

## AMUSEMENTS.

**THEATRE ROYAL.**—Miss Julia Holman's Benefit yesterday drew a large and highly fashionable audience to witness Balfe's charming Opera "Satanella." The piece was exceedingly well mounted, and everything passed off with *clat*. Miss Julia's reception was most flattering. As the soubrette, she is always charming, and on this occasion eclipsed all former efforts; Miss Sallie Holman as Satanella, rendered the music with great purity, acting the part with her usual grace and abandon; Mr. Peakes as the demon found full scope for his acting and singing, displaying his rich compass to the best advantage. Miss Julia responded to a call before the curtain and was greeted with a shower of bouquets attached to one of which was an emerald ring of great value, containing three fine emeralds surrounded with pearls. The entertainment closed with the sprightly Burlesque of "Black-Eyed Susan." On Wednesday evening Mr. Allan Halford took his benefit, with "Guy Mannering" and "Ben Bolt" on the programme. On Friday (Opera night), Mr. Geo. H. Barton, the clever actor, vocalist, and stage manager, was to have taken his benefit, giving, in addition to a favourite Opera, Buxton's Musical Comedy, "Pet of the Petticoats," with Miss Sallie Holman as Paul, Miss Julia as Mima, and Mr. Barton as Mons. Zephyr, the dancing master.

## NEW BOOKS.

**EXPIATION.** By Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, Author of "Sybil Huntington, &c." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

If the author of this book had made it one half its present size it would have been readable. As it is its perusal requires a greater amount of patience than the ordinary novel-reader is prepared to give to a work of this kind. The story itself possesses no particular interest. The plot, where it is not weak, is decidedly forced. The dialogue is in many places intensely wearisome. But as a redeeming feature the author possesses good descriptive powers. Here and there one comes upon a bright bit in the wilderness of reading—an oasis in the desert. Notably the scene at Clyde Armstrong's death-bed is far beyond the writer's average—full of exquisite pathos, painted with a master's touch. The very superior excellence of such passages as this serves to show in higher relief the general inferiority of the book. With regard to the characters in her romance of home life, the author has wisely avoided the too common mistake of multiplying beyond all recognition the personages who take a part in the story. Indeed, if anything, she errs on the other side. Mr. Armstrong, who dies at an early stage of the story, his two boys, Elsie, a maiden of the idealistic type, loved by both the brothers, Dr. Bellinger, two Irish servants, "Sister Agnes," and "old Miss Rossiter," the narrator, complete the list of the "Dramatis Personæ." The old story of the passionate love and jealousy of the younger brother, contrasted with the still, deep affection, and forbearance of the elder is told over again. Clyde, who was Mr. Armstrong's son by a second marriage, is tainted with hereditary insanity, which crops out from time to time and finally brings him to his death. During his last illness he is tended by Sister Agnes, a strange nurse from New York, who finally turns out to be his mother, Mr. Armstrong's second wife. Here comes the strangest—and the most improbable—part of the story. Mrs. Armstrong was supposed to have died, and to have been duly interred. A long account of the funeral appeared in the *Tribune*. But she was not dead. While in a stupor she had been taken for dead. On the morning of the day appointed for the funeral, she awoke, to find herself in a coffin. She made her escape unseen, and finally became a professed nurse at St. Elizabeth's Hospital. The empty coffin was discovered by her husband, who, supposing that the body had been stolen, hushed the matter up, filled the coffin with bricks, and allowed the funeral service to be performed over the tenantless coffin. Then, at the proper moment for effect, Sister Agnes is introduced on the stage and discloses herself. Sensationalism could go no further. What can we say of a story that requires such expedients as this to make it interesting?

**BREAD-AND-CHEESE AND KISSES.** By B. L. Farjeon, author of "Blade o' Grass," "Grif," etc. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros. Paper, pp. 76. Illustrated. Price 35c.

This is a very charming story by one of the most charming authors of the day. We can give no better idea of its merits than by saying that it is in every way worthy of its two sister productions, "Blade o' Grass" and "Grif." It is in part an Australian story, like the latter, told with much pathos, and with a degree of fidelity to nature that is too seldom met with in the fiction of the present day. The mantle of Dickens seems to have fallen upon Mr. Farjeon. We know of no living writer possessing the power of appealing to his readers' feelings and enlisting their sympathies to so great a degree as he. Yet his style is invariably simple, but irresistibly eloquent. The field from which he takes his characters is the one which supplied Dickens with much of his best. He takes his readers to the houses of the poor, the back slums and dens of great cities, the dark spots on the face of the earth. He shows them the struggles with which the so-called lower classes have to contend, the trials of the street-arab and the bitter experiences of the gutter-child—painted with all the delicacy, the natural sweetness, and the depth of feeling which characterized England's most popular author. Mr. Farjeon's last work is by no means his worst, and we predict for it a very large circulation. The title is, we think, a most happily chosen one for a Christmas story. "To this day," says the author, "Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses bears for me in its simple utterance a sacred and beautiful meaning. It means contentment; it means cheerfulness; it means the exercise of sweet words and gentle thought; it means Home!"

## BOOKS, ETC., RECEIVED.

**A PASSION IN TATTERS.** Annie Thomas. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

**THE LAST DAY, and other Poems.** Birmingham: Cornish Bros. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

## Notes and Queries.

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

13. **SAINT CHARITY.**—Will any of your Shakesperian readers inform me who is the Saint Charity mentioned in Ophelia's song, commencing

"Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's Day;"

and also, what is the meaning and derivation of the word "dup" which she uses in the same song—

"Then up he rose and donn'd his clothes  
And dupp'd the chamber-door."

T.K.

14. **BEAVER HALL.**—What is the particular reason why the name Beaver Hall has been attached and preserved to the present beautiful hill in this city?

L.

15. **THE ODD NUMBER.**—Can any of your classical or antiquarian readers give me the origin of the old saying, *Numero Deus impari gaudet*? Or why it is at all that odd numbers were favourites with the ancient magicians and fortune-tellers?

SIGMA.

16. **"AS GREAT AS KING BEE."**—Can any of your readers tell the origin of the expression, "As great as King Bee?"

B.

17. **AN OLD HOUSE.**—There is at the crossing at Point St. Charles, and near the city water wheel, an old stone mansion, with porch in front, shaded by a few scraggy tress and a little stream meandering through it. I should like to learn who built that house, who lived in it, and what associations are linked to it.

SCIOLUS.

18. **GERMAN STREET.**—In reply to your correspondent who inquires into the origin of the name of "German Street," I may state that I have made researches into the subject, and have been told that some sixty years ago the foot of what is Rue des Allemands was occupied by a number of German families, most of which have now disappeared from the city, but can be traced into the country parts, one or two of them having settled on the banks of the Richelieu.

J. L.

**THE BEGINNING OF THE END.**—In the "Hand-Book of Familiar Quotations," published by John Murray, London, 1853, under the initials of I. R. P., the above quotation is attributed to Talleyrand.

T. K.

**ADDISON'S MARRIAGE.**—A correspondent of *Long Ago* says: "While searching the registers of St. Edward the King and Martyr in a forlorn hope of finding some clue to Pope's birth, my attention was directed by the rector to an entry among the marriages, which had just caught his eye, of which the following is a copy: 'Joseph Addison, of Bilton, in the county of Warwick, Esq., was married unto Charlott, Countess-Dowager of Warwick and Holland, of the parish of Kensington, in the county of Middlesex, on the 9th day of August, Anno Domini, 1716.' I wonder what brought Addison and the Countess so far east as Lombard Street to be married."

19. **EXAMINATION PAPERS UPON THE PICKWICK CLUB.**—*Firstly*:—Will any of your correspondents translate into coherent English, adding a note wherever a construction or an allusion requires it, Mr. Alfred Jingle's, "Go on Jemmy—like black-eyed Susan all in the downs—smart chap that cabman handled his fives well—but if I'd been your friend in the Green Jemmy d—n me punch his head—'God I would pigs whisper pie man too.'" *Secondly*:—Elucidate the expressions the Spanish Traveller and the Narcotic bedstead. *Thirdly*:—Give approximately the height of the Mr. Grummer and accurately the Christian names of him, Mr. Raddle and the Fat Boy; also the surname of the Zephyr. *Fourthly*:—"She's a swelling visibly, when did the same phenomenon occur again? and what fluid caused the pressure on the body in the latter case?" *Fifthly*:—How many lumps of sugar went into the Shepherd's liquor as a rule? Is any exception recorded?

T. K.

**THE END OF THE WORLD PROPHESED BY NOSTRADAMUS FOR 1886.**—In the "Centuries" of Nostradamus the following curious passage occurs:

Quand Georges Dieu crucifera;  
Que Marc le ressuscitera,  
Et que Saint Jean le portera;  
La fin du monde arrivera.

That is, the world will come to an end in the year when Good Friday falls on St. George's Day—March 23; Easter on St. Mark's Day—March 25; and Corpus Christi on St. John the Baptist's Day—June 24. All of which will happen in the year 1886.

**DRUIDICAL OBSERVANCES IN CANADA.**—A correspondent of the *New York World*, writing from Montreal, advances the statement that there are traces of druidical observances in Canada, and that the *habitant* preserved and observes with religious fidelity the customs brought to the country by his ancestors more than two centuries and a-half ago. One of the customs upon which the writer founds his theory is the Guillannee or Ignolee, a practice somewhat analogous to the waltz, which take place on New Year's Eve, when a number of young men gather, armed with stout sticks, and visit successively all the houses in the village. At the doors they halt and sing their song, which runs: "We ask but little, a little piece of chignee, nothing more. Will you give it? If not, say so and we will take the first born son; we will warm his feet. It is not much we ask, only a piece of chignee twenty or thirty feet long. We will make a fire in the woods, under the shade of the oak, and hear the song of the cuckoo and the dove." The chignee to which allusion is here made is a piece of pork cut from a newly slaughtered hog with a tail depending therefrom. In these allusions to the oak, the fire in the wood, the dove and the cuckoo, and the sacrifice of the eldest born, the writer finds traces of Druidism, and even stronger in the name *La Ignolee*, or Guillannee, which are evidently corruptions of *an quillan neuf*, to which cry in days of old the mistletoe was gathered. The link is preserved by the customs of the French peasants, who in Vendome (and possibly elsewhere), according to M. C. Leber, parade the streets on New Year's Day, clamouring for their guillannen. The writer concludes by saying it is not a little curious to find, after a lapse of twenty-five centuries, in a land five or six thousand miles from the original seat of the Cymry, a relic of songs and customs perfectly authentic, and as lasting as Stonehenge.

## Notes and Comments.

Stories of clever lawyers extemporizing authorities and thereby winning their cases are by no means uncommon. One of the latest of this kind comes from California, where the sharp District Attorney-General, in examining Mr. Stillman, who testified to Mrs. Fair's insanity, asked if the witness had read "Stobell on Insanity." Witness replied that he had, and was politely told that that could hardly be, as no such work existed.

The Chatham Board of School Trustees have taken a step which is worthy of imitation by the School Boards throughout the Dominion. At a recent meeting a resolution was passed ordering that "no pupil shall be admitted to, or continue in any of the public schools who has not been vaccinated, or who is afflicted with, or has been exposed to any contagious disease, until all danger of contagion from such pupil, or from the disease, or exposure, shall have passed away, as certified by the health officer or public vaccinator of the town." The duty of enforcing the resolution is imposed upon the teachers employed by the Board.

Things are beginning to look pretty ominous in relation to the maintenance of peace between Germany and Russia. It appears that the Prussian strongholds on the Russian frontier—Koenigsberg, Posen, Thorn and Kustrin—are to be converted immediately into first-class fortresses like Metz and Strasburg. It is said that a sum of 65,000,000 thalers is about to be allocated for this purpose. In connection with these significant symptoms it may be added that the probability of a war with Russia was a common topic of table-talk with the officers of the occupying garrison at Rheims recently, and that the fact of the immense proportion of Germans in the scientific branches of the Russian service was regarded with cheerfulness. Of course they are not expected to fight against their own countrymen.

While the "Star of Empire" is, in accordance with the late Mr. Greeley's advice, "going West" as fast as possible, the Celestials are gradually working their way in the opposite direction. A solitary specimen of the race has already taken up his quarters in Toronto, where he works in a tea-store, a source of great curiosity to the youth of the neighbourhood. A number of gentlemen in the same city are contemplating the advisability of introducing "Chinese cheap labour" in the place of the exorbitantly paid and ill-performed work at present obtainable from the majority of the servant girl class. The idea is a good one, and we trust to see it carried out in the spring. John Chinaman makes a good domestic if properly managed, and his appearance in the labour market would be a boon to many an over-worried house-keeper. From late despatches we learn that some of the Welsh colliery owners are about to replace the striking colliers by Chinese. It is to be hoped that the scenes which have disgraced California will not be repeated in South Wales.

A misanthrope of more than the usual crabbed cast died recently in London, leaving a fortune of £100,000 sterling. Thomas Holme was the name of this new Apemautus, and his calling was that of a rag-picker. It was one of his pleasantries that he called children "devil's cubs," and fat old women he especially hated. When a packet came into the harbor he would wish that it might sink with all on board; and he even was generous enough in his misanthropy to announce that it would give him ineffable satisfaction to see Ramsgate and everything human it contained engulfed by some great convulsion of nature. His London landlady gave confirmatory testimony. He used to throw good meat to his dog "Bluff" rather than give it to old and suffering women. Islington he wanted served as badly as Ramsgate, and considered himself ill-used because there were not more railroad smash-ups and railroad disasters for his benefit. The last hostess considered herself so scandalized that she doubled his rent, but the good old gentleman wouldn't budge, and kept on there until he died. His last act appears at first sight rather at variance with the cheerful cynicism which characterized his life. On opening his will it was found that he had left \$50,000 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and various sums to other charities. His relatives, unable to reconcile this benevolence with the misanthropy which their amiable kinsman had hitherto practised, have contested the will on the ground of insanity. Doubtless, however, there was a good deal of method in the alleged madness of the deceased, and he derived no little amusement at the thought of his dear relations' disappointment.

City by-laws not unfrequently seem to be made—like promises and the proverbial pie-crust—only to be broken. Of all the municipal statutes, none is an object of greater contempt and more continual infraction than that respecting the cleaning of sidewalks and the sprinkling of ashes on slippery spots. In this matter the lovers of their fellow men are indeed few and far between, and many a sufferer from glare ice and ill-kept sidewalks breathes a prayer for the increase of the tribe of Abou Ben Adhem. A clever parody on Leigh Hunt's poem has recently appeared which will be duly appreciated. The illustrious Moslem's successor—whose name is Adam McAdam—awakes one night at the approach of a ghostly visitor, whose business is to write the names of "those who love their fellow-men." Adam's name not being found on the list, he meekly explains that he is only a poor day labourer, who seldom answers to the public call for money. "But," he goes on to say,

"This I do—now lend attentive ear:

Each wintry morning, when the dawn grows clear,  
I take my bucket to the ash-hole dim,  
And there I fill it to the very brim,  
Then on the sidewalk take my slippery stand,  
And scatter ashes with a liberal hand.  
So at my gate no broken heads I see;  
No cripple shakes his gory leg at me;  
In kind regard I'm held by rich and poor—  
Save by the surgeon who resides next door."  
Thus Adam told his tale, and thus the while  
The great scribe listened with a brightening smile,  
Then vanished. The next night he came again:  
"See here," he cried, "the list of great-souled men  
Who answer promptest to sweet Mercy's call!"  
Lo! A. McAdam's name o'ertopped them all!