

Miscellaneous.

Our Illustrations.

An English contemporary points out a curious mistranslation in the Te Deum as we have it in our Prayer-book. It is in the passage "Make them to be numbered with Thy saints in glory everlasting." The words "to be numbered" do not occur in the earliest Latin texts; Munerari is the word used, so that the passage should read "Make them to be rewarded," &c., the transposition of the "m" and "n" making all the difference in meaning. The error has existed for centuries, and long usage has so sanctioned it as to make alteration next to impossible.

The silver medal of the Royal Humane Society has been voted to James Fudge, a boy fifteen years of age, who swam with a line in his mouth to the rescue of the master and crew of the barque "Thames," which was wrecked on the rocks at Alderney, in a dense fog, a strong current running at the time; to Aberan Appu, for saving fifty-three persons who were in danger of drowning in a flood at Gampola, Ceylon; and to Stanley H. le Fleming, a youth of seventeen, for saving Amelia Brown, who was in danger of drowning while bathing at Southsea.

MITRAILLEUSE EXPERIMENTS.—The French Government having finally resolved to maintain the mitrailleuse for the army, though with modifications in its structure, experiments to determine the changes that may be necessary are about to be commenced by the commission constituted at Tarbes under the direction of General Aubac. It is believed that this weapon ought to be used in batteries and half-batteries, not singly, in order to secure the best results. Thereby a line of fire of great extent and destructiveness may be obtained. It is with a view to settle this point definitely that the experiments are about to be now continued at Tarbes. There will be alterations in detail besides, and it is expected the mitrailleuse will thus become a most formidable engine of destruction.

Dead men's bones are the latest articles de Paris. M. Mathieu Mongny made a very fair living by selling delicately carved crucifixes, statuettes, snuff-boxes, and candlesticks, fashioned from this unpleasant material, and found plenty of purchasers, from the originality of his wares. The ever-inquisitive Parisian police, however, pounced upon the unlucky bone-dealer, and enquired where he got the bones. After some hesitation, he acknowledged that he bought them from the grave-diggers. A pleasant prospect truly for a gay Parisian to think that he may unknowingly take a pinch of snuff from a box formed from the remains of his aunt, or for a strict Monarchist to contemplate that after his death his own skull may become a candlestick, and serve to throw a light on the pages of an ultra-Radical journal.

A burning cave has just been discovered in Morocco, not far from the town of Fez. The pit in question is designated under the name of Benigauzeval. Its orifice is about ten feet above the ground, and twelve feet wide; and sheets of flames issue intermittently, but, what is remarkable, always in an horizontal direction, as if driven by a bellows through a retort. There is no eruption of stones or lava, but the fire is driven by such force to the orifice that it is accompanied with a loud hissing noise, while the current is sufficiently strong to blow away anything placed near the opening. The researches made to discover the origin of the phenomenon have led to no result; but the hypothesis generally admitted is that there exist beds of coal in the mountain on the side of which this cavern is situated, and that the fuel having become ignited, the combustion is maintained by the draught of air, and will continue so long as the flames shall find anything to feed on.

A gentleman who rejoiced in the title of King of the Bagmen has just departed this life in Paris, after a long and rather prosperous reign. He arrived at the purple in a manner which the Americans would call "smart," and filled his throne on the elective principle. Casimir Morand was the name of the deceased monarch, who began life by travelling for a large house at Bordeaux. Many years ago he suddenly quitted his humble dwelling in the Faubourg St. Denis, and installed himself in the Faubourg St. Germain, where the cholera was then raging and carrying off the nobility. Casimir used to wander about the streets, and directly he found a house where a duke, marquis, or count had departed this life, he would go home and write a letter to the dead man, to the effect that, in compliance with his instructions, he had the honour to inform him that the wine he had ordered had arrived in Paris, &c. The heirs never objected to receive the liquor, and to console themselves for their loss, and in two months Casimir disposed of £19,000 worth of wine, and was elected king of the bagmen.

Here is a fresh anecdote about Dickens:—Somewhere about the middle of the serial publication of "David Copperfield," happening to be out of writing-paper, he sallied forth one morning to get a fresh supply at the stationer's. He was lying then in his favourite haunt at Faulk House, in Broadstairs. As he was about to enter the stationer's shop, with the intention of buying the needful writing paper, for the purpose of returning home with it, and at once setting to work upon his next number, not one word of which was yet written, he stood aside for a moment at the threshold to allow a lady to pass in before him. He then went on to relate—with a vivid sense still upon him of mingled enjoyment and dismay in the mere recollection—how the next instant he had overheard this strange lady asking the person behind the counter for the now green number. When it was handed to her, "Oh, this," said she, "I have read, I want the next one." The next one, she was thereupon told, would be out by the end of the month. "Listening to this, unrecognized," he added, in conclusion, "knowing the purpose for which I was there, and remembering that not one word of the number she was asking for was yet written, for the first and only time in my life I felt—frightened!"

A correspondent writes: A short time ago an old man named Dnochau departed this life at Paris in narrow circumstances. He had for nearly half a century kept an eating-house, to which all flocked, and it was only necessary for a bohemian to bring out a tolerable work to get credit. Dnochau's was the resort of all poor authors and newspaper hacks who were out of pocket, and the consequence was that when this "Restaurateur des Lettres," as he was humorously called, died, his heirs and creditors found nothing in his strong box but bills amounting to a goodly sum. A great many of the convivial scribblers who tasted Dnochau's good cheer preceded him to the grave, such as Henry Murger, whose "Vie de Boheme" no doubt had tickled the heart of the tavern-keeper, for the author died owing him £250. In the list of debtors, too, there are many Victorines, Ernestines, Armandines, &c., one daughter of Eve imposing on the gallantry of mine host over 3,000. Two days back these interesting documents were put up for sale, and though there was a fair attendance of old clothes dealers from the Temple, the un-redeemed paper, representing over 100,000, was knocked down for 4,350, to M. de Villemessant. The editor of the Figaro has already published the names of several of the most notorious creditors, dead and alive, and his object in making the purchase is to force certain noisy demagogues of the press to settle their outstanding accounts. This is a novel feature in newspaper warfare, but M. de Villemessant is always taking the public by surprise with some new trick of his imagination.—Newspaper Reporter.

THE FIRST SNOW.

A sketch on Beaver Hall! "And why particularly on Beaver Hall, pray?" we fancy we hear a cosmopolitan reader exclaim. "Why may the scene not be equally well at Quebec, or Toronto, or Ottawa, or anywhere else where snow falls and children play?" Because, O citizen of the world, our artist, happening to be on Beaver Hall the other day, came across a group of merry, ruddy checked children, just let loose from the public school yard by, who were playing and tumbling about on the new-fallen snow, full of fun and venial devilment. "Just the thing for a sketch," he exclaimed. Out came the note-book and pencil, down went the needful notes—the merry group, the surroundings, and the *facilis descensus* for which Beaver Hall is famed—and the result is the sketch on Beaver Hall which fills the first page. Don't quarrel with the title. A sketch on Beaver Hall it is, but by filling in the surroundings by the imagination, you may suit the scene to any locality you like best.

VIEW AT THE HEAD OF LAKE SHEBANDOWAS

The readers of the News have, through the medium of our illustrations, become pretty familiar with the scenery at most of the principal points on the Dawson Route to Red River. This week we add another view to our list of illustrations of the North-West—the Station at the head of Lake Shebandowas, by Mr. Wm. Armstrong, of Toronto. The view shows the Cashabowie River, and a party of Blackstone Indians camped on the high ground opposite the Station.

VIEW OF THE LOWER TOWNS, PARIS, ONT.

Not many weeks ago we produced a view of the Lower Town, Paris, after a sketch furnished by a correspondent. Unfortunately the sketch was anything but correct, and on the appearance of the number containing the view, the Ontario Parisians were highly indignant at what they considered—not wholly without reason—a caricature of their town. In this issue we endeavour to make amends for any offence we may have unwittingly caused the dwellers on the banks of the Grand River by reproducing a view taken by an artist who never errs—old Sol himself. The great mistake in our first view was that the artist had sacrificed exactness to effect—introducing trees where there were no trees, and otherwise touching up his sketch with an eye to the picturesque. The view we publish this week may be relied upon as correct, though it lacks much of the picturesque beauty of the sketch. The photographer is Mr. W. H. Davis, of Paris.

THE WHIRLPOOL, NIAGARA.

has already been the subject of illustration in these pages. In this issue we reproduce a sketch thereof by a gentleman with whose artistic work our readers are already familiar. The Whirlpool is so well known that description seems almost unnecessary. But as Mr. Holley's book on Niagara is comparatively new, we feel justified in quoting his very interesting remarks on this subject. He divides the Niagara River into three sections: first, from Lewiston to the Bend above the Devil's Hole; second, thence to the head of the rapid above the Railway Suspension Bridge; and third, thence to the present site of the Falls.

In the second section is found the Whirlpool, one of the most interesting and attractive portions of the river. The large basin in which it lies was cut out much more rapidly than any other part of the chasm. And this for the reason that, in addition to the thick stratum of shale, there was, underlying the channel, a large pocket, and, probably also, a broad seam or cleavage filled with gravel and pebbles. Indeed there is a broad and very ancient cleavage in the rock-wall on the Canada side, extending from near the top of the bank to an unknown depth below. Its course can be traced from the north side of the pool some distance in a north-westerly direction. Of course the resistless power of the falling water was not long restrained by these feeble barriers, and here the broadest and deepest notch of any given century was made. The name, Whirlpool, is not quite accurate, since the body of water to which it is applied is rather a large eddy, in which small whirlpools are constantly forming and breaking. The spectator cannot realize the tremendous power exerted by these pools, unless there is some object floating upon the surface by which it may be demonstrated. Logs from broken rafts are frequently carried over the Falls, and when they reach this eddy, tree trunks from two to three feet in diameter and fifty feet long, after a few preliminary and stately gyrations, are drawn down endwise, submerged for awhile and then ejected with great force, to resume again their devious way in the resistless current. And they will often be kept in this monotonous round from four to six weeks before escaping to the rapids below. The writer has seen the bodies of a man, a horse and a hog, floating together in unconscious equality for weeks before thus escaping.

The cleft in the bed-rock which forms the debouché of the basin is the narrowest part of the river, being only four hundred feet in width. Standing on one side of this gorge, and considering that the whole volume of the water in the river is rushing through it, the spectator witnesses a manifestation of physical force which makes a more vivid impression upon his mind than even the great Fall itself. No extravagant attempt at fine writing, no studied and elaborate description can exaggerate the wonderful beauty and fascination of this pool. Separated from the habitations of men, at a distance from any highway, lying secluded in the midst of a small tract of wood, which has fortunately been preserved around it, and in which the dark and pale greens of stately pines and cedars predominate, and impart a shade of deeper green to the borders of the water in the basin below, while within the basin the waters are rushing onward, plunging downward, leaping upward, combing over at the top in beautiful waves and ruffles of dazzling whiteness and shaded down, through all the opalescent tints, to the deep emerald at their base: whirling, rippling, rushing, tumbling, dancing, flashing, roaring, murmuring, sighing, singing, every liquid note and tone clear and distinct, in the grand diapason which includes the voice of many waters; ever varying, never presenting the same aspects in any two consecutive moments; incarnation of change and emblem of eternity, the beholder is now lost in admiration, anon clapping his hands in glee, and again looking with moistened eyes as he comprehends more and more the many-sided and varied beauties of the matchless

scene. Hyperbolic as this may appear to careless travelers, it will seem but simple truth to true students and lovers of nature. None of those who may visit the Whirlpool should fail to go down the bank to the water's edge. On a bright summer morning, after a night shower has laid the dust, cleansed and brightened the foliage of shrub and tree, purified and glorified the atmosphere, there are few more inviting and charming views.

THE BALL AT RAVENSBURG.

As stated last week, the festivities attendant upon the recent visit of H. E. the Governor-General to Montreal, culminated in a grand ball given by Sir Hugh Allan, at Ravenscrag. Of the ball itself it is hardly necessary to speak, but a brief description of the ball-room may be found acceptable. It is a spacious and elegant apartment in the south-western wing of the building, twenty-two feet in height, and floored with handsome *parqueterie*. The walls are pale blue and gold, decorated with large mirrors and gilt cornices. Leading from it still in a westerly direction is the large conservatory, which is 60 ft. by an average width of 30 ft. A small but elegant ante-room gives access from the large conservatory to the green-house, a building of about 37 ft. by 25 ft. Some idea of the extent of the mansion and its adjuncts—namely, conservatories—may be had from the fact that the total frontage (facing the city) is 292 ft., by an average depth of 50 ft. The coach-houses, stabling, &c., are in proportion to the requirements of such an establishment. They also are built in a most substantial manner of stone in keeping with that of the residence itself.

In our description of Sir Hugh Allan's residence we stated that the architect of the building was Mr. Hopkins, of the firm of Hopkins & Wily. This, we are informed, is not correct. We understand that the plan of the main building of the mansion was made by Messrs. Speir & Roy, the latter being at that time draughtsman with, and subsequently successor to Mr. Speir, in partnership with Mr. Fowler. The ball-room and conservatory were added to the building at a subsequent period, from the designs of Messrs. Fowler & Roy. Further alterations and improvements have from time to time been made in different portions of the house. Among others, and the most recent, are the erection of a new billiard-room; the addition of an ante-room to the ball-room, and the entire painting and decorating of the latter—all of which were executed under the superintendence of Messrs. Hopkins & Wily.

Text descriptive of

THE P. E. I. TANK LOCOMOTIVE,

and of

THE FASHION PLATE,

will be found respectively in the Science and Ladies' departments.

Canadian Progress.

It is proposed to establish an implement factory at Colborne.

The first train on the Canada Central Railway extension from Sand Point to Renfrew was run on the 6th ult.

The Montreal Telegraph Company have completed stringing their wires over the line of the Hamilton and Lake Erie Railway as far as Caledonia.

The Hamilton Evening Standard says it is currently reported that a new manufacturing company of large means is prepared to make an offer for the Toronto Crystal Palace and several acres of ground adjoining.

Some specimens of lead ore have been taken from lot No. 29, concession A, township of Galway, county of Peterborough. The vein from which they were taken is said to be four feet wide. The specimens are rich in lead.

The ballasting on the North Grey Railway is almost complete. The line was to be opened for traffic on the 24th ult., and present indications point to large business, especially with the Owen Sound district, with which it is the nearest railway communication.

The Quebec Mercury states that all the stock of the Anticosti Company which has been placed on the market has been already taken up, capitalists being fully assured that this is one of the most promising speculations at present inviting their support. The success which those primarily interested in the undertaking have met with in soliciting the co-operation of those who have means to invest is exceptional, and augurs favourably for the success of the undertaking. We are sure that as information of the resources of the island is disseminated the return to those who are adding all their development will be increased even beyond their present expectations. Nature has been beyond her wont bountiful; what is required is a population, and we have no doubt that the plans about to be carried into effect will attract not only hundreds but thousands to the Island of Anticosti, whose treasures, like many of the most precious gifts of Providence, have long lain concealed. As we are not now writing a prospectus for the Company, we shall not go into details, which, at so much per line, it would be profitable to present; the accidents which have, within the last few weeks, to say nothing of those which have blurred the records of previous years, render it incumbent on those who can influence public opinion at all to assist in the settlement of the island whose shores have so often been strewn with wrecks. If we could ascertain the loss which has been incurred by the foundering of vessels on this inhospitable coast, the total would be far in excess of the capital stock of the Company by which it has been acquired, and which will derive its profits as much by rendering access to its shores easy and safe as by developing the natural resources of the island.

OUR DIGESTIVE ORGANS.—The result of much scientific research and experiment has within the last few years enabled the medical profession to supply to the human system, where impaired or infective, the power which assimilates our food. This is now known as "Morson's Pepsine," and is prescribed as wine, globules, and lozenges, with full directions. The careful and regular use of this valuable medicine restores the natural functions of the stomach, giving once more strength to the body. There are many imitations, but Morson and Son, the original manufacturers, are practical chemists, and the "Pepsine" prepared by them is warranted, and bears their labels and trade-mark. It is sold by all chemists in bottles 3s., and boxes from 2s. 6d., but purchasers should see the name