

uttered words of love to one of her mother's subjects; but, what is worse than all, he has told her his tale of love too, and then, more extraordinary, the mother has approved of it. Oh, shame; what will the wealthy German Princes say abroad; why there were hundreds of dozens of them for the Princess to pick from; there was the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Swandenburger-Ghutuburg—such a nice young gentleman. Fiel fel what will her brother-in-law, Prince Christian, say—a man who conferred upon England such an unparalleled honour as marrying a Royal Princess? Could he have foreseen this? And then she is the sweetest, fairest flower of the flock. But worse remains behind. The Queen dowager with £10,000 a year, and Parliament £4,000 per annum—now £14,000 per year Mr. Lowe would think a very nice sum to add to one of his budgets?

Who is she going to marry? why a nobleman of splendid descent, a gentleman of spotless character and education, besides being a man of no mean ability; and what the ladies, perhaps, would like to know more, he is decidedly distinguished and handsome. This Marquis of Lorne, if he lives, will be the ninth Duke of Argyll. According to the Peerage Guide, the Dukedom was conferred in 1701; in 1445, Baron Campbell; 1475, Baron Lorne; 1701, Duke of Argyll, Marquess of Lorne and Kintyre, Earl of Campbell and Cowal, Viscount Lochow and Glenilla, Baron Inverary, Mull, Morven, and Tiry; Baron Sundridge and Hamilton, 1778. Now, this is what we should call a pretty good string of titles. Then, by this marriage, she will be connected with the great Northumberland family, with the Sutherlands, the Grosvenors, and that's quite enough. The Queen ensures the loyalty of many a great subject by this marriage, and there may be more political significance in it than people dream of. But let us say it is a love match; that Lorne wooed amid the Scottish Heaths, that he loved her as he saw her wandering around the hills of Balmoral. I am sure the ladies will agree with us in that sentiment as uttered by Joe Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle with such tender pathos—"No ladies and gentlemen, charge your glasses for the bride and bridegroom. Here's to you and to your family, and may you live long and prosper."

A. R.

A DUES OF ARGYLL AND ANOTHER ROYAL MARRIAGE.—The following extract from *Fraser's* will be read with interest at the present time. The Duke of that day, it will be seen, quite willing his Royal mistress should marry a subject, providing she could like him well enough. It was before Queen Mary's unhappy marriage with Darnley, and when Elizabeth wished to get her to marry Robert Dudley, or anybody except a French or Spanish Prince. Randolph, Elizabeth's envoy, was admitted to the Scotch Queen's Cabinet. "It was after dinner, Murray, Maitland, Argyll, and a number of other noblemen were present. 'Now, Mr. Randolph,' she said, kissing, as she spoke, a diamond heart—a present from Elizabeth—which hung about her neck; 'now, Mr. Randolph, I long to hear what answer you have brought me from my good sister. I am sure it cannot be but good. Randolph delivered his message. She listened without interest till he spoke of her recognition, when she became at once attentive. She expected, however, to hear some person named as the husband desired for. 'You have more to tell me,' she said, 'let me hear all.' Randolph answered that his commission extended no further. Lord Argyll approached the bed. 'My lord,' she said to him, 'Randolph here would have me marry in England. What say you?' 'Is the Queen of England become a man?' said Argyll. 'Who is there, my lord?' said she, 'that you would wish me to marry?' 'Whoever your Majesty can like well enough,' the Earl answered. 'I would there was no noble man in England as you could like.' 'That would not please the Hamiltons,' said the Queen. 'If it please God and be good for your Majesty's country,' Argyll rejoined, 'what matter it who is displeased!'"

NAPOLEON'S COURAGE.

As for the personal demeanour of Napoleon III at Sedan, writes the correspondent of a London paper, all that were eyewitnesses to his conduct describe it as that of one who either cared not for death, or actually threw himself in its way. On two occasions during the day he was providentially spared being instantly killed. In the midst of the scene of confusion which ensued upon the irruption of the panic-stricken French into Sedan, the Emperor, riding slowly through a wide street swept by the German artillery and choked by the disordered soldiery, paused for a moment to address a question to a colonel of his staff. At the same instant a shell exploded a few feet in front of Napoleon, leaving him unharmed, though it was evident to all around that he had escaped by a miracle. The Emperor continued on his way without manifesting the slightest emotion, greeted by the enthusiastic wisps of the troops. Later, while sitting at window, inditing his celebrated letter to the King of Prussia, a shell struck the wall just outside and burst only a few feet from the Emperor's chair, again leaving him unscathed and unmoved.

A South American artist has challenged the Archbishop of Bogota to fight a duel. The prelate, it appears, ordered from the artist a life-size picture of John the Baptist for his cathedral. When the painting was sent to the church the Archbishop was shocked to observe that John had on a shiny high hat, and a red necktie. The artist refused to remove them, for he said it would spoil the whole tone of the picture, and, besides, it was a correct costume. The Archbishop told him he knew no more about John the Baptist's clothes than a double-nosed pointer about the refraction of light. So there is going to be a fight. The Archbishop clearly is wrong. Suppose J. B. didn't wear a high hat, art must be allowed some latitude, mustn't it, so that the imagination can have play? The artist is an idealist, and we hope he will win a victory for his school, and "pot" the Archbishop.

Lieut.-Governor Archibald has issued a proclamation by which the introduction of spirituous liquors of any kind into the North-West Territory is prohibited, and a fine of not more than \$100 is imposed for their possession or importation. Any person, without warrant, is permitted to confiscate and destroy the casks or other vessels containing the same. By another proclamation the giving or selling to Indians of spirits of any kind is precluded. The laws to this effect will be most-strictly enforced.

SPORTING.

TORONTO HUNT STEEPLE CHASE.

The steeple-chases over the Carleton Course, Toronto, on the 29th ult., were a great success, and attracted a large number of persons to the ground. The sport was of excellent quality, and the ground was in capital going order. The fences were in some instances pretty stiff, and in one or two of the races the jockies "came to grief," but beyond kissing mother earth in rather an unceremonious manner, and soiling their gaily coloured jackets, no damage was done. The ladies' stand was crowded, and its fair occupants seemed to evince the greatest interest in the proceedings. The Band of the Queen's Own Rifles were in attendance during the day. Sharp on time the first race was called.

GREEN STEEPLE-CHASE.—A sweepstake of \$10 each, \$3 forfeit, with \$100 added; for horses that have never started in a race; the property of, and regularly hunted by members of the Toronto Hunt, and to be ridden by members; about two miles.

For the race there were four entries, and all started. The horses got away at the first start well together. At the first fence Von Moltke and Tornado basiked, and were in consequence out of the race altogether. The affair was reduced then to a match between Mary Marshall and Primrose; the latter got over the first fence in fine style, leading Mary Marshall by about a couple of lengths. At the second fence the horses were close together, and in a short time the race appeared to be in the balance. In the last mile, however, Mary Marshall, coming over a fence where Primrose seemed to over-jump herself, went to the front in gallant style and collared her opponent. The run home was a most exciting race, and at one time the result seemed to be very doubtful. Coming down the straight run home, Mary Marshall put on a fine turn of speed, with Primrose close at her heels. The rider of the latter called on the chestnut mare, who answered gamely; but it was evident that Mary Marshall was too fast for her on the flat, and the latter finally won a capital race by about half a length.

SECOND RACE.

OPEN STEEPLE-CHASE.—Sweepstakes of \$10 each, \$3 forfeit with \$100 added. Handicap weights; about three miles.

There were eight entries for this race, but only six started. The horses got off well together, but at the third fence Nora Kista threw her rider. Citadel then took up the running, closely pushed by Jack on the Green, who cleared his fences in good style. The two had the race to themselves, Nipissing and Raven being out of the hunt, and Citadel finally landed himself an easy winner.

THIRD RACE.

TORONTO HUNTERS' STAKES.—Sweepstakes of \$10 each, \$3 forfeit, with \$120 added, for horses of, and regularly hunted by, members of the Toronto Hunt, during the present season. Handicap weights. Highest weight not to exceed 12 stone. Gentlemen riders. About two miles. There were five entries for these stakes, and all started—Primrose, Mary Marshall, Brilliant, Bismarck and Dan. After a couple of false starts the horses were got off, Mary Marshall leading, closely followed by Bismarck. Over the first fence Mary Marshall showed her opponents a clean pair of heels, and taking up a strong position was never headed again, although Dan pushed her very closely. The mare finally came in a winner just as she pleased.

FOURTH RACE.

SOVARY OF \$2 EACH, WITH \$20 ADDED.—for horses regularly used as hacks, and the property of members of the Hunt; ½ mile on the flat—catch weights. Winners of any of the above races excluded.

Although seven horses were entered for the race, only four started, viz., Chit-Chat, Beauregard, Bismarck and Nellie. The event was not a very exciting one, Chit-Chat from start to finish having it all her own way, and finally winning easily, Beauregard being second and Bismarck third. This concluded the day's sport, and the most successful race meeting which has been held in the neighbourhood for some time past.

Messrs. Wm. Copeland and John Shedden officiated as stewards; Mr. John Hendrie as clerk of the course.

Our sketch shows the second race, in which "Citadel" and "Jack-on-the-Green" were the principal contestants. Much credit is due to the members of the Hunt for the admirable management of the day's sport, and for their kind attention to visitors.

THE CATHEDRAL OF METZ.—There have been enthusiasts, says a writer in *All the Year Round*, who, forgetting Amlens and Chartres, have pronounced Metz cathedral as the most perfect Gothic work on the Continent. It is certainly beautifully light, and its spire shoots up like a fountain above the forest of carved peaks and fretted pinnacles below. Begun in 1016 by Bishop Thierry, the ghost of that worthy prelate remained restless and repining till 1546, when it was finished. So, after all, even Catholic zeal had its cold fits. The vergers tell you it is three hundred and seventy feet long, and that the spire is of the same height. The nave is fifty-one feet wide, and one hundred and nine feet high. The great stone arc is pierced with innumerable portholes, and these windows were filled in 1526 by Busch of Strasburg with rich stained glass, just in time before the arc became lost. Its beautiful open-work spire, light, as if carved of wood, carries an enormous bell, the very palladium of Metz, weighing about twenty-eight thousand six hundred pounds, and called La Mute. The font, called the Cuve de Cesar, is probably an old Roman tomb. The chief curiosities of the cathedral are the stone thrones of the early bishops, two processional crosses of the twelfth and fourteenth centuries, an embroidered red silk cope, said to be Charlemagne's, and a dragon of pasteboard and canvas, formerly used in street processions, and called Le Gracellil. People who want to see the walks and gardens of the esplanade, or the strong redoubt, called the Pate, which can be turned into an island by closing the sluices on the Sella, should mount the cathedral spire, first ascending the clerestory gallery to see the stained glass and the flying buttresses. The view of Metz from the spire is a fine one.

Coloured women are manifestly born to blush unseemly.

VARIETIES.

How to get rid of anybody.—Let him a loan.
"He never-weepes," is the name of Red Cloud's only brother-in-law.

Josh Billings says he prefers the age of laps to the lapse of ages every time.

Not to inquire after each other's "chills" is the height of discourtesy in Indiana.

On the walls of the Tulleries, in all directions, is written: "To let, because of folly."

The wife of General Ulrich, the defender of Strasburg, is the well-known dancer Taglioni.

General Lindsay resumed his duties at the War Office as Inspector-General of Reserve Forces, on the 1st inst.

A vessel in the British channel lately picked up a live pig seven miles at sea, disproving the popular idea that a pig cannot swim.

The *New Haven Register* has the following "Erratum" in its "Notices to Correspondents,"—"*In* — line, in the article upon Yale College, read, for alum water, *Alma Mater*."

The *Times* understands that an eminent London publisher has offered £10,000 for the exclusive right, for ten years, of publishing the revised version of the Bible now in progress.

The *Record* states that the New Testament revisionists have voted that the true translation of our Lord's Prayer is "Deliver us from the evil one," and not "from evil," as now rendered. They also agree to expunge the doxology at the end of the prayer, as absent from all the earliest manuscripts.

Herr Bleibtreu, a German painter of battle-pieces of deserved reputation, is said to have already commenced, in a quiet nook of one of the palace wings at Versailles, the painting, from sketches made on the battle-fields, of two important pictures, the one representing the Crown Prince of Prussia at Woerth, the other King William at Sedan.

A profitable traffic is done by the inhabitants of Givonne and Bouillon. Large consignments of worthless old arms are sent to them which are disposed of to tourists as trophies of the battle of Sedan. The story is told of an Englishman who bought a flint-lock pistol to take it home, as he said, as a proof of the carelessness of the French Administration, which in 1870 still used the arms of the First Empire.

On October 16, one of four pigeons, taken from a fancier's in the Old Kent Road, London, to France, nearly a month ago, returned home with a message on tissue, dated Paris, October 16. The pigeon is of the Antwerp breed of birds, and had flown several times from Calais, but this was its first journey from Paris.

In Paris, if we are to believe the graphic correspondence of Mr. Labouchere in the *Daily News*, there is still the same overweighing confidence in the final crushing defeat of the German invader as some weeks ago, though with a trifling under-current of diffidence, not to say ill-concealed apprehension.

The British Military authorities have decided to furnish each corps with tools of various descriptions, to enable handcraftsmen to work at their trades, and others to obtain some skill in the use of them, so that such men as wish to do so may learn a trade, such as that of painter, carpenter, cooper, tin-smith, &c., and be able to obtain employment on quitting the army.

The Crown Prince of Prussia, after a combat before Paris, reviewed his victorious Bavarians, one of whom eyed him with a broad smile. "What is it up, comrade?" asked the Prince. "Why, is it not jolly?" was the good-humoured reply, "to see your Royal Highness just as beattered with dirt as we are?" A tap on the shoulder was all the rebuke he got.

A young lady gave a small party recently, and, being in want of a gentleman to complete a set of the lancet, went into the hall, and seeing a nice-looking young man there, insisted on his joining in the dance, though he remonstrated very strongly against it. What was her surprise and dismay to find, at the conclusion of the dance, that she had been dancing with one of the waiters!

Her. is a warning to young men who jeopardise their lives every day. A young man in Indianapolis, Ind., has been under treatment for what is discovered to be lead colic. It was a long time before the doctors found out where he got it, but at last the terrible truth came out. He had been in the habit of kissing a young woman who improved her complexion by the aid of cosmetics. There should be a law passed that women using that stuff should put a sign up "Beware of the Colic." Then a man could go to destruction with his eyes open.

The pen with which Count Bismarck is to sign the treaty of peace is already prepared. Herr Bissenger, of Pforzheim, has manufactured out of massive gold an imitation of an ordinary stout goosequill. The quill itself is polished, in order that it may be more conveniently handled, but the feather closely resembles a real quill, every fibre being represented, while the back of the feather is thickly studded with brilliants, and below them a count's coronet and Bismarck's monogram are engraved. Besides the engraver and maker, two goldsmiths were engaged on it for five weeks.

The *Melbourne Argus* of August 13th, says:—"The author of *The Curiosities of Literature* has added some droll instances of printers' misadventures, but none is more comical than one which appeared in the *Argus* of yesterday. Our account of the mayor's fancy ball closed with some lines ending—

Relate the adventures of the night,
And fly by turns from truth to fiction—
From retrospection to prediction."

For the last word 'prediction' was substituted, with an effect which our readers can guess.

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With the investment of Paris and the removal of the Emperor, the doom of French rule in the world of fashion seems to be pronounced as completely as that in the world of politics. At least in Germany the imitation of France has come to an end. There is nobody to design the fashions in the French capital, nor have the besieged Parisians time to think of dress. The German hatters, tailors, dressmakers, &c., have therefore made a virtue of necessity, and begun to invent their own fashions. As a first fruit chignons have been sacrificed by the German ladies.