

**MECHANICS' HALL.**—On Friday evening, May 3, the Barnabee Concert Troupe will give a grand performance at the above Hall. The Troupe comprises Mrs. H. M. Smith, the eminent soprano; Miss A. R. Clark, an alto of considerable fame; Mr. Fessenden, the tenor, who sang with Tinsley, the world-renowned baritone; Barnabee, the humorist, who nightly convulses the audiences of the New England States; and Mr. and Mrs. Heine, the latter a magnificent pianist, the former, violinist (born blind) to H. M. the Queen. We are satisfied that they will play to a crowded audience.

#### DAMAGES CAUSED BY RATS—ILLUSTRATING THE "ALABAMA" CLAIMS.

The following amusing skit appears in *Land and Water* over the suggestive signature "Sell":—

"The following somewhat singular dispute in private life may interest and perhaps amuse our readers from the striking resemblance which it bears to an important public question which is now the subject of considerable anxiety to the statesmen of this country as well as of America:

"Dr. Dace, a medical practitioner of great repute in the west of England, and who is equally well-known as an ardent naturalist, having heard that two of the old English black rats—now nearly extinct—had been captured near Bath, purchased them, and placed them in a cage in his garden. Unfortunately he did not give them credit for the extraordinary rodent capacities which they possess, and within twenty-four hours of their incarceration, they succeeded in gnawing their way out, and betook themselves to the neighbouring premises occupied by the well-known nursery gardener, Mr. Spokes. This latter gentleman is a great poultry fancier, and boasts of perhaps the choicest bantams to be found in this country. All at once, to his dismay, he found that some animal had commenced to wage war against his feathered pets, and not a day passed but what he found some of his beautiful fowls dead and partially devoured. On the supposition that the damage was caused by rats, he purchased sundry kinds of traps, and eventually tried the services of Bill Ferrat, the celebrated rat-catcher of Salisbury, who, after a week's campaign, succeeded at least in 'bringing to bag' (as he termed it) the pair of mischievous rascals that had been imported from Bath by Doctor Dace. The old English black rat, he it known, differs entirely in its habits from the common rat, known to naturalists as the Norwegian, and is not only very cleanly in its habits, avoiding cellars and sewers—the usual haunt of its foul congener—but lives entirely in the roofs of buildings, and it was not until Mr. Bill Ferrat had almost destroyed the roof of an outhouse, that he effected the capture of these bantam-devourers. Mr. Spokes being aware that his neighbour the doctor had lost two black rats, waited upon that gentleman, and claimed damages for the loss of his poultry; the worthy doctor, however, demurred, on the plea that the rats had escaped through no wilful neglect on his part. He admitted that his servant had informed him late in the evening that he had heard the animals gnawing at their cage, but, though it was then bedtime, he had, as soon as he had completed the diagnosis of an interesting case which he was preparing for the *Lancet*, gone himself to see to their security, but found to his dismay that they had just effected their escape. He ended by saying that if Mr. Spokes seriously contemplated claiming compensation for the loss of his fowls, he, on his part, should prefer a counter claim for the destruction of his rats, which, from their extreme rarity, were of the highest value.

"The unfortunate dispute was carried on until it caused an entire split between the two gentlemen, who had heretofore been always the most friendly of neighbours; and, to smooth matters, some mutual friends stepped in and suggested that they should submit to arbitration in the matter, and it was agreed that each should nominate a friend to draw up the case for the adjudication of three gentlemen in the neighbourhood, whose verdict was to be considered final. Upon this Mr. Spokes named Mr. Goodfellow, an eminent attorney, as his friend, and Mr. Gray, the chemist, consented to act for Doctor Dace. A good deal of conversation took place between these two gentlemen before they succeeded in arranging the case for the arbitrators; but it was done apparently to the satisfaction of both the principals, and the worthy doctor was so well pleased with the part taken by his representative, that he at once appointed him chemist to the county dispensary, which much-coveted post was then vacant and in the doctor's gift. No sooner, however, had the case been laid before the arbitrators than it transpired that Mr. Spokes not only claimed compensation for the fowls that had been actually killed, but for the profit that he might have made out of them, for the expense of rat-traps, for the hire of Mr. Bill Ferrat's services, and even for his own loss of time in assisting at their capture, besides various other items, including one of a most appalling nature in the shape of an estimate for a new roof to the outhouse in which the rats had been discovered. The following is, in fact, a copy of the bill of claims:—

	£	s.	d.
For thirteen First-class Silver-spangled Hamburg bantam hens.....	13	0	0
For two First-class Silver-spangled Hamburg bantam cocks.....	6	0	0
For thirteen sittings of eggs that would have been laid.....	13	13	0
Value of prizes that would have been gained at the poultry shows at Bath, Bristol, and Sarum.....	9	9	0
Hire of Bill Ferrat, six days at 5s. a day.....	1	10	0
Beer and refreshment for B. F., six days.....	0	18	0
Loss of time in looking after B. F., six days.....	3	0	0
Four patent rat-traps, at 3s. 6d.....	0	14	0
Damage to a pair of trousers during the hunt.....	0	7	0
New roof to outhouse.....	13	0	0
	61	11	0
By credit four rat-traps, no longer required (half-price).....	0	7	0
Total.....	61	4	0

"On learning the nature of the claims thus preferred by his opponent, the worthy doctor insisted that he never would have agreed to submit the case to arbitrators had he known that claims of such a nature were to be brought against him, and, upon ascertaining that the wording of the case was so

vague as to admit of such indirect damages being included, he at once cancelled the appointment of Mr. Gray to the dispensary. A great deal of squabbling ensued respecting the matter, and one of the arbitrators, a gallant colonel, suggested that the two parties should fight it out. The other two, however, being more peaceably inclined, submitted that as Mr. Gray had asserted that he never intended that claims for indirect damages should be included, no gentleman could, under the circumstances, insist on taking advantage of an agreement signed under a misapprehension of the meaning conveyed in the wording as actually put on paper. Upon this Mr. Spokes at once withdrew his claims for indirect damages, and the affair was happily brought to a peaceful conclusion, the doctor paying the market price of the fifteen fowls actually destroyed, less the purchase money which he had paid for the rats. That worthy gentleman has had however to submit to no small amount of banter from his friends; in the first place for not having selected a lawyer for his representative in the drawing up of the case, and in the next for having so prematurely recompensed the chemist who had done his work so badly.

#### RATTLEBONES.

(From July.)

"If you'll pass the pewter," said the Baptist Minister, "I will relate the particulars of the circumstance you refer to."

We passed the pewter, and he related. "The reason the doctor was so well up in bones," he said, "was all owing to his taking a house that was haunted by a skeleton. The first night, when he was in bed, the skeleton came and tickled his feet, and he lunged out at it, thinking it was rats. A skeleton is the ticklingest thing there is; it's so pointed at the finger-ends, and kind of curly, as it were."

"The next time it came the doctor threw his boots at it, and one of 'em caught it in the ribs, and made it rattle like a Venetian blind in a gale of wind. Then he propped himself up to have a look at it. It looked as if it had had the breath knocked out of it, and was holding its hand to its stomach, as a person would do naturally if they'd happened to have a double-soled shooting-boot there suddenly without any warning."

"Hullo," says the doctor, 'who are you?' "I am a ghost," it says, 'and was walled up alive in this very room a matter of two hundred years ago, and I've haunted the place ever since.' 'I should have thought you'd have been most tired of the old shop by this time,' says the doctor. 'If you've no objection, I'll go to sleep.' 'Aren't you frightened?' says the skeleton. 'No,' says the doctor, 'but I'm precious sleepy.'

"This seemed to put the skeleton out a little. 'The last three that lived here were scared out of their wits,' it says. 'Perhaps they hadn't many,' says the doctor; 'but don't rattle so, there's a good fellow. I can't doze off comfortably with that noise in my ears.'

"Presently, though, a notion occurred to the doctor. Here was an opportunity to study anatomy seldom to be come across, so it struck him he might as well be civil. Sitting up in bed, then, says he, 'I beg your pardon, but have I the pleasure of speaking to a lady or a gentleman?' 'The fact is, it's so very long ago,' says the skeleton, 'and the legend doesn't go into particulars, but I was walled up—' 'If you'll take the trouble to count your ribs,' says the doctor, 'we'll decide the point easily.' The skeleton counted them: it was a lady. 'If you will kindly retire for a few moments, ma'am, while I resume my apparel,' says the doctor, 'I think we might be able to make an arrangement.'

"The doctor dressed, and the skeleton returned. 'I should fancy,' says he, 'you feel the wind whistle through you rather sharply this cold weather. Perhaps I'd better light a fire.' 'That doctor was dreadfully artful. He got the skeleton into talk, and whilst it jibbered about its wrongs, studied the working of its jaws, and the play of the lower maxillary. 'If you're a gentleman, pray act as such,' says the skeleton. The doctor was counting its vertebrae. 'Don't be foolish,' says the doctor, 'it's for the good of science.'

"After a bit he cries out suddenly, 'I might do a first-rate thing with you, if you're only agreeable. I'll go round the country giving lectures, and you shall do *poses plastiques*.' But the skeleton wouldn't agree. Then there was such a chivy and scrimmage as you never saw the like of, and at last the doctor got hold of the skeleton and crammed it neck and crop into a sack. How to keep it there was the question; but he soon settled that. He happened to have among his effects a signet ring belonging to the good Saint Scary, the martyr, who was boiled alive with onions early in the thirteenth century, and he sealed the sack up with the sacred seal, and so had his prisoner safe and sound."

"But when the night for the lecture came, and he opened the sack again, he found the skeleton had twisted up into a sort of double knot, and when he would have undone it, it fell into a thousand small pieces, and immediately afterwards crumbled to dust."

"I'll trouble you for the pewter once more," said the Minister as he thus concluded his story.

The New York *Star* recently contained an editorial on "Forcible Vaccination." It says "a very interesting question pertaining to the authority and responsibility of the health authorities is soon to be brought before the Supreme Court. It appears that the inspectors attached to the Health Board considered it necessary to vaccinate a child living in an infected district to prevent the spread of small-pox. The parents objected, but the virus was inserted in the child's arm, and the result was, as the parents claim, 'the complete destruction of the child's health and constitution by scrofula,' besides a 'serious assault upon the child, and damages in the sum of \$10,000.' This will be a very interesting case, inasmuch as the result thereof will determine whether the health authorities are empowered to perform forcible vaccination in time of small-pox epidemic, which is a very nice point to decide. No doubt the prevention of the diffusion of any epidemic is necessary. But where parents prefer small-pox to what they might term impure vaccination, then comes the point of question whether or not the vaccinators should be arbitrators of the necessity in the case. Then, again, diseases may be transmitted by the use of improper virus, and if so, who is responsible? Statistics, if we remember correctly, prove that a scrofulous constitution may be disturbed by the purest cow-virus. At all events, the case will doubtless disclose some

important information in relation to vaccination, if the prosecution do not reap damages.

**HOW FINE SINGERS KEEP IN VOICE.**—Wachtel is very excitable as soon as he puts on his theatrical costume, and sometimes even the merest trifle can then affect him to such a degree that he becomes hoarse on the spot. For this temporary hoarseness and dryness of the throat, well known to all the celebrated operatic singers of Europe, the most curious remedies have been employed. Madame Sontag used to eat regularly, between acts, sardines. Frau Dorns would eat baked veal. Frau Desparre drank hot water, and Fraulein Cruvelli, Bordeaux and champagne mixed. Adeline Patti moistens her throat with beer. Fraulein Sax devotes herself to beefsteaks. Frau Kabel ate pears, and Mme. Veglade dried plums. Mme. Viardot Garcia drank constantly hot tea, and Fraulein Von Orgeni a mixture of hot sugar, lemon and rum, which, in tender consideration for her sex, we will call by the harmless name of "punch." Fraulein Von Caride employed for this purpose a lukewarm extract of malt, and Frau Koester used to eat unleavened wafers. Frau Lucca takes pure Bavarian beer between the scenes, and Mme. Trebelli sucks fruit syrups through a straw. Frau Jenny Lind always drank cold coffee. Herr Tichatschek smokes; Sontheim takes snuff; Wachtel drinks seltzer water and milk; Niemann, Bavarian beer; Nachbauer eats dry plums; Padillas, hard bread crust; Carion, fresh fruits; Beck, honey in warm water; Michot drinks plenty of black coffee; Troy takes milk; Mario smokes all the time he is not on the stage; and Borghi-Mano cannot wait for the close of the act, but during the scene, when it is in any way possible, he disappears for a moment at the side in order to take a pinch of snuff.

#### CHESS.

Solutions to problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

In addition to the telegraphic matches enumerated in our last, two consultation games were played lately between Toronto and Dundas, both of which were won by the former city.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. M. B.—Solution received. Correct.  
H. & H.—You are correct.

#### HAMILTON v. SEAFORTH.

##### GAME NO. 1.

##### EVANS' GAMBIT.

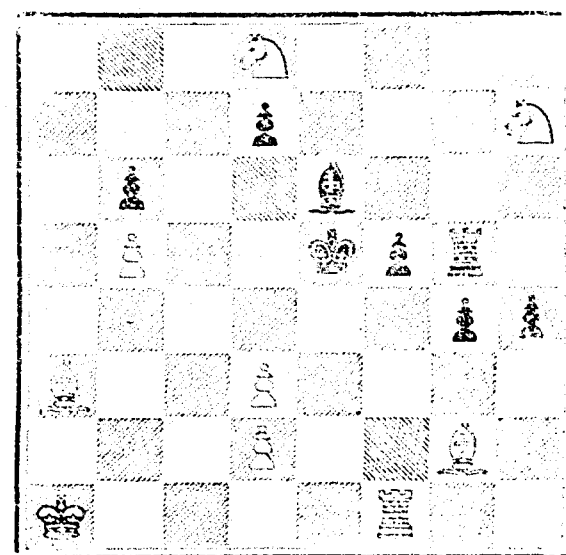
Hamilton.	Seaforth.
White, Mr. F. C. N. Robertson.	Black, Mr. G. E. Jackson.
1. P. to K. 4th.	P. to K. 4th.
2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd.	Q. Kt. to P. 3rd.
3. B. to Q. B. 4th.	P. to Q. B. 4th.
4. P. to Q. Kt. 4th.	B. takes Kt. P.
5. P. to Q. B. 3rd.	B. to Q. B. 4th.
6. P. to Q. 4th.	P. takes P.
7. Castles.	P. to Q. 3rd.
8. P. takes P.	B. to Q. Kt. 3rd.
9. B. to Q. Kt. 2nd.	Kt. to Q. R. 4th.
10. B. to Q. 3rd.	B. to K. Kt. 5th.
11. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd.	K. Kt. to K. 2nd.
12. P. to K. R. 3rd (or).	P. to K. R. 4th.
13. Q. to Q. R. 4th, ch. (b).	P. to Q. B. 3rd.
14. K. R. to K. 3rd (c).	Castles. (d).
15. Q. to Q. B. 2nd.	R. to K. R. 3rd.
16. Q. to Q. B. 3rd.	P. to Q. 4th.
17. Kt. to K. R. 4th.	P. takes P.
18. Kt. takes R.	Kt. to Q. 4th (e).
19. Q. to K. R. 3rd.	B. P. takes K.
20. B. takes P.	Q. to K. B. 3rd.
21. Kt. to K. B. 3rd.	Kt. to Q. B. 4th (f).

Unfinished.

- (a) The game has been well opened thus far on both sides.  
(b) Apparently played to weaken the Queen's pawn, but the Queen should have posted at once at B. 2nd.  
(c) Kt. to K. 2nd, in order to advance the K. B. P. is a much better line of attack in the present variation.  
(d) Black's game now seems rather preferable.  
(e) Much better than taking the Kt.—the attack now changes hands.  
(f) This, we think, should win eventually.

#### PROBLEM No. 47.

##### BLACK.



##### WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

#### SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 46.

White.	Black.
1. Kt. to Q. R. 6th.	B. to K. 4th.
2. Kt. to K. Kt. 3rd.	Kt. moves.
3. Kt. takes P. mate.	

#### VARIATIONS.

White.	Black.
1. Kt. to K. 4th, mate.	P. moves.
2. B. to Q. B. 7th, mate.	B. moves.

#### DIED.

On the 18th inst. at 366 Dorchester Street, Mary Louise Mabel, infant daughter of Henry R. Gray, Esq.