

Their price varies, of course, in different seasons, for they sometimes can be had for eighteen sous a dozen, while at others they realise four or five francs. The lark pâtés made at Pithiviers have acquired an almost universal celebrity, being exported in large quantities to Russia and the United States.

Joan of Arc.

Joan of Arc is now the gossip of the hour in Parisian circles, and every particular of her life and descent is being carefully raked up for the occasion. Considerable interest is accordingly revived in Joan's house at Domremy. In 1814 the house belonged to a distant descendant of Joan's, who was offered a handsome sum for it by an Englishman, but considering the house a national property, presented it to the Department of the Vosges. The Municipality have kept it in good repair, and placed it under the care of a nun. Over the door are the arms of the family—on one side a scutcheon containing three ploughshares, and on the other a sword supporting the crown with three fleurs de lis. Above is the inscription "Vive labeur," with the date 1481, while higher up is a small statue of Joan, evidently dating from the same period. In the principal room is placed a bronze statuette of the Maid of Orleans, the handiwork of the Princess Marie of Orleans, and presented to the town by Louis Philippe.

Mr. Gladstone's Religious Belief.

Some one having publicly accused Mr. Gladstone of holding views diametrically opposed to the teaching of the Church of England, and of speaking and writing in the spirit of a Papist rather than that of a Protestant, the Premier has written a letter in which he says that when charges, which are either in themselves wholly extravagant, or else advanced upon vague and remote grounds, are made by persons who have political objects in view, it is in his opinion idle to enter into controversy with them, and, therefore, he has only to say that the allegations are wholly and absolutely void of truth.—Mr. Gladstone has also been taken to task by Mr. Herbert Spencer, who, in a recent number of the *Contemporary Review* characterises that portion of the Premier's speech at Liverpool, which referred to Mr. Darwin's theory, as a "typical expression of the anti-scientific view." Mr. Gladstone rebuts this charge by means of an ingenious parallel, but candidly allows that for his own part he cannot yet place Mr. Darwin's doctrines on the accepted level of Liberty, Law, and Order.

The Empress Eugénie.

Her Majesty continues to enjoy good health, but lives in complete retirement. The Imperial household at the present moment consists of only six persons, the Empress herself, Madlle. L'Armina (Her Majesty's companion), the Duc de Bassano, Count Clary, Dr. Conneau, and Dr. Corvisart. The Prince Imperial, however, arrives at Camden Place every Saturday from Woolwich with his tutor, M. Filon, and remains with the Empress until Monday. The Prince is reported to be making most satisfactory progress with his studies at the Royal Military Academy. One of the voluntary subjects which he selected for study has been the German language, and in that he has admirably succeeded. The Empress seldom goes abroad, but takes walking exercise within the park. Before the Emperor's death she was accustomed to drive a pair of ponies, but she has never driven them since. Once or twice Madlle. L'Armina has driven Her Majesty out in the favourite ponychaise, but the Empress has generally preferred another carriage. Offerings for the Emperor's shrine continually arrive, one of the latest being a bouquet from the market women of Paris.

Absent-minded King.

William IV., like many of the Royal Family have been, was in the habit of lapsing into thought, and, during that time, of giving loud utterance to his mental ponderings. There was one evening a diplomatic dinner at Windsor. Talleyrand was sitting near the King, and the table full of diplomatic gentlemen, when after dinner an important despatch was brought to the King which required His Majesty's immediate attention. It announced the death of the French Prime Minister. The news was given by the King to the company, and there was silence for a time, Talleyrand sipping his wine with the greatest coolness and apparent indifference. The King was deep in thought, and in time the conversation was carried on again, though in a suppressed tone. Suddenly the King spoke—spoke to himself. "Poor Louis Philippe!" he exclaimed; "poor Louis Philippe! what a loss he has sustained! But what will he do now that he will fall into the hands of that rascal Talleyrand?" The sensation these words caused may be imagined; but Talleyrand tipped and sipped on, not a muscle moved, and nothing, as far as he went, seemed to have gone amiss.

The Cat Counts Out.

A French baron, whose tastes are somewhat mediæval, recently persuaded the curé of his parish, much against the good man's will, to sing a regular old fashioned hunting mass at which sportsmen and hounds should be present, in true mediæval style. In gratitude for the curé's compliance with his wishes, the baron promised to give him the first animal brought down by the pack. When service was over on the 3rd November, therefore, all were at their posts in the village church, the priest at the altar, the baron and his friends in the choir, and the hounds, in deference to the "curé's" remaining scruples, in the porch. All went well during the greater part of the mass; the hounds were quite as attentive as the congregation, and the solemnity was drawing to a close, when a cat trotted up to have a look at them. One of the hounds (who was not deep in his missal) caught her eye, he darted forward, dragging the companion to whom he was coupled with him, and the pack were instantly in full cry, found in the nave, and in less than ten seconds the whole congregation were in at the death. At this moment the celebrant was repeating the *Pater*, and, so the *Temps* says, having reached the words, *Panem nostrum quotidianum*, added, "Pray don't let the cat count, baron, for I am sure I can't eat it."

"Dundreary's" History.

Mr. Sothern has been interviewed by a St. Louis scribe, who has extracted the following information regarding the conception of the character with which he is most closely associated. Mr. Sothern said: "When George Jordan, Laura Keane's leading man, left, I joined the company as leading juvenile man and low comedian. That season opened very badly. About this time she obtained a piece called 'Our American Cousin' from Tom Taylor, for which she paid \$1,000. At the reading of the piece Jefferson was given *Asa Trenchard*, he being the comedian; to Mr. Coudock *Abel Murcott*, and to Mr. Sothern *Lord Dundreary*. At the conclusion of the reading, which was in the green-room of the theatre, I put my part on the table and walked out of the room. As originally written by Taylor, it contained not more than twenty-seven lines. There was no clue to the character except a memorandum by the author to the effect that the actor who assumed it might, if he chose, imitate the lisp of *Mr. Fredrick Blunt* in 'Money.' Miss Keane sent Mr. Burnett, the manager, to me, asking me why I would not play the part. I positively refused to entertain the idea, but just as Mr. Burnett was leaving the room I said to him: 'Stop one moment, if Miss Keane will permit me to alter this third or fourth class old man in any way I choose, and to write in my own scenes and elaborate the parts of those who play with me, I will accept the role.' She eventually agreed to my proposal. I wrote in scene by scene

as I watched the rehearsal of the piece. The conception of the character was entirely the same as it is now, except that it has been polished down by many repetitions. When originally played each act was in five or six scenes. It has since been entirely reconstructed. It is now in four acts, one scene in each. The originals of the best scenes were what are called 'carpenter scenes'; that is to say, while he was acting in them close by the footlights, with the scene in front, the carpenter and property-men were hammering away behind preparing for the next scene. Thus at the commencement of the run of 'Our American Cousin,' my best scenes were accompanied by a chorus of carpenters and property-men rattling their tables and other paraphernalia about the stage."

Wise in His Own Generation.

Snooks had occasion to call on the reverend Dominie Thomas Atrachard while he was at Glasgow. "Is the dominie in?" he inquired of a portly dame who opened the door. "He's at home, but he's no in," replied the lady. "He's in the yard, superintending the Sauners, the carpenter. Ye can see him the noo if your business is vera precise." Snooks assented, and walked through the door pointed out to him into the yard, where he beheld a carpenter briskly planing a joint, to the air of *Maggie Lauder*, and the worthy dominie standing by. Unwilling to intrude on their conversation, Snooks stepped, unseen, behind a water-cask, and heard: "Sauners!" No answer from the carpenter. "Sauners! I say. Can ye no hear me?" "Yes, minister, I hear ye. What's your will?" "Can ye no whistle some mair solemn and godly tune while ye're at your work?" "A-weel, minister, if it be your will, I'll e'en do it." Upon which he changed the air to the Dead March in *Saul*, greatly to the hindrance of what was now painful planing. The dominie looked on some minutes in silence, and then said, "Sauners, I hae another word to say till ye. Did the gudewife hire ye by the day's darg or by the job?" "The day's darg was our agreeing, mairster." "Then, on the whole, Sauners, I think ye maun just as weel go back to whistling bonnie *Maggie Lauder*."

Vanderbilt on Pluck.

"Burleigh," the New York correspondent of the Boston Journal, communicates a reminiscence of Commodore Vanderbilt, showing how the old gentleman appreciates in others the pluckiness that constitutes so prominent a trait in his own character. Said a steamboat captain to "Burleigh": "I am an elder in the Presbyterian Church. I made a profession of religion when I was very young. Vanderbilt employed me to run one of his boats. It was considered a great thing for a person of my age to have such a position. I was very proud of it, and tried to do my best. One Saturday the agent came to me and said, 'You must fix your boat up to-day, for to-morrow we are going to send you up the North River on an excursion.' I thought the matter over. I was a young man. I did not wish to lose my position, and yet I could not run the boat on Sunday. I said so to the agent in a letter, tendered him my resignation, and prepared to go home. I met the Commodore on the Battery. He said, 'Come down and dine with me to-morrow; my wife wants to see you.' 'I can not,' was the reply, 'for I must go home. I have got through on your line.' 'What does that mean?' said the Commodore. I then told him the story. 'That fellow is a fool. We have got men enough to run that boat whose principles won't be hurt. You go about your business. If any body interferes with your religion, send them to me.'"

Dates of Close of Navigation of the St. Lawrence.

The following table, giving the date of last trip each year of the mail steamers from Quebec to Montreal during the past twenty years, should be preserved:

Year.	Date of last trip
1854.....	Dec 2
1855.....	Nov 28
1856.....	Nov 30
1857.....	Dec 5
1858.....	Dec 5
1859.....	Dec 14
1860.....	Dec 8
1861.....	Dec 1
1862.....	Dec 3
1863.....	Dec 4
1864.....	Dec 2
1865.....	Dec 1
1866.....	Dec 2
1867.....	Dec 3
1868.....	Nov 22
1869.....	Nov 25
1870.....	Nov 26
1871.....	Nov 28
1872.....	Nov 26
1873.....	Nov 24
1874.....	Nov 18

The Marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh.

The Duke of Edinburgh and the Princess Mary will be married according to the ceremony of the Anglican Church, but prior to that will be married according to the ceremony of the Greek Church. It may be interesting to know the forms thereof:—The ceremony, which is accompanied with rites of a very imposing and elaborate character, is introduced by a selection of appropriate prayers, after which the rings are blessed by the archimandrite. To this succeeds the ceremony of crowning two crowns which have been previously blessed—one being placed on the head of the bridegroom, and the other appropriated in a similar manner to the bride. Each then takes in hand a glass of common wine, during which certain prayers are repeated, and a sponsor or witness to the union then comes forward. The rings and the crowns worn by the bride and bridegroom are then interchanged, after which hymns are sung by an officiating priest. Three circles are then made by the bride and bridegroom, who carry lighted candles, the archimandrite bearing the censor. Another prayer is then offered up, commending the parties to the Almighty, and imploring a blessing upon the union, signifying, in accordance with the rites of the Greek Church, the union of Christ with His Church; and after the archimandrites have conferred absolution the ceremony is brought to a conclusion.

Scolding a Young Lady.

Says the Evansville (Ind.) Journal: "This is the season for social parties, and kissing games are raging. In a family up-town where dancing is not allowed there was a bussing-bee the other night, and among those in attendance was a young lady who had recently recovered from a severe illness. When the pawns were sold, and it came her turn to be kissed, she evinced a good deal more muscular strength by her resistance than was expected of one as weak as she was supposed to be. The young lady and gentleman skirmished up and down the room a couple of times, and he seemed in a fair way to get the *duice oculorum*, when, by some sudden movement, the poor girl's head was completely denuded, and she appeared before that company with a pate as bald as a druggist's globe, while her luxuriant tresses hung gracefully from a button on the young man's coat. Some of the girls yelled and others tittered, but the poor girl thus shorn grabbed at her wig, and fled precipitately out of the room. Her hair having come out during her illness, she had it made into a wig, and so artistically was the job performed and the wig adjusted that no one new the difference. It is a couple of weeks since this occurred, and the young man felt so bad about it that he made the only amends in his power by offering his hand to replace the wig."

Scraps.

It takes sixteen men three days to engrave a full page picture for *Harper's Weekly*.

Japanese editors are allowed to carry swords, and a common man has to take off his hat to them.

For Holman Hunt's new picture, the "Shadow of the Cross," it is stated Messrs Agnew have paid ten thousand guineas.

The Railway Guild of the Holy Cross is a society recently started for the benefit of railway employees of Ritualistic tendencies.

The Khan of Khiva's brother is at present at Schourra, in Transcaucasia, learning Russian, and preparing himself for entering the Russian army.

A new London daily paper, to be called *The Oracle*, will be published in January next. *The Oracle* will be devoted to subjects of local interest in the metropolis.

In spite of his double work as Premier and Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Gladstone has found time to study and to write upon Mr. Darwin's theory of evolution.

The burial of a state elephant with Royal honours is noted as an important item of news from Siam. The death of the King would hardly have created greater sensation.

An offer has been made to the authorities to complete the new Opera House gratuitously, if the Government will allow the speculator to set up his roulette-wheel in France.

A convivial party in the provinces sewed up one of their friends, who had already done that thing for himself. They sewed him up in a sack, à la Rigolotte, and pawned him.

Prince Arthur, who is a captain in the first battalion of the rifle brigade, has been appointed brigade-major of his corps in the room of Captain Robinson, who is proceeding to the Gold Coast.

Mr. Thomas Baring has left about £3,000,000 sterling, which he has distributed in various proportions over a pretty wide circle of relatives, forgetting none. The principal legatee is Lord Northbrook, who succeeds to about £1,250,000.

In a London market, a newspaper made wholly of rag stock does not compare for value in the dealers' eyes with that made in part or wholly from esparto, mainly on account of the thickness of the latter, which is an advantage in handling.

Count Groeben, before challenging Field-Marshal von Man-teuffel, laid his case before a family council of the Groebens, who resolved that there was but one way of obtaining satisfaction—namely, by a duel. Upon that the General sent a challenge.

The Prefect of Police of Paris has replaced the overseers at the cab stands by police agents, who are more capable of settling any dispute between the drivers and the public. This measure realizes a saving of from 800,000fr. to 840,000fr. a year, and will probably render all the coachmen polite.

A paper church building is said to have been built in Bergen, Norway, a city of nearly 800,000 inhabitants. The building is a circular within and octagonal without. The relieves outside, the statues inside, the roof, the ceiling are all constructed of papier maché, made waterproof by saturation in vitriol, lime water, whey and white of egg. The church building has space enough to accommodate one thousand people.

Mrs. Anna Wray, an American woman sixty years of age, and a resident of Lynden, is said to have given notice to the city of Geneva that she is the lawful widow of the late Duke of Brunswick, and will sue for the immense estate which he left that city. She regards herself as one of those "gems of purest Wray," etc., but does not propose with perfect serenity to go without her share of the D. or B.'s assets.

A novel lunch was very nearly prepared for some workmen in Lincoln, Massachusetts, the other day. The men were building a wall for a gentleman near his residence, and sent their dinner cans to the house to warm the contents. The cans were all placed on the stove. By chance one, not specially unlike the others, contained blasting powder, and presently exploded, making a general wreck of stove, furniture, and room. Fortunately no person was hurt.

Lovers of the sensational will be glad to learn that *Le Livre des Maccabées*, or register of the dead bodies found in the Seine and exposed in the Morgue, has been presented to the National Library of Paris. Many of the histories attached to these bodies are gathered from the lips of relatives or friends, and are of the most romantic interest, and will prove a perfect mine to the novelist or the librettist, who are now for the first time permitted to consult the volume. Why it should be called *Le Livre des Maccabées* is still a puzzle to French philologists.

A new way of playing a tune by heart was demonstrated lately at a meeting of one of the London medical societies. Dr. Vivian Poore placed a patient on his back on a table in the middle of the room, set an upright red on his chest, and on the top of this balanced a guitar. The audience were delighted to find the sound of the heart rendered audible by the use of this sonorous instrument. It will be interesting to note the development of the guitar into one of the doctor's instruments, and to watch for the time when the medical man will become a compromise between the troubadour and the physician.

Our Illustrations.

Our front page is graced, to-day, by a charming picture, appropriate to the season, from an original by Paul Veronese. Epiphany or Twelfth Day, which is the last of the series of the festivals, making up the beautiful season of Christmas-tide, still retains its hold on the devotional affections of the people in all lands. The custom of searching the bean in the poundcake is still generally observed and the fortunate finder is crowned King or Queen of the feast.

The dinner given by his political friends to the Hon. Lucius S. Huntington is a notable event as connected with the recent change of Government and as closing, let us hope, the painfully overworked episode of the Pacific Scandal. The dinner took place on Tuesday, the 23rd inst., at the St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal, and was attended by nearly all the members of the Ministry and over three hundred subscribers. The principal speeches of the evening were those of Mr. Huntington himself, Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Blake. Contrary, however, to general expectation, neither the Premier, nor Mr. Blake, gave any inkling of the governmental policy.

The skating scene in Berlin is hardly so characteristic, as one would be led to imagine, differing in so essential particulars from similar scenes in our own country. It is well drawn, however, and as such is worth preserving.

Another incident of the Epiphany is presented in the mode of celebrating that festival in Norway. The history of the Magi is introduced and the light of the magical star symbolized by the resplendence of the illumination.