

The most valuable article in the current number of *Lippincott's* is unquestionably that on Cuba, in which the writer succinctly and clearly relates the causes and the history of the revolution. Of course it advocates the annexation of the island. Unless it did so, we fear it would fall flat upon the American reading public. It contains, however, much information of value, and is especially valuable as giving a comprehensible *résumé* of Cuban history during the last few years. An amusing paper on "Unsettled Points of Etiquette" offers some very sensible suggestions for the remedy of what have hitherto been looked upon as unavoidable social difficulties. "The Roumi in Kabylia" is the title of an interesting description (to be continued) of a tour in modern Algeria. Charles Warren Stoddard tells a sad story of suffering at sea in his "Cradle of the Deep." Caroline Cheseboro's quaint story, "Probationer Leonhard," is completed in this number, which inaugurates a new story by William Black. This author's last book, "The Strange Adventures of a Phacton," met with immense success, and to all appearances his new story, "A Princess of Thule," will not be behind. "Chateaubriand's Ducks" is a charming sketch of an incident in the later career of this famous statesman and author. In a paper on "The National Trans-Alleghany Water-Way," Professor Thompson B. Maury gives a history of the progress of the undertaking, which originated with Thomas Jefferson, of connecting the waters of the Mississippi with the Atlantic Ocean, and thus establishing direct water communication between Omaha and the ports of Europe. "The Hermit's Vigil" is an admirable versified legend by Margaret J. Preston, a writer whose poems are well known and highly appreciated among American magazine readers.

The March number of *Scribner's* contains several features of importance. Not the least among these is a paper on Napoleon II., King of Rome and Duke of Reichstadt. A chatty article on Folk-Life in Germany will be read with interest; and Augustus Blauvelt's remarkable essay on "Christ's Miracles Scientifically Considered," will at least have the effect of provoking discussion. There is, too, an anonymous article on the late G. P. Putnam, which will be read with avidity by members of the literary world. The papers on "Life in the Diamond Diggings," and "Prof. Morse and the Telegraph," though possessing merit of their own, lose much of their value from the fact that these are subjects that have of late been pretty well overdone. The "Bridge of Neuilly" is a short sketch of the last days of the Commune, coming rather late in the day, and containing no new information. "The Woman Who Saved Me," and "The Ghost Who Made Himself Useful," with the usual instalment of "Arthur Bonnicastle," complete the Fiction Department. George Macdonald contributes another translation from the German of Novalis.

*Every Saturday* is unchangeably good. The selections are all that can be desired, and this fact, combined with the handy form of the sheet, the irreproachable excellence of the type-work and printing, should make it a favourite publication. No one of our exchanges is more acceptable than *Every Saturday*.

*To-Day* is prospering as it should do under the editorial management of Dr. Dio Lewis. On the first appearance of this periodical we predicted for it unbounded success, and we are happy to learn that our predictions have been entirely realized. It is essentially a popular paper for the home; the health hints it contains are by no means the least of its many attractions.

NEW BOOKS.

How Will It End? A Romance. By J. C. Heywood, Author of "Herodias," &c., &c. New Edition. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

Mr. Heywood is a well-known member of the New York Bar, who has achieved a considerable literary reputation on this continent by his dramatic trilogy on the story of Salome, the daughter of Herodias—a work which has received the warmest encomiums of the United States Press. As a dramatist he undoubtedly possesses great powers. As a novel-writer he cannot allow that he is a success, and can only lament that he has not confined himself to the province he has hitherto adorned. It is not given to many men to excel in three such important walks as oratory, the drama, and fiction. In two of these Mr. Heywood has won distinction, and he might, for his own sake, have been content to let well alone. "How Will It End?" is a story of the American Civil War, very far from being devoid of interest,—a story which in the hands of an experienced novelist could not have failed to make its mark. The plot is not without merit, the characters are drawn with some skill, but the narrative is prolonged with lengthy dialogue and needless dilation upon minor incidents in a manner that must infallibly weary, if it does not exasperate, the patient reader. It is throughout characterized by a dramatic style—in some parts waxing, in the middle of passages of intense pathos, absolutely ludicrous, and irresistibly reminding one of the melodrama as produced on the London transpontine stage. It is throughout a love story—in fact a double-barrelled love story, for there are two sets of lovers. There is a secret marriage, a "wandering heir" (whose father refused to recognize him that he might consummate a marriage with "a high-born lady, whose dower was" by some unaccountable process "an earldom"); a villain in the person of the Hon. Pestifog Clapperpong, politician; a mysterious lady-mother, and finally a noble gray-haired father to pronounce the inevitable blessing upon his children, just before the curtain falls. Of the stage, stagey, is the verdict we must return on Mr. Heywood's romance.

The Mother's Work with Sick Children. By Prof. J. B. Fossagrives. Translated from the Fourth Paris Edition—by F. P. Foster, M. D. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

This is another of the Messrs. Putnam's valuable Handy-Work Series, to which we have already more than once had occasion to refer in terms of the highest praise. The present volume is one which needs little or no recommendation. The name of the author, and that of the translator—a New York physician—are sufficient guarantees of the correctness of the advice given in its pages. To the large majority of text-books on medicine for home use we decidedly object, not only as be-

ing frequently carelessly compiled and too often incorrect, but more especially as possessing objectionable features which cannot fail to diminish the feeling of confidence and trust which should always exist between physician and patient. The absence of such features in the work before us is a fact that we remark with much pleasure, and recommend to the notice of members of the medical profession throughout the Dominion. Mothers will find the work invaluable, and many an hour of care and anxiety will be saved by following the simple, practical advice to be found in its pages. Of the few medical terms employed a full explanation is given in the glossary at the end of the book.

SANTO DOMINGO, PAST AND PRESENT; with a glance at Hayti. By Samuel Hazard, author of "Cuba, with Pen and Pencil." New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros. Illustrated. Cloth, 8vo. pp. 311. Price, \$1.50.

This is decidedly one of the most useful as well as most entertaining books lately published. So little is known about Santo Domingo and the adjoining Republic of Hayti that information of any kind will prove acceptable. Mr. Hazard has certainly accomplished his task with great credit to himself. His book is not only entertaining, it is in the highest degree instructive—a book that no one can read without learning something new and profitable. He treats his subject in the most exhaustive manner. Beginning with Santo Domingo, which he visited in the early part of 1871, at the time of the stay of the United States Annexation Commissioners, he recounts in easy attractive language the early history of the island from the time of its discovery by Columbus. A preliminary chapter has already made the reader sufficiently acquainted with the geography of the country to follow his Mentor. Breaking off at the separation of Dominica from Hayti in 1844, the writer goes on to relate his own experiences in the island, taking up further on the respective histories of the Republics of Dominica and Hayti. Much information is given respecting the natural resources of the island—not, of course, forgetting the Samana peninsula. The account of the author's travels, both along the coast, and across the country, is given pleasantly and without any of that assumption of superiority which travelled authors are too prone to put on before their readers. Throughout the whole book he is natural, and we part with him with regret at leaving a companion at once so entertaining and so instructive. The book is profusely illustrated with engravings of a superior class, and contains a fair sized map of the Island of Santo Domingo, compiled from the Dominican official map, published in 1853.

Notes and Queries.

All Communications intended for this Column must be addressed to the Editor, and endorsed "Notes and Queries."

13. "DUP."—  
"And dapped the chamber-door."

The word "dup" is, I think, composed of the words *do up*, and in this passage means to raise up the latch.

Montreal. H. M. L. J. P. F.

14. BEAVER HALL.—SIR,—In reply to Query 14 I would say that Beaver Hall derives its name from a building which formerly stood at the head of the hill, and which was the residence of one of the old fur magnates, who named it quite naturally "Beaver Hall." This building was, I believe, removed to another site close by, and was finally destroyed by fire.

17. AN OLD HOUSE.—The old house near the Water-wheel (mentioned by your correspondent "Sciolus"), is the old "Gregory mansion, the residence of the proprietor of the farm still known as Gregory's farm."

THE ORIGIN OF "JOHN BELL."—Dean Swift is responsible for bestowing this name upon the typical Englishman. In his History of Europe he satirizes England under that name, Austria under that of Esquire South, and France under the name of Louis Baboon.

SEE NAPLES AND DIE.—This saying has been quoted over and over again, by enthusiastic tourists who have visited the magnificent bay of Naples, the promontory of Pausilippe and the fairy islands of Procida and Caprea. And yet it is founded on a misconception. The Italian proverb is *Veder Napoli et Mori*, a lovely spot near the city of Virgil.

IGNOLEE, (Vol. VII. No. 7).—A correspondent of the *N. Y. World*, cited in a late number of the *News*, goes as far back as the Druids, in accounting for the Canadian custom of chaunting at farm doors on the eve of Christmas. He may be right, but Frenchmen themselves generally regard the *Noël* as little more than a corrupt diminutive of *Noël*, the Christmas songs once so popular in Europe and still preserved in Bretagne and Normandy.

"SUZERAIN" AND "SOVEREIGN."—I have frequently remarked that these two terms are frequently employed as though they were convertible. It may be worth remarking that they are entirely distinct. As Charles Butler says, in his Revolution of the German Empire, "the King was called the Sovereign Lord; his immediate vassal was called the Suzerain; and the tenants holding of him were called the arriere vassals." To give a modern example, the Sultan is the Sovereign, and the Khedivé the Suzerain.

THE OLD FRENCH RECORDS.—MR. EDITOR,—The public spirit displayed by the State of New York in publishing its immense collection of Colonial records and the archives relating to the French missionaries among the Five Nations, is about to receive a fresh impulse by the publication of the Dutch papers particularly relating to Manhattan Island and vicinity. I believe there is no publication in Canada better entitled than yours to urge upon the Dominion Government the necessity of doing a similar work for the invaluable mass of manuscript lying *perdu* in the different libraries of the Provinces, illustrative of the history of New France. I am of opinion that an editorial appeal from you would go far towards awaking the Government to a sense of its duty in this respect.

QUERY.

THE DEVICE OF THE CANADIAN PAPAL ZOUAVES.—The motto on the banner of the Canadian Pontifical Zouaves—*Aime Dieu et ton chemin*—has been much admired for its pithiness. It is generally supposed to have been uttered by a French volunteer in the service of the Pope. But such is not the fact. It comes from a young Englishman, named Watts Russell, who shed his blood among the vineyards of Mentana. In a pocket-book found upon him, after the battle, were these words:

"Anima mia, Anima mia,  
Ama Dio e tira via."

The sentiment is the same, but the Italian rhymelet is prettier.

CAT'S CRADLE.—A writer in the *Episcopalian* says:—Who among the little folks who have played the familiar game of "Cat's Cradle, or as some have called it, "Scratch Cradle," can tell the origin of this simple game? And would they like to know? A friend of ours was recently looking over a copy of an old Bible, printed in London, in the year 1599, called the "Breeches Bible," and, among many quaint expressions, came across these words: "And she brought forth her firstborn son, and laid him in a cratch." Going to Webster's large dictionary to look out this word, we found the following definition: "Cratch, a manger or open frame for hay. The childish amusement called *making cratch-cradle* is an intended representation of the figure of the cratch."

MOTHER GOOSE.—Some writer having rashly asserted that nothing was certainly known concerning the author of the famous "Mother Goose's Melodies," he is assured by a correspondent of the *Providence Journal* that Mother Goose is by no means a myth, but a veritable personage. She belonged to a wealthy family in Boston, where her eldest daughter, Elizabeth Goose, was married by Cotton Mather, in 1715, to Thomas Fleet, editor of the Boston *Weekly Rehearsal*. When good Mrs. Goose, who was herself the mother of nineteen children, found grandchildren growing up about her, she broke into a flood of nursery ditties and her son-in-law collected and printed them with the title, "Songs for the Nursery; or, Mother Goose's Melodies for children." Printed by T. Fleet, at his printing-house, Puddling Lane, Boston. Price ten coppers.

MR. E. COBBAM BREWER writes from Lavant, Chichester, to *Notes and Queries*, with respect to the birthplace of Napoleon III.: "In almost all the newspaper biographies of the late Emperor of the French, it is said that he 'was born at the Tuileries.' The ordinary tradition is that, 'of all the numerous progeny of the Bonapartes, the Emperor Napoleon III. and the 'King of Rome' were the only two born in the Tuileries.' The son of Napoleon I., it is true, was born there, but Louis Napoleon was born in the Rue Ceruti (Lafitte). He himself is my authority for this fact, and it ought to be made known before the error has become historically established." In the "Nouvelle Biographie Générale" of MM. Didot (vol. 37), M. Hoefler says the late Emperor was born at the Tuileries; and as the article is known to have been subjected to diligent surveillance, it fairly claims to be an authority.

There is no more worthy institution in the whole Dominion than the Montreal General Hospital, and it is with sincere regret that we see that its treasury is so far depleted as to necessitate an appeal to the public for aid. The Governors of the Hospital have recently issued a circular soliciting subscriptions from the working classes of the city "to assist them in maintaining this necessary and well-known Charity, which admits the poor of all creeds and of every nationality, when sickness or injury has incapacitated them for work." We have no doubt of the success of this project. The appeal will, we believe, be heartily responded to on all sides. But there is yet another mode of obtaining funds for the Hospital which we think the Governors would do well not to overlook. Why not set apart one Sunday during Lent for the collection of funds in all the Protestant churches in the city? We say the Protestant churches, for the poorer members of the Catholic community are well provided for at the excellent establishment of the nuns of the Hôtel-Dieu. There could be, we should imagine, no objection to such arrangement, and the result would be to raise a considerable sum, which "would greatly aid them in meeting the steadily increasing cost of management, and in enabling them to make the institution, if possible, still more efficient and useful in the relief of suffering humanity." The example once set would doubtless be speedily followed throughout the country.

Mr. Patrick Slattery is a horse-dealer by vocation, and a rowdy by instinct, if not by inclination. Unhappily for himself his rowdyism developed itself at an unfortunate moment, and his hitherto promising career has met with a decided check. On Monday last he appeared before a magistrate on a charge of committing a brutal assault upon a Mr. Knox. It appeared from the evidence that one day in August last the complainant and a friend met Mr. Slattery, who was engaged in the congenial occupation of beating his horse in a most unmerciful manner. Indignant at the treatment the animal was receiving the two gentlemen remonstrated with the defendant. But Mr. Slattery, naturally supposing that of all men a horse-dealer should know best what is good for a horse, resented this interference by savagely attacking Mr. Knox, felling him to the ground and knocking three or four of his teeth out of his head. Probably Mr. Slattery, having the result of former cases of brutal assault before his eyes, imagined that the payment of a small fine would condone for his little pleasantries. But in this opinion he was grievously mistaken. The magistrate was unable to see the offence in the light in which Mr. Slattery regarded it. On the contrary he characterized it as a most aggravated case of assault, and sentenced the defendant to a fine of \$100 and six months' imprisonment at hard labour. It is to be hoped that when a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Human Beings is formed it will send its first medal to the worthy magistrate who has thus read a most salutary lesson on the rights of the person to the great rowdy fraternity. We cannot help thinking that a judicious application of the lash would have been still more effective in checking Mr. Slattery's playful but very unpleasant propensities than even fine and imprisonment—but we cannot expect everything at once. The prospect of six months at hard labour will make even the worst of our street rowdies hesitate before indulging in his favourite pastime. The only cause for regret that we can see in the whole case is that Mr. Knox's friend, thinking the defendant had had enough, mercifully forebore from pressing his own case.