

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

BAZAAR OF THE TORONTO INFANTS' HOME.—The sketch of the bazaar in aid of the Infants' Home, Toronto, is given not so much from any special interest in itself, but as appertaining in some sort to the Christmas season. The Infants' Home is under the patronage of the Countess of Dufferin, and, from the positions of the ladies engaged in it, should be a popular charity. The promoters of the bazaar are ladies of the highest social standing, and the success of the affair was assured from the opening of the doors. It is the fashion to declaim against enterprizes of this kind, partly because it is so easy to declaim against anything, and partly because charity in any shape is a very objectionable feature of our social economy. This hardly applies, however, to an institution for the bringing up of helpless infants. The caring for of children is an essential part of woman's work in the world. But so quietly has the Home been conducted that many in Toronto have hardly been aware of its existence, till perhaps the milk was getting a little short and bundles of flannel not being found on the steps in profusion, womanly sagacity—supplemented by cunning and willing fingers, united in their determination to do, rather than dispute on the method of doing—culminated in one of the most successful bazaars ever held in Toronto. That this way of raising the wind robs a man of his gratitude and the blessedness that comes of giving, is perfectly true, if all men were as good as Sir Henry Taylor. But unostentatious charity is so rare a virtue that, to depend on it alone, children would die. Probably the young man in the sketch with the ulster coat has some other objection to make, if he had courage enough to make it, but we do not think he has. Indeed, we believe he will spend five dollars in a hopeless raffle, fret over it for an hour, and finally make up his mind that "Government ought to put a stop to that sort of thing."

FORT FRANCIS.—Fort Francis is situated at the foot of Rainy Lake, about half-way between Thunder Bay and Winnipeg, on the Dawson Route. The rocky formation, which extends from Shebandowan to the outlet of Rainy Lake, ceases there, and a formation of soil free from stone commences and extends the whole length of the river, some eighty miles. The river is admitted, by all travellers who have seen it, to be one of the most beautiful in the Dominion. The banks rise from a height of from 10 to 15 feet, and slope gradually back. The soil is chiefly clay and is covered with a rich vegetable loam.

The undergrowth is very luxuriant. The timber is chiefly poplar and birch. There are along the banks of the river some beautiful openings which no doubt have been cultivated for centuries by the Indians, and at one time by the mound Indians, as their mounds are still to be seen along the banks of the river. These openings are covered with vetches and flowers, and studded here and there with oak and elm trees, which make the scenery in many places really enchanting. The soil is rich and very productive; wheat, barley, oats, corn and vegetables grow well and mature. The Government have had 15 townships and a town-plot at Fort Francis surveyed. Forty buildings have been erected at Fort Francis during the past two years. The town boasts of a saw mill, a planing mill and a shingle mill, several stores, a good school, a photographic gallery and two clergymen.

The Government is rapidly pushing on the canal which when completed will connect the waters of Rainy Lake and those of Lake of the Woods, which will utilize a water stretch of upwards of two hundred miles. All that is wanted to open up that section of the country is communication with the outer world. It is to be hoped the Government will transport emigrants, during the coming season, as far as Fort Francis, over the Dawson Route. A sketch of this rising town appeared in our last issue.

THE CARTOON.—On the front page there is a comic cartoon, entitled The Narrow Escape of General B—, the amusing point of which will be readily perceived by all our readers. The Big Push letter is a matter of notoriety; the opinion of Judge Wilson thereupon and the reply of Senator Brown thereto, are equally famous. Mr. Dalton M. Carthy, Q. C. and Member for Carlwell, gave the whole matter additional interest by moving in the Court of Queen's Bench that Mr. Brown should be brought up for contempt. The editor of the Globe argued his own case with his usual ability and fire. Finally the decision came on. Chief Justice Harrison delivered a judgment adverse to Mr. Brown on every point, and held that the rule Nisi should be made absolute. Justice Morrison, in a lengthy judgment, held that the rule should be discharged. The Court being divided, the motion fell to the ground. This is precisely the situation depicted in our cartoon. The great shell buries itself harmlessly into the ground. The fuse dies out, and General Brown, like Napoleon at Ratisbonne, looks out with the contempt of unconsciousness, at the missile that was charged with his destruction. All he says to his enemies is "Beware!" and when he says that, his enemies may well tremble.

GRAND REVIEW BEFORE THE CZAR.—This review was in honor of the Grand Duke Nicholas, on the eve of his departure for the South. The troops assembled on the Field of Mars numbered 35,000 men. The infantry, artillery and cavalry, the latter composed of cuirassiers, hussars, mounted grenadiers and Cossacks, marched past the Emperor and the Grand Duke, cheering enthusiastically while the crowd re-echoed their

acclamations. The snow fell in large flakes, but this circumstance rather added to the enjoyment of the occasion.

DEPARTURE OF THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS.—Immediately after the review just described the Grand Duke Nicholas took his departure for the army of the South over which he has been placed as Commander in Chief. When he took his seat in the train which was to take him to Kichenew, the hereditary Grand Duke and Lieutenant General Riemann, commanding the division of St. Petersburg, handed him the Holy Images. On accepting these Images, the Grand Duke expressed the assurance that his army, if called into action, would do their duty to their sovereign and country.

ST. FEREOLO.—As an example of delightful scenery, little known to the majority of Canadians, we commend the view of St. Fereol which we present to day. St. Fereol is a beautiful village on the north shore of the river St. Lawrence, in rear of St. Joachim, seignior of Beauré, county of Montmorenci, district of Quebec. In the vicinity are seven or eight waterfalls, which are visited by a large number of strangers who annually go to Quebec.

TASSO AT THE COURT OF FERRARA.—It was one of the customs of the middle ages to give royal entertainments to men of culture and great artists, according them the honors of nobility and introducing them to all the best families in the land. In return for the compliment, they were expected to deliver passages from their most recent compositions. Our engraving in the present issue represents the immortal author of the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, receiving such honors from Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara. He stands up high on a raised platform above the distinguished assembly, and declaims stanzas either from his great epic or from his delicious pastoral *Aminta*.

THE NEW LONDON OPERA HOUSE.—We have on several previous occasions given full accounts of this magnificent building. We need not therefore repeat them to day especially as a study of our engraving will prove quite sufficient to give our readers an adequate idea of the new temple of art.

THE LATE JOHN FENNINGS TAYLOR.—A memoir of this lamented public officer will be found in another column.

THE LATE JUSTICE MONDELET.—A brief memoir of the late Judge is published in a separate article of this issue.

THE BENGAL CYCLONE.—These are the first views which have reached us of the terrible cyclone that, six or eight weeks ago, carried off 250,000 people to a watery grave, without a moment's warning. Particulars of this frightful catastrophe appeared in the News at the time.

THE LATE MR. JOHN FENNINGS TAYLOR,

FORMERLY CLERK OF THE SENATE.

Mr. John Fennings Taylor belonged to what may be termed the pure middle-class of the English people. He was born on the 26th January, 1801, and consequently had passed the age which man hopes to reach without labour or sorrow. His grandfather, Mr. Arthur Taylor, was a freeholder of the Counties of Suffolk and Essex. In the former county he and his forefathers for several generations owned a farm called the Brook Farm, situated, we believe, near the borders of the two counties, and a few miles from the town of Hadleigh. In the latter county he owned some freehold property in the town of Harwich. Mr. Arthur Taylor had three sons and one daughter. The youngest of the sons, George, married Catherine, a daughter of Mr. John Fennings, a gentleman of some estate, and at that time a resident of the town of Harwich. The issue of this marriage was two sons, the younger being the subject of this notice, and several daughters.

Mr. Taylor arrived in Upper Canada in the year 1820. In the following year he entered the service of the Legislative Council. A little later he was articled as an attorney-at-law to the late Hon. William Warren Baldwin, more familiarly known as Dr. Baldwin; but though he fulfilled the term of his articles, he never practiced. On the contrary, he steadily continued in the service of the Legislative Council, and at the re-union of the Provinces in 1841 was Deputy Clerk of that honorable House. On the organization of the Legislative Council of reunited Canada he was appointed one of the two clerks assistant. In 1850, on the retirement of Mr. de Lery, he was preferred to the office of Clerk of the Legislative Council. On the Confederation of the Provinces in 1867, he was appointed "Clerk of the Senate."

Besides the offices to which we have referred, Mr. Taylor was the recipient of other marks of royal favor and confidence, including among other commissions that of Lieut.-Colonel of the militia; nor is it too much to say that in all the relations of a quiet, unobtrusive life, he avoided no duty and abused no trust.

Towards the end of the session of 1870 Mr. Taylor was disabled by severe illness from attending to his duties in the Senate. He had nearly completed the fiftieth year of his public service, and following the instincts of his character he would have striven manfully against being put in "ordinary." His friends, however, suggested to him that for the interests of his family, if not for his own personal comfort, he ought to seek the retirement which, by a life of

faithful service, he had richly earned. He accepted their advice, was placed on the superannuated list, and from that time to the close of his life he lived in the retirement of his family, occasionally seeing old friends whose recollections like his own were chiefly drawn from the earlier days of Canadian history. He will be remembered by those who knew him best with great affection, and even those with whom he was but slightly acquainted will perhaps pleasingly recall ceremonials in which his official duties required him to take anything but an obscure part. Nature had given him "a goodly presence," and instinct had instructed him to clothe it with a drapery of dignity and graciousness. Those who had the happiness to serve with, or under him, will always remember with affection the kindness of his heart and the gentleness of his rule. As he lived, so he died, for though his last illness was complicated with several most painful diseases, he passed through the ordeal of prolonged agony with singular fortitude and patience. His Christian courage enabled him to be the comforter of those about him, whom he knew would soon be his mourners. Indeed, his cheerfulness seemed to increase as his strength diminished, and, perhaps, for the reason that he knew himself to be approaching the goal where the "weary are at rest." He reached it thankfully on the 18th ult. On accepting superannuation he was succeeded by the present Clerk of the Senate, Mr. Robert LeMoine; his nephew, Mr. Fennings Taylor, retaining the offices of Clerk Assistant and Deputy Clerk.

THE LATE JUSTICE MONDELET.

This well-known Judge died on Sunday the 31st ult., from an attack of congestion of the lungs. Charles Joseph Elzéar Mondelet was the son of Jean Marie Mondelet, notary, and was born at St. Charles, River Chambly, on the 27th December, 1801, being educated at the Roman Catholic Colleges at Nicolet and Montreal, and finishing his education at the latter in 1819. He was then immediately, as an assistant to the Astronomical Commission, appointed to define the position of the boundary line between the United States and Canada, under the Treaty of Ghent. He studied law first under Mr. O'Sullivan, who afterwards was appointed Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, and completed his legal education under his brother Dominique Mondelet, who was appointed Judge of the Superior Court. He was admitted to the Bar in 1822, and after practicing before the Bar for twenty years was appointed District Judge for Terrebonne, L'Assomption and Berthier. In 1844, he was appointed Judge of the Circuit Court at Montreal; in 1849, Judge of the Superior Court; in 1855, Judge of the Seigniorial Court, and in 1855 Assistant Judge in Appeals in the Court of Queen's Bench. From his admission to the Bar till his appointment to the Bench he took an active part in politics and was twice arrested for political offences, but never put on trial. He published his "Lectures sur l'Education" in 1840, the suggestions contained in which are said to have been embodied in the school law passed in the first session after the Union in 1841. Judge Mondelet bore a very high character for his legal learning and judicial fairness, and was the judge whose decision in the Guilford case was endorsed by the Privy Council. Having once formed his judgment, he inflexibly maintained his position, and he was as much distinguished for firmness as for originality. That he was a most painstaking and conscientious judge all will allow, and his death is a loss to the profession not easily replaced.

EPIGRAMS.

SWIFT'S famous epigram on poets and fools has been commonly supposed to be original:—

"Sir, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool;
But you yourself may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet."

It is clearly taken from the following, by Schévole de Sainte-Marthe, the friend of Henry IV., of France:

"Je confesse bien comme vous
Que tous les poëtes sont fous;
Mais puis-je poëte vous n'êtes,
Tous les fous ne sont pas poëtes."

The war of jealousies between playwrights is a perpetual one, dating from the days of Ben Jonson to our own. When one author really succeeds, therefore, in captivating the public, he has a right to crow over it if only in doggerel. This is a mixing of metaphors, but it is appropriate. At the recent six-hundredth night of "Our Boys," in London, Byron was quite justified in having the following parody read to a crowded house for the edification of the hypercritical:

Keep the league! keep the league!
Keep our league onward!
We twain have "run" a piece
Nights now Six Hundred.
Though but a light brigade,
Not such "great guns" 'tis said,
Yet we a play have played
Nights full Six Hundred!

"Here's your piece," Byron said,
"Take it, friends, undismayed,
So we did, for we knew
Seldom he's blundered!
Ours not to talk, but busy,
Ours but to act (or try!)
How fared the Comedy?
Unto two yeas we've run,
Nights now Six Hundred.

Prophets to right of us,
Prophets to left of us,
Prophets in front of us,
Volleyed and thundered
Wiseacre about and abed,
"May, for a time, do well!"
Ne'er in their jaws (so right!)
Ne'er in their mouths that night
Boded Six Hundred.

"Flashy! a thing of air!
"Flashy! but very fair!"
So said these wonders there,
Stage-wise alarmists! while
All who of fun 'd heard,
Crushed in the groaning pit,
Fought thro', fought bit by bit!
Coster and Nobleman
Laughed at the same old hit,
Laughed at, and wondered,
Thought of that night, but not
Dreamed of Six Hundred.

Dresses wore spite of us,
Scenes wined each night of us,
Stitches made light of us,
Severed and sundered:
Summers on "houses" fell,
"Business," 'tho', never fell.
Everything turned out well,
So, we are playing still,
Playing each night with will,
All that is left of us
After Six Hundred!

When shall this fortune fade!
No increased charge we've made
(Herein we blundered!)
Thanks to all, true as steel!
Thanks to the Public, we'll
Double Six Hundred.

Montreal, of all cities on this Continent, is exercised on the subject of vaccination. Compulsory vaccination has had to be abandoned in the face of the argument of the brick-bat and paving stone. And now voluntary vaccination is discouraged by a self-constituted band of medical seers. Recently, Mr. Gladstone, in that *cacothese scribendi*, which has latterly possessed the great man, wrote that he was dubious about the wisdom of compulsory vaccination, and could not express an approval of its enforcement. Whereupon, *Punch*, the ever-vigilant custodian of common sense in England, goes for him in this style:—

Doubt if the stars are suns;
Doubt if the earth is round;
Doubt if a boy likes buns;
Doubt light more swift than sound.

Doubt as to Polar search
A useful purpose serving;
Doubt, if you like, the Church
Of England worth preserving.

Doubt if the sun will rise;
Doubt about Euclid's rules;
Doubt Keighley's Guardians wise;
Or doubt them to be fools.

But never doubt the need
Of Jenner's great protection,
Or that it can impede
Various infection.

Or, if you must feel doubt,
Don't give it publication,
To hinder carrying out
Compulsive Vaccination.

Sometimes a philosopher will put in a few pregnant words the ideas which float vaguely in the common mind. I have picked up a gem from a French lawyer on the subject of seduction which deserves to be remembered for its terseness, eloquence and sublime truth. He says:—"Whenever society declares that the honor of a woman and the life of a child are values, the same as a dozen of plates or a roll of money, then men will look at them without daring to take them, and the idea will occur to them to acquire these things, not to steal them. Instead of dishonoring girls, men will marry them; instead of making them their victims, they will constitute them their allies."

Frederick Lemaitre, the greatest of modern French actors, had a new way every evening of entering upon his role, thus attaining that diversity which is the perpetual charm and the touchstone of a durable success. As soon as he stepped upon the boards, he took in his audience at a glance, and knew it at once. After the delivery of his first passage that fetched applause, he looked again, and observed those whose applause was spontaneous, as distinguished from the official manifestations of the *claqueurs*. He might see only one pair of hands thus engaged. They belonged either to an old man, a young man, a woman, a girl or a mere child. It made no matter. Lemaitre knew from that moment that he had a partisan in the house. He watched him, studied him, established a communication with him, and during the whole evening played almost solely for him. The enthusiasm of the partisan thus became contagious, and it was he or she, not the actor, who spread the emotion throughout the house. The old man rendered his play grave, noble, solid; the young man or woman communicated passion to it; the young girl infused an element of simplicity and moderation, while the mere child revealed effects of fun or laughter which the master had not previously recognized in the role. Thus genius makes use of everything to gain great ends.

A. STRELE PENN.

WHAT CAN AIL THAT CHILD!—How many thousands of parents ask themselves this question, as they see their children becoming more emaciated and miserable every day! A correct reply to the question would be *Worms*; but they are seldom thought of, and the little sufferer is allowed to go on without relief until it is too late. Parents, you can save your children. *Devins' Vegetable Worm Pastilles* are a safe and certain cure; they not only destroy the worms, but they neutralise the vitiated mucus in which the vermin breed. Do not delay! Try them! Take no other kind offered you.