

THE GREAT RAILWAY STRIKE.—For particulars see article in the editorial columns.

PRE-HISTORIC CANADA.—There is a separate article on this subject to which we beg to call special attention.

THE RIVAL WEATHER PROPHETS.—Our readers are referred to the editorial article giving our views on this curious subject.

THE RAILWAY HORROR AT ASHTABULA.—Our illustration represents the wreck of the engines and cars, as seen in the chasm before the work of removal began. Over two hundred persons perished during that terrible night; the particulars of which were in all the papers.

PORT STANLEY.—Port Stanley is a pleasant little village of several hundred inhabitants situated at the southern terminus of the London and Port Stanley Railway, in the County of Elgin, on the shores of Lake Erie. During the summer months, hardly a day passes that a picnic does not visit Port Stanley, some of which number several thousand people. The village is surrounded by hills, and the most beautiful pleasure grounds overlooking the lake have been made. There, the thousands who annually visit "Canada's Saratoga," as Port Stanley is often called, pass a pleasant day in the groves or sailing on the lake.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.—The weird poem of Samuel Coleridge has been brought into fresh prominence by the illustrations which Gustave Doré has added to the text, making a volume of the rarest interest. The subject-matter of the poem is particularly suited to the genius of the great French artist. The illustration given to-day is intended to furnish our readers with an idea of the work. The particular lines which are interpreted by the wonderful pencil are given under the picture.

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.—This is a diagram of that portion of the historic battle-field owned by Abraham Martin, and it is published in connection with the paper by Mr. LeMoine, our well-known historian and antiquary; one-half of which is printed in this issue. Next week, with the second half, we will publish views of the monument of Wolfe on the Plains, and of the Wolfe-Montcalm Monument in the Governor's Garden, Quebec.

ROMANIAN TYPES AND UNIFORMS.—This picture derives particular interest at present from the fact that Roumania is stepping to the front, and complicating matters in the East by demanding a recognition of her independence from Turkey. The Roumanians are a sturdy race, and their sympathies with Russia are an element of great national strength.

THE FREE LANCE.

The City Council complain that they are too well reported. There is one remedy. Let them do as the Ottawa Council has done—give each reporter twenty-five dollars and he will stay away.

Joseph Cupit, of Michigan, has lost his wife who ran away with another man. Served him right. He should have followed the example of his mythological namesake, who was too wise ever to get married.

The Ottawa reporters have disgraced our profession, putting us on a level with politicians. They have received a bribe from the Corporation.

Why is the Montreal HERALD Muscovite in its Eastern policy? Because it has a Russ on its staff.

Let bold contractors blow,
But the whole world wants to know
Who was the go-between
Between
In Section C.

The Tories are cunning rogues. They are trying to get up the cry of a New Pacific Scandal to obliterate the memory of the old one.

It is easier to go out of the Cabinet than to get into it.

The Kingston Whig says:—"That insanity is on the increase is evident from His Honor the Lieutenant Governor's speech at the opening of the session." Ambiguous.

On thee I loudly call,
I beg thee tell us all
About this wretched fall,
My Howley.

Thou wilt not choose, I ween,
To hide behind the screen
Of Section 15,
My Howley.

Thou hast a name to lose,
And wilt not dare refuse
To show the world this case,
My Howley.

Hence do not be afraid,
But enter on the road,
And make the "gullible jade"
Wince," My Howley.

This startling despatch, from Ottawa, appeared the other day in a contemporary:—"Three Christian Brothers, named Nethelm, Maxinius and Maxanious, while endeavoring to tie a mad cow in her stall, were seized with a fit and rushed wildly round the yard after the pupila. They were captured before doing any damage,

and placed in a room, after which medical assistance was called in. They have been roaring like madmen for several hours, and are not expected to recover. It is a pity to spoil this story; but justice to the cow requires me to say that it was she did all the chasing, while the poor Brothers got sick unto death from poisonous gas breathed in the brute's stall.

LACLEDÉ.

"NELLY."

We had known her so long, so well, she was so sweet a child that she was endeared to us by ties of the warmest affection.

No child in the village was so bright or gay as she, ever dancing out and smiling and happy, her great blue eyes beaming like moonbeams, and her golden hair waving about in every gentle breeze that blew. Never cross, never impatient, always gentle, obliging, kind—little Nelly shall we ever forget you? Her mother doted upon her, worshipped her almost to idolatry. Poor woman! she was not to blame, it was her only child and her only happiness. Her husband, once a fine young fellow, had taken suddenly to the society of loose and dissipated companions, and was at the time we write a gambler, a drunkard and an old man prematurely, with shaking limbs and bloodshot, vacant eyes. Oh! how often had the loving wife knelt at her baby's cradle far into the night sending up warm, fervent prayers for him who was straying so far from the paths of peace. How many nights she had lain awake through the long, long hours watching for his well-known footstep all in vain. How many bitter, bitter tears she had shed for him. Ay, how many! Often returning weary and fretful from his midnight revels he would abuse her sadly—her and "Nelly" both. Sadly would the poor wife weep, but Nelly was ever ready to console her, and the mother knew that, though all around seemed dark and dreary, she had still one star to look up to, one star that was always bright and shining, and that was Nelly.

Early one morning, after a night of unusual excess, the father staggered home—mad with rage at himself, at all mankind, for he had lost his all and was standing on the verge of the precipice of ruin.

Gladly did his poor young wife welcome him home. Not a word of rebuke passed her lips as she advanced lovingly to meet him, but he pushed her rudely aside and throwing himself heavily on a chair, demanded why no meal was ready for him. She told him—bitter story—that there was not a morsel of food to eat, that she and Nelly had gone supperless to bed, he in turn abused her, yes, and cursed her. Hearing her poor mother abused, Nelly at once ran forward to plead and pacify her father. But he—was the man mad, or had some fiend entire possession of him?—he snatching up a fire log from the floor, struck her as she stood there, and the mother half-stupefied herself at what she hardly thought she saw, saw her golden-haired, bright-eyed darling senseless and bleeding on the floor.

A few days later there was sorrow in the house. In pain, poor thing, had little Nelly lain, her soft skin dry and hot with fever, and her little mouth parched with an unquenchable thirst. In pain truly, but still patient and gentle—still the same sweet "Nelly," and now they knew she was going to die.

Close by the bed was the dear mother who had loved her so fondly, so well, beside herself with sorrow, and weeping for her she was so soon to lose, and on the bed, shaking, quivering with emotion, with great tears rolling down his cheeks on to the loved one's head who nestled in his arms, was her murderer, her father! Sweet was the smile with which she left the world. Bright angels were beckoning her to a fair land, sweet music was wafted gently to her ears. Why should she be sorry to go? "Good-bye" was all she said. "Good-bye," and then they laid her down with bursting hearts pale and cold, and dead.

The winter snow was deep upon the ground, and the soft moon peeping through the latticed windows all that night, shone down upon the form of darling Nelly making her look more bright than ever in death, and strangely weird.

It is summer now, the daisies are appearing, and the grass grows green over little Nelly's grave.

Often in the dusky twilight may be seen a man and woman sitting by that little mound. She weeps still at the thought of her which can never die from her memory. And he, as he stands by her side, makes strong new resolutions that yet may make them happy.

God grant him strength to keep them, that so he may meet again, on a happier shore than this, her whom he once loved so dearly, who is "not lost but gone before."

Toronto. A. D. STEWART.

VARIETIES.

DISRAELI FIFTY YEARS AGO.—Here is a picture of him, drawn by a chance visitor at the Countess of Blessington's. "D'Israeli," as the name was spelt in those days, "had arrived before me, and sat in the deep window looking out upon Hyde Park, with the last rays of daylight reflected from the gorgeous gilt of a splendidly embroidered waistcoat. Patent leather pumps, a white stick with a black cord and tassel, and a quantity of chains about his neck and pockets, served to make him, even in the dim light, a conspicuous object. D'Israeli has one of the most remarkable faces I ever saw. He is lividly

pale, and, but for the energy of his action and the strength of his lungs, would seem to be a victim to consumption. His eye is black as Erebus, and has the most mocking, lying-in-wait sort of expression conceivable. His mouth is alive with a kind of working and impatient nervousness, and when he has burst forth, as he does constantly, with a perfectly successful caricature of expression, it assumes a curl of triumphant scorn that would be worthy a Mephistopheles. His hair is as extraordinary as his taste in waistcoats. A thick heavy mass of jet-black ringlets falls over his left cheek almost to a collarless stock, while on the right temple it is parted and put away with the smooth carefulness of a girl's, and shines most unctuously 'with thy incomparable oil, Macassar!'"

A NEW REMEDY FOR THE BALD.—Persons afflicted with baldness will be glad to hear that a luxuriant growth of hair may be produced by a very simple process, described by Consul Stevens in his commercial report on Nicolaf for the past year, which has just been issued. In the summer of 1875 Consul Stevens' attention was drawn to several cases of baldness among bullocks, cows and oxen, and the loss of manes and tails among horses. A former servant of the Consul's permanently bald, whose duty it was to trim lamps, had a habit of wiping his petroleum-besmeared hands in the scanty locks which remained to him; and after three months of lamp-trimming experience, his dirty habit procured for him a much finer head of glossy hair than he ever possessed in his recollection. Struck by the remarkable occurrence, Consul Stevens tried the remedy on two retriever spaniels that had become suddenly bald, with wonderful success. His experience, therefore, induced him to suggest it to the owner of several black cattle and horses affected as above stated, and, while it stayed the spread of the disease among animals in the same sheds and stables, it effected a quick and radical cure on the animal attacked. The petroleum should be of the most refined American qualities, rubbed in vigorously and quickly with the palm of the hand, and applied at intervals of three days six or seven times in all.

THE GREAT NAPOLEON'S COURAGE.—Absorption of mind in battle or in other circumstances of danger prevents the entrance of fear. The first Napoleon, it is said, was so attentive to the direction of his battles that his mind had no place in it for apprehension about himself. A writer in Blackwood says of him:—

"Constantly we read of him standing in situations where his staff and others were being destroyed close to him, and where shot and shell were falling profusely about; while he, surveying and contemplating the fortunes of the field, was absolutely insensible to what was passing at his elbow. At Hanau, while he was giving some directions, a shell fell quite close to him. He paid no attention to it, and no one dared to interrupt his speech; but those about him hardly breathed while they awaited the explosion. The missile penetrated so far into the ground that its bursting was harmless. Napoleon does not seem to have been aware that there ever had been any danger."

At the passage of the Elbe, when a ball struck some wood close to him, and sent a splinter on to his neck, he so far recognised the danger as to say, "If it had struck me on the breast, all had been over." When he was suddenly recalled to Dresden by the unexpected attack of the Allies, their fire was very hot over a space which he had to pass, and he crawled along there on his hands and knees, but never thought of waiting, or seeking another path.

"MARVELLOUS SWEET MUSIC!"—A story from Bayreuth shows to what extent some of Herr Wagner's disciples appreciate his compositions. A popular writer of English songs was going through the pianoforte score during his stay in Bayreuth, when a little group of devotees happened to call, and begged him to continue the exquisite strains of the *Götterdämmerung*. This he did amidst a chorus of rapturous exclamations, until the music became so complicated that, skilful pianist as he was, he found himself on the wrong tack, and ran off into a sort of burlesque imitation of the master. Instead of the expected chorus of remonstrance from the devotees at the profanation of the wonderful music, to the astonishment of the player the ejaculations of delight were redoubled. He crashed away handfuls of abominable chords in the bass, and the disciples called upon each other to admire the harmony and grandeur of the theme. He rushed up and down the keyboard in vague chromatic scales, interspersed with usual thumps on any notes upon which his aimless fingers chanced to strike, and in hushed tones his hearers bade each other to remark with what wondrous subtlety the leading motives were suggested and introduced. He played vague discords in ever-changing keys on all parts of the piano, and with upturned eyes the disciples pointed out with what grace and power the subject was brought before them—they could learn every detail of the story without a word of explanation, so eloquent was the music when heard only upon a piano; and they could but wonder how, after playing such heavenly music with so much skill, the pianist could still hint that Herr Wagner had ever been approached by mortal musician, and could even smile as he talked about the master's sublime genius.

CHAM, THE FRENCH CARICATURIST.—The greatest caricaturist in France is the Comte Amadeé de Noé, better known as Cham. He was born in 1819, and of most aristocratic lineage, for his father, the Comte de Noé, was a peer of

France. His mother was however English; and young Amadeé, having been brought up entirely by her acquired a British accent, which he retains to this day. Very tall, thin, and upright, scrupulously correct and English in his attire, of manner externally cold and polished, he thoroughly realizes the Parisian idea of the Londoner; the more so as, like the sailor in Gilbert's ballad, he never laughs and he never smiles, though he is one of the most practical jokers in existence. On one occasion, going into a restaurant, where he was unknown, he settled into a corner seat which happened to be generally reserved for a stockbroker who dined in the house every evening. The waiter said nothing; but the stockbroker coming in felt wroth at the usurpation, and was about to complain of it, when recognised the familiar features of the caricaturist. He thought he would have a joke at the expense of Cham, and calling the landlord aside, asked him if he knew that tall, thin, most solemn stranger. No; the landlord had not seen him before. "Ah—well, then, I advise you to order him out as quickly as possible, or else he will scare away all your other customers," whispered the stockbroker. "It is Heidenreich, the executioner." The landlord gave a jump, but without an instant's loss of time walked up to Cham and begged him to depart, adding that he would not ask him to pay for what he had eaten, and would, indeed, not consent to touch his money at any price. Cham's features betrayed not the slightest surprise at this communication. "May I ask you revealed to you that I am the headman?" he said, in his gravest tones. "Is it that gentleman yonder?" "Ah, quite so," answered Cham imperturbably; "he ought to know me, for I flogged and branded him at Toulon not two years ago." It is alleged that the stockbroker recorded a vow never to play tricks on Cham again, and similar resolutions are generally made by those who measure with the nimble caricaturist.

ROUND THE WORLD.

DIAZ is everywhere successful, and Iglesias' troops are deserting to his standard.

THE area of the famine-stricken district in India is reported to be larger than that affected by the Bengal famine in 1874.

SEVERAL changes are announced to take place in the Spanish Ministry.

THE Government of Samoa is preparing to negotiate a treaty with the United States.

THE Budget of 1878 has been brought down to the French Chamber of Deputies. The Finance Minister estimates the surplus for the year at six million francs.

LITERARY.

THE *Gentleman's Magazine* is now entering upon its 147th year of continuous publication.

DR. T. W. PARSONS, the poet and translator of Dante, is one of the few literary men who do not force to write constantly for bread and butter. He inherited a handsome fortune from his father, who was a dentist.

GEORGE DAWSON collected over four hundred editions of Shakespeare's works for the Birmingham Public Library. The Birmingham Shakespeare Club, of which he was founder and president, is having his biography prepared.

THE February "Galaxy" will be an unusually bright number. In this number will be commenced a new serial story by Justin McCarthy, called "Miss Misanthrope." It will run through the year. Henry James, Jr., will contribute an article called "The Letters of Honoré de Balzac." Walter Burlingame writes on the "Murder of Marzary." Secretary Welles' articles on the "Lincoln Administration" will be continued. "Applied Sciences" will be treated of by Chas. Barnard. Poems by Bret Harte, W. Winter, and Mary Anne De Vere will be found in this number.

MR. SIDNEY LANIER, the new poet, who has been first flutist in Asgar Haerik's orchestra in Baltimore for the past three years, has been ordered by his physicians to leave his post and go South for the good of his health. Mr. Lanier has the erect and graceful person and the quiet manner of a gentleman, and he is a man of much general culture. He is tall and slender, somewhat pale, has eyes of a fine gray, and a black beard. The gods have made him poetical, both in temperament and in face, this being of a sensitive and thoughtful character. He is accomplished in music as in the literary art.

A TRAVELLER from Boston writes to the *Advertiser* of that city an account of a visit to the Khedive's poet, the Nile. The poet, who holds an official appointment, is old, dignified, and courteous, and has a young and pretty wife. A lunch was served with European utensils, and the partakers sat on chairs at a table; but the viands were Egyptian. "First," says the writer, "a large dish of spiced, minced beef was placed on the crowded waiter. When we had helped ourselves to this dish, it was quickly removed to make room for the next, the departing courses being set upon the floor. Second dish was mutton and cooked olives. Third, leaves of the grape rolled up and filled with highly-flavored rice and meat, and delicious buttermilk poured over it as a sauce. Fourth, joints of meat with fried potatoes. Fifth, rice served with cream boiled to a paste, oranges so fresh that their rinds seemed bursting with juice, and coffee completed the repast. The latter is always served in thimble-like cups, very strong, and made with finely-ground coffee. The people seldom use sugar, and never milk; a little cardamom seed is often used."

HAVE YOU A SICK CHILD?—Does your little one become paler and more emaciated every day? Has it a bad breath? Does it start and grind its teeth during sleep? If so the cause is WORMS, and the child will never be well till they are removed; but be careful, do not administer the dangerous vermifuges and worm compounds in ordinary use, they will produce worse than the worms. Use that safe and delicious remedy "DEVIN'S VEGETABLE WORM PASTILLES;" they are certain beyond any doubt to remove every kind of worm. Take no other offered you.