

"THE FAVORITE"

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THE FAVORITE.....	\$2.00 p. an.
THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.....	4.00 "
THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE.....	1.50 "
L'OPINION PUBLIQUE.....	3.00 "

THE DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY; Montreal; Publishers.

SUBSCRIPTIONS PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to,
THE MANAGER,
DESBARATS COMPANY, Montreal.

All correspondence for the Papers, and literary contributions to be addressed to,
THE EDITOR,
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When an answer is required, stamps for return postage should be inclosed.

THE FAVORITE

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JAN. 31, 1874.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We request intending contributors to take notice that in future Rejected Contributions will not be returned.

Letters requiring a private answer should always contain a stamp for return postage.

No notice will be taken of contributions unaccompanied by the name and address of the writer (not necessarily for publication,) and the Editor will not be responsible for their safe keeping.

MAGAZINES.

"St. Nicholas" for February is on our table. It is no exaggeration to say that this Child's Monthly is a gem, both in its matter and in its execution. The letter-press is admirably adapted to the intelligence of the young and its illustrations are as near perfection as may be. A bound volume of the Magazine will form the choicest of holiday presents for a child. We strongly recommend the "St. Nicholas" to our large circle of readers.

The February number of the *Atlantic Monthly* amply redeems the promise of the new proprietors, Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, to continue the traditions of the popular old periodical under the former management. We need not recommend the *Atlantic* to our readers, as a simple list of its contents is recommendation enough of itself. "Naples under the Old Regime," "A Gambrel Roof," "Prudence Palfrey," "A Chain of Italian Cities," "Nooning in Florida," "The Anti-slavery Convention of 1833," "Wherefore?" "Over Iblem and Ida," "Baddeck and that sort of thing," "Sheriff Thorne," "Faithful Beane," "Mose Evans," "A Ballad of the Boston Tea Party," "Recollections of Agassiz," "Recent Literature," "Art," "Music."

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for February opens with a verified and illustrated rendition of Rishyasringa, a Tale of Mahabharata, which, although a love story we know not how many thousand years old, is as fresh and "modern" as if written but yesterday. Then comes an illustrated article on the French song writer Béranger, by Albert Rhodes. The principal illustrated paper of the number, however, is Edward King's second article on Texas, in the Great South Series, with pictures from Champney's portfolio. A quaint story from the Danish, is called "The Black Marble." A new paper by the poet Sledman is on the poets Hood, Arnold, and Procter, whom he calls a Representative Triad. A sketch by E. S. Nadal, of "English Sundays and London Churches"; a reply by Prof. Atwater, of Princeton, to Dr. Blauvelt; Prof. Wm. S. Tyler's address on "The Higher Education of Women"; the continuation of Miss Trafton's and Mrs. Davis's serials, and poems by Celina Thaxter Julia C. R. Dorr, and Louise Cheneler Moulton complete the list of the principal contributions. Dr. Holland, in Topics of the Time, writes of "Rich and Poor," "Organs," "What Has Been Done About It," and "The Watchman and Reflector." In the Old Cabinet are "The Artist and his Picture," "A Deed of Abomination," and "More Villainous than Vice." The most noticeable of the reviews this month is that of Strauss's last book, "The Old Faith and the New." The Editor announces that hereafter "Social Science" information will appear in the department of Culture and Progress.

"OLD AND NEW" for February is a sprightly and entertaining number, on the principle of being a popular and useful magazine, instead of being useful, and taking the chance of being popular. Mr. Trollope's novel grows readable and interesting. Mr. Perkins's novel contains some curious matters illustrating the interior of the book-agents' "dreadful trade;" and the Washington novelette fills the second of its three parts. Bishop Ferrette of the Syrian Church—a man of much curious Oriental learning, and who can read the "Arabian Nights," at sight, into good English, from the Arabic—contributes a fanciful legend, which might well be added to the famous Eastern story-book. Mr. Harlow's sketch, "The Lost Child," is a sad but interesting legend of Wachusett Mountain, which, the author says, "is well known in all that region to be entirely true." Mr. Hale gives us a capital practical paper on "Exercise," a spirited introduction full of patriotic memories of the Revolutionary War and a lively introduction to the Examiner, with suggestive thoughts about poetry, and magazine poetry too. In the "Record of Progress" there is a bitter epigram on Carlyle, and some seasonable information on money matters and on the American Social Science Association. There are two poems—"Sea-Tangle," by T. G. A.; and "Mistaken," by Clara F. Guernsey. And there is a fervent and forcible article by one of the Old Guard of Kentucky Republicans, Mr. Fairchild of Berea, in favor of having all public schools open equally to black and white children. And Mr. Quincy, whose articles on the proper way of exempting public institutions from taxation have attracted a great deal of attention, has another pungent paper on the subject.

SNOW-STORM OF THE OLDEN TIME.

SNOW-STORMS nowadays are neither so extensive nor productive of so many fatal consequences as those which happened in the days of my boyhood, and of which I give the following true account:—

On Saturday, March 3rd, 1827, the storm commenced, and its effects extended over the whole of Scotland. The snow continued to fall for a week, until in Edinburgh the streets were so choked as to be almost impassable. On the Sunday after the commencement of the storm the snow wreaths in several of the streets were drifted as high as the tops of the area railings. The churches were deserted, and few people were visible out of doors throughout the day; indeed the avalanches falling from the roofs of the houses rendered it dangerous to venture abroad. All the public clocks had stopped during the night, the snow which had drifted on their dials having arrested the pointers. The next day a partial thaw commenced; but on Wednesday, the 7th, the storm returned with increased violence, blocking up with snow every road all over the country. Travelling was impossible. On many parts of the roads between Carlisle, Edinburgh, and Glasgow the snow lay to the depth of twenty-five feet. On the road between Edinburgh and Glasgow, a distance of forty-two miles, a path had been cut out by the labour of men the whole way; the snow was so deep as to rise in many places above the heads of the outside passengers of the stage coaches, while those in the inside saw nothing to right and left but rough walls of snow. The mail which left Glasgow for Edinburgh on the Monday was able to proceed only three miles, though drawn by six horses. The guard and coachman set forward with the mailbags on horseback, and with great exertions reached Holytown, seven miles further, at half-past five in the evening. They started at eleven on Tuesday, but after proceeding a mile were obliged to return. A number of men were then employed to clear the road, and they made a second attempt at three in the afternoon, but could proceed a very few miles as the men engaged in cutting the road were obliged to desist in consequence of the wind filling up the path as fast as they cleared it. Next morning they started again at half-past five, and reached Edinburgh at about six in the evening in a very exhausted state. Over the face of the country only the chimneys and gable ends of cottages and out-houses were visible. This last fact reminds me of a story I read in the *Annual Register*. On the 20th of November, 1807, a fiddler was returning home from a merry meeting between Alston and Harwood in Teesdale, Northumberland, and the night being very stormy he took shelter from the drifting snow in a low outhouse in one of the hollows of Alston moor. During the night the snow fell and drifted to such an extent that when morning came the hollow was filled up and the outhouse was entirely hidden. During the day some shepherds, who had wandered to the neighborhood in search of their sheep, heard to their great astonishment the sounds of a fiddle proceeding from beneath the snow. One of them, who was a simple and ignorant fellow, said he was sure it was the fairies playing on the fiddle, and advised his companions to hurry away. They did not listen to his foolish advice, but cleared away the snow with the spades they carried, and rescued the musician from his perilous situation.

To return to the Scottish snow-storm. In every part of the country a number of lives were lost, and the destruction of property on the sheep-farms was immense. On the coast of Cowal, in the West Highlands, one farmer dug out 150 dead sheep in one place. Many shepherds, too, had hairbreadth escapes, and some perished in trying to drive their flocks to shelter. One, named James Brydon, was found dead within two

hundred years of his own door. He perished on the Saturday, and his body was not recovered till the following evening. With the exception of the point of one of his shoes, he was completely immersed in snow, and his faithful dog was found lying under his right arm. The affectionate animal had suffered dreadfully; but, weak and almost dying as it was, it refused to be separated from its master. Another shepherd belonging to Ullside, who was missing on Saturday, was not found till the following morning. He had fallen down from cold and exhaustion, and though immediately carried to the nearest house, warmed, and fed, it was long before he could tell what had befallen him. A third shepherd, though very nearly frozen to death, was found standing in an erect posture but deprived of all consciousness and feeling. The post-runner between Whitburn and Wilsontown was found standing upright in the snow with the post-bag in his hand, and quite dead. The schools remained closed, for neither the teacher nor pupils could make their way to them. For similar reasons the churches in the outlying districts were as silent as the graveyards around them.

It would take long to tell the many incidents of this great snow-storm, the like of which happily has not occurred since.

Frost and hail and snow are instruments in the hand of a loving God, although we cannot see much of the good which they accomplish. Yet we may rest assured as we listen to the snow-laden storm sweeping over our dwellings that it has been sent on an errand of goodness and mercy.

PROFIT AND LOSS.

As rather an unscrupulous fellow named Ben was coming down one morning, he met Tom and stopped him.

"I say, Tom," he said, "here's a pretty good counterfeit sov. If you pass it, I'll divide."

"Let's see the plaster," said Tom, and after examining it carefully, put it in his waistcoat pocket remarking—

"It is an equal division—a half sovereign each."

"Yes," said Ben.

"All right," said Tom.

And off he went.

A few minutes afterwards, he quietly stepped into the shop of his friend Ben, and purchased a barrel of oysters for half a sovereign, laying down the sovereign for them.

The clerk looked at the coin rather doubtfully, when his suspicions were immediately calmed by Tom, who said—

"There is no use in looking, for I received the coin from Ben himself not ten minutes ago."

Of course the clerk, with this assurance, handed over the oysters and a half sovereign change; with this deposit and the oysters, Tom left.

Shortly afterwards, he met Ben, who asked him if he had passed the sovereign.

"Oh, yes," said Tom, at the same time passing over the half to Ben.

That evening, when Ben made up his cash account, he was surprised to find the same old counterfeit coin in his drawer.

Turning to his *locum tenens*, he asked—

"Where did you get this? Didn't you know it was counterfeit?"

"Why," said the clerk, "Tom gave it to me, and I suspected it was fishy, but he said he had just received it from you, and I took it."

The whole thing had penetrated the brain of Ben.

With a peculiar grin, he muttered, "Sold!" and charged the oysters to profit and loss account.

A PRECAUTION.

Mr. Bellows has been paying attentions to young Miss Snively for some time, and a few evenings ago he called for the purpose of making a formal proposal.

Miss Snively, it would appear, has had other and rather unfortunate love affairs in the past, and a melancholy experience has made her singularly cautious.

After talking with her for awhile, Bellows hemmed, and hawed, and blushed, and then, suddenly seizing her hand, he was about to plump the question right out, when Miss Snively interrupted him.

"Ah, excuse me for asking you, Mr. Bellows, but are you going to propose?"

Amazed and somewhat bewildered, Mr. Bellows replied—

"Well, I—that is, I should say that—that I did, perhaps, cherish some—some—as it were some—idea, that is to say—well, yes."

"Oh, very well," rejoined Miss Snively, "very well; but just wait a moment, please, while I call my aunt downstairs."

"Wh-wh-wh-what for?" asked Bellows, in astonishment.

"Why, so that I can have a witness in case I'm obliged to sue you for breach of promise, of course. The last man who proposed got off; but I reckon you won't if I know how to fix things. Wait a minute."

And then, as Miss Snively went out in search of her aunt, Bellows glided through the front door, and, crashing his hat down over his eyes, he dissipated his love's young dream, stifled his grief, and went home to bed. Miss Snively will not sue.

AN UNLUCKY COMPLIMENT.

The worst blunder in what was intended for a pretty speech that I ever heard of, however, was perpetrated in modern times by a dignitary of the church, who was asked to marry a young couple in a country place where he happened to be staying, and was also called upon to propose the health of the bride and bridegroom at the subsequent breakfast.

Now the host and hostess were noted in the country round as the most genial, and the happiest couple that had ever gone hand in hand through life; so the good divine thought that he might as well turn this to account in his speech.

"To sum up all our good wishes for the happy pair, whom we have seen united this morning," he said in conclusion, "we cannot, I am sure, do better than express a desire that the result of their union may prove strictly analogous to that of the parents of the fair bride."

Whereupon the "fair bride" went into hysterics, the bridesmaids coloured and looked down, the master of the house blew his nose violently.

He who had caused all this commotion, wisely sat down and held his peace, wondering at the effect of his innocent compliment to the host and hostess.

He soon, however, found someone to enlighten him.

"She is not their daughter at all," his informant explained, "but a niece who came to live with them when her own father and mother were divorced."

NEWS NOTES.

It is reported that the Siamese twins died on the 17th.

THE "Numancia" has sailed from Mersel-Kebril for Cartagena.

THE "Numancia" has been delivered to the Spanish Government.

THE report that Cardinal Antonelli is seriously ill has been contradicted.

PASSPORTS for travellers between France and Italy have been abolished.

THREE more Madrid newspapers have been suspended by the Government.

THE Spanish insurgents have gained a victory over Colonel Espanda, near Melones.

The steamer "China," so long missing, has arrived. A defective piston caused her delay.

A LARGE portion of the business quarter of Charlestown, West Virginia, was destroyed by fire.

MAYOR Havemeyer's message states the city debt of New York to be some hundred and six millions odd.

GENERAL Dominquez has been appointed to the command of the Central Army in operation against the Carlists.

SERIOUS election riots are reported from Limerick, Ireland. Knives and pistols were freely used, and many were wounded.

MR. WASHBURN, the American Minister to France, presented ex-President Thiers with a gold medal, on behalf of the French residents of Philadelphia.

MR. HAWKINS, counsel for the prosecution in the Tichborne case, was mobbed by the claimant's friends on coming out of Court. The police had to rescue him.

In the United States Senate, Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, made a long and able speech favoring the immediate resumption of specie payment, and opposing inflated currency.

THE boy Dillon, who shot Mr. William Campbell, an East India planter of Florida, by accident by pointing a loaded gun at him in fun, has been acquitted by the coroner's jury.

THERE has been a most destructive fire in the naval dockyard at Portsmouth, England, and thousands of pounds worth of stores accumulated there for the Ashantee expedition have been destroyed.

THE proprietors of places of amusement in New York city have been notified that hereafter no sacred concerts will be permitted on Sunday nights. This order is said to create intense excitement amongst the Germans.

THE nomination of Judge Waite to the Chief Justiceship, seems on the whole to be more satisfactory than the President's former nominees. The general feeling seems to be that the Senate would do well to confirm the appointment.

FROM Austin, Texas, we learn that the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate accompanied by several deputies, proceeded to the Government offices and took possession. The new officers are now installed, and things seem to give promise of some quiet.

A LARGE fire took place in Chicago, in the Union Central depot building. The Michigan Central, Illinois Central, and Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R.R. have all sustained more or less loss, the baggage in the baggage-room of the last being nearly all lost.

THE strikers on the New Jersey Southern Railway have torn up the track, disabled the engines, and cut the telegraph wires, so that communication between principal points and Philadelphia is stopped. Passenger and freight trains are completely suspended.

FROM Algeria news reaches us that on the arrival of the "Numancia," the Military Government sent a force of 1,200 men to guard the coast and prevent the landing of any refugees. The "Numancia" was boarded, and part of her machinery removed to prevent her departure. Orders have been issued from the French Government to disarm all intransigent vessels and confine the crews.