislature of the Province for over a quarter of a century. He repeatedly filled the offices of Speaker of the House, and Attorney-General. On the death of Chief Justice Sir Brenton Haliburton, in 1860, Sir William succeeded him, and he has continued to hold that office until now. His long services as a statesman, his high standing as a jurist, and his public spirit as a citizen have given him a position in the Province peculiarly his own, and his career is inseparably interwoven with its history.

VARIETIES.

JERUSALEM.—The villa just completed on the Mount of Olives, overlooking the city of Jerusalem, intended as a residence for the Marquis of Bute during the coming winter, has rendered the idea of a journey to Palestine so familiar to the ear of fashion, that it is considered not at all improbable that many distinguished families may follow the example set them by the Marquis, and repair to the Holy City of Jerusalem instead of the Holy City of Rome in December to assist at the solemnities of Christmas. The European population of the place has increased of late to an immense extent, owing, in some measure, to the enthusiasm with which Holman Hunt describes the glories of the climate, and the intense interest excited by its association.

LORD BEACONSFIELD AND SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.—The Canadian Prime Minister recently visited the House of Commons, and the London correspondent of the *Edinburgh Daily*

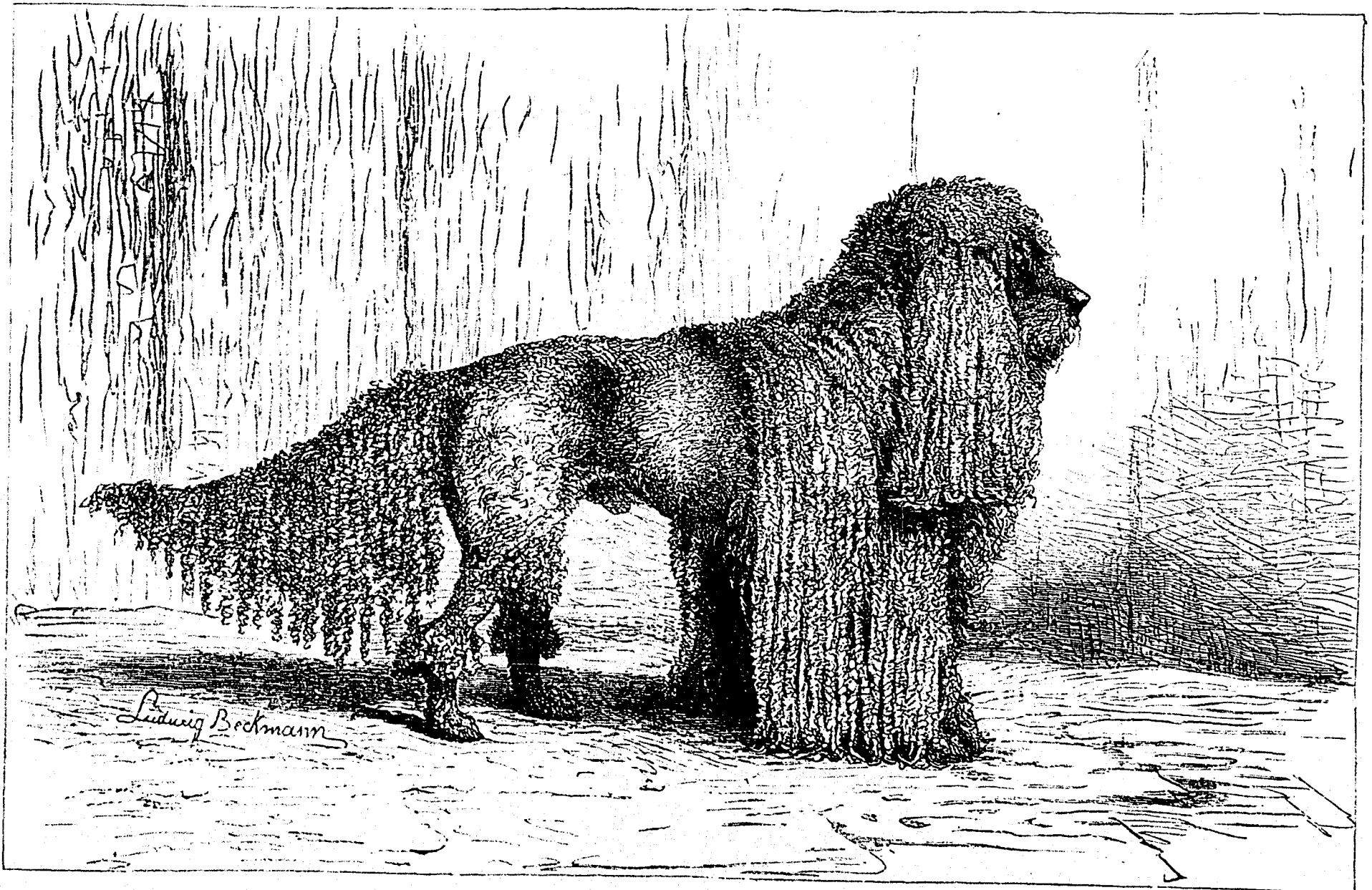
OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY, No. 317.



SIR WILLIAM YOUNG, CHIEF JUSTICE OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Review described the resemblance between him and Lord Beaconsfield as follows: "Even with his hat on, it was sufficiently strong to deceive many people who must be familiar with the personal appearance of Lord Beaconsfield. When Sir John A. Macdonald sits or stands bareheaded the resemblance becomes almost embarrassing. Sir John is well aware of the freak of nature, and encourages it to the extent of closely imitating the singular coiffure of Lord Beaconsfield. He has the slight advantage of the British Minister in respect of quantity, but as to colour, and the little curl on the forehead, their hair is precisely the same. The resemblance is further carried out when Sir John talks. He has the same shrug of the shoulder, the same outspreading of the hands, and, in brief, all the little mannerisms so familiar in our own Benjamin. He is like him, too, in his ready wit, and, to complete the resemblance, he is in politics ruddy, audacious, and (to tell the truth) sometimes unprincipled.

A POET'S WIFE.—The wife of William Morris, the poet, says a correspondent of the *Inter-Ocean*, is a mysterious, Egyptian-looking woman, with great, strange, sad eyes, an Oriental complexion, burning scarlet lips, and the expression of ineffable remoteness and vagueness that one in imagination gives to the sphinx. The young lady's face was just one of the inexpressible melancholy ones that the pre-Raphaelites adore—just the type of young women coming down the "golden stairs" in Burne Jones' picture at the Grosvenor Gallery this year—and Morris married her. Not long ago this lady wore at an evening party a robe of the sheerest, filmiest white muslin, fine enough to be drawn through a ring. The petticoat under it must have been the same, for the folds of the robe clung to her body and limbs as if cut there by the finest chisel. At the waist this thin robe was confined by a long, supple chain in the form of a serpent, which, after writhing about her body, dropped its jewelled head by her left side, where its diamond eyes glittered and burned like fire. Egyptian bracelets and necklace adorned her arms and neck, and an Egyptian masque gathered and held the folds of the robe at the throat. Her black hair was one thick mass of short curls and lay close down to her eyes, crept in and out by another golden serpent with jewelled scales and burning eyes. One would have said she was Cleopatra, who had turned her asp into gold and jewels and come to life to dazzle a barbarian world.



NERO, A GERMAN CORDED-COAT POODLE AT THE BERLIN INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW.