

tion manifested by the contractors. We imagine that the present of a fat Christmas goose to each of their men by Messrs. Loss & McRae, contractors of Section 3, had much to do towards softening their minds and bringing about a compromise. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

STANLEY AND HIS FOLLOWERS.—We have already given our readers a full account of this explorer's wonderful discovery of the Lualaba, which he traced in all its windings through Africa. Our engraving to-day represents him as photographed, with the chief of his followers, at Cape Town, on his way to Zanzibar, whither he accompanies his faithful men to their homes. Thence he goes to England, where great honours await him. It will be noticed that Mr. Stanley's hair has grown quite grey, from fatigue, anxiety and disease, although he is only about thirty-six years of age.

THE LAST AUDIENCE AT THE VATICAN.—It is well known that the Pope, Pius IX., is failing in his legs, and even that his general health is in a precarious condition. His spirit is, however, as alert as ever, and he never allows his ailments to interfere with the receptions at the Vatican. Our sketch represents him being carried in a Sedan chair into the Hall of the Swiss where he gave his last public audience. Since then the audiences have partaken of a more private character.

THOMAS.—She was comely and Amnon, the Son of David, loved her. This is the legend of our beautiful picture, taken from the Book of Samuel. It is, indeed, the beautiful Thomas perhaps, and endeavouring to rejoice the eyes of old King David. Her left arm is gracefully rounded and rests on her hip a wrist adorned with rich bracelets, while the other hand raises the silken and transparent veil. Her black hair, with blue reflections, is entwined around her head and it is held by a crown of golden sequins. The features belong to the purest Jewish type. The eye is large and clear, the nose straight, the lip almost heavy, and in her the East is represented, with its opulent flesh, its ivory paleness, its precious tissues, its exciting graces and all its intoxicating seductions.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

We have received a pamphlet entitled *Souvenirs et Legendes* from the graceful pen of the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau. We should review it to-day, but prefer to hold it over for a week or two, when we purpose publishing an account of several French publications which have been submitted to us of late.

The daily press of Canada displays remarkable enterprise this year in the display of attractive literary waves for Christmas. It not enter into an enumeration, and shall be content for singling out the *Morning Herald*, of Halifax, which contains three pages of entirely original matter, verse and prose, serious and gay, reflecting the highest credit on the accomplished editor.

We need not reveal the initials F. A. D., although the author is known to us, but it will suffice to say that, attached to the little play, "Fifine the Fisher Maid, or the Magic Shrimps," they are a warranty of excellent work. The author has a special aptitude for these literary recreations which require more talent and labour than is generally imagined. This small volume is dedicated to the children of their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of Dufferin, the merry little party of actors for whose Christmas fun it was written. That dedication is not, however, as the author modestly states, an "excuse for its nonsense." This depreciation is a sly way of angling for a compliment, which we shall not give the author, leaving that pleasing duty to the little boys and girls who will read and, we trust, in many instances, "perform" his little play.

The January-February number of the *NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW* contains the following articles: "Charles Sumner," Senator Hoar; "A Crumb for the Modern Symposium," Prof. John Fisk; "The Art of Dramatic Composition," Dion Bouicault; "General Amnesty," J. Randolph Tucker; "The English Aristocracy," W. E. H. Lecky; "Reminiscences of the Civil War," General Richard Taylor; "The Origin of the Italian Language," W. W. Story; "Epheusus, Cyprus and Mycenae," Bayard Taylor; "Capture of Kars and Fall of Plevna," General G. B. McClellan; "Currency Quacks and the Silver Bill," Manton Marble; and notices of Woolsey's "Political Science," Proctor's "Myths and Marvels of Astronomy," Geikie's "Life and Words of Christ," Sullivan's "New Ireland," Bowen's "Modern Philosophy, from Descartes to Schopenhauer and Hartmann," Avery's "California Pictures in Prose and Verse," Linderman's "Money and Legal Tender in the United States," Victor Hugo's "Histoire d'un Crime," Cook's "House Beautiful," Trowbridge's "Book of Gold and other Poems," Klunzinger's "Upper Egypt," and Habberton's "Budge and Toddie."

Mr. Edward Jenkins, the author of "Ginx's Baby," has just published a new work entitled "The Captain's Cabin," which contains the scenes of a single voyage of an Allan steamer from Liverpool. The author disowns any idea of having written for a purpose, in so far as any of the definite purposes of philanthropy or social reform are concerned, but aimed simply at read-

ing a good lesson of human sympathy, forbearance and charity at this festive season. We shall not give an analysis of the work, as it is brief in itself, and the interest would be impaired. It will be sufficient to say that it is equal to any of the previous works of Mr. Jenkins, about whom critics differ, but of whom it may be said that, whether wholly on the reputation of "Ginx's Baby," or otherwise, all his publications meet with the favour of a ready and extensive sale. The Canadian edition is Dawson's, and it is altogether creditable to both publishers and printers. We should like to see the house of Dawson Brothers go thoroughly into the work of publication, making Montreal a literary centre. The wealth, position, and long experience of the firm, their excellent relations in England and the United States, the critical taste of the partners, and the popularity which they have enjoyed for so many years—all these advantages would enable them to build up a judicious publishing business, which we wish they will undertake.

VENOR'S ALMANAC for 1878 is a far superior publication to that of last year. The author has evidently compiled and edited it with laborious care, while the publishers, the proprietors of the *Witness*, have left nothing undone to put forth a neat and attractive volume. We have no doubt that the almanac will meet with a large sale, as it deserves; because there is much information in it, and Mr. Venor's vaticinations are curious to read. Of course, we shall not be expected to treat of these seriously, notwithstanding the accidental coincidence and apparent fulfilment which accompanies many of them. We have that much respect for science, especially an intricate system such as is meteorology, not to believe that one man, no matter how gifted, can regulate it by a kind of intuition. Of all Mr. Venor's forecasts, there is only one which we may allude to. He says somewhere that henceforward the climate of Canada will go on diminishing in severity. There is no great risk in the prophecy, seeing the changes in climate which the West has exhibited within twenty years. Still it is remarkable that, up to this year, the temperature of Canada has been identical with that daily registered in the *Relations des Jésuites*, two hundred years ago. The question remains whether this change will now begin gradually, or whether we may go on for another decade as we have done for centuries.

EMPIRE FIRST.

There appeared, some time ago, in the *CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS*, a cartoon representing an old Balladmonger, who was displaying a song entitled "Empire First." This proved a very successful appeal to public opinion, being timely and echoing a hidden sentiment largely entertained. The song "took" well, was extensively copied, and no less than three composers have sent us music for the words. We have published these notes and are pleased to know that they have received general commendation. We may put one of them in sheet form shortly. Under the same inspiration we have received the following poem which, though a little rugged in parts, is full of movement and dash. The author signs herself Alicia Benton Renson.

ANNEXATION.

Ye Christian men!—Ye English men!
Talk not of "Annexation!"
But leave to "Brother Jonathan"
His own repudiation!

What! Furl your Flag; your Union Jack!
This 'a hung so long and lustily;
And fold it up like "Pettib's" Pack,
And bear it off, all dastardly!

The Flag Wolfe set on rampart wall,
An old and by-gone tale to be!
The Flag that served as Nelson's pall,
To live alone in memory!

No more shall Wolfe or Isaac Brock
Like household gods remembered be!
We'll "nut-meg" sell, and "wooden clock,"
And crouch 'neath "Stripes" in slavery.

There's glory in its every fold,
There's victory in its waving.
I see now "Cressy's" archers bold,
And "Minden's" brave and braving.

What! Lower the Flag that's stowed the breeze,
"St. George and fiery Dragon!"
First let your Heart and Altar cease,
Ere raise that "Starry" flag on!

Can men with hearts—can "loyal" men,
Desert this basely land and mother?
Your soul's allegiance perjured when
You hug the chain of "Western Brother!"

The sacred Fane that pledged your bride,
The Font that dowed your first born treasure,
That Flag, hung by, in richest pride,
High from yon tower, in free air measure!

What sacrilegious hand shall dare
Take down the "British Standard,"
And place the grody "Eagle" there,
To lead on "Britain's" vanguard!

Forbid it Heaven—forbid it love!
And by our heart's devotion,
Our Flag shall ever proudly prove,
Her Empire o'er the Ocean.

In childhood's hour; on mother's knee;
Beneath our "Red Cross Banner,"
She read so pure and lovingly—
"Fear God!—Your Sovereign honor."

The words are writ in Holy page!
The sentence comes from Heaven!
To light us on from age to age;
God's will to man; thus given.

In the same connection we may state that the wits and humourists have been amusing them-

selves at the expense of the Canadian National Society of this city. Paul Ford led the van with a pamphlet which we have not seen, but which is favourably spoken of. A Rhymed History of the Society, not by Paul Ford, followed next, creating much merriment on the streets. In the third place came another versified screed on the same topic, entitled "Behind the Scenes," by Darius Wintertown, the Whistler at the Harrow. This clever squib is still circulating through the city.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

A PROPOSAL has been made to establish a diamond exchange in London.

THE last pretty novelty is outside the ironmongers' shops; it is labelled the "Gladstone Tree-feller."

MR. CANE has presented to the Dover Museum a bottle holder from Lord Nelson's ship, the *Victory*. The holder contained the bottle of brandy which was used for Lord Nelson when he was shot at the battle of Trafalgar.

A BILL has been printed for conferring a municipal government upon the whole of London. The City is to be the nucleus of the new corporation, and the civic dignitaries, as well as the members of the Metropolitan Board of Works, are to form its first officials.

THE War Office has decided to allow Fusilier regiments to retain the busby introduced some years ago. There is yet doubt as to whether rifle regiments will adopt the new helmet, which, besides being taken into wear by the infantry, is to become the recognized headdress of the departments of the army.

A NEW and cheap method of copying paintings and engravings has recently been invented, and has proved so successful that it is intended to publish at once, under the title of "The Temple Art Series," engravings of a number of works by celebrated masters, foreign and English.

It is said that a disagreeable surprise awaits Mr. H. M. Stanley on his return home. A New York lady to whom he has been long engaged, and to whom he was to be married on his return from the present expedition, has wearied of waiting, and has taken to herself a mate more likely to stay at home.

WHEN we announced, some weeks since, that the Queen would visit Lord Beaconsfield, we said it was a special mark of Her Majesty's high favour and personal consideration for the Premier; but it must, taken with the political condition of things, be also fairly interpreted as showing to the world the Queen's satisfaction with the policy pursued by the Government.

SOME eighteen months ago the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's decided to have a peal of bells for their grand Cathedral, and applied to the Corporation and the City Guilds to assist in providing the necessary funds, about £4,000. Several of the companies subscribed for special bells, the Corporation answering for the great tenor bell, to weigh about 53 cwt., at a cost of £530. The rest of the money has been subscribed by the Dean and Chapter and a few influential friends, and we may hope to hear the first peal on St. Paul's Day, the 25th of January next.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief directs that upon the occasion of an inspection of troops by himself, the district staff will, unless otherwise specially ordered, be in full dress; but they will, if the troops are to be engaged in field movements on a large scale, wear pantaloons and high boots, instead of gold-laced trousers and Wellington boots. Royal Artillery officers of field and garrison brigades will discontinue wearing gold-laced trousers when parading with men; but they are to be worn on all other occasions as laid down in existing regulations.

A CURIOUS story has been related concerning Miss Jennie Lee, and that very realistic broom she uses in the part of poor Jo. That well-worn broom has a history. When Miss Lee was about to essay the part of Dickens' little hero in the melodrama, she went about the London streets lugging with crossing-sweepers for the transfer of a really well-worn broom, that looked as if it had done hard, honest work. Miss Lee found the old stagers extremely unwilling to sell her a stumpy old broom even for a fancy price. Those practitioners knew the trade value of a broom to an actor, for they were themselves actors of long experience. She could get dozens of brooms that were comparatively new, but not an old one would the sweepers part with. After many failures she espied a wretched little arab presiding over a dirty crossing, with a very old broom, near Westminster Bridge road. She astonished the urchin by offering him five shillings for his stumpy of a broom. With an incredulous grin, the arab said, "You don't mean it!" Said the lady, "Don't I, though! Here's the money!" and after some amusing parley she got possession of the dramatic "property"—rather the boy prom-

ised to bring it to her residence for the five shillings. Miss Lee got the broom, and now sets great store on it. She has used it on many stages, for nobody knows how many nights, in her famous part of Jo, the crossing-sweeper.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"ALLOW me to be your beau," said a gentleman, placing his umbrella over a lady in a shower. "Thank you; I've plenty of fair weather beaux, so I suppose I must call you my rain beau," she replied, archly.

A LITTLE girl went out recently to make a call. As she arose to go she exclaimed, "Oh, I forgot! I want to see all your new spring dresses and things. They'll ask me about 'em the first thing when I get home." She was furnished with the required details.

CONSIDERABLE amusement was caused not long ago by a female witness, who, on the oath being administered, repeatedly kissed the clerk instead of the book. It was some time before she was made to understand the proper—or, at least, the legal—thing to do.

In the following love-couplet there is a great paucity of words, but as much meaning as there is in many most moving love-songs that have a fashionable run—

"I looked and loved, and loved and looked, and looked and loved again;
But looked and loved, and loved and looked, and looked and loved in vain."

"WHAT are those purple poses down by the brook?" asks Gus. "If you mean," replies Clara, "those glorious masses of empurpled efflorescence that bloom in bosky dells and fringe the wimpling streamlets, they are *Campanula rotundifolia*." Gus plays billiards for a living, and Clara goes to a girls' college.

THE maiden wept, and I said, "Why weepest thou, maiden?" She answered not, neither did she speak, but sobbed exceedingly; and I again said, "Maiden, why weepest thou?" Still she continued weeping; and the third time I raised my voice, and said, "Maiden, why weepest thou?" And she answered and said, "What's that to you? Mind your own business!"

Will Hamilton, a half-wit of Ayre, was hanging about the vicinity of a loch which was partially frozen. Three young misses were deliberating as to whether they should venture upon the lake's surface, when one of them suggested that Will should be asked to walk on it first. The proposal was made to him. "Though I'm daft, I'm no ill-bred," quickly responded Will. "Go first, leddies."

All women play cards alike. Watch a woman at a game of whist and you'll get a pretty correct idea of how all women play whist; "Let me, Henry, it is my play, it is my play! let me see—second hand low—that's the first time round for that suit, ain't it? well, I'll play—no I hardly think I will—now you stop looking at my hand—did you see anything?—of course I'm going to play, but I must have time to think—what's trumps—spades—I thought 'twas clubs—well, I'll—no—yes—well there!" Then she will clap an ace on her partner's king and insist upon keeping the trick for fear she will be cheated out of it in the final count.

A VERMONTION MR. EVARTS.—At the great meeting held in Cooper Institute in October last, to sustain the administration of President Hayes, at which it had been announced that Mr. Evarts would be present, a gentleman from Vermont, who had never seen the Secretary of State, but had a desire to do so, said to the person seated next to him, "Is Mr. Evarts on the platform?"

"No, he has not yet arrived."

"He's expected?"

"Oh yes; he'll be along presently."

"I've never seen Mr. Evarts, though I've heard a good deal of him. He's got a farm up to Windsor, in our State."

"Well, when he comes in I'll tell you. The boys generally give him a cheer when he comes on the stage. Ah, there he comes!"

"Is that him?"

"Yes."

"William M. Evarts?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed the Vermontion. "Why, he looks as though he boarded!"

EDITOR'S LOOKS, in *Harper's Magazine* for January.

HUMOROUS.

THE proudest day in a woman's life is her first son day.

MAYBE they did "have giants in those days," but they couldn't have looked any bigger than a free-born American citizen feels when he's in a procession.

A DUTCHMAN was about to make a journey to his fatherland, and wishing to say "good-by" to a friend, extended his hand and said: "Vell, off I don't come back, hullo!"

ONE of the old blue laws of Connecticut said, "No one shall run on the Sabbath day, except reverentially." Imagine a man just out of church, pursuing a flying hat reverentially before a high wind and the presence of an interesting congregation.

It seems to be the ambition of all young wives to look well when any one calls. Yesterday a South Side bride heard a ring at the front door. The maid was out and she rushed up stairs to "fix up" a little before admitting the caller. There was a moment of lightning work before the dressing case. Quicker than it takes us to tell it, a ribbon was fastened at her throat, a flower stabbed into her hair, a flash of powder on her face, and she was at the door all smiles and blushes. The gentleman said he had walked from Memphis and couldn't remember that he had tasted food since he left Cincinnati.