The Weekly Mail.

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THE WEEKLY MAIL

Is published every Thursday morning in time for the English mail, second edition on Friday, and dispatched by first trains and express to all parts of the Dominion. Price $1.50 a year.

Advertisements for insertion are charged at the rate of fifteen cents per line for each insertion under the head of Business Notices. Display advertisements are inserted at the rate of forty cents per line nonpareil measure, and ten cents per line for every subsequent insertion.

THE WEEKLY MAIL will form an excellent medium for advertisers who desire to reach the people from every Post Office and prominent point in Ontario, Quebec, Halifax, Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal, St. Johns, Fredericton, St. Stephen, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, British Columbia, and Manitoba.

AMERICAN.

The Cincinnati fair, recently closed, was visited by more than 500,000 people.

Speckled trout are now quoted in New York at twenty-five cents a speckle.

Nashville advises unemployed working men in New England to emigrate to Southern plantations, where help is needed.

The town clerk of Lancaster, Penn., went gunning lately, and kept four young people two days waiting for their marriage certificates.

A loafer arrested in Rochester, N. Y., for a trivial offence, pleaded in extenuation, that he was discouraged on account of the backwardness of trade.

Mr. Rooto, of Wisconsin, while visiting the Winona fair, patronized a long-lasting machine. The exception made his large blood, and in four hours he was a corpse.

A house containing three rooms, in Quincy, Mass., was recently found to be inhabited by sixteen persons—a man and his wife, eleven children, and three boarders.

An Iowa wife eloped with a young fellow recently, and as soon as she got intimate enough with him to have free access to his pocketa stole $200 therefrom and travelled triumphantly back to her husband.

"You needn't come on Saturday night, nor any other night," was the notification which a writer in delicate female characters left at a Brooklyn house.

Byrnes, a noted gambler, of Chicago, who has been alternately wealthy and poor, sometimes winning $10,000 to $20,000 in an evening, but who threw up his sponge shortly after the great fire, died, a few days ago, a lunatic.

Mr. Benjamin P. Wheeler, who has been the agent of the American Express Company between New York and Albany, on the Hudson River road, for twenty-years, has been relieved by the express company on a pension of $60 a month.

Michael Sullivan, the great Illinois farmer, lost ten thousand acres of corn by frost, and has only half a crop on fifteen thousand acres. He has discharged one hundred and fifty farm laborers, chiefly coloured men from Tennessee.

A Western paper states that last summer "a gentleman from Sioux City received an Indian scalp from the plains. The other day he wanted to show it to some friends who had never seen anything of the kind. He asked his wife for it and found she had woven it in with her own hair for a front switch."

Indianapolis is under the weather. Its Exposition, which was a very good one, has suspended for the season, and the city has been fully justified its continuation beyond the proposed time of closing it, present a dismal appearance. The total receipts are $140,000; its receipts only $92,000.

A Greenville, Tenn., quill-driver pleasantly says of some brother writer: "His address is imbued with the electric fire of hell; his black heart is the home of demons; his soul is a hornet's nest; his mind is a sulphur mine; his brain is a hell-fire furnace; his tongue is a forked lightning; his breath is the essence of the fumes of the Bottomless Pit; his blood is a mixture of Satan's gall and Judas's bile; and his carcass is a fit habitation for the devil and his angels."

THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD.

THE CHILD OF THE MIRACLE.

(From the London Telegraph.)

In the year 1816 Louis XVIII., King of France and Navarre, restored after an exile of five and-twenty years, to the throne of his ancestors, came to be somewhat disturbed in his mind as to the perpetuation of the Bourbon line. He himself was old and infirm and childless; but his brother, presumptive, had two sons, the Duke d'Angoulême, a stately, silent, morose man, married to a Princess not indeed morose, but as silent and more sorrowful than her mother—Marie Therese de Bourbon, and the daughter of Louis XVI., the "Orphan of the Temple." Her child, the Duke de Berri, lived in the stately Palace of Versailles, her girlhood in the horrible gaol of the Tuppins, released from which she had waited about for years in a ghostly, poverty-stricken banishment; coming back to France in 1814, a bride, indeed, but an elderly one, and childless women. Her father and mother had been torn from her arms to be dragged to the scaffold; her brother, the Dauphin, had been beaten and starved to death almost beneath her eyes; she had wrecked food, raiment, light even, in her dungeon; and, last of all, she was a woman. It was the late, and yet early, hour when Madame Ferdinand, Duc de Berri. Those who knew him were wont to say that his worth lay more in his heart than in his apparently slow brain; he was stunted in stature, broad-shouldered, heavy-footed, with a face, fair, with a sea comes, thick lips, and "something of a wild and ferocious expression." An English nobleman who met him, following in the wake of the Allied Armies, in '14, described the Duke as being coarse and vulgar-looking, but in his manners giving himself all the airs of a *sabreur*, without having done anything to warrant the assumption of martial roughness. He was fond, after the Restoration, of mingling with the old soldiers of Napoleon, and inviting them to fight all their battles over a chopper of wine or spass; and tall how fields were won; but the *vieux grognards* rather mistrusted this bluff Rite who had taken up his quarters in the Palace of Versailles, and did not like the tall fellow well-met with a general to whom the "baptism of powder" was lacking. It would seem, however, that the Duc de Berri was very much beloved, and that he was, in spite of his manners, a good man, and a good husband, and a good Christian. He married, in the year 1816, the Princess Marie Caroline, daughter of the King of Naples, and sister of the Duchess d'Angoulême, and, in the course of the evening Madame de Berri visited her Sicilian kinswoman, Madame d'Aiglon, the Duchess Berri, on the part, unbelieved his cousin's children—namely, the little Duke de Chartres, afterwards to be that Ferdinand of Orleans, who was killed in the Avenue de Neuilly, leaving a baby boy, who is now Comte de Paris, and the proximate "Dauphin." But the Royal equerries knocked at the door, and warned Royalty that it was time to depart. The Duke, however, was in a jovial mood, and said that, when he had conducted his wife to her carriage, he would remain for supper, and see the frolics of the Carnival to the top of the bent of their bent. Shortly after the party came, bowing, bishop, with lighted tapers, preceding them. The Duchess of Berri had scarcely handed in by her husband; while on the other side was her grandfather, presumptive, the Comte de Artois, and behind her the Comtesse de Bethisy, her lady-in-waiting. At this moment Lovel sprang like a tiger through the ranks of the soldiers of the Cent Suisses, who were presenting arms, and pushing the left bonhomie of the Duc de Berri with his left hand, stabbed him with all his might in the right side, and, leaping back, cried, "Vive la Liberté!" The rest of the affair, the confusion of the by-standers, the capture of the assassin, the prevention of the Comtesse de Chabriol and M. de Clausel de Coussergues from tearing the assassin to pieces, the arrest of the Duchess, the death of the Duke, are well known to all the world. Another dismal scene was in the next room, where the Princess was lying in her bed, unconscious of her husband's fate, and of the tumult in the house, and of the Duchess of Berri, who was in a state of hysterical agitation, and, at last, sent for her husband, who came in, and, in a few words, told her the fatal news. The Princess was completely paralysed by the shock, and, in her agitation, tore out all her hair, including her eyebrows, clamoring for a more complete tonsure, and, in her delirium, tearing her flesh with her nails, and, in her agony, crying out, "Mon mari, mon mari." The Duke died, and, in the early every month would drop off, leaving the Princess a widow, and, in the fullness of her joy, returned within twenty-four hours. All this time the opposite remained cool, and, in the end, recovered from the pain. None of the attendant physicians ever saw, read, or heard of such a case.

James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the "Museum" in the Tower, Rochester, has been presented with a chicken produced by the pheasant hen in the Duke of Leuchtenberg's collection, and, in the end, recovered, national bank notes, revenue stamps, and other Government stamps. The lamp is significant of the utter worthlessness of paper "promises to pay," which, in the end, will be reduced to ten inches in length, by six wide, and one inch thick; and, in the end, will be, like other components of paper and ink, and of course valueless except as a curiosity. Such paper is generally, in the end, the cause of destruction are so complete that a clinker seldom remains.

Mrs. General Robert E. Lee, who died the other day at Lexington, was the granddaughter of Col. John Parke Custis, son of Martha Washington, by her first husband. Her father, Mr. G. W. P. Custis, married and settled at Arlington House, and here Mrs. Lee, his only daughter, was born. She was considered a woman of strong intellectual powers, and was strongly Southern in her sentiments. When Gen. Lee assumed command of the Southern army she went to Richmond, and remained there until the contest was over, after which she accompanied her husband to Lexington, Va., where she continued to reside up to the time of her death. She had been an invalid for about ten years with a chronic affection.

Ex-Governor Henry A. Wise upsetted an interviewer, the other day, by admitting that it would take a book, and a pretty big one at that, to contain his opinions about the present condition of the country. Speaking generally, however, he said he would not touch either of the existing political parties with a pair of tongs, they are so corrupt; and, as for the Democratic party, he said its one congress is barbarous, impracticable and absurd; that the congress are the most steady, industrious and capable labourers he knew; can get; that Hunter's idea that the General Government should pay for the liberated slaves is absurd; that he would like to have the Government build the James River and Kanawha Canal; and that if Grant would only bring about specie payments at once he would drop on his knees to him.—*Albany Journal.*

A money-saving old and single lady was Mary Ann Russell, in Edgeworth, Delaware county, Penn. After the death of her parents, her relatives who knew how fond she was of her little money, searched her domicile in vain for hidden treasure. Finally, they put her effects up at auction, and, while the auctioneer was selling her old bureau. It was concluded to take one more look at this receptacle before sending it away, and patience and persistence were rewarded. On a small ledge upon which a small upper drawer neared the delighted explorers found, wrapped in packages, $283 in gold, $17.70 in silver, $65 in greenbacks, and a lot of bonds, which the deceased had carefully accumulated and carefully concealed against a rainy day. Mary Ann, there is no way of curing, of finding out how much money is thus secreted and never found, but the ways of women are inscrutable.

It is said that the hard times have had a depressing effect upon the fighters of Phoenix, New, and the Duke of Chartres, who, in the dull time of the bowie knife are no longer heard. The Coroner's health is gradually giving way under the continued cares of affairs, and his friends are becoming alarmed. They are trying to cheer him up by recalling the happy times when he was lately held three and four inquests a day. The Coroner, however, took up his spirits at the sight of the people by giving half column accounts of desperate cut fights, disguising them so as to make it much the bloodiest and most exciting possible; but although deceptive headings do occasionally awaken a sickly flash of joy, the Coroner is not fooled by them, and they soon discover that they have been taken in and done. The Coroner, for his age, is remarkably acute.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

The death is announced of the chief officer of the Royal marines, Captain T. Marshall, in his 96th year.

It is suggested that a large fog bank be placed on the top of St. Paul's for the guidance of London pedestrians.

An old London theatre goer, the other day, after many failings, taken up its abode at Kew; in Yorkshire, London.

Prince Louis Murat has left Paris for Crimea, where he is to marry Mlle. Oudinot, daughter of the Prince of that name.

Miss Pagnon, of Stafford, has been offered the appointment as assistant to her father, the Government engineer of that Parliamentary district.

A testimonial portrait to Mr. Charles Reade, the novelist and dramatist, is to be presented to that gentleman by a number of his English admirers.

The Queen, Grand Duchess Constantin of Russia, has unanimously resolved to thank the Emperor William for his recent kindness in replying to the wife of the Pope.

Dr. Southwood, a London physician, became very notorious some years ago by his connection with the murder of Mrs. Isabella Banks, and the publication of a book which had for its frontispiece a portrait of the murderess. Mesmerism, the Duke and Duchess were in the theatre enjoying themselves. Another dismal couple were in the next box, their Highnesses of Odessa, indeed; and in the course of the evening Madame de Berri visited her Sicilian kinswoman, Madame d'Aiglon, the Duchess Berri, on the part, unbelieved his cousin's children—namely, the little Duke de Chartres, afterwards to be that Ferdinand of Orleans, who was killed in the Avenue de Neuilly, leaving a baby boy, who is now Comte de Paris, and the proximate "Dauphin." But the Royal equerries knocked at the door, and warned Royalty that it was time to depart. The Duke, however, was in a jovial mood, and said that, when he had conducted his wife to her carriage, he would remain for supper, and see the frolics of the Carnival to the top of the bent of their bent. Shortly after the party came, bowing bishop, with lighted tapers, preceding them. The Duchess of Berri had scarcely handed in by her husband; while on the other side was her grandfather, presumptive, the Comte de Artois, and behind her the Comtesse de Bethisy, her lady-in-waiting. At this moment Lovel sprang like a tiger through the ranks of the soldiers of the Cent Suisses, who were presenting arms, and pushing the left bonhomie of the Duc de Berri with his left hand, stabbed him with all his might in the right side, and, leaping back, cried, "Vive la Liberté!" The rest of the affair, the confusion of the by-standers, the capture of the assassin, the prevention of the Comtesse de Chabriol and M. de Clausel de Coussergues from tearing the assassin to pieces, the arrest of the Duchess, the death of the Duke, are well known to all the world. Another dismal scene was in the next room, where the Princess was lying in her bed, unconscious of her husband's fate, and of the tumult in the house, and of the Duchess of Berri, who was in a state of hysterical agitation, and, at last, sent for her husband, who came in, and, in a few words, told her the fatal news. The Princess was completely paralysed by the shock, and, in her agitation, tore out all her hair, including her eyebrows, clamoring for a more complete tonsure, and, in her delirium, tearing her flesh with her nails, and, in her agony, crying out, "Mon mari, mon mari." The Duke died, and, in the early every month would drop off, leaving the Princess a widow, and, in the fullness of her joy, returned within twenty-four hours. All this time the opposite remained cool, and, in the end, recovered from the pain. None of the attendant physicians ever saw, read, or heard of such a case.

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THE PARIS OPERA HOUSE.

ITS HISTORY AND ITS DESTRUCTION.

(From the London Telegraph, Oct. 29.)

PARIS, Wednesday 5 A. M.

At about two o'clock this bitterly cold morning, when I was plunged into the deepest of deep sleep, I was suddenly awakened by a frantic ringing at the bell of my apartment. "Some telegram from Lord Lyons" was my first thought; and it was with many muttered exclamations against journal in general, and against one special journal in particular, that I proceeded leisurely to fold a dressing-gown round me to receive the unwelcome messenger. Another ring, and, as I thought, warning to be speedy my pace, and as I opened the door, I was startled by the pale countenance of a friend who, more concerned that I should gain knowledge than that I should indulge in my natural rest, exclaimed, "The Opera is in flames! Come out at once." Now the new Opera house was not to be exactly opposite the house in which I live, and the idea of a fire being so near was calculated to hurry one's dress, and, on my hurrying down the stairs, whence my eager glance seemed to convey to the concierge my fear that it was he who had put up the fatal edifice which had led to a premature visit to the destroyer of half the amount of the million sterling which it cost. From the northern side of the Avenue de l'Opéra the view was fine, and, in 1848, for the last twenty-four years he had been the hero of a spectacle to which he was entirely unknown, having no connection with any political or literary circles, I thought it was a pity that he had not a village near London, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the riding up to "Paris" of the young man who, on the occasion of the "Robert le Diable," was informed that the fire was discovered in the dressing room of the ballet girl, Mlle. Lagrange, who was at the moment in the house in which I live, and the idea of a fire being so near was calculated to hurry one's dress, and, on my hurrying down the stairs, whence my eager glance seemed to convey to the concierge my fear that it was he who had put up the fatal edifice which had led to a premature visit to the destroyer of half the amount of the million sterling which it cost. From the northern side of the Avenue de l'Opéra the view was fine, and, in 1848, for the last twenty-four years he had been the hero of a spectacle to which he was entirely unknown, having no connection with any political or literary circles.