

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE CAPTIVE BALLOON.—The Prince of Wales was determined to leave no Parisian experience untried. A few days before his departure he went up in the captive balloon, accompanied by the Princess of Wales, the Prince and Princess of Denmark, and the members of their respective suits. There was no wind; but there were frequent showers of rain, which ended in preventing one—the last of the four free balloons—from being filled. Three, however, were got off, and as two were started at the same moment the spectators below were witnesses to what threatened to be a collision; but the aeronauts managed to avoid any catastrophe.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.—We need not rehearse the biography of Prince Alfred, so well known to our readers, and so often printed in these columns, but we could not do less than present the portrait of His Royal Highness on the occasion of his arrival in Halifax on the *Black Prince* to take part in the reception of his sister, the Princess Louise, and our new Governor-General.

HON. M. LAFRANBOISE.—This very worthy public man, popular with all classes, was born in 1821. He is connected by marriage with the Papineau and Dessaulles families. In 1843 he was called to the Bar, and served for several years as Mayor of St. Hyacinthe. His public life dates as far back as 1857, when he obtained a seat for Bagot and retained it till 1867, when he was defeated. From July, 1863, till March, 1864, he was a member of the Executive Council and Commissioner of Public Works. He went to the Provincial Legislature for Shefford in 1871, and continued there till the elections of last May, when he resigned. Few men have done more disinterested work for the Liberal party than M. Laframboise, and he devoted a considerable fortune to the establishment of *Le National* newspaper. His reward, though tardy, was richly deserved, and on his appointment to a seat on the Bench of the Superior Court of this Province, he received the congratulations of all his political adversaries. In publishing his portrait and this brief biography in the present issue, we desire to add our tribute to the perfect gentleman and the public-spirited citizen.

SHAKESPEARE AT SCHOOL.

So our chestnut-haired, fair, brown-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy went to school, and waited on his father and mother and their guests. Was he like Seager's model lad, or Jacques's "whining school-boy, with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping like a snail unwillingly to school?" (*As You Like It*, II. vii. 145-7.) Did he never, unlike "the blessed sun of heaven, prove a micher [truant], and eat blackberries? . . . a question to be asked" (*1 Henry IV.*, II. iv. 419). Did he not play "nine-men's morris?" (*Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II. ii. 39), and "more sacks to the mill," "hide and seek" (*Love's Labours Lost*, IV. iii. 78), and other games like hockey, foot-ball, &c., that Strutt names, and that we played at school too? Undoubtedly he did; and bird-nested too, I dare say, and joined in May-day, Christmas, and New Year's games; helpt make hay, went to harvest-homes and sheep-shearings (*Winter's Tale*, IV. iii.), fished (*Much Ado*, III. i. 26-8), ran out with the harriers (*Venus and Adonis*, st. 113-118), and loved a dog and horse (*Venus and Adonis*, st. 44-52; *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, IV. i. 119; *Shrew*, Ind. i. 18-31, II. 45; *Richard II.*, V. v. 78-86; *1 Henry IV.*, II. i. 7, &c.), as dearly as ever boy in England did. It is good to think of the bright young soul's boy-life. But in one of those extra-dramatic bits, that he occasionally gives us in his plays, he tells us that in his boy days he did not hear of goitrous throats and travellers' lies:—

Gonsalo When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts! which now we find
Each putter out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.—*Tempest*, III. iii. 43-9.

What did Shakespeare learn at school? Latin, of course; and notwithstanding bragging Ben Jonson's sneer of Shakespeare's owning "little Latin and less Greek," it is clear that he must have been well grounded in Latin at least (see Capel on Dr. Farmer's essay on "The Learning of Shakespeare," 1786). On this subject, Mr. Lupton, the editor of Colet, the best authority I know, says:—"I think you would be safe in concluding that at such a school as Stratford, about 1570, there would be taught—(1) an 'A B C book,' for which a pupil teacher, or 'A-B-C-darius,' is sometimes mentioned as having a salary; (2) a Catechism in English and Latin, probably Nowell's; (3) the authorised Latin grammar, i.e. Lilly's, put on with a proclamation adapted to each king's reign (I have editions of 1529, 1532, 1655, &c.); (4) some easy Latin construing-book, such as Erasmus's *Colloquies*, Corderius's *Colloquies*, or Baptista Mantuanus, and the familiar 'Cato,' or *Disticha de Moribus*, which is often prescribed in Statutes (a copy I have is dated 1558). The Greek grammar, if any, in use at Stratford, would most likely be Clenard's, i.e. 'Institutiones absolutissimæ in Græcam linguam.' . . . Nicolao Clenardo auctore (my copy is dated 1543)." The treatment of boys at school was sharp, and Shakespeare, no doubt, got whacks on the hands and back with a cane—to say nothing of being bircht over a desk, or hoisted on another boy's back—for

making mistakes, like the rest of us in later time. English, we may be pretty sure, he was not taught; it is now only gradually finding its way into schools. Of some of the university subjects, the trivials—grammar, "logike, rhetorike,—and the quadrials . . . I meane arethmetike, musike, geometrie, and astronomie" (*Harrison*, 1577-1587, book ii., p. 78, of my edition), I suppose some smattering was given in the grammar-school, but I know no authority on the point.—Mr. J. Furnivall's Introduction to *The Leopold Shakespeare*.

NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

"CRUSHED?"—THE EARLY MARRIAGE QUESTION.—LIVELY CORRESPONDENCE.—AN AWFUL EXAMPLE.—A POPULAR MINISTER.—THE WEATHER.—"OUR GIRLS."

It would be difficult to say what the views of its constant readers may be, but, all who take trouble to occasionally scan its columns, must be struck with the manliness, elegance, and brilliancy (!) of the *Globe's* method of dealing with any one who may dare to not think as it does on any subject. Exactly when the crime of being a young man was established, is not quite clear to everyone. It certainly was not in the days of William Pitt. But, at all events, it would appear that, in the estimation of some, it is a terrible thing for a young man to give public expression to an opinion on any question bearing on the future welfare of his country. A few days ago a meeting of delegates to the "Dominion Manufacturers' Association" was held in Toronto. The meeting was a large and influential one, almost every branch of manufacturing enterprise having sent its delegates. The aggregate amount of invested capital represented must have been very large. These gentlemen saw fit to confer upon Mr. W. H. Howland the honor of presiding over their deliberations. That fact was sufficient. Mr. Howland is, comparatively speaking, a young man, and was, therefore, made the subject of about two columns of ridicule in the *Globe*. One of the chief points brought to bear against him was the charge that he sometime ago lent his influence to a movement set on foot for the purpose of endeavouring to stimulate the growth of a national Canadian sentiment. The *Globe* may well look back at that movement with a sneer, for it knows that out of it came one "National" cry which helped to bring victory to the *Globe's* opponents. The scoffing allusion to "Dominion Day" of 1st July was entirely uncalled for and will not be quietly overlooked by the Canadian people. The Society of Canadian Artists, the Dominion Board of Trade, the Dominion Manufacturers' Association, as well as several other important organizations, which have honored Mr. Howland, from time to time, must, indeed, feel highly flattered. Mr. H. may rest assured that his many friends will like him none the less on account of the *Globe's* attempt to "crush" him.

The newspapers, of late, have devoted a large amount of space to correspondence on the question of

EARLY MARRIAGES,

and the subject has woke up an immense number of writers. There are letters from "City Girl," "Country Girl," "Old Boy," "One who knows," "One willing to try it," "One who would 'nt," "Dont," &c., &c. Some young men are mean enough to talk about the expense, and are replied to by some sweet, and fair one, who endeavours to prove that two can live as cheaply as one. The knowledge which some of the dear ones display in regard to a young fellow's expenses is truly marvellous. Some old bachelor complains that mothers are responsible for the fact that all girls hope to marry rich, thereby unfitting them to be poor men's wives. One young fellow consoles himself with the words of the song of the merry Swiss boy—

The best they say
Are given away,
Not kept for sale
On a market day.

To do them justice, a large number of the young lady writers are eloquent in their admiration of love in a cottage, and then will follow a letter from some miserable cynic who hopes they may not be disappointed. "Barristers" write about the impossibility of supporting a wife on a small salary, and then, soon after, will appear half a dozen sweet effusions from the same number of little darlings, all of whom show, in plain black and white, what little cost they have been to their parents, and how they abhor extravagance of every kind. One poor fellow, who has evidently been jilted, comforts himself with the reflection that

There are as good fish in the brook
As ever yet were caught.

And the idea straightway carries consolation to numerous others. If life was not quite so short one might possibly find time to read at least one half of what is now being written on this truly interesting subject, but, under the circumstances the most that can be done is to glance over, and peruse such as strikes one's fancy most. However, from the amount of attention we have given the correspondence, we are led to believe that the girls have got the best of the argument, so far, and, doubtless, the result of it all would have been a brisk business for issuers of marriage licenses but for an

AWFUL EXAMPLE

of connubial infidelity, exposed in the papers a few days ago. It is another edition of the old,

old story. It appears that about a year or so ago, a man by the name of Docherty *duly* wooed and won a maiden by the name of Dooley, and the happy couple were married at the little village of Waterdown, about seven miles from this city. Soon after, the pair went to the State of Michigan in the hope of bettering their position. While there a little baby was born to them. Not being satisfied with the farming land out there, they resolved to return to Canada as speedily as possible. On the way back, while in a Michigan town, Docherty accidentally went into a street-car and was astonished to find his wife there, with the arms of a strange man about her waist. Docherty would have been very indignant had it not been that his wife assured him that the stranger was only "petting the baby." The stranger disappeared soon after, and nothing more was thought about the matter. In due time they reached the town of Guelph from which place they were to proceed to Hamilton by stage. Just before the stage started, Docherty, who had been lingering in a neighbouring tavern, made his appearance, and was astonished to find his wife and baby monopolized by another man. In fact Mrs. Docherty ignored him completely, and, when he had created a row about it, the driver got down, ejected Docherty, and drove off without him. He procured another conveyance as soon as he could and followed his runaway wife.

The stage had got too much the start of him and finding that he could not overtake it, he telegraphed the Chief of Police as follows—

"A red haired woman with a baby stole two thousand dollars. Stop her."

The Chief of Police, of course, did all he could to help the disconsolate husband, but no trace of the truant could be found. Of course Docherty does not care anything about the loss of his two thousand dollars, it is only the loss of his "better half," the partner of his joys and sorrows, that grieves him so much. It is now to be feared that many of the young fellows who were "nearly persuaded" by the prettily worded arguments may just stop and reflect upon this remarkable instance of woman's constancy.

It is almost a pity that just when the matrimonial field gave such bright promise of a rich harvest, the nipping frost of this unfortunate incident should come and blight, aye, perhaps, ruin the golden prospect. However, although the tone of the letters is not quite so hopeful since the occurrence, still the number of correspondents does not appear to have diminished, and, perhaps, after all, the awful example may soon be forgotten, and it may not leave very serious effect in the minds of the young.

One of the most popular ministers in the city is Rev. Leonard Gaetz, pastor of the John St. Methodist Church, and late of Montreal.

The church was, some time ago, enlarged and renewed, and is now one of the handsomest in the city. Since Mr. Gaetz has been in charge the congregation has increased very rapidly, and on each Sunday the building is filled to its utmost capacity, which may be largely attributed to the forcible eloquence and mental vigor of the preacher.

The last two days have been pretty fair samples of genuine "Indian Summer." Mild, hazy, calm and delightful.

"It is really refreshing," said a Montrealer to me, to-day, as we strolled along King and James Streets, "to be out on such a lovely day. What a lot of pretty girls we meet. Do they all belong to Hamilton?"

"O yes; of course they do."

"There is a something so sweetly nice about them," he continued, "a something, whether it is their bright eyes, their manner, or the freshness of their faces, I cannot say, but others, as well as myself, have noticed it, that it belongs exclusively to the girls of Hamilton."

He meant what he said.

W. F. McMAHON.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

The Château-Margaux wine crop has been sold this year for 5,000,000 fr. to a company of merchants, at the head of which are some of the first houses in Bordeaux.

A committee has been formed by the Council-General of the Loir-et-Cher and the Municipal Council of Blois to erect a statue to Denis Papin, who claimed to be the inventor of the steam-engine.

It is reported that the travelling agents of the different business houses of Paris will offer, during the month of January, a grand banquet to M. Gambetta.

The Paris Municipality has now to decide whether or not it will purchase the Trocadéro building for 3,000,000 fr., and on its decision depends in part the fate of the structure in the Champs de Mars.

"Paris after the Peace" by George Augustus Sala, is very much an account of what George Augustus gets to eat and drink, and how he gets it, in "Paris after the Peace." It is pleasant reading, and makes one feel a desire to sit down with him to that little dinner near the Champs Elysées, or even that supper in the region of the *bourgeoisie*.

The City of Paris is about to have reproduced by photography all the old maps of the capital that can be found in public or private collections.

According to statistics drawn up by the service of Fine Arts at the Prefecture of the Seine, there are in existence no fewer than 1,800 of such plans, all possessing some interest.

THE many English visitors who went over from the dairy show at Islington, in the expectation of finding that the international dairy show in Paris would equal, if not excel, that just held in London, must have been disappointed when they ascertained that the Paris display was confined solely to butter, cheese, and milk, and that no live stock, not even goats, had been admitted.

IN France handkerchiefs printed with chloride of cobalt are sold under the name of "Foulards Barometre." The design represents a man with an umbrella. In fine weather the umbrella is blue; in changeable, grey; and in rainy weather, white. The first washing removes the chloride of cobalt, and the handkerchief loses its barometric properties.

PEOPLE say that a certain actress of the Français who has already had her child adopted by a financial Cæsus, has obtained a promise of marriage from the said gorgeous, gilded, glittering swell. The well-known turfist and financier who has for years been a nightly habitué of the Cirque d'Été, has married Mlle. Léonard. He has an immense fortune, and has now become richer by the possession of a charming woman quite of the *haute école*.

THERE is a party to be found daily studying at the Bibliothèque Mazarine, who exhales a peculiar and yet familiar odour. On closer examination it will be found this gentleman, who is an ardent but impecunious Orientalist, having, we suppose, neither wife nor servant, nor *petite amie*, nor tick at his tailors, has naively supplied the want of a needle and thread by a liberal application of glue.

ENGLAND, South Australia, Canada, the Cape, India, Jamaica, New South Wales, Victoria, and other States have presented to the French Government the whole of their ethnographic and pedagogic exhibits, which will accordingly enrich the proposed ethnographic museum. The idea of a museum for the Colonies proposed to the Prince of Wales is good, but the assistance to its establishment will be less powerful than might have been expected had all the exhibits of the Colonies been contributed.

THE JUDICIAL APPOINTMENTS IN ONTARIO.

Chief-Justice Hagarty is in his sixty-second year. He was born in Dublin, and came to Canada in 1824; and was called to the bar in 1840. He was appointed a Queen's Counsel in 1850, and in 1856 became a puisné judge in the Common Pleas. In 1862 he was transferred to the Court of Queen's Bench, but returned to the Common Pleas as Chief Justice in 1868. A profound lawyer, he has adorned the Bench for upwards of twenty years; and his elevation now is due to him alike from his seniority and his commanding ability.

Mr. Wilson came to Canada from Scotland in 1830, and after a brief devotion to mercantile pursuits, entered on the study of the law and rose rapidly in his profession. He was for some time the partner of Robert Baldwin. In 1850 he was created a Queen's Counsel, and in 1862 became Solicitor-General for Upper Canada in the Macdonald-Sicotte Administration. The year following he was appointed a puisné judge of the Queen's Bench, but after a few months was transferred to the Common Pleas. In 1863 he returned to the Queen's Bench to fill the vacancy created by Chief-Justice Hagarty's promotion. Mr. Wilson is a sound and brilliant lawyer, and as a Judge he has won the respect of Bar and suitors, maintaining the independence of the Bench with unflinching courage.

The high legal attainments of these two Judges, and the eminent service they have rendered the State in the past, will commend them to the Bar and the country. They are worthy successors of the great men that have gone before them, and will, like them, uphold the splendid reputation of the Canadian Bench of which we have always been justly proud.

The vacancy created in the Court of Queen's Bench by the promotion of Mr. Justice Wilson has been filled by the appointment of Hon. Matthew Crooks Cameron. Of that gentleman's fitness for the position, it is scarcely necessary to speak. Mr. Cameron is in his fifty-fifth year, and for thirty years has been regarded as one of the leading Nisi Prius lawyers in the country. In 1861 he was returned to the Canadian Assembly for North Ontario and again in 1864, and represented that constituency until Confederation, when, as representative of East Toronto, he became a member of the Sandfield Macdonald Administration in this Province. He resigned with his colleagues in 1871, and has since been leader of the Opposition in the Legislature. At the bar, in politics, in public and private life, Mr. Cameron has commanded the respect both of friend and foe, and his elevation to the Bench will be hailed by the country at large as the just reward of faithful and upright citizenship.

Chemical analysis develops the fact that the yolk of an egg and the milk of a cow are almost identical in composition.