

DOINGS AT THE CAPITAL.

Ottawa, February 3rd, 1882.

With the approach of the session Ottawa springs into social life. Rideau Hall has opened the season with a skating party, and the Russell House has been "inaugurated" by a dinner and a dance.

The dinner was of a private nature, invitations having been issued to some fifty friends of the Minister of Public Works; no speeches were made, the only health drunk being that of the Queen.

Last night, under the auspices of Col. Ross, intelligently assisted by the officers of the Governor-General's Foot Guards, was given the first public ball this winter. It went off smoothly and to everyone's satisfaction; everything pleased, even "the softly tinted walls, thick goodness not aesthetic in their hues." I am quoting a local scribbler who is evidently not a lover of the beautiful. What is more to the purpose, is that the walls were not decorated with "flowers," dancing men being in full force.

One young lady attracted favorable notice by her dress of pale blue satin; her make-up vividly brought to mind Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Little Miss Mow," who seemed to have stepped bodily out of her frame into the ball-room. At three a.m., a pair and enough tulle, muslin, etc., to dress a bevy of dolls remained to show that there had been a dance.

We are promised a host of American visitors desirous of enjoying the hospitality of Government House. Ancient these, the Herald informs us that these good folks are coming to "melt the fragility of the Vice-royal Count" and "introduce E-publi-cum n-mentum," for which we are truly thankful.

By next week, I shall have materials for a longer, and I trust more interesting letter.

C. E. R.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The cartoon on the front page marks a remarkable fulfilment of a prophecy made 5 years ago. We have reproduced the cartoon exactly as it appeared in November, 1876, and we leave our readers to trace the fulfilment in the recent decision of the Courts.

ANOTHER of Mr. Henderson's charming landscape photographs furnished our artist with the motif of the illustration entitled "A Shanty on Rouge River," Ottawa River.

THE lacrosse match on ice is an amusement which so far as we know has been tried this season for the first time, and is represented pictorially by our artist on another page.

THE illustration on page 84 represents the first fancy dress skating carnival of the season held in Halifax, (N.S.) on the evening of January 15th. Although the number of skaters was not as large or the costumes so good as last year, the thousands of spectators who crowded Messrs. Sarros' rink greatly enjoyed themselves. Music was furnished by the bands of the 101st Royal Munster Fusiliers and the 63rd Rifles.

THE BLIND MINSTREL AND HIS DAUGHTER.

A romantic interest, since the time of Homer if not before, has always belonged to the figure of a blind minstrel, or singer, who may be poet; and, if he be accompanied by a young girl, with any sort of musical instrument—harp, guitar, or accordion—we have sixpence ready for the tuneful couple, wherever we chance to meet them. Fancy has great power, in certain moods, to call the seeming character of strangers thus unexpectedly encountered; and supposing, as we charitably may, that the maiden is really this old man's dutiful child, our sympathies are touched by their situation, in the wandering life that they lead. We imagine their dependence on one another, and their fidelity to each other; till we wonder how the minstrel would fare by himself, if she were seized and carried away by the minions of a wicked Baron to yonder Castle on the hill. Would she continue to play the accordion, at the window of her cell high up in the western tower? And then, would the blind old father hear it, groping at night in the moat around the Castle walls, in peril of being shot with an arquebuss; and so would he respond with the vocal part, singing a plaintive ditty of their distant native land? Would they speak to one another, or pass letters up and down with a string, and devise means for her escape with a rope-ladder? Would they consent to be aided by the gallant and chivalrous Knight ("which his name perhaps is X") who accosted them yesterday, and who generously gave them sixpence! Ah, and then, wouldn't the gallant Knight have a regular set-to with the wicked Baron, and stick him through with a lance or a rapier, and give his carcass to the rats and mice and black-beetles! And wouldn't we take possession of the Castle, and get it repaired, decorated, and furnished in the most fashionable style, that we might dwell there in the height of chivalry, taking to wife the modest lovely musician, who would prove to be of noble birth? Her father, no longer a poor outcast and expatriate vocalist, would be relieved from exile, and would be restored to his ancestral title and estate. He is the patriotic Count Bawler,

of Middle-pumpkin, whose unjust and tyrannical Prince, since deceased, drove him out of the country, having first put out his eyes with red-hot crochet-needles. The romance is brought to a happy and glorious consummation in about five minutes, while the dirty old impostor finishes his twaddling performance. But "here, my girl," we say, "I'll give you twopence more; and I hope your shoes are all right, or it will be cold for your feet, sitting there so long in the snow."

THE LATE HARRISON AINSWORTH.

The death of this gentleman, in his seventy-seventh year, was announced last week. He was a native of Manchester; and it is not many weeks since he was entertained with a complimentary dinner, presided over by the Mayor of that city, and attended by many admirers of his literary talent and of his social character. Wm. Harrison Ainsworth, the eldest son of a Manchester attorney, was educated in the Manchester Grammar School, and was articled to his father's profession in his youth. But, at a very early age, he wrote, and determined to devote himself to literature. In 1834 appeared the first of his more popular novels, "Rookwood," in which the highwayman Dick Turpin makes a conspicuous figure. Its success was very great, owing in great measure to the spirit with which the famous ride to York was described. He then turned his attention to Jack Sheppard; and at the beginning of 1839 the first number of his novel relating to that notorious burglar appeared in *Beattie's Miscellany*. "Jack Sheppard" was read with avidity by the vulgar and willy; and several different versions of it were played on the stage, one of them, an opera, with Mr. Rodwell's spirited and pretty music. The illustrative sketches contributed to the story by George Cruikshank did something to increase this popularity. But the voice of criticism was not silent in regard to the deleterious effect which such tales might produce; and Mr. Ainsworth having reason to fear that "Rookwood" and "Jack Sheppard" might serve as a stimulus to crime, abandoned what had come to be known as the robber school of romance. In 1840 he succeeded Dickens as editor of *Beattie's Miscellany*, but retired from the post at the end of the following year, to establish the magazine issued under his own name. In 1845 he became proprietor and editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. Meanwhile he had begun that long series of historical romances, on which his fame chiefly rests—"Crichton," "Gu Fawkes," "Old St. Paul's," the "Miser's Daughter," "Windsor Castle," "St. James's," "Lancashire Witches," "The Star Chamber," "Fletcher of Bacon," "Ovingdean Grange," "The Constable of the Tower," "The Lord Mayor of London," "Cardinal Pile," "John Law," and other stories of past times in England. In 1854, Mr. Ainsworth became the proprietor of *Beattie's Miscellany*, in which one of his sketches, "The Spendthrift," was originally published. He had also considerable talent as a writer of verse. In early life, under the *nom de plume* of "Cheviot Tichenburne," he brought out a volume of songs, dedicating them to Charles Lamb. Many pieces in verse are scattered over his prose with excellent effect; but the best proof of his poetical gifts is to be found in his "Combat of the Thirty," founded upon the old Breton legend. Mr. Ainsworth married a daughter of Mr. Ebers, the publisher, and was at one time connected with the publishing trade.

The portrait is from a photograph taken about ten or twelve years since, by the London Stereoscopic Company.

BONAPARTE AND WHAT HE ATE.

That which probably prevented Bonaparte from becoming a gourmand was the idea which constantly pursued him that that toward thirty-five or forty he would become obese. Far from having enriched the gastronomic repertory, one dish only is due to him among all his victories—the *paquet à la Merveille*. The historic *paquet* was first fried in oil, owing to Napoleon's cook being for the moment short of butter. He drank very little wine, always Bordeaux or Burgundy; he, however, preferred the latter, and Chamberlain above all other growths. After breakfast, as after dinner, he took a cup of coffee. He was irregular with his meals, ate fast and badly; but therein was perceptible that absolute will which he brought to everything; so soon as appetite made itself felt, it must be satisfied, and his table service was so appointed that anywhere, or at any hour, he could find a fowl, cutlets, and coffee ready for him. He breakfasted in his bedroom at ten o'clock, inviting almost always those who happened to be near him. Bourrienne, his secretary, during the four or five years he was with him, never saw him partake of more than two dishes at a meal. One day the Emperor asked why his table was never served with *crepinettes de cochon* or ragout made of hushed meat mixed with morsels or fringes of pork. Dunand, the Emperor's *matre d'hôtel*, remained for an instant sagged by the question, and replied, "Sure, that which is indigestible is not gastronomic." An officer present added, "Your Majesty cannot eat *crepinettes* and work immediately afterward." "Bah! bah! idle tales; I shall work for all that." "Sure," Dunand then said, "your Majesty shall be obeyed at breakfast to-morrow." And next day the head *matre d'hôtel* of the Tuileries served up the required dish, only that the *crepinettes* were made with slices of partridge, a difference unperceived by the Emperor, who ate with great relish. "Your

dish is excellent, and I compliment you upon it." Napoleon, when campaigning, frequently mounted on horseback early in the morning and remained in the saddle throughout the day. Care was then taken to place in one of his holsters bread and wine, and in the other a roast fowl. He generally shared his provisions with one of his officers still worse provided than himself.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

SOME MORE.

The mantle of Oliver Twist has descended!—This time, it is not for pudding, but for Wilde! Our subscribing correspondents, are converted into critics.

"But after all, you did not tell us much in last *Quiz* what Oscar Wilde chatted about. Didn't he say anything more?"

Our attentive readers, and critical correspondents ignore that editors have to "condense." To be sure Mr. Wilde *did* talk about more than beauty and fashion—the aesthetic school and its priestess—America and Western Ozone. He talked of some people that he loved, "dearly," he said, and these people are little children.

(A man can't go permanently astray who loves little children.)

We were talking of flowers, and their healthy influence every day in the home, above all, in the sick-room. Mr. Wilde has spent a great deal of his leisure time in visiting children's hospitals, he loved to take the little sufferers flowers, and he bore earnest testimony to the power that flowers have to cheer the tired spirit and rest the weary eyes—and give respite from the plain square white—one could almost say too white—look of the hospital-ward.

All the members of the flower-missions have the same experience, and if our correspondents will turn to the pages of *Quiz*, of some months ago, they will read the heart of the matter, very sweetly and nobly expressed by one of our contributors, a lady, who has as much practical knowledge of flower missions, and their true power, as any woman in the country. This article was widely copied, and I mention the fact because the parts of it most commented upon, were sentiments so perfectly in accord with Mr. Wilde's expressions.

"One hears," said Mr. Wilde, "the sweetest things in the world said by children. One day, I was taking a lady friend a large bunch of great red lilies, we have beautiful, rich, red lilies in England; they would never do for a lady to wear, but they are splendid in decoration), and a pretty little girl stopped me, one of the dirty, little street children, very pretty though, saying,

"Lor, Mister, how rich you are!"

I thought it was such a beautiful thing to have said, and a thought so true, that there is so much that we have, so much real wealth in flowers.

Some of the critical correspondents are desirous to know what I meant by saying Mr. Wilde "said out" that which others have not the courage to say.

Briefly, a great deal: few of us have the courage to run the risk of ridicule, by being well—eccentric enough for a strong stand for what we know is right and proper—but is not usual or customary.

The mission of genius on earth—to uplift, Purify and redeem by its own gracious gift. The world, in spite of the world's dull endeavour To drag down and degrade, and oppose it forever. The mission of genius—to watch and to wait, To renew, to redeem, and regenerate.

But my corresponding critics are saying: "Now you are quoting Owen Meredith—and is Mr. Wilde, the first man in whom this thought has blossomed!"

Certainly not; not by a century; he is simply a popularizer of beauty. Suppose we look about and see if we are such perfect joys forever that we need no preachers in our streets, our homes, to our men and our women—and, oh, Puntarch! our business lives—here in this very country where politics is a trade, statesmanship gambling—and the greed of money-got-any-how—a leprosy.

This very day men blush if they are found doing a sweet, pure kindness to a fellow creature. From modesty! Not a bit of it, because they think it feminine. (So it is, thank God). A man who has his conception of beauty fully developed, will never degenerate into a mere house-tyrant. He need not be "too, too" "utter," or "intense" as we love chaff now-a-days; he need not roll up his eyes, in ecstasy at the sight of a yellow crevel flower on a square of linen crash—but he may feel warmed to the very cockles of his heart, when he sees a youth showing promise of genius—let that promise be ever so crude or bizarre.

Beauty means something more than crevel-work and chromos. If Mr. Wilde only sets a few of the people thinking, will he not have done something?

The annual meeting *Quiz* of the shareholders of the Burland Lithographic Company was held last Wednesday, the 1st inst., at No. 5 Bleury street, Montreal, the President, Mr. G. B. Burland, in the chair. The report presented by the Secretary showed a very prosperous condition of the company's affairs, with prospects of a steadily increasing business during the coming season. The Board of Directors and officers of the Company were re-elected without change for the ensuing year. During the past year the Company has declared two dividends of 4 per cent. each.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

AN American hotel, on a grand scale, is about to be built in Paris.

THE latest freak in fash is a sort of framework filled with natural flowers so as to form a sort of flat bouquet.

A MARRIAGE is arranged between Count Camillo Peci, a nephew of the Pope, and the daughter of the Marchese Giulio Merigio, an enterprising Italian financier.

IN view of the *Bals de l'Opera* the famous cabaret du Lyon d'Or is adding two more saloons to the sumptuous accommodations so well-known to the *gourmets* of every nationality.

THERE are complaints on the part of the members of the orchestra of the Paris Opera at their scanty salary. It will hardly be believed that the sum they received for a whole year's engagement is from £20 to £120.

THE circulation of camels is prohibited in the streets of Paris. Of late several persons had used camels, surmounted by a kiosk and led by a negro, for advertizing purpose. The phenomenon attracted attention, but it frightened the horses. The ingenious persons referred to have immediately replaced the camels by donkeys.

THE *Parisian* says that the modern tendency is to laten everything. Forty years ago people used to dine in Paris at half-past five o'clock. Now-a-days you cannot dine at half-past five unless you go to an *établissement* Duval, and you cannot call that dining. The restaurants will not feed customers before six o'clock, and if you dine in *société*, *à table* as the phrase runs, you must not expect the soup before half-seven at the earliest. The theatres begin later and later every year. Take the life of a fashionable Parisienne of to-day. She rarely goes to bed before two or three in the morning. During the months of April, May and June, she will be seen galloping in the Bois between nine and ten, fresh as a rose. When does she sleep? If you ask her she will reply, "In the autumn down in the country. The men pass the day shooting; when they come home they are tired and hungry; after dinner they go to bed. Then we women, what can we do! We go to bed too. That is what is called chateau life, *la vie du château* *c'est moelleux, mais reposant*."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

GUTEAU was sentenced on Saturday to be hanged.

THE Pope is about to create a Papal Delegate to America.

THE British steamer *Kosmo* has foundered in the Black Sea.

ANOTHER outbreak of yellow fever is reported in Senegal.

THE steamship *City of Limerick* is a week overdue at London.

THE Commercial Elevator in Buffalo was destroyed by fire on Friday.

A WOMAN awaiting trial in Moscow with a great batch of Nihilists has gone mad.

THE Billiard match in Paris between Slosson and Vigneaux was won by the former.

SERIOUS collisions are feared between the military and townspeople of Limerick.

IT is feared that 600 fishermen perished at Astrakhan, St. Petersburg, in a terrific gale.

MR. A. M. SULLIVAN has definitely resigned his seat in the Imperial House of Commons for Meath.

THE Government has given a large order for repeating rifles for the army to an Austrian manufacturer.

THE ball given by the Count Sesmaisons, French Consul-General, in Quebec, last Monday, was a grand affair.

THE Bank of England's Directors to-day decided to raise bank rate to 7 per cent. if further withdrawals are threatened.

DR. GRIFFITHS, an employee of the Railways and Canals Department at Ottawa, has been arrested on a charge of bigamy.

SEVEN men belonging to the British ship *Milton*, burned at sea on December 22, were picked up starving on January 15, and have been brought to San Francisco.

EMACIATED, haggard victims of a cough recover health, spirits and flesh, if they are but sensible enough to adopt a remedy which the popular voice, backed by professional opinion, pronounces reliable. Tranquility to inflamed and harassed lungs, vigor to depleted and emaciated frames, quietude and strength to an unrestful and debilitated nervous system, are among the physical benefits conferred by that supreme pulmonary invigorant Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, a chemical combination of the finest lung specific known to the pharmacopoeia with tonics and blood depurants of the first order. Phosphorus, lime and soda co-operate with and render the Cod Liver Oil of this preparation truly effective. Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto.