

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE GOLDEN APPLE.
(From Lucian's Dialogues.)

I.
"Thou didst not see what Eris* did, Galene,
At the Thessalian banquet yester even,
Feeling, as is her wont, a little spleeny,
To her no invitation had been given?"

II.
"I was not there, for Neptune gave me orders
To keep the ocean waveless. . . ut this Eris,
How did she get beyond the social borders?"
"Listen! I'll tell thee how the whole affair is."

III.
Pelus and Thetis had gone off a-courting,
(An oddish match, that) whom our lord and lady,
Out of respect to Thetis, was escorting;
When Eris, who had all her mischief ready,

IV.
Got in, unknown to all—that was no wonder,
The gods by this time were not over steady,
And then the singing brought such plausive thunder,
(I always thought those Muses so old-maidy—)

V.
Got in, Galene, and right fair among them
Threw such an apple, beautiful, all golden;
There was a start as if a wasp had stung them,
Or the three heads of Cerberus had rolled in!

VI.
And this was written on it, 'For the Fairest.'
Mercury read it. How we Nereids listened!
But oh! if you had seen, Galene dearest,
Those three, how greedily their proud eyes glistened!

VII.
While Juno said, 'Tis mine,' and Pallas 'Tis not,'
And Venus smiled so wondrously malicious
That, had not Jupiter himself been present,
There would have been a quarrel most flagitious.

VIII.
But he, to quiet them, says wisely, 'I am
No judge of beauty, though you choose to flatter:
But go to Ida, to the son of Priam,
And he will settle this important matter.'

IX.
"And what then, Panope?" "They're off to Paris,
Each one quite sure of conquest—but between us,
If I'm a Nereid, and men know what 'fair' is,
The golden apple will belong to Venus."

* Strife. JOHN READE.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE OLD FORTRESS OF QUEBEC.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

The old Fort of Quebec, or ancient Castle of St. Lewis, what images of past grandeur did it recall! What historical recollections of deep interest hovered around its ancient walls during the two centuries it was the seat of Government in Canada! With what stirring events is its name connected! incidents of the olden time—deeds that grace the page of history! Alas! that the fire-sheet should have ever wrapped from our gaze a pile so time-hallowed, so memorable in Canadian history!—an event the more to be regretted as in a new country like this there are so few places around which hover the glories of other days. To the thoughtful mind which loves to linger over the eventful past in the annals of Canada, what food for meditation did that ancient stronghold afford in its commanding site on the brow of a precipice, frowning defiance in its impregnable position. Within its walls what varied scenes took place. The great hall of the fort, in the early days of the Colony, how it has re-echoed the voice of terror and despair when the savage Indian was near, almost at the gates, and his fearful war-whoop rent the air! And in later years, when the structure called the Castle of St. Lewis was erected within the ramparts of the fort, what scenes have been enacted within its council-hall. Many a midnight meeting has it witnessed; many a well-concerted plan heard for maintaining French dominion over the long line of coast from Quebec to New Orleans, along the shores of the great lakes and the noble rivers Mississippi and St. Lawrence, which extensive country was then defended by rudely constructed forts, from which waved the white lilies of old France. But the most remarkable scene, perhaps, which ever took place in that council-hall was when a daring English officer bearded the magnates of La Nouvelle France within their own walls. It occurred in the year 1690 when an expedition was sent by England to demand the surrender of Quebec. The officer who was sent on shore with a flag of truce was conducted by a circuitous route, blindfold, to the Castle of St. Lewis, and everything done to impress his mind with the idea that the fortress was well garrisoned. When the bandage was removed, he found himself in the council-hall of the castle, in which were assembled the chief men of the Colony—the Bishop, the Intendant, the Governor, and several officers in full uniform. The Englishman presented to the Governor Count de Frontenac a summons to surrender Quebec, in the names of the English sovereigns William and Mary, an act of cool daring, to which he added one of effrontery by laying down his watch and demanding an answer within an hour. What excitement among the chivalrous French did this unceremonious conduct produce! what flashing eyes! what dark and angry faces met the gaze of the imperturbable Englishman! Though his life was jeopardized at the moment, he calmly surveyed the group of excited men as he awaited the Governor's answer. He, the noble Count de Frontenac, was the only one among his countrymen who retained his self-control. Though deeply incensed, he behaved with the moderation befitting his high office. Soon the answer came in tones of calm disdain from the proud Frenchman. "I surrender to no usurper, I acknowledge no legitimate sovereign of England save James the Second." The English officer then demanded to have the Count's reply in writing. Again there was a burst of indignation from the incensed Frenchmen, and the curt answer to this demand broke haughtily from the Governor. "I will answer your Admiral from the cannon's mouth." Thus this memorable interview terminated. The English officer was again blindfolded and conducted to his boat, and immediately afterwards the batteries began to fire upon the British fleet anchored in the harbour. They, in return, bombarded the town, but were eventually obliged to abandon the design of taking the stronghold of Quebec, the capture of which was reserved for a later period.

"THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON."

From the Ill. London News.

It is a handsome fellow that meets the young ladies and their brother with this Christmas greeting. They came out for a walk, after breakfast this morning, from that roomy, old-fashioned country house. They went across the fields and into the village, for an errand of domestic business connected with the festivities or charities of the week. They have returned by another path, which brings them here through the paddock to the gate of the farmyard. There are the cows, the pigs, and fowls, all thriving, and well tended by Sam and Sarah. Beyond the farmyard is the garden of the family mansion. Sam is just about to open the gate for his young mistresses and young master to pass. They are suddenly accosted by Signor Gallipavo. Of him it may be said, as Master Fabian says of Malvolio in the play of "Twelfth Night"—"Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes!"

Look at this stately Don, whose Spanish Mexican ancestry—for he is no Turk, not he; no malignant turbaned Ottoman, but a real Hidalgo—has bequeathed him such an heritage of pride! With head erect in conscious dignity, wearing the adornment of a rubicund comb on his lofty brow, his pendent wattles of a sanguine hue, and a very splendid scarlet gorget all down his noble neck, what a lordly visage he rears above the mighty orb of his ample breast! With out-spread wings, and broad tail high upraised, how he displays his pomp of body-plumage, all mottled of black and bronze, the tail barred with grey! He considers himself a very good-looking bird, as he struts forward, modestly followed by his demure female consort. "The compliments of the season to you, Sir!" "The same to you, Miss, and many of them!" "We shall be glad to see you at our Christmas dinner, Sir, if you will favour us with your company on Monday!" "Oh, yes!" says he, "I'll be sure to be at your table." "Good-by till then," exclaim the laughing girls. And so they part, with mutual promise of good cheer.

The worthy feathered biped is scarcely yet aware of his unfeathered friends' kind intentions towards him. He accepts their hospitable invitation in simple good faith. He fully expects to be present at their Christmas feast; to march in half an hour before his respectable colleagues, Plum Pudding and Mince Pie. He means to make himself quite agreeable to the company. In this, we are sure, there will be no disappointment.

But if we had a private interview with this too-confiding Turkey, we could tell him a thing which would surprise him greatly. It would make his comb and wattles turn redder with rage and stand on end with affright. He has lived but twenty months in this wicked world. It was nearly twenty years ago, we remember, there was a fearful picture of somebody very much like him, a member of his family, in another illustrated journal. That was about the time when poor Mr. David Urquhart was predicting all manner of mischief from the Eastern Question. What did *Punch* make of it but a figure of a fat bird neatly trussed and dished, with a knife and fork in the resolute carver's hands, descending upon him? beneath which device was inscribed the title of Mr. Urquhart's last book, "Turkey and its Destiny." But thou, O thou finest of farmyard fowl, art not a bird of Oriental race!

For it is an erroneous opinion, as has been remarked, that this fine creature, like the Colchian pheasant, came to us from the East. On the contrary, he is an American, and owes his introduction into Europe, which took place about 1524, to the conquest of Mexico. The Spaniards used to call him "Pavon de las Indias," meaning peacock of the West Indies. But when he found his way from Spain into France, some of the French people, mistaking the name he bore, supposed him to be a native of Hindostan, and called him the "dindon." A similar process of geographical, ornithological, and verbal confusion attended his arrival in England about the same time. He was mistaken for a larger kind of guinea-fowl, which in shape he resembles in some degree. Now, the Portuguese had been accustomed to bring guinea-fowl from the west coast of Africa during many years before. The same traders might, in all likelihood, import into this country the African fowl, with the various commodities of Morocco, including some articles, no matter what, of Arabian or Turkish produce. Both the one species of bird and the other, in the reign of Henry VIII., were called here indifferently by the names of Turkey-fowl and Guinea-fowl, as many people fancied that they came from Turkey. This is the explanation given by learned antiquaries; we cannot vouch for its correctness.

But why should we be led into this dry track of discussion? The Christmas Turkey, we feel, deserves better treatment in our pages. Will nobody rise to propose his very good health? Will nobody deliver an oration upon his virtues? Will nobody sing a song in his praise? Let the trick of parody, at least, supply the lack of poetic inspiration. So the reader is here presented with an

ODE TO A CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

AFTER BURNS' "ODE TO A HAGGIS."

Fair fall thy honest, jolly face!
Great Chieftain of the Poultry race!
Above them all thou tak'st thy place,
Goose, Duck, or Dorking;
Well art thou worthy of a grace
At knife-and-forking!

The spacious dish I see thee fill;
Thy swelling breast, a shining hill,
With many a steaming butter-rill
Was hotly basted;
Then did thy roast a dew distil
Ripe to be tasted!

His knife I see our host prepare,
White slices of thy bosom share,
Sever the joints, with artful care,
Of legs and wings;
Then dig inside—a mine is there
Of daintiest things!

Thy stuffing, O thou Bird of Pleasure!
Thou hast kept buried as a treasure,
But givest to us now, at leisure,
The compound nice,
Egg, suet, bread-crumbs, all in measure,
Sweet herbs, and spice.

Kind carver, let me now behold
Your valiant steel uplifted bold
To cut his sausage-chain of gold;
I beg one link of it—
Gravy—and bread-sauce. Can't be told
The good I think of it!

Is there who, from his Strasburg pasty,
Unnatural, unwholesome, nasty,
A sneering, scornful glance would cast ye
At such a dinner?
Stomach and palate spoilt, at last he
Dies, fool and sinner!

Ye Pow'rs who for mankind have care,
And write each month its bill of fare,
Old Christmas wants no kickshaws rare
Of foreign boast;
But grant this feast, our fervent prayer,
A Turkey Roast!

A MOTHER'S DELIGHT.

This is a picture that tells its own tale, and will speak eloquently to every young mother's heart. The costumes are those of a hundred years ago, and appear quaint, if not ugly to our eyes. But the sentiment expressed by the painter is one that suits the present day as well as a hundred or a thousand years ago, for the story of the mother's love and the mother's delight is one that has never changed since Mother Eve brought forth her firstborn in sorrow and trouble.

Stretched on her couch the young mother in the picture is looking in silent bliss upon the little being lying in the nurse's arms, all unconscious of the tender glances that fall upon it. Her face wears a happy, contented smile, as she watches the little one who has come to crown her hopes, and make her that happiest of happy mortals—a mother. And as she lies there her mind wanders on the future and pictures to her her baby grown up, a strong, healthy man, winning distinction in the world, and laying his honours at his proud mother's feet. Does the reverse side of the picture present itself to her, one might wonder? If so, let us hope the dread forebodings depicted therein will never be realised, and that the mother in her old age will have reason to be as proud of her first-born as she is in the first days of its existence.

This is the way the Austin (Texas) *Statesman* speaks of the State Legislators:—A few nights since, there was a very perceptible halo around the moon. A party of inebriated, chicken-pie Legislators, who were out late and observed it, tried to get into it because it was a "ring."

Another Enoch Arden has recently turned up, and learned from the lips of a neighbour the old, old story. Staring out into the darkness, he submissively remarked, "The ways of Providence are past finding out," and borrowing half-a-crown from his informant, he departed.

A man was brought before an Illinois magistrate, and fined \$6.50 for being in whisky veritas. He smiled blandly, and, drawing out a dollar bill, said, "All right, Mr. Magistrate, I suppose you remember when I sold out my saloon in Pekin I had \$5.50 on the slate against you. With this dollar that will exactly pay my fine. You must excuse me, aquire, for this little whisky veritas bit of business; but I didn't see any other way of collecting my bill against you than this."

In all seriousness a French paper has the following in its columns—"We spoke recently of Lord ——— and Tom Sayers, the celebrated American boxer. We understand today that he was killed at the fire of Chicago, and our contemporaries are wrong in saying he died two years ago. Tom Sayers was the husband of the celebrated Adah Menken. He boxed ninety-one times, and killed three men by means of a knock—the secret of which he has carried to the grave. He was six feet high and four feet round the chest. Truly un bel homme!"

According to the N. Y. State papers the detection of female smugglers on the Canadian frontier is affording very racy developments, and the novel modes of concealing contraband articles would afford material for a library of romance. We find nothing more brilliant, however, than the attempt of a few years since to bring over a shipload of brandy. The detectives noticed an unusual number of women with babies on the train, and becoming a little suspicious, examined one of the youngsters. Its clothes were according to regulation, but its body was of tin and filled with the best French brandy. There were no less than forty of the same family on the train.

Since Satan was kicked out of Heaven, there hasn't been such an extraordinary tumble as this of James Hammond, jr., in Providence. Being in the fourth story, and also intoxicated, he went over the railing and down a circular stairway of the Arnold Block, breaking a two-and-a-half inch rail of iron by hitting it with his head, and smashing through a skylight into a tailor's shop. He was taken up senseless and carried home, when it turned out that he was not seriously hurt, only "a little sore." The escape of this man from instant death is declared to be wonderful, and only to be accounted for by the fact that he was in a balmy condition when he went over. This, however, cannot be considered as argument in favour of excessive drinking, because, but for the drinking, this involuntary acrobat wouldn't have pitched over at all.

A FISH STORY.—We met a boy on the street, and, without the ceremony of asking our name, he exclaimed: "You just orter been down to the river a while ago!" "Why?" we inquired.

"Because a nigger was in there swimming, and a big cat-fish came up behind him and swallowed both of his feet, and went swimming on the top of the water with him; and there came behind another big fish, and the nigger swallowed his tail, and the nigger and two fish were swimming about."

"Well; then what?" "Why, after a while the nigger swallowed his fish, and the other fish swallowed the nigger, and that was the last I saw of either of them."

"Sonny," said we, with a feeling of alarm for the boy, "you are in a fair way to become editor of a Radical paper."—*Austin Statesman*.