

## THE FAVORITE.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DEC. 28, 1872.

## OUR FIRST BOW.

A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all, and, in the general joy and enjoyment of this festive season, may you find room in some warm little corner of your hearts to welcome the new candidate for your favor. We make no excuse, nor offer any elaborate arguments as to the necessity for launching THE FAVORITE on the sea of literature; we only have two reasons; first, a desire to furnish a thoroughly good paper, perfectly moral in its tone and tendencies, to take the place of the trashy publications with which the country is deluged; and, secondly, we have what we conceive to be a very reasonable desire to make a little money by the transaction. In order to accomplish our purpose we shall spare neither pains nor expense to make the FAVORITE the best, as it is the largest and cheapest, weekly story paper printed on this continent. We shall constantly have three or four serials by the best authors, a number of short stories, interesting sketches, spicy editorials, and entertaining selections from the contemporaneous press. We shall run the FAVORITE emphatically as a *low* paper; there will be nothing in it to induce drowsiness; every article will be well written and entertaining, and our stories will be of the most absorbing interest. THE FAVORITE will be conducted essentially as a *family* paper; it will be pure and elevated in tone, and not a word or line will appear in it which could call a blush to the cheek of virtue, or sully the purity of thought of the most innocent. It will be designed especially for entrance to the family circle, and may safely be placed in the hands of childhood; the stories we publish, while interesting and full of adventure and incident, will be free from any of the vulgar sensationalism of the day, and will tend to elevate, improve, and instruct as well as amuse. As a fair sample of the class of paper we intend having, we refer to the present number; future numbers will be constructed on the same model, only they will contain parts of several serial stories. Politics and religion—that is religious discussions—will be excluded from our columns, as we do not think them suited for a purely literary paper, current topics will be discussed in an independent and liberal spirit, and no partisanship or sectarianism allowed to creep into our reviews of the most interesting questions of the day. We intend to publish a thoroughly good paper, as good as money and talent can make it, and we trust to the public to give us that earnest and cordial support which alone can insure our enterprise being a success. We desire to supplant the indecent and immoral publications which now circulate so freely, and to supply in their place pure, healthy, invigorating literature, and we call on every one who wishes to see the literature of his country elevated and improved to assist us.

## CHRISTMAS.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-two years ago the first Christmas was celebrated beside the manger of the stable in Bethlehem by a few shepherds who came and bowed themselves before the infant Saviour, and offering their humble gifts worshipped in silent wonder, and now from every clime and every land, from the frozen poles and the burning desert, goes up the sound of rejoicing and thanksgiving on the anniversary of the birth of the Saviour of the world. Everywhere, throughout the length and breadth of Christendom, hymns of prayer and praise ascend, and everywhere the sound of rejoicing and merriment is heard. In the language of the great human interpreter of the Divine law, the time is "hallowed and gra-

veous." Hallowed, because dedicated to a sincere thanksgiving, and gracious, because then the best sympathies of our nature break from out the crust that has gathered over them during the past year's rough experiences, and show an activity as if they had been refreshed by partial or complete slumber. Under the genial influence of Christmas men thaw out who were to all appearance frozen for ever; closely buttoned breeches pockets are unloosed, and the hand of charity inserted; flinty hearts are softened and affection suffered to enter where the gates seemed barred to it for ever. Somehow Christmas atmosphere seems to be different from any other; no matter in what part of the world, whether in frozen Canada or the burning tropics, the Christmas air seems to waft breezes of love, and peace, and unselfishness. A. no time does self fall to so low an ebb as under the influence of Christmas; people think not so much of themselves as of others; the old folks are planning what presents they can best delight the hearts of the youngsters with, and the little folks are busily engaged counting their hoarded wealth and puzzling their little heads to know how two dollars and ten cents is to be made to buy a card-rack for mother which will cost one dollar and a half, and a smelling-bottle for auntie which will cost a dollar and a quarter. Nearly every body is planning some little present for some relative or friend; poor indeed is he who has nothing to give, or no one to give to. This custom of making presents at Christmas time doubtless has its origin in the presents of the wise men of the East, and will probably last as long as the world does. But there are some who cannot make presents; some to whom Christmas is not Christmas at all, some whose dull routine of heavy toll is not broken by the joyous day; some whose abject poverty makes the day a time of rejoicing or mirth for them. Is it not our duty, if we are blessed with a great or small portion of this world's goods, to seek out those who are in want and misery and, according to our means, enable those who are too poor to help themselves to enjoy in some small degree this festive season, remembering the injunction of Him whose birth we celebrate, "Ye have the poor with you always." Deprived upon it, our own Christmas dinner will taste sweeter for the consciousness that we have enabled at least one fellow creature to enjoy a meal he would otherwise have gone without; and our own pleasure will be enhanced by the knowledge that we have let in a little light on some dark spot, and caused joy to reign where despair and sorrow held control. While we enjoy Christmas thoroughly ourselves, let us be mindful of those whose sufferings we can alleviate, and remember that He whose natal day it is come to bring

"Peace on earth, good-will to ward men."

## WHO WILL WRITE FOR THE FAVORITE.

Our number of 4th January, to be issued in a few days, will commence the first volume of *The Favorite*. It will be rich in story and verse, and will contain an immense amount of interesting reading matter. Three new serials, two of them written expressly for *The Favorite*, will commence in this number which will contain the following, and other articles:

**HARD TO BEAT**; a tale of Canadian life. By J. A. Phillips, of Montreal, author of the popular stories "From Bad to Worse," "My Reporter," &c., &c.

**WIDOW**; or the Foster Sisters. By Miss Isabella Valancy Crawford, of Peterboro', Ont., author of "The Silver Christmas Eve," "Wrecked," or, The Rosicleras of Mictree," &c.

**TALES OF MY BOARDERS**. By A. I. S., of Huntingdon, Q.

**DRAG ON THE OCEAN**. By E. A. Sutton, of Quebec.

The conclusion of "The Clevedon Chimes" and "Christmas in Sunshine and Shadow," and other interesting articles.

In this number will also be commenced a novel of great power and absorbing interest now appearing in England, entitled:

**LASTELLA**. By the author of "The Rose and the Shamrock," which we publish from advance sheets.

We have a large number of interesting tales on hand which will be produced in rapid succession; and we are always ready to encourage native talent by purchasing at the highest rates anything in the way of stories, sketches, poems, provided they are good.

*The Favorite* is the largest and cheapest literary weekly paper published on this continent, containing as it does sixteen pages of four columns each, or sixty-four columns of reading matter, being one fourth larger than the New York *Ledger* or *Weekly* or any of that class of papers.

Amongst the many authors whose works will appear in *The Favorite* we may mention the following:

## CANADIAN.

Miss Isabella V. Crawford, of Peterboro', Ont.  
Mrs. Alex. Ross, Montreal, Q.  
Mrs. M. E. Muchall, Peterboro', Ont.  
Mrs. Susanna Moody, Lakefield, Ont.  
"Effic," Clarendonville, Q.  
Kate Seymour, Montreal, Q.  
"Antoinette," Halifax, N. S.  
Miss Emma N. Crawford, Peterboro', Ont.  
A. I. S., Huntingdon, Q.  
Mrs. J. V. Noel, Kingston, Ont.  
J. A. Phillips, Montreal, Q.  
Robert Brydon, Resper, Ont.  
John Lesperance, Montreal, Q.  
Rev. W. Lumden, Oakville, Ont.  
E. H. Griffith, Montreal, Q.  
E. A. Sutton, Quebec.  
Geo. S. Barnum, Ottawa.

&c., &c., &c.

## ENGLISH.

Wille Collins, Edmund Yates, Ernest Brent, Miss M. E. Braddon, James Greenwood, Jean Ingelow, &c., &c., &c.

## AMERICAN.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, William Ross Wallace, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Dr. J. G. Holland, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Louise M. Alcott, &c., &c., &c.

## LITERARY ITEMS.

**THE DOLL WORLD SERIES**. By Mrs. Robert O'Reilly. 3 vols in a neat little case. Boston. Roberts Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros. Price \$3.

These three little volumes, *DOLL WORLD*, *DEBORAH'S DRAWER*, and *DART'S COMPANION*, are excellent stories for children and are particularly well adapted for a Christmas present as they are handsomely bound in cloth and embellished with six or eight engravings each. The style of the stories is good and they cannot fail to be interesting and instructive to the young.

**KING ALFRED AND OTHERS** the discoverer of the North Cape.

**THE MARQUIS OF CANADA**, or *Pass in Boots*. These are two of Marcus Ward & Co.'s illuminated Legends, published by W. P. Nimmo, Edinburgh. Montreal: Dawson Bros. Price 25 cents each.

A brace of capital Christmas books finely illuminated. The new version of *Pass in Boots* is well and pleasantly told, and the bright showy pictures are just the thing to delight the juvenile heart.

**CASELL'S MAGAZINE** for December is as full of good things as usual. Mr. F. W. Robinson's serial "Little Kate Kirby" is continued, and grows in interest as it progresses. There is a curious paper on "How Oil was Struck" in Canada, by J. C. Dent; and two excellent short stories, "Two Events in a Quiet Life," by E. Claxton, and "Very Odd," by the author of "Mrs. Jerminham's Journal." The poetry in the number is very good, and the illustrations are fully up to their usual standard of excellence. **THE ALDINE**.—This is without doubt the very best art magazine published in America, and very nearly resembles the *Art Journal* of London. It contains twenty-four pages and has about thirty-six illustrations, printed in the most perfect manner on tinted paper. The reading matter is most carefully selected, and the utmost pains are taken in getting up the whole magazine. **THE ALDINE** is published monthly by James Sutter & Co., 58 Maiden Lane, New York. Price \$5 per ann.

John E. Potter & Co., Philadelphia, have in press and will shortly publish **POTTER'S COMPANION BIBLE ENCYCLOPEDIA**; a Universal Dictionary of Biblical, Ecclesiastical and Historical Information, from the earliest times to the present day. By Rev. William Blackwood, D.D., LL.D., author of "Blackwood's Comprehensive Aids to the Study of the Holy Bible," etc., etc., with valuable contributions by other eminent divines. Comprised in about 2000 Brevier pages, quarto, with nearly 8000 illustrative engravings.

**THE CANADIAN EVANGELIST** is the title of a new religious paper published in German at Preston, Ont., and is designed to fill in the German literature of our country somewhat the same position that the *Witness* does in English. The first number is well got up, and the paper promises to be well worth the subscription price, \$1 per annum.

(For the Favorite.)

## HOW I SMASHED A GHOST.

About a dozen years ago when I was just getting out of my teens, and trying hard to persuade a sickly little monstache to grow so that I might be taken for a man, I had an adventure with a ghost. It was in the island of Barbadoes in the West Indies, where I spent nearly all my boyish days. My parents were Barbadians, and indeed our family had been settled on the island over one hundred and fifty years, and I had cousins and other relations without number. It was always the custom of the family that as many members of it as possible should dine together on Christmas day, sometimes at one house, sometimes at another. It happened one Christmas that the dinner was to be held at the house of a cousin of ours who lived about twelve miles out of town, and it was arranged that most of us were to remain over night, and some half dozen or so were to stay until New Year's. My mother, sister, and myself did not arrive until late, and I had not time to go to my bedroom. The dinner passed off like all Christmas dinners, the thirty-five or forty persons present were all well acquainted, the dinner was excellent, the wines perfect; what more was wanted to make a jolly party. After dinner, of course, we had games "forfeits," and "blindman's buff," and "Copenhagen," and all sorts of games; but we got tired of them, and at last we all gathered on the great wide piazza—for it was a warm, clear, moonlight night—and some of the older ones of the party began to tell ghost stories, while the port-wine negus, claret cup, and coconuts julp circulated pretty freely, and those who liked to enjoy a pipe or cigar did so—I have vivid recollections of making myself horribly sick with a pipe.

Of all the terrible ghost stories I ever heard I can not remember anything equal to some Uncle Bill told that night; they actually made my hair stand on end and the girls shrieked in terror. He seemed to enjoy our fright and each tale was more terrible than the previous one. At last the clock struck twelve, and it was decided to be time to go to bed. The house was a large rambling structure, two stories high—the usual height in the West Indies on account of the hurricanes—and I found that one of my cousins and myself were to occupy an upper room in the East wing which had been used as a sort of store room, but had been pressed into service on account of the house being so full. I was very tired, and undressing hastily I jumped into bed, "in spite of Uncle Bill's horrible stories I was asleep in five minutes."

Do you know what the sensation is to wake suddenly out of a deep, sound, dreamless sleep? That was the way I awoke, with a sudden start, and a consciousness that something was wrong.

I looked to my right and there I saw a gigantic figure arrayed in white, with immense outstretched wings, bending over me; the face was mild and beautiful as an angel's, but I thought I could discern a devilish twinkle in the eye, and a cruel, half-satirical smile about the mouth. I was wide awake, never more wide awake in my life, and I could see the terrible figure bending closer and closer over me. My resolution was taken; up to this time I had not moved, I now raised my hands cautiously to my head, grasped my pillow with both hands—it was a large, heavy hair one, for I always liked a hard pillow—closed my eyes for a second, and then rising suddenly to a sitting posture I let drive at the ghost with all my might.

"Good Heavens, Arthur!" exclaimed my mother, entering the room with a light, "what is the matter; is it thieves?"

My mother had a chronic idea about thieves, and was always fancying they were in the house.

"What was the matter? Ah! that was the question. I sat up in bed, half-stupified, and thoroughly puzzled. On my right stood a tall press painted white, the doors of which were battered in; and on the floor lay some dozen or more pots of jam, preserves and pickles in various stages of dilapidation, and on the third shelf of the press was my pillow, calmly reposing in a large tureen of boiled paw-paws.

It was all very well for my mother to say I never saw any figure at all, that it was the moonlight streaming in at the open window, and falling on the white press; but I know better; it was a ghost, and I smashed him with the pillow.

J. A. P.