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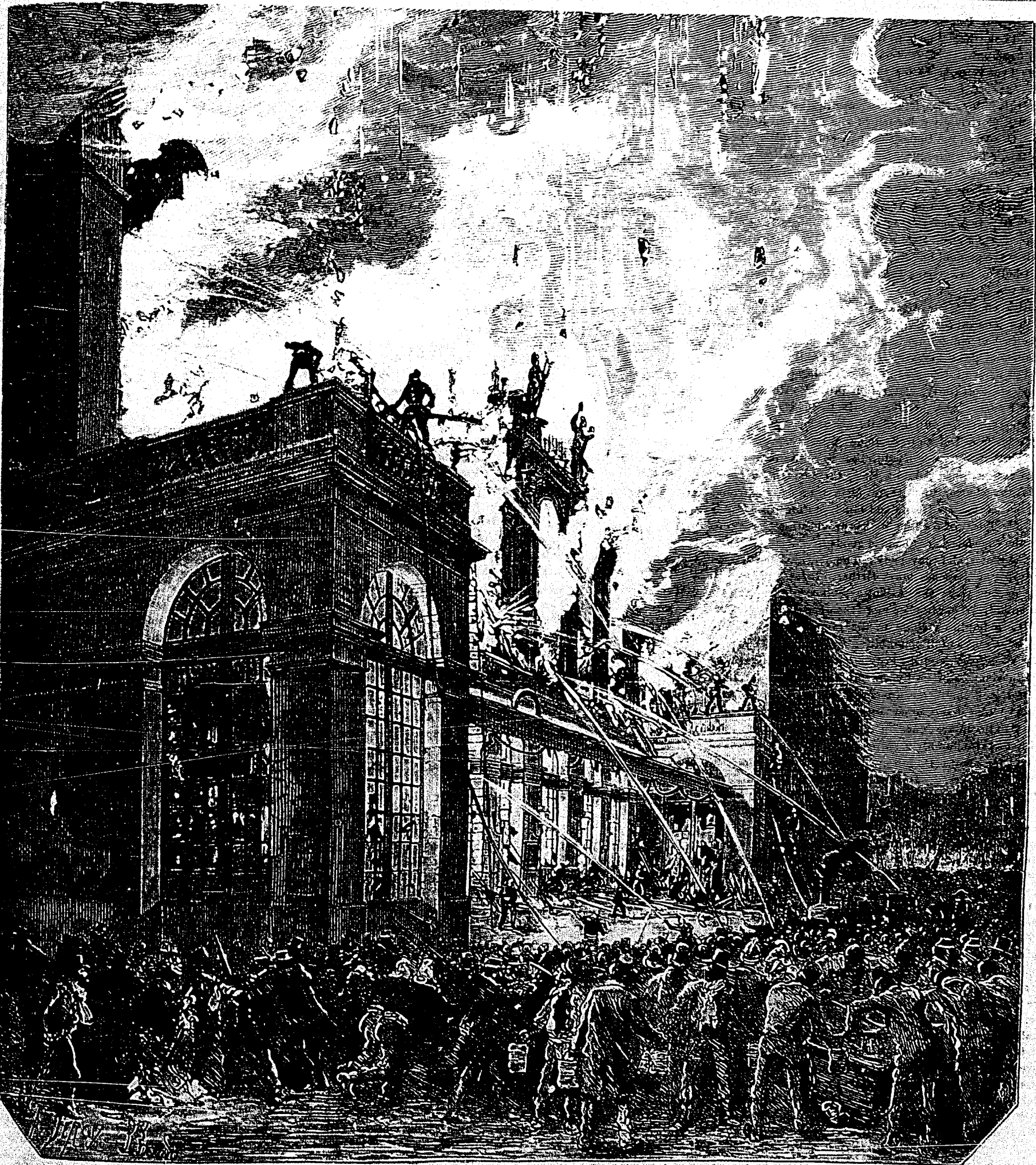
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# Wholesale News

Vol. VIII.—No. 23.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1873.

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FRANCE.—THE BURNING OF THE GRAND OPERA, PARIS.

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1873.

If we properly seize the meaning of Mr. Mackenzie's speech, at his late election, the new Government have resolved to solve the problem of the Pacific Railway, according to the views expounded by the member for Lambton, when leader of the Opposition. He proposes that the sixty miles of road from Pembina to Fort Garry shall be built at once, thus connecting the capital of Manitoba, with the Northern Pacific Railway. Then the Saskatchewan section shall be constructed and finally the Pacific section. The portion between Fort Garry and Lake Nipissing is to be kept for the last, and not entered upon until the rest of the road is completed. As it will take seven years, according to Mr. Mackenzie's calculation, to build the road from Fort Garry to Victoria, in British Columbia, it follows that, for seven years, at least, the Canada Pacific will be virtually a branch of the American Northern Pacific. Of course, the Opposition papers have taken exception to this. They already see in it a consummation of the scheme, whereby the late Government was overturned, to make way for the men who were acting all along in collusion with the Directors of the American Northern Pacific. In plainer words, they charge that the new Cabinet is carrying out its pledge to Messrs. McMullin, Jay Cooke and others, of so contriving the gradual building of the Canada Pacific, as to give the bulk of its carrying trade to the Northern Pacific, for a term of years, ranging from seven to ten. That this will be the practical effect of Mr. Mackenzie's scheme is unquestionable. The moment Fort Garry is connected by rail with Pembina, the rush of emigration to Manitoba, will naturally run in the channel of the Northern Pacific, from Duluth to Pembina. The moment the Saskatchewan Valley is opened to Pembina, *via* Fort Garry, emigration thither will go by the Northern Pacific. And the moment the Pacific slope is reached by rail, emigration will tend thither through its first important stage from Duluth to Pembina. From a mere business point of view, there can be no objection to this arrangement. From an international point of view, there is absolutely no more inconvenience, than there is in running the Grand Trunk, out of Portland to Island Pond, during the winter months. The Treaty of Washington has provided ample reciprocity for the transmission of bonded goods to Canada through the United States, and conversely. The objection to the project is deeper and reaches much farther. It lies precisely in leaving for ten years the Atlantic section of the Canada Pacific unbuild. That implies more than appears on the surface of it. It implies a check to the growth of the Ottawa Valley, at present so full of ambition and energy. It implies that the upper portion of the Province of Ontario shall remain a wilderness for another decade. It implies that the Lake Superior region shall remain unsettled, and its immense treasures of copper and other ores, shall lie untouched. It implies that the future Canadian city of the North, shall not be built, but remain only a shipping port for passengers and freight *in transitu* to Duluth, which will thus become the Mistress of the Lakes. It is a mistake to suppose that the country between French River and the Assiniboine is a barren tract. It may present engineering difficulties, without being uninhabitable to man. The Algoma district, with proper communications, is destined to be the centre of a large colony. It is a mistake, also, to suppose that settlements radiate from an oasis in the far desert, and that it is best to seek these oases first. The experience of the Western American States shows that they were gradually settled, and that emigrants went further West, only when the border States had been well filled up. Thus Kansas was settled only when Missouri had a large population; Colorado was settled only when Kansas was well occupied. Immigration creeps westward from the most easterly settlement; does not bound into green spots here and there in the wilderness! Emigration is continuous, not sporadic. Thus its natural march is up the Valley of the Ottawa and along the shores of Georgian Bay, from point to point, until it reaches the prairies of Manitoba and the Saskatchewan. Hence the necessity of railway communication in that region. It would be suicidal to wait ten years for that railway. It must be further remarked that the plan of the late Government, included the immediate building of the short section between Pembina and Fort Garry, so that it favored immigration into that territory, at the same time that it provided means for peopling the Upper Ottawa district. In view of the brief statement of his intentions given by Mr. Mackenzie, it would be premature to enter more fully into the discussion of this

important subject to-day, but we believe it is not presumptuous to state that there are two points which the new Government will have to consider, as clearly demanded by public opinion—one, that the Canada Pacific must be proceeded with, the other, that it must begin from Lake Nipissing.

The "Virginus" question has been settled, for a time at least. Spain, after some little delay and a faint show of resistance, has acceded to the just and temperate demands of the United States Government for restitution. She has consented to restore the "Virginus," salute the American flag, return the surviving passengers and members of the crew, and indemnify the families of the men who were executed at Santiago de Cuba. Before committing himself to this step, we learn that Castelar consulted the various European governments, and received a unanimous reply to the effect that concession was absolutely necessary. Another powerful argument in favour of an apology—and one to which he could not afford to turn a deaf ear—was the rumour of active preparations for war in the United States arsenals. England, it was whispered, was willing to back the demands of her cousin across the ocean. So, the cards being against him, the Spanish President took the safest course that remained open, and acquiesced in the stipulations of the injured party. In so doing he has come out of the difficulty with increased honour and a new claim upon the gratitude of the people he rules for having spared them an unequal struggle and an ignominious defeat. Whether the Spaniards will take this view of the matter is another thing. They are a vain, haughty people, quick to resent and slow to admit an insult; and they will unquestionably keenly feel what they will doubtless be pleased to call the humiliation of an apology. It redounds all the more to the credit of Castelar, that knowing this, being perfectly aware that he was putting a weapon into the hands of his enemies at home, he had the moral courage to do what was right and defy the consequences. That his decision may militate against him, may even lead to his downfall from power, is only too much to be feared. A third party of malcontents will not improbably be formed to add to the distraction that is already racking unhappy Spain, while from Cuba the fiercest opposition is only to be expected. If he survive the crisis, we may hope for the inauguration of a more peaceful and prosperous future for the Spanish Republic; while if he falls, he will retire with the sympathy of all men and the proud consciousness of having stood firm in the cause of justice. Yet another question arises. Can the retraction be carried out in Cuba? It is a very favourite belief among journals in the States that the Spanish Government will be unable to enforce its authority in the island; that the Spanish Cubans will resist to the last, and will only yield to overwhelming force. On this ground we see no score whatever for apprehension. The slave-holders may show signs of mutiny, but they are in no position to carry out a determined resistance. No large force would be required to compel them to submission. Hedged in on the one side by the troops from home, and on the other side by their bitterest enemies, the Cuban patriots, their struggle would be but a short one. The only thing for which there is the slightest cause of alarm is that on the publication of Castelar's decision, the Spanish party in Cuba may have forestalled the enforcement of that portion which relates to the "Virginus" survivors and completed the bloody work they began at Santiago. That they are capable of doing such a thing no one will for a moment doubt. Their contempt for all law and authority is a fact that is only too notorious. Of this they have given proof sufficient. And herein, we take it, lies a fruitful cause for future trouble. Should another butchery take place, the question will be re-opened, no longer as a matter purely between the United States and Spain, but as a matter in which all nations will be interested. And the decision that must necessarily be reached will be: If Spain is not strong enough to enforce her authority in her own possessions, it is time they were handed over to some one else.

*Apropos* of marine calamities—they have been on everybody's lips during the week—is nothing to be done in the case of the "Ismailla?" Sixty-seven days ago, that steamer left the port of New York for Glasgow. Since that time nothing has been heard of her, and notwithstanding the hopeful expressions indulged in, with what reason we fail to see, by the officers of the Anchor Line, it is difficult to persuade oneself that anything ever will be heard of her. A grosser case of recklessness than that exhibited by the men who sent the vessel out to sea can hardly be imagined. According to the testimony of the underwriters the "Ismailla" could not be considered to be in a fit condition for the voyage if she were so loaded as to draw more than twenty feet of water. The pilot who took her to sea swears that she drew twenty-two. A clearer case could not be made out. Those who are answerable for the over-loading of the vessel are responsible for the lives that we cannot doubt have been thrown away. It is high time that an example were made. The crime—we can call it nothing else—to which the loss of the "Ismailla" is due is one of only too frequent occurrence. If the present system, of which negligence and absolute recklessness are the main features, is allowed to go unchecked, the loss of life by marine disasters will before long be frightful to contemplate. The death-roll of those who are yearly sacrificed to greed will in no time be trebled and quadrupled. It behoves the authorities

to interpose the strong arm of the law at once and instantly put a stop to the iniquitous practices against which Mr. Plimsoll, on the other side of the Atlantic, is so earnestly and efficiently carrying on an unrelenting warfare. In Canada, we are happy to say such cases are rare. Our large steamship companies are particularly careful in this, as in all points which affect the safety of their vessels and passengers. The result is that their accident record has within late years been remarkably clear, and they enjoy a large and deserved share of public confidence.

The coasting trade of a country which has so immense a littoral as Canada is one which naturally grows more important every year, and we are glad to find foreign bottoms seeking an occasion to partake of its privileges. The present law provides for the exclusion of foreign vessels from our coasting trade, but giving the Governor-General in Council power to declare that the Parliament of Canada is willing to admit foreign vessels to share in its coasting trade upon the principle of reciprocity. This is the true policy, and, as between the United States and Canada, it should be rigidly adhered to. American shippers and ship-owners are naturally very anxious to engage in our coasting trade, for it is to them a very lucrative business; but unless their Government open American ports to Canadian vessels, on precisely equal terms, the privilege cannot be countenanced. The question of reciprocity between the two countries, in trade relations of all kinds is fast gaining ground, and the National Board of Trade which lately met at Chicago, passed a resolution favouring that consummation, such as will not be without its effect on Congress. Until a regular treaty is made between the United States and Canada, it is not to be expected that the coasting privileges can be settled; but until then Canada cannot do better than adhere to her present legislation on the subject.

An opinion which largely prevails and which has no doubt been considerably strengthened by the recent appearance of an illustration in this journal, is to the effect that at the time of the burning of the lake steamer "Bavarian" the flames so speedily overspread the fore part of the vessel that it was found impossible to save the ladies who were clustered in the bows. In his illustration of the scene, our artist, who obtained his particulars from one of the survivors, shows the wind to be blowing from the stern forwards. We have since been informed that in this he was mistaken. As soon as the flames were discovered, the engineer turned the boat's head to the shore, from which the wind was blowing at the time. The flames therefore were swept sternwards, and for a considerable length of time the fore deck was completely clear. We make this correction all the more willingly as the misconception which has arisen as to the true state of the case might tend in some degree to mitigate the public feeling as to the unwarrantable, cowardly conduct of those who left poor feeble women to perish without a single effort to save them.

The "What will they say in England" cry has died out wonderfully since the reception of recent mails. England has had its say, and this is about what it amounts to:—"Unfortunately the traces of corruption and sharp practice are only too clear on both sides. The people of Canada will soon sink deeply in the estimation of their well-wishers if they do not call their public men to strict account for every lapse from upright, honourable, and truly exemplary conduct. Parliamentary Government in Canada is on its trial. One man alone is conspicuous not only for reputation of the highest kind, but also for sound judgment and genuine Constitutional behaviour in trying circumstances—this is the Governor-General."

The accident which occurred last week in mid-ocean to the "Ville du Havre" brings up once again the question of life-saving appliances. In the telegraphed account we learn that in the brief interval between the collision and the sinking the crew had only time to launch two boats. If the crew had been drilled and disciplined as has already been frequently suggested the loss of life would unquestionably have been much smaller. In that supreme moment when the vessel settled down and two hundred souls sunk into eternity the usefulness of a couple of small rafts would have been beyond calculation. An unappreciable feature of this new horror is the ease with which the "Loch Earn" stove in the side of one of the largest and most perfect vessels that ever crossed the Atlantic.

There has been a very lively discussion between the Congregationalist body of Brooklyn and Plymouth Church. A member of the latter who had preferred scandalous charges against Mr. Beecher was allowed to fall out of his membership with the church, and the Congregationalists of other churches protested against this. Plymouth Church, which is also Congregationalist, resisted the intrusion, and headed by Mr. Beecher, proclaimed its independence of all ecclesiastical dictation. A great deal of feeling has been excited in consequence, and we shall probably hear more of it before long.

At the recent meeting of the Great Western shareholders in London, the chairman was good enough to inform his hearers that a part of the Grand Trunk runs through America. May we ask to be informed where the balance of the road is to be found?

## THE FLANEUR.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

## NEW BOOKS.

## MISTAKES.

BY

A

An old bachelor is very likely to fall into one of two extremes. He often becomes a Buck, and is effusively polite to the ladies, nodding roguishly at them till you fear his preternaturally black wig will fall off, grinning with his false teeth and pursing up his old rouged and wrinkled cheeks till you laugh in your sleeve at him. You laugh to see him rambling along with his poor feet in tight patent leathers, while they long for the easy slipper, and you know that he wears stays and pads, and has his shoulders "built up." Poor old soul, he fights hard with Time, but he wins few victories. Despite his dyed moustache, you instinctively know that he is an old man, and while he is paying *petits soins* to you, my little belle of eighteen, you are assured the man might be your grandfather. Be polite to him. Treat his servility kindly, my dear. Overlook his follies, and try to remember that the gray hairs which you would indeed respect are hid under that black wig; that after all he is an old man in multi, and he thinks his disguise pleases you, *ma petite*. It is useless, we know, you and I, my charming middle-aged friend, Mrs. Murlington, we know it is useless to contend with the inevitable. Stronger than paint and padding Time sets his stamp. We cannot deny his brand. The other class of bachelors are apt to turn philosophers—pseudo-philosophers, perhaps. They are a trifle cynical. They look around at life and draw sage deductions. They filter the extravagance of youth through the sieve of their experience and give you wise saws. But young men and maidens are apt to despise this gratuitous wisdom and wait till the hard lesson is taught them by their own struggle through life.

I hear the pleasant laugh of my vivacious little Rosabel as she exclaims, "Ah, ha, Monsieur, I know to which class you belong, you dear old Cynic!" Well, perhaps you do, Rosie. While I respect the ladies, while I honour the sex to which my mother belonged, I am not effusive. I like their society—in moderation, just as we like piquant sauces and sweetmeats, occasionally as a relish, but not as our entire food. They are apt to be, perhaps, a trifle monotonous as a wife, when we are forced to see them at all times; to have them by our sides, merry or sad; to have no escape! I think I should, like St. Paul, cry out in forcible language for deliverance from this body—but we'll not discuss that question. I am past the time of marrying and giving in marriage. I know, Rosie, that while the Captain has his arm around your waist—there is no need for your hanging out the *drapeau rouge*, dear; men will do it—and while your head rests upon his shoulder, you will laugh merrily at the old man. God knows I would not stop you, Cynic though you call me. I am not so wedded to Cynicism but that I know I have made mistakes in my life. This may be a mistake. I would not hold one little dear back from the temple of Hymen. I would not put one obstacle in the way, but I have no inclination to travel in that direction myself.

What kind of mistakes have I made? Some curious ones, some sad in their nature. Do you remember the little paper I wrote about small white hands? That was a mistake. I calculated that the owner of those delicate hands should have been *petite*, but instead she was coarse. I recollect that business used to bring me down one quiet street every day for a long time, at a regular hour. There was one house looked more quiet than the rest. It had an atmosphere of repose around it. In the parlour window there was always the face of a girl. She was very pale. Her yellow hair was simply looped back with a blue ribbon, and her eyes had a sorrowful expression. I set her down as a romantic young creature, one much given to yellow-covered literature. I said to myself more than once: here is a young lady waiting at the lattice, wondering why tarry the wheels of the chariot that is to bring Prince Prettiman to her arms. A helpless, love-sick thing, a mixture of morbid rapture and sickly sentiment. Yet what was the fact? I learned it months afterwards. This girl was the only daughter of a widow mother who had been bed-ridden for years. Paleface sat up with her at night, and nursed and tended her with loving care, and who will deny her a few minutes' relief, a little gazing into the streets, to contrast with the monotony of that room? I made a mistake.

I used to meet a gentleman with a very red nose and a face blossoming into pimples. I have chuckled and poked sly jokes at companions as we passed by, and calculated the cost of colouring that face. I judged *à tort*. The honest gentleman laboured under a scorbutic affection, and so far from being a drunkard, was a member of the Good Templars, and a Worthy Grand or a High Old Patriarch, or something of that kind, in the order.

The other night at a concert I saw a young lady inclining considerably to *emboupoint*, and with her dress very *décolletée*. She threw off her opera shawl, and there was a good deal of beauty to be seen that charming maids are not often prodigal of, even to the chaste moon. She drew off her gloves and flashed her diamond fingers as she boldly used her lorgnette. She tossed her head of *échevelée* hair a good deal about, and the laughter that rippled from her lips could be heard several seats off. *Ma petite*, this girl had a suspicion of rouge on her cheeks, and the pencil had done much for her eyebrows. She looked a little fast, and I, in my old-bachelor way, made some comments to a young companion that were not altogether complimentary to the lady. We had our little jokes at her expense, when a highly respectable old gentleman intimated to us in a whisper that perhaps we were not aware that the young lady was a daughter of the Rev. Mr. Hardgun. *Crede Byron*, daughter of a Methodist clergyman! Shade of Wesley, what a disciple! Surely, *messieurs et mesdames*, this was a mistake! I think in this instance she was to blame. If our virtuous young girls take the Aspasia of the city as their models and dress like them, it is not to be wondered at that an old fogie makes an occasional mistake.

I made one mistake in the Long Ago that I can never forget, that at times I think colours all my life, that flashes out little arrows of pain and rays of darkness, if I may use the expression. I thought Lydia was true-hearted, honest, sincere. I trusted her with my heart, I built up castles, and she and I swept down the stately corridors—but I made a mistake. She was cold and selfish. When the *experimentum crucis* came, this Lydia, with my heart in her hand, proved herself a sorry *mesquine*! Let it pass, we are apt to make mistakes. I have made mine. Ladies and gentlemen, which of you can escape a similar confession?

HER FACE WAS HER FORTUNE. A Novel. By F. W. Robinson. Paper. pp. 159. Price, 50 cents. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

Notwithstanding its many good points—and they are not few—we cannot venture to predict for Mr. Robinson's new novel the same success as was obtained by its predecessors. It is undoubtedly a book of great merit, ingeniously devised and constructed, the situations are striking, at times perhaps too melodramatic, the characters are well conceived, but there is a something wanting that mars the general effect. There is no lack of mystery, and no lack of love-making, much playing at cross-purposes between wavering lovers, touches of intense pathos—so many commendatory features for the mass of novel buyers—yet the story somehow, to use a vulgarism, hangs fire. In the early part it promises to be interesting; the middle portion is provocative of much "skipping," and it is only towards the end that the reader becomes thoroughly interested. Without intending a *double entendre* we may fairly say that the end is the best part, and it is only on reaching the end that the reader will be able to appreciate the book. A second perusal would doubtless bring it out in a better light. But who thinks of reading a novel twice?

SOUTH SEA IDYLLS. By Charles Warren Stoddard. Cloth. 16mo Red Edges. pp. 354. Boston: Osgood & Co. Montreal: E. F. Grafton.

This charming little book forms another of the delicate volumes of the "Saunterings" series. The Idylls are a series of sketches, which have already appeared in the pages of the *Atlantic* and the *Overland Monthly*, of life in Tahiti and Otaheite—sketches which we have no doubt the readers of these two magazines will remember, for their raciness and dreaminess and above all the revelation of a new life of which they gave us a faint and passing glimpse. Mr. Stoddard should have been a Lotos Eater. His *far niente* is delicious. He is never so happy as when he is lying on his back doing nothing and giving his whole mind to it. He is a child of the Harold Skimpole kind, but infinitely more amusing and less objectionable. Of course, from a philosopher of this class we do not expect the whole truth. He is by far too amiable to depict the dark side of human nature, so he shows us the Kanaka as bright and as loveable as his own beloved climate. As might be expected there is an amount of sameness in some of the sketches, but this is relieved by the writer's quaint humour, of the true Pacific School. In his threefold character of author, poet and artist, he gives some wonderful descriptions of scenery, and creates within his reader's breast an intense longing to quit the bleak climate of the North and revel in the soft perfumed air, and among the rich fruits and gorgeous flowers of these Isles of the Blessed. The sketches—sixteen in number—embody the writer's experiences on several visits to the islands, where he was, except on one sad occasion, hail-fellow well-met with his darling Kanakas, for whose style, or absence, of civilization he professes, and undoubtedly feels a decided preference to the trammels of ceremony, the business, the rush and noise of life in more advanced worlds. It is needless to say that he is a cynic. Yet his cynicism is so harmless, so pleasant, that it is more an attraction than otherwise. The book is one which will be taken up with pleasure, laid down with regret, and resumed with renewed expectation and a fresh sense of its beauties.

NOVA SCOTIA, in its Historical, Mercantile and Industrial Relations. By Duncan Campbell, Halifax, N. S. Printed and published by John Lovell, Montreal.

Modern History opens with a glorious discovery, that of America. This discovery was made by Columbus on the twelfth day of October, 1492. Prior to this time the science of Geography could not be said to have existed; all was confusion as to the shape and configuration of the earth. This discovery led Henry VII. of England, in the hope of rivalling Spain in the field of naval adventure, to grant a patent to Sebastian Cabot by which he was empowered to prepare an expedition for the discovery of new lands. To Cabot belongs the honour of discovering Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. In the volume now under notice the author has traced the historical, mercantile and industrial progress of Nova Scotia from the time of its discovery, when it was exclusively inhabited by the Micmacs, a race of the Algonquin North American Indians, down to the death of the late Hon. Joseph Howe. In so doing he has availed himself of the labours of two historical predecessors, Thomas C. Haliburton and Beamish Murdoch, both natives of Nova Scotia, and he is indebted to the unpublished records of the Province belonging to the Local Parliament, and numerous unpublished prize essays on the Province deposited in King's College, Windsor, N. S. Whatever may have been the labours of Haliburton and Murdoch they merely supplied the materials for the picture, rather than exhibited the picture itself—or, they were as the groups, or main features of the composition, wanting that *keeping* and *expression* which arise entirely from the effect of colour. The pencil of Campbell has supplied their deficiency and has given to the people of Nova Scotia a picture of their country which will not only be pleasant to their eyes, but to the eyes of all British subjects in North America. The author has displayed a great amount of research; his work is at once luminous and compressed, and we are not sure whether young people can commence their acquaintance with the history of Nova Scotia by the aid of a better guide. The author's *colouring* of some of the political characters which have figured in Nova Scotian history will necessarily be seen with different eyes by Conservatives and Grits, yet it must be fairly acknowledged that the cause of historical truth is in all respects promoted by cautious investigation and dispassionate remarks. In addition to the history proper there are chapters especially devoted to the coal fields, iron ores, and the fisheries, which will be found exceedingly useful to those actively engaged in commerce, and may be recommended for their accuracy. The volume is interspersed with a number of short biographies of the various Governors of the Province and of some of the leading statesmen; these, though interesting by themselves, mar to a certain extent the continuity of the historical narrative, making what the author intended as ornamental accessories to his pictures to be nothing more than groupings out of place. Nevertheless he has done a good service in a field of literature which as yet on this continent has not been well cultivated. A good sterling, impartial, and faithful history of the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario is yet to be written and would prove of inestimable value, and we trust there will soon arise among us some Hume or Smollet, Turner or Lingard, whose efforts will be crowned with success.

A gentleman had five geese and five ducks prepared for a select party of ten. I asked him the meaning of this division. "Why," said he, with a knowing smile, "a goose for every woman and a duck for every man! 'Tis a picture of life."

This is something like the hen that laid the golden egg.

A gentleman in Quebec went to market the other day, and bought two couples of chicken, at fifty cents a couple. On returning home, he gave them in to be dressed. The cook found inside one of them, a coloured stone which she handed to her master. The stone was shown to a jeweller, who pronounced it an agate, worth one dollar and fifty cents. Better than nothing.

Speaking of agates reminds me of a queer derivation for the word. It was originally a charm which led the traveller safely on his way. The *fidus Achates* of *Æneas* was not a man, but this stone. Hence the name.

The best thing the Danbury man ever said.

Some one having expressed surprise that he was not on the list of lecturers for the American Bureau. "O," replied Bailey, resignedly, "I don't lecture myself. I'm married."

A good story about Brignoli whose well-known gallantry was for once well repaid by a woman.

It was a few weeks ago, at the Grand Opera, Paris. Brignoli was playing Manrico to the Leonora of Mlle Krauss. In the tower-scene, the silver noted tenor had sung "Ah! che la morte," in his best manner, the hidden chorus of nuns had chanted "Miserere," and Leonora, crouching along the wall, in her weeds, had given forth "All' orrida torre." There was a thunder of applause and multitudinous bouquets were showered on the scene. Mlle Krauss, desirous that her troubadour should share the ovation with her, went deliberately to the foot of the tower, opened the door, called down her burly companion, and led him by the hand to the footlights. Much merriment ensued at the *disillusion*, and peals of renewed applause followed. Then Brignoli returned to his aerial station, was locked in, and intoned in grand style, the second strophe of the number, "Sconto col sangue mio."

I'll warrant that the fair soprano got a kiss that night from the handsome tenor.

It is announced that Fechter is going to appear again in "Hamlet," this winter. His rendering of this character is very original, and, as such, has provoked much discussion. Several of his readings are certainly remarkable. Thus when Horatio, as the ghost appears on the platform of the castle of Elsinore, exclaims:

"I'll cross it, though it blast me."

Fechter insists that he must not step athwart the line of the King's advance, as most actors do, but make the sign of the cross. His argument is that Denmark was Catholic, in the time of Hamlet, and, as is well known, the sign of the cross was then regarded as a talisman against spiritual and demoniacal ills. I confess I like this reading, because it is pretty odd and fanciful. But perhaps some Shakespearian critics might adduce a good reason why it should not be accepted.

A Kingston telegram gravely informs us that both parties were surprised at the triumphant election of Mr. Cartwright. So they were, but how differently!

What hypocrites pretty girls are!

Matilda was sitting at her window, one balmy evening, last September, and looking out for Mortimer. But Mortimer did not come. Perhaps he was amusing himself with another girl. So Matilda got disgusted, drummed on the casement with her soft fingers, declared she was disgusted with this world, and suddenly inspired with religion, looked up to the sky and sang:

I wish I were an angel,  
In the bosom of God, in the bosom of God,  
With the light of his face for my only evangel,  
Up and away from this desolate sod,  
Ah me! eternally.

She had scarcely finished this ecstatic strain, when she felt her waist encircled by a pair of manly arms. She heaved a sigh, rolled up her eyes, and let her head fall back languidly on Mortimer's breast. Oh! what an angel.

The beauty of the human form lies in its proportion. A small woman must have a small foot, but it is ridiculous for a fair-sized, well-developed female to squeeze her foot into a tight boot, in order to make it little. In her case, a good-sized foot is beautiful. Goethe's Marguerite had a large foot, and so had the lovely Countess Guiccioli.

I saw a queer picture the other day.

Scene on board ship. A fearful tempest raging. Rain, lightning, darkness in the background. In the foreground two beetling rocks against which the wreck was driving. One boat lowered. Four men on its benches holding on to a cable, down which a female passenger was to slide. The female a perfect beauty. She stood on the edge of the deck, surrounded by the officers, and prepared to descend. One minute more and it would be too late. Just then she takes out a handkerchief, gathers her dress about her ankles and ties it tight, so that its folds may not flutter indiscreetly, as she goes down the rope.

There were three or four of us looking at the picture. We all admired its workmanship.

But what of the woman?

"She is an angel of modesty," said one.

"A prude," said another.

"She ought to be pitched head-foremost into the sea, as fit food for the whales," was my rancorous criticism.

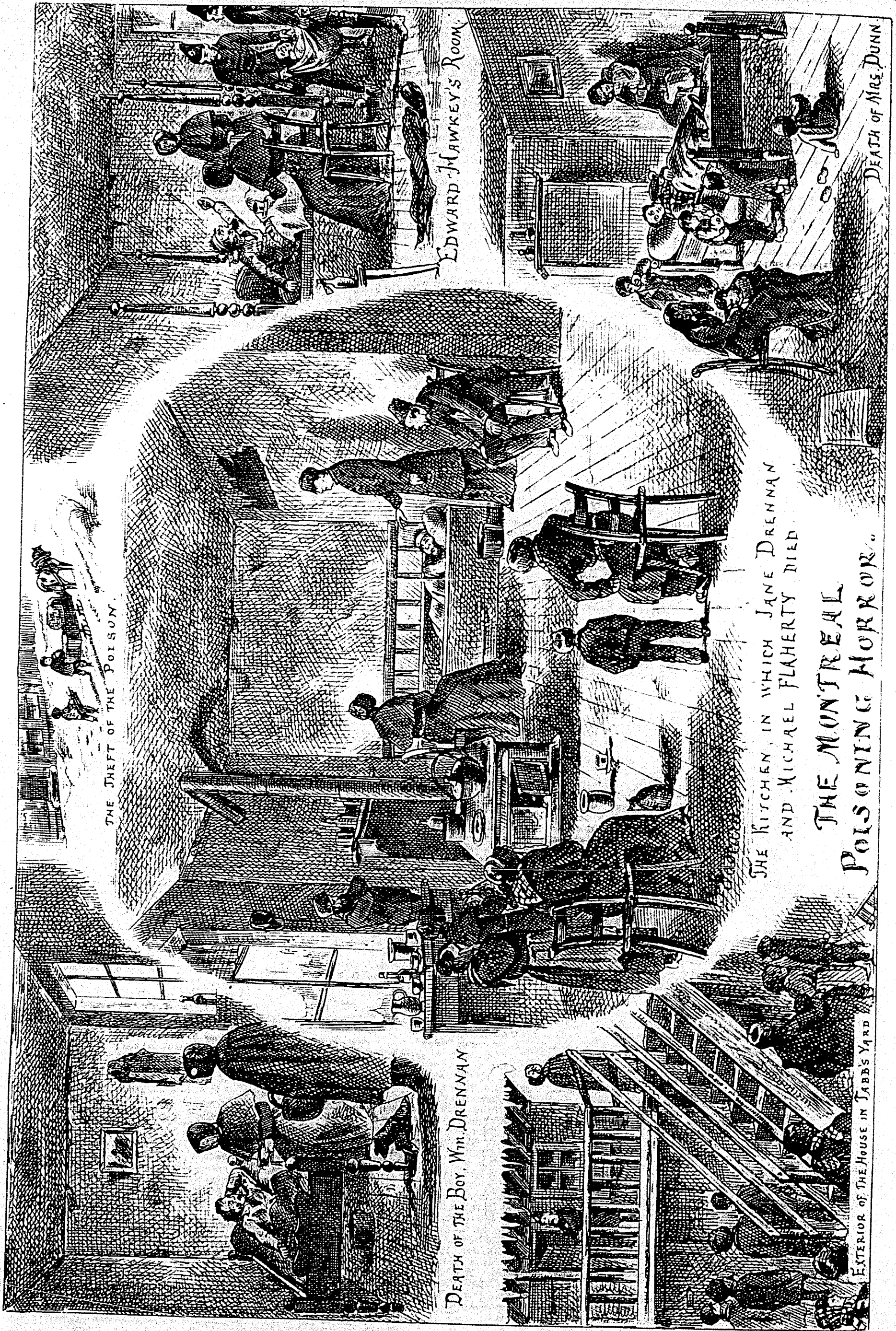
What say you, true women?

A spoony friend made a desperate attempt yesterday.

As we were going along, we met a bevy of school girls—pretty big girls they were—who were throwing snow at each other. The most ardent in the game was a lovely blonde, a Nilsson blonde, as white as her ermine tippet.

"I declare," said Spoony, "here is a snow ball shooting in December!"

ALNAVIVA.



THE THEFT OF THE POISON.

DEATH OF THE BOY, Wm. DRENNAN

THE KITCHEN, IN WHICH JANE DRENNAN AND MICHAEL FLAHERTY DIED.

# THE MONTREAL POISONING HORROR.

EXTERIOR OF THE HOUSE IN JABBS YARD

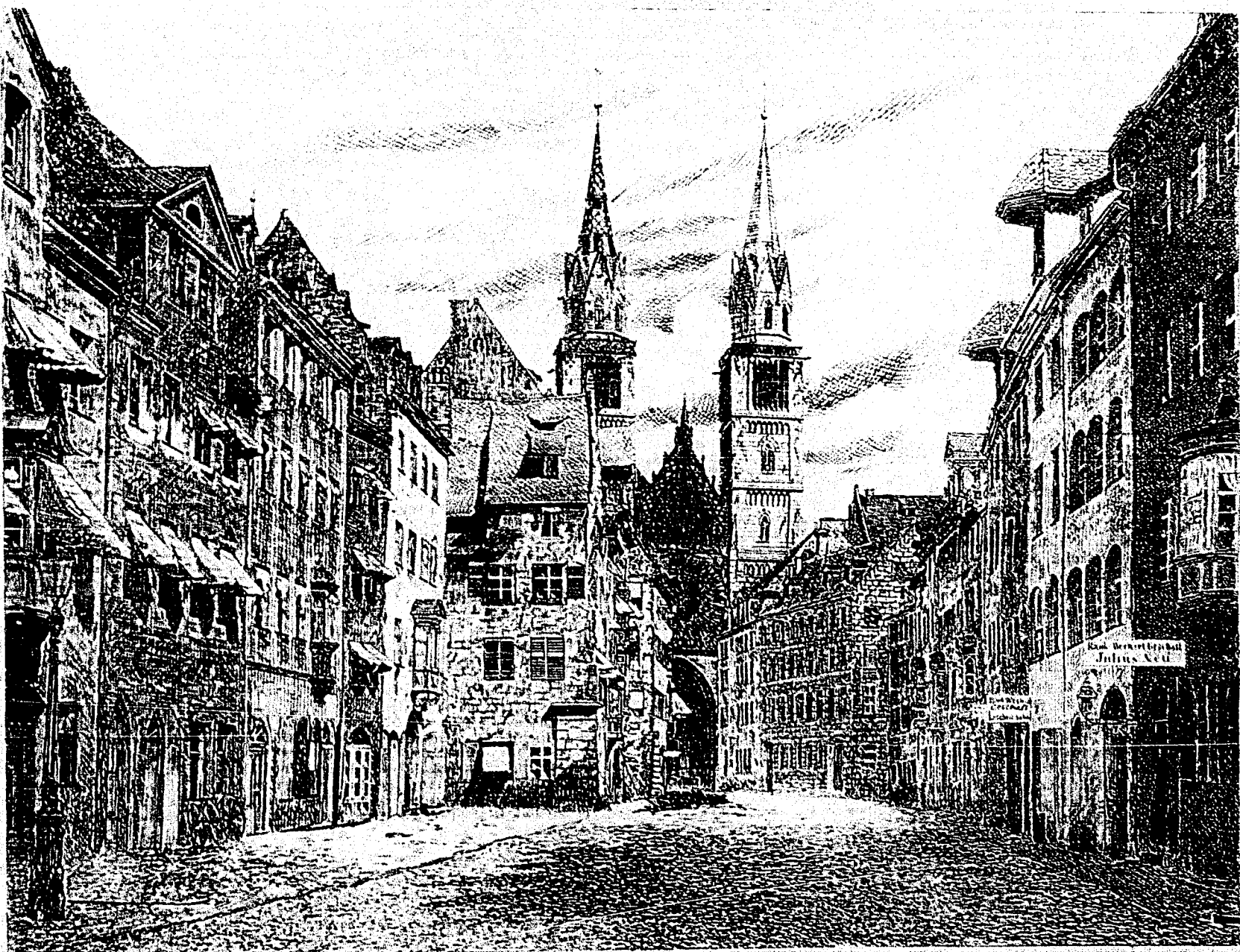
EDWARD MAWKEY'S ROOM

DEATH OF MRS. DUNN

MONTREAL.—THE RECENT POISONING CASE.



THE NINEVEH STONE, GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE DELUGE.



NUREMBERG.—THE KAROLINEN STRASSE.

NOTES BY THE WAYSIDE.

The Christmas preparations have begun. It is only necessary to take a very brief stroll abroad to assure oneself of this. St. Andrew's Feast, with its attendant balls and banquetings, has passed, and we have fairly entered upon the sober decorous season which gives us time to make ready for the festivities of the closing year.

If in the spring-time the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, with the approach of winter the reflections of the staid householder veer somewhat heavily and unwillingly in the direction of debts. Settling day is at hand and it behoves him to come down with his shekels or suffer the consequences of defalcation.

What a mournful Christmas it will be for many this year! The festive season always brings me a feeling of sadness. 'This time last year,' what a flood of recollections the words call up.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus Tam cari capitis?

Let us not be ashamed of our honest sorrow. If we have lost a carum caput it is no shame to bewail his loss. There is humanity enough left in the world, the cynics notwithstanding, to weep with them that weep and rejoice with those who do rejoice.

SALAHIEL.

PEARLS OF FRENCH COOKERY.

The rarer products of French cookery, says the author of "French Home Life," are beyond the reach of the nation as a whole; daily home life knows little of them, but yet an allusion to them can scarcely be omitted in an examination of the food of France.

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—Mr. O. E. Beckford has been nominated as the Conservative candidate for West Toronto, in opposition to Mr. T. Moss, Government candidate.

UNITED STATES.—The failure of the grain crop last summer produced great destitution in a portion of north-western Iowa.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Sir John Duke Coleridge, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, is to be raised to the Peerage, under the title of Baron Coleridge.

GERMANY.—Gen. Manteuffel and Count von Goeben fought a duel on Saturday, to decide a quarrel which arose during the Franco-Prussian war.

SPAIN.—The "Virginius" question has been amicably settled. Spain will restore the "Virginius" and surviving prisoners, and apologize, leaving the question of indemnity to arbitration.

CUBA.—A letter from Havana states that the people there would not permit the "Virginius" to be given up to the United States Government, or any reparation to be made for the execution of her crew.

AFRICA.—Despatches from Cape Coast Castle report another engagement, lasting an hour, in which the natives were defeated with a loss of thirty men.

JAPAN.—Advices from Japan state that on the 21th October the Mikado's Ministry, with two exceptions, sent in their resignations, which were accepted, though some have since withdrawn them.

Notes and Queries.

CHECKMATE.—What is the origin of the word "checkmate"? It is a rendering of the Arabic Es-chekh mat: The shokh (king) is dying.—ED.

CONY CATCHING.—In response to T. K.'s query concerning the phrase "coney-catching," I inform him that it is equivalent to the now current epithet, "thinning them out," denoting the getting hold of a youth and deluding him in every possible manner.

RULE THE ROAST.—I have heard the term "ruled the roast," and while I understood its import—such as, in slang, "Cock of the Walk," "Top of the Tree," &c.,—but I was not previously aware from whence the saying came until reading lately Holland's Translation of Pliny, p. 109, ed. 1600, wherein is the following passage:

"In this new state of Government, Applus was the man that bare the greatest stroke, he ruled the roast, and swayed all the rest, so highly stood he in grace and favour of the people."

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA PROPHESED.—A prophecy from Seneca relative to the discovery of America: "There shall come a time in later ages when Ocean shall relax his chains and a vast continent appear; and a pilot shall find new worlds, and Thule shall be no more earth's bound." See Medea xl, 375.

Veniens annis
Sacula seris, quibus Oceanus
Vinculorum laxat, et iugens
Patet tellus, Tiphysque novos
Delegat orbis; nec sit terris
Ultima Thule.

Thus translated by John Stedely, 1566:

Time shall in suo outbreake
When ocean wave shall open every Realm,
The wandering World at will shall open eye;
And Typhis will some new found land survey.
Some travellers shall the countreys farre espye,
Beyond small Thule, known furthest at this day.

SENECA. His tenne tragedies. Translated into English.

"GO GET THEE TO YAUGHAN."—In reply to a friend who is puzzled about the saying of the grave-digger in Hamlet, Act 5, sc. 1,—"Go get thee to Yaughan and fetch me a stoop of liquor," and who thinks it a corruption of Youghal—as indeed some actors pronounce it—I wrote: There can be but little doubt that the word Yaughan is a corruption, unless it is intended for the name of a publican whose bar or tap-room was in Shakespeare's time, even as it is now in English country towns and villages, near to the church.

Agata, the Y may have been substituted for a V—Yaughan is by no means an uncommon name; at all events there is nothing so aristocratic about it that we may not find a Thomas Yaughan keeping a village "Nag's-Head" or "Castle and Bear."

The whole sentence may have been interpolated, as the second grave-digger did not come back with the liquor; and, judging from the general habits of grave-diggers and undertakers at funerals, it is more than probable that the grave-digger would have taken his stoop with him. But as the sentence, "Go get thee to Yaughan," remains in most of the editions, let us make the best we can of it.

Perhaps go get thee to yon or yond is the best solution of the difficulty. In "Twelfth Night," act 2, sc. 4, we have "go get thee to yon same sovereign cruelty; and again, in act 3, sc. 2, Maria says to Sir Toby Belch, "Yond' gull Malvollo is turned heathen, a very renegade."

Enough. Shakespeare uses the words yon, yond' and yonder about one hundred and forty times—see Clarke's Concordance—and he puts the words into the mouths of every grade of character from clowns to priests, gentle ladies, stern warriors, haughty barons, and proud kings.

Book I, L. 180
Under yon boiling ocean, " 2, " 183
Yon flowry arbours, yonder alloys green, " 4, " 626
To waste and havoc yonder world, " 10, " 617
More orient in yon western cloud, " 11, " 205

In another place Milton has—
"First and chiefest with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing."

Should any correspondents to or readers of the column of Notes and Queries think differently to myself, I shall be glad to hear their opinions on this Yaughan question.

THOMAS D. KING.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

NATURE.

"Nature is the Latin *Natura*—about to be born."  
ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

O teachers of the Tuscan lore,  
Who taught Rome's sons to word their wills,  
What was the thought "Natura" bore,  
When spoken on the Seven Hills?

O sibyl-seers, wise and wild,  
Interpreters 'twixt brain and tongue,  
What was the theme of which you sung—  
The Mother or the Coming Child?

Those sages of the past, I fear,  
My thirst for truth will hardly quench,  
But what saith one whom I revere,  
Who bears the name of Richard Trench?

"Unborn, but growing to its birth,  
A "child of promise" in the womb,  
Of leaping in the womb for mirth  
With prescience of the life to come,"

I hail the thought, my great book-friend,  
Though gently shaded by a doubt—  
For "ura" is a common end  
Some Latin words look queer without.

But men are wiser than they think,  
Though seldom when they think they're wise,  
And common ends may touch the brink  
Of vast and awful mysteries.

For is not Nature, after all,  
The babe that lies in Wisdom's womb,  
Waiting the promised hour to come  
Which all its powers to life shall call?

JOHN READE.

Miscellaneous.

Law vs. Medicine.

Sir Henry Holland was one day engaged in hot argument with Bobus Smith, an ex-Advocate-General, touching the merits of their respective professions. "You will admit," said Holland, "that your profession does not make angels of men." "No," retorted Bobus; "there you have the best of it. Yours certainly gives them the best chance."

A Monster Distilling Apparatus.

A monster distilling apparatus, consisting of a set of cisterns and about four thousand feet of galvanised iron pipe for distilling and condensing sea, marsh, and bush waters, so as to make them useful for drinking purposes, has been sent out to the Gold Coast from Woolwich for use, either at Cape Coast Castle or at some other station, as the commander of the expedition may direct. The largest of these cisterns will contain about six thousand gallons.

Consumption of Writing Paper.

According to Dr. Rudal of Vienna, the English are undoubtedly the most scribbling nation in the world—if the annual amount of paper consumed be taken in evidence. Thus, each English man, woman, and child, uses 11½ lbs. of paper per annum. The United States comes next, with 10½ lbs.; then Germany, 8½ lbs.; France, 7½ lbs.; British America, 5½ lbs.; Italy and Austria, 3½ lbs.; Mexico and Central America, 2½ lbs.; Spain 1½ lb.; while Russia concludes the list with 1 lb. per person.

No, You Don't!

A gang of sharpers last week induced a simple-faced countryman, who was apparently lost at a London railway terminus, to accompany them and have some agreeable, choice, and extensive refreshments. At the end thereof they wanted to show the countryman how to take care of his money, then to play at cards, and then at skittles, all of which the rustic declined. Thereat they were rude and overbearing, and demanded "his card." He gave it—Sergeant C—(detective), &c., &c.

A Submarine Vessel.

It is stated that there is now being constructed at Cronstadt a submarine vessel of enormous dimensions. In it two thousand tons of iron and steel have been employed. It is propelled by two powerful air engines, will be armed with a formidable ram, and will carry all the means for fixing to the hulls of vessels large cylinders of powder which it can afterwards explode by electricity. Two glass eyes will enable the crew to find their way about, and they may choose their course at what depth they please below water.

Emerson and the Artist.

Mr. Emerson, while in Rome last winter, visited the studio of an American artist, whose smallest bits of canvas bring an almost incredible price. The artist, wishing art to pay a tribute to genius, took from its hanging a picture handsomely framed and presented it to his guest. The next day Mr. Emerson, overtaken by a stinging conscience, came again, and in his hand was the empty frame, which he handed to the artist, with this remark—"I accept gladly your painting, but I must return the frame, for I cannot keep anything of so great a pecuniary value."

Apr6pos of the Comte de Chambord.

A story is told of the Comte de Chambord in the late Lord Lytton's *Parisians*, which seems to us happily characteristic of the exiled and visionary Prince. When Louis Napoleon was President of the French Republic, and when gloomy fears as to the future of the country were abroad, it was suggested to the Comte de Chambord that he should come forward and save his native land by offering himself as a candidate for the throne. "No," he is represented as replying, with a calm smile on his face, "the wrecks come to the shore, the shore does not go to the wrecks."

A Flash of Lightning.

The length of a flash of lightning is generally greatly underestimated. The longest known was measured by M. F. Petit at Toulouse. This flash was ten and a half miles in length. Arago once measured a series which averaged from seven to eight miles in length. The longest interval ever remarked between a flash and the report was seventy-two seconds, which would correspond with a district of fourteen miles. Direct researches have shown that a storm is seldom heard at a greater distance than from seven to ten miles, while the average are barely heard over four to five miles off.

A New Sect.

We hear from Russia of a number of fair sectarians—for with one exception they were all of one sex—dwelling in the Russian town of Porchov, and named Seraphinns. Their creed was implicit belief in their reverend leader; their practice consisted in cutting off the hair. Women were converted in crowds, and soon there would have been little or no long hair left in Porchov, when the police were moved to inquire into the subject. They discovered that Father Seraphinns had a brother who dealt in oilfures, and that monk and barber united to drive a very pretty trade in the tresses sacrificed by the devotees. The seraphic doctor now lies in prison, with leisure to meditate on the disadvantages of combining religion and business.

Mixed.

In the hurry of newspaper work things get badly mixed sometimes. Recently a St. Louis paper issued an extra containing some Cuban news and the announcement of Queen Victoria's death. Two of the head-lines were as follows: "The Death of Queen Victoria Announced on the New York Cotton Exchange—A Meeting to be Held Expressive of the Indignation of the Citizens." The St. Louis *Globe* thinks this almost equal to Governor Dennison's telegram on the night of the Presidential election in 1869. The Governor wanted to announce two important facts to the Mayor of Cincinnati, and he did it in the following despatch: "The Neil House is on fire. Lincoln has carried the State by 50,000 majority. Send two steam fire-engines to put it out."

Agony Ads.

There are several advertisements occasionally of a very amusing character elsewhere than in the "agony column" of the *Times*. Here is an extract from another contemporary:—"P. P. P." "I am very much pushed just now," and that is all the information vouchsafed. "L." says to "Emily" of Ealing, "whenever shall I see that dear face again, to make the longed-for lip impression?" Then, from the oculatory sigh, the gentleman plunges into the commonplace statement: "I have not entirely recovered from the last tumble I had down your stairs." The use of the word "last" clearly implies that he is in the habit of tumbling down fair Emily's stairs. Is it a case of being systematically kicked down? Another "spongy" person complains about the jolting of tramways, and abruptly breaks off to tell his beloved that he is quite ill for want of a letter.

See Naples and—Eat.

An American visiting Naples describes the excellence and the cheapness of the hotel fares in that city. He says he had an "excellent breakfast of tea, bread and butter, with fresh eggs, for one franc (twenty cents) each, lunch for a franc and a half (thirty cents), hot meats, wine, &c., and a capitally cooked dinner of seven and eight courses, including good claret, for the enormous sum of three francs. "Fancy," he continues, "sitting down to a dinner consisting of excellent soup, delicious fish, well-cooked meats and poultry, a profusion of vegetables, including quantities of green peas, most delicate birds and well-dressed salad, excellent cheese, pastries, jellies, "Charlottes," &c., oranges, figs, raisins, and the freshest and most delicate nuts I ever tasted—all this, together with half a pint of claret, for sixty cents."

Thirteen at Table.

A curious dinner was given recently at one of the principal Parisian restaurants. Thirteen covers had been laid, but to the surprise of the waiters a single guest made his appearance, who, after pushing twelve chairs close to the table, as if they were engaged, quietly sat down and dined alone. The mystery was afterwards explained. Twenty years ago thirteen friends—amongst whom were Alfred de Musset, Th6ophile Gautier, Count de Flehac, &c.—met at the restaurant in question, and agreed to dine together every year on the same day, keeping the places of those who had died, as if their guests were to be present. The next year they were only eleven in number, two years after ten, then seven, and so on. The last but one was Count de Flavigny, who lately departed this life. The solitary guest at present was Mr. Rubelles, a painter of some repute, aged 84.

The Ashantee Capital.

Camassie, the Ashantee capital, is a beautiful country, and is about a mile and a half long by a mile broad. The streets are wide, the houses are mostly uniform in structure, and built in blocks or squares. The side next the street is called a public seat, the floor of which is raised two or three feet above the street level, and open to it, so as to afford persons walking through the town ready protection from the rain or sun. The front is also ornamented with rude geometrical figures in relief, coloured with red, and above the ground floor whitewashed. At one side of the public seat is a door, communicating with the inner square. The rooms on three sides of this are open on the inside, and occupied day and night by the several members of the household. The open space of the square is used for cooking and other domestic purposes. The framework of the house is of sapling timber, fastened together with cordage made from climbing plants, and thatched with bamboo leaves, woven into a kind of matting.

A Jovial Life.

A contemporary mentions that some one says:—"Insects generally must lead a truly jovial life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily. Imagine a palace of ivory or pearl, with pillars of silver and capitals of gold, all exhaling such a perfume as never rose from human censers. Fancy, again, the fun of tucking yourself up for the night in the folds of a rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sighs of the summer's air; and nothing to do when you awake but to wash yourself in a dewdrop, and fall to eat your bedclothes." This is high-toned and sentimental. We prefer a more practical view.—Fancy, again, the delight of jumping into white sheets, and taking a series of somersaults over a well-nourished human body, indulging in a sip of claret every time you alight. Picture, moreover, the mad excitement of the chase when your temporary residence gets up and lights the candle, and keeps catching nothing at all between his thumb and finger, while you survey the hunt from his left shoulder!

Lost Affinities.

Says a writer in the *Boston Transcript*: "In the matter of matrimony, if in no other matter, Providence evidently intends we shall take care of ourselves. If a predestined mate is intended for each lover, why not have the happy pair born with corresponding birthmarks on each, so that Ferdinand would have nothing to do but to level his eye-glass calmly at his adorer's until he discovered, under the hair or behind the ear, the magic "xy—14," or whatever his own esoteric designation happened to be; while Garaphelia might flirt on regardless of consequences, and even forego all cap-setting and every palpitation until she espied the fatal fraction imprinted on some lover's glowing cheek. But things are not so arranged, though they might be, and if there be somewhere awaiting an introduction somebody whose nature is just the complement of each, it is certain that most people get snapped up before their other half is found, either too impatient to wait or too indolent to search for the lucky number."

An Independent Man.

The following characteristic story is told of Thomas Landseer, brother of Sir Edwin. After repeated refusals, he was at length induced to answer the summons of Her Majesty to present himself at Windsor Castle to teach her some easy branch of his art. Windsor is some distance from London, and the engraver's time was gold. He was kept waiting in an ante-chamber for two hours after the appointed time for reception, when Prince Albert made his appearance, saying that the Queen did not feel like taking lessons that day, but she would send for him when she did. He thereupon commenced haggling about terms, although the engraver had previously stated his price, which, I think, was £10 a lesson. Thomas Landseer retired, so filled with contempt for the great that no royal commands could ever after induce him to go near the Court. He was never knighted. This incident was told me by Thomas Landseer himself, who said he could earn all he required without royal patronage, and not even a Queen should keep him waiting like a servant in an ante-chamber. Sooner than submit to such disrespect he would starve. So incensed was Sir Edwin at "Tom's" attitude, which

he vainly endeavoured to alter, that a coolness arose between the brothers.

How Basaine Once Saved His Judge.

"X." relates in the *Norfolk Landmark* that among other interesting items to be found in Veron's reminiscences, souvenirs, and *Historiettes* of Trianon is the following anecdote told by a very aged man, who was once under other régimes an *attaché* of the place. "It was in the spring of 1832," said the old man, "and Louis Philippe had run down to Trianon, accompanied by several of his children. One of them, a lad of ten years of age, tired by the close confinement of travelling, as soon as he got well on the grounds, in spite of the admonitions of his tutor, started off in a wild, harum-scarum scamper over the garden, and in his head-long gait tumbled very unroyally into an artificial lake. "I heard," said he, "the boy's cries, and ran to the spot, but when I reached the lake I found he had been pulled out by a young "sergent de service" who had been taking a turn in the garden. The young Prince, shivering with cold and dripping like a drowned rat, begged the officer and myself not to let his father and his tutor know of his mishap, and requested me to conduct him privately to his apartments. That boy is to-day the Duc d'Anmale, who presides as Judge over a military court convened at the same Trianon to try the case of Marshal Basaine, who was then simply the Sergeant Basaine who saved the drowning Prince."

A Little Boy Imagining Himself to be a Monkey.

During my journey north last week, writes Frank Buckland, I saw, when inspecting a salmon river, a remarkably strong, active, intelligent little boy between four and five years old, playing about a weir. The father told me a very curious story about the child. Last Christmas he was taken to see a pantomime in which monkeys performed a great part. The scene so impressed the child's mind that the next morning he imagined himself to be a monkey. He would not speak, and no kindness or threats would make him speak a single word, he would not sit at the table with his brothers and sisters at meals, but would only eat out of a plate placed on the ground, out of which he ate his food, being on all fours. If anything to eat was presented to him he always put it to his nose and smelt it just as a monkey does before eating it. He was continually climbing up trees and throwing down boughs and grinning at the people below like the monkeys in the cocoa-nut trees in the pantomime. When his father tried to correct him the little fellow, still on all fours, ran after him and bit him on the leg. He would serve his brothers and sisters the same if they teased him. This curious monkey fit lasted until a few weeks ago, the idea has now quite passed out of his head. I wonder if this story may possibly be of any use to Mr. Darwin.

A Good Story.

Not long ago died the Col. Russell known in the South-West as "Owl Russell," who was once Henry Clay's private secretary. He was a man of intense egotism, whose chief object in life was to be admired and notorious. Years and years ago, while in the Missouri Legislature, he got the *soubriquet* which clung to him all the rest of his life, and actually carried him out of his political career. It was during a violent debate in which he had shown an absurd pomposity, that one of his political comrades rose and quietly told a little story. He said that one night Russell, while travelling through the woods, lost his way, and being a stranger in that part of the country, became rather nervous. While in this sorry plight he suddenly heard a voice not far away, calling out, "Who, who, who are you?" The answer was loud and prompt: "I am Col. William H. Russell, for many years a prominent member of the Kentucky Legislature, was School Commissioner for the southern district of Kentucky, am now the Representative of Calloway County in the Missouri Legislature, am spoken of as a Whig candidate for next Congress, and I am so." Who are you?" Of course the question was repeated, and the answer was again returned with all its linked dignity until the audience screamed with laughter and greeted poor Russell whenever he dared to rise with "Who, who, who are you?" And so he got his name of "Owl Russell."

A Journalist of the Encyclopædic Era.

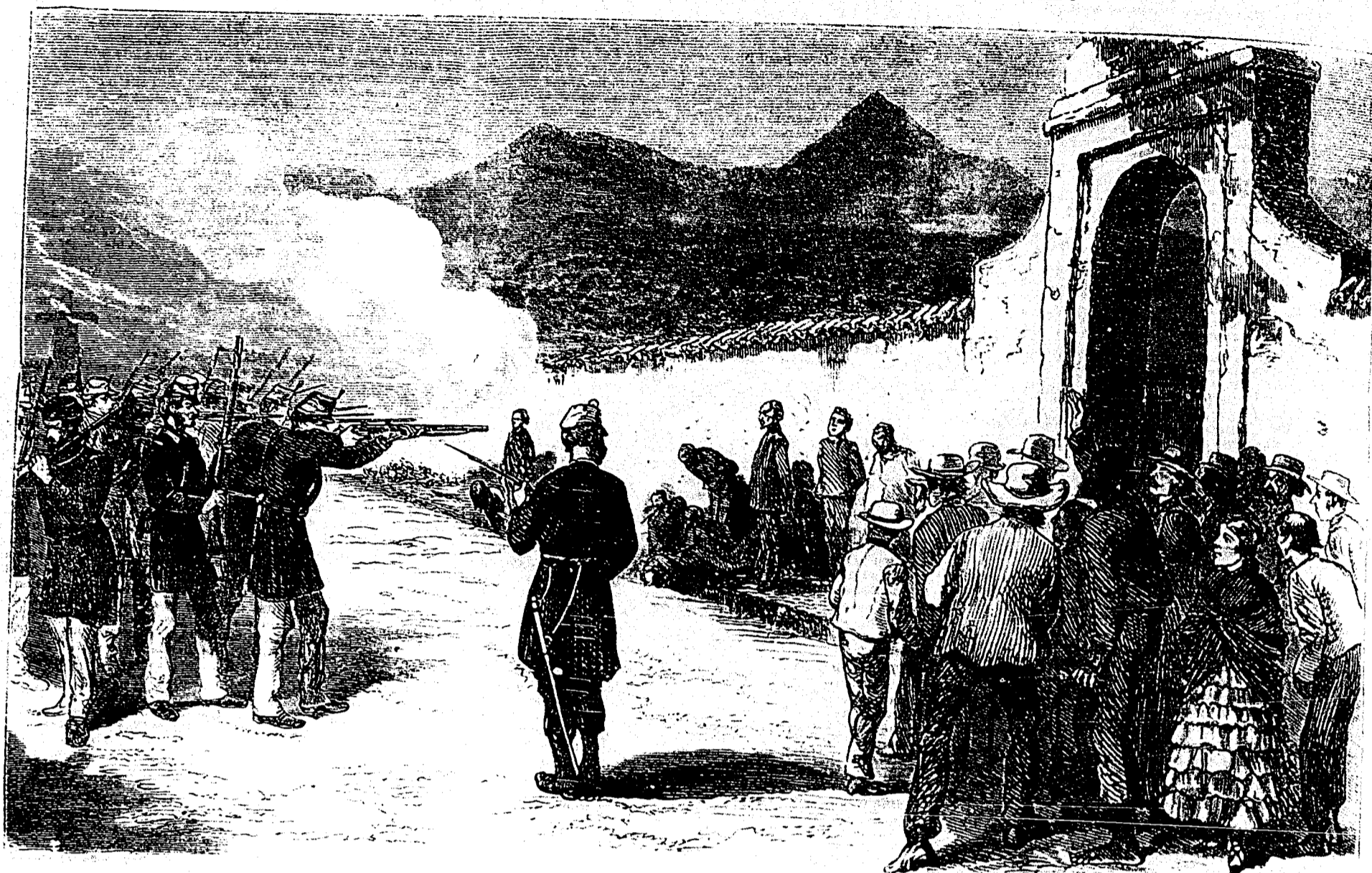
The journalists of the time of Louis XV. were queer souls, who lived in garrets and dined chiefly off fried potatoes, served in a paper by the stove-woman round the corner. Almost every big street had its journalist, and an own particular print, which this lean but indefatigable being published on candle paper once a week. The man was known down the thoroughfare. He chronicled the marriages, births, or connubial woes of his neighbours. He was welcome to a dinner now and then, and it was always remembered that he ate much. If he showed himself eloquent in praising the comeliness or good wares of the fruiteress down stairs may be he had a smile and bag of apples given him for nothing; if he went on the opposite tack he risked having a saucy saucerful of kitchen water emptied over him next time he passed. In either case apples or kitchen water diminished in no respect the amicable relations he kept up with the neighbourhood; and the grocers of the district called him an honest rogue good humouredly. It was no great matter to him if he were paid for the copies of his journal, which he personally hawked about, in cash or kind, and a pound of sausages for three copies, two rush dips for a single number, or a pair of breeches for a whole half-year's subscription, were remunerations he could not afford to despise. People confided to him their grievances, and besought him to libel their neighbours, which he did obligingly enough if he had no special reason for refusing, and, as a natural consequence, he had always a few grudges stalking after him, though these desisted in time, for the journalist had a soothing tongue.

A French Tlochorne Case.

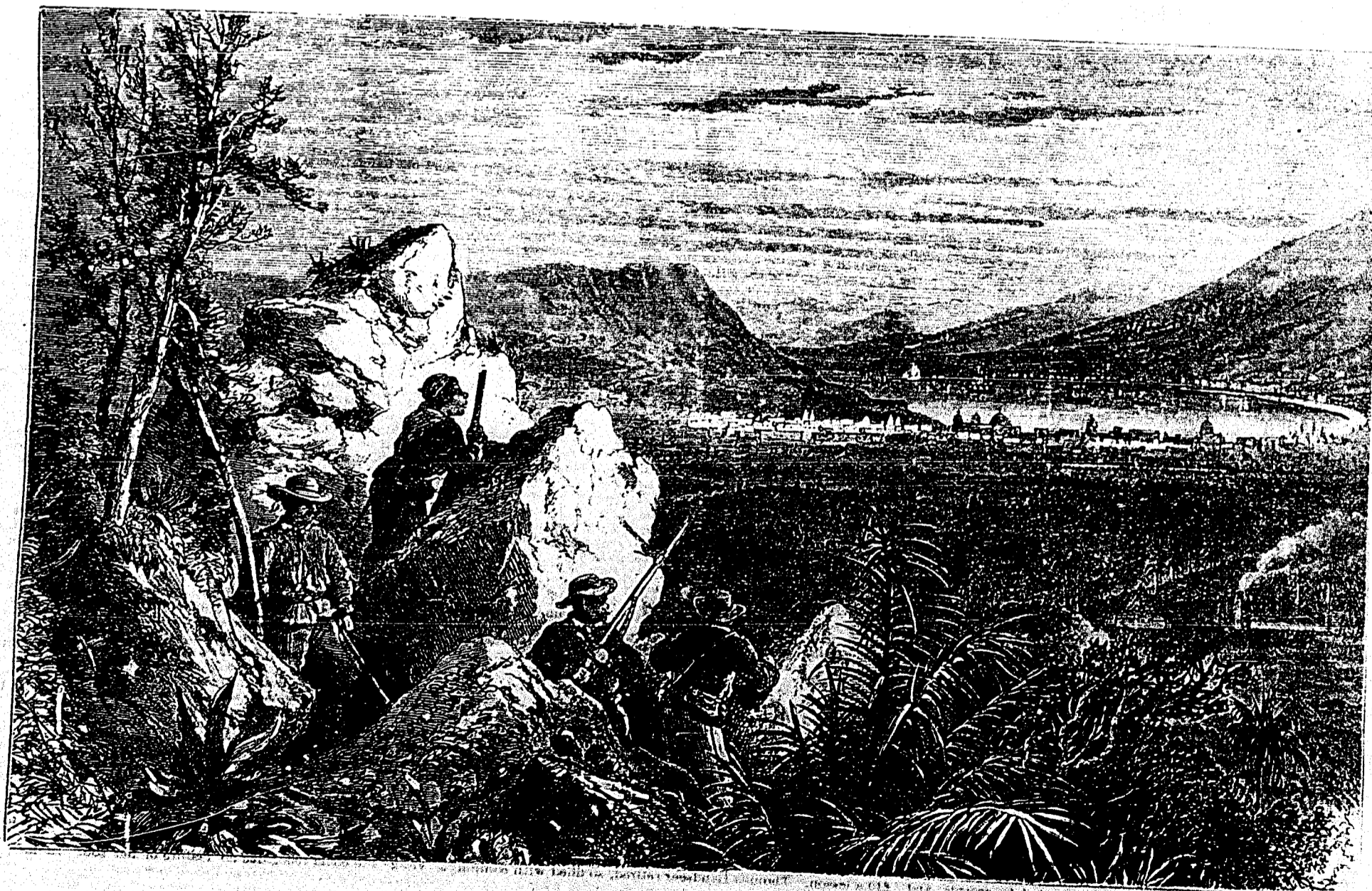
The troubles of the French nation are manifold: the war with Germany, the Commune, discord in the Assembly, the Bazaine court-martial, and other evils to which it is unnecessary here to allude. We learn, with feelings of the deepest sympathy for the sufferers yet in store for them, that they are upon the eve of what the *Figaro* terms "our Tlochorne case." Such intelligence cannot fail to have an alarming effect upon their highly wrought sensibilities. That journal asserts that a lawsuit has been commenced by a young man claiming to be the representative of one of the oldest French families, who was at one time an ornament of Paris society. The only son of a widowed mother, he volunteered to serve during the war; this is admitted on both sides. He was, however, among the missing at one of the battles round Orleans, and as no news could be obtained of his having been made prisoner, his mother, after making every inquiry and awaiting the return of all the captives, gave him up for dead. Last year she received a communication from Germany to the effect that her son had been taken prisoner, but that he had lost his reason and was in a lunatic asylum near Minden. It was added that he was gradually recovering, upon which the mother begged that he might be brought to Paris that she might have him under her care. Upon his arrival, she found herself in the presence of a man in whose scarred and mutilated visage she could recognize no feature of her son. In fact, she repudiated him altogether and acted in concert with her nephews and nieces to resist his claim. Soon after the case had been entered for trial, the supposed mother was induced, consequent upon facts which "the claimant" had revealed to her, to change her mind altogether, and she has clasped to her breast the long-lost son. But the other relations will not give way, and hence a lawsuit.



THE "VIRGINIUS" OUTRAGE.



THE EXECUTION.



VIEW OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA.



"I would only say the present is not a time for discouragement or despair. Far be despair from a party like this. It is full of hope, it is full of energy."

— Sir John A. Macdonald's Speech at the Ottawa Banquet.

"Comrades! for in the past we've shared misdeeds, And suffered weightierills than these, to which Heaven in its own good time will bring successe."

— For. Transatlantic.

"O socii, n-que enim ignari sumus ante malorum, O pess- gravetern, dabit deus his quoque finem."

— Virgilio, Aeneid, I. 195-207.

The Magazines.

The December number of the Overland Monthly concludes the eleventh volume of the Pacific representative of magazine literature.

Chess.

It is impossible for us to answer letters by mail. Games, Problems Solutions, &c., forwarded are always welcome, and receive due attention.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALPHA, Whitby.—We have not seen the book in question, and cannot say where it can be had.

REVIEW OF CHOICE GAMES.

Game played in London, October 3, 1872. (Allgaier Gambit.)

- White.—Mr. Lowenthal. 1. P to K 4th. 2. P to K B 4th. 3. Kt to K B 3rd.

Our Illustrations.

The fire at the Grand Opera of Paris is a noteworthy event, as it was an edifice of historic memories.

The poisoning case in Tabb's Yard, Montreal, is harrowing. Seven persons fell victims to an inordinate use of colchicum wine.

The celebrated Nineveh stone discovered among the ruins of the ancient Assyrian city, by Mr. George Smith, of the British Museum, has been deciphered.

With its long, narrow, winding, involved streets, its precipitous ascents and descents, and its completely Gothic physiognomy, Nuremberg has retained in every part the aspect of the middle ages.

We give to-day a sketch of the execution of the "Virginias" prisoners, a detailed account of which appeared in our last issue.

The European Ladies' Orchestra, under the direction of Frau Amann-Weinlich, is composed of forty persons. All the string instruments are in the hands of ladies.

The first visit of the horse to his stable companion who is now the happy mother of a litter of beauties, is a charming picture.

Drawn Game.

(a) Black has managed the defense extremely well. He now wins a clear Pawn.

(b) White must lose a Pawn here, whatever line of play he may adopt.

A brilliant skirmish played in 1857 between Mr. Paul Morphy and another gentleman.

Evans' Gambit.

- Black.—Mr. ... 1. P to K 4th. 2. Kt to K B 3rd. 3. B to Q B 4th.

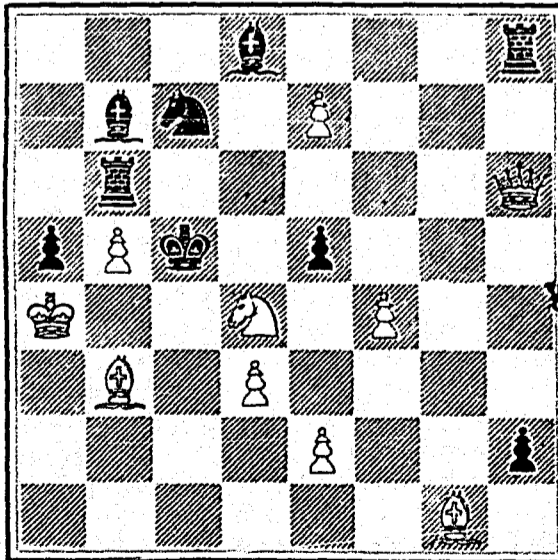
PROBLEM No. 106.

The following Problem won the prize, as a three-mover, in the late Canadian Chess Association Tourney.

(From Illustrated London News.)

By Mr. J. Henderson, St. Liboire.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 106.

- White. 1. Q takes B. 2. R to Q R 7th mate.

Music and the Drama.

Barry Sullivan is acting in Dublin. Mile Descelee has greatly improved in health. Ristori is to leave England for Italy shortly.

It is reported that Madame Nilsson-Rouzeaud is in an interesting situation. "The Road to Ruin" is to be produced at the Vaudeville, London.

Howard Paul has been giving concerts with marked success in Wales.

Liszt's "St. Elizabeth" is to be given in Leipzig and in Dresden next month.

The celebrated German tragic actress, Clara Ziegler, died a few days ago at Munich.

Charles Matthews has been acting in "Little Toddekins" at the Gaiety, London.

"Twelfth Night" has been superbly produced at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester.

The grand musical festival at Zurich, in 1874, will take place on the 11th-14th July.

Herz, the saltimbanque of the piano, is giving concerts at the new Ducci Hall, Florence.

Carl Rosa proposes to secure Mr. Pearson, a new tenor of whom report speaks highly.

Rose Coghlan, who achieved a very fair success in this city, is shortly to return from England.

Haley's "La Julive" is being rehearsed at Munich with an entirely new version of the libretto.

Eichberg's opera "The Village Doctor," has been produced in England with only moderate success.

The Camilla Urso Concert Company is one of the best musical organizations ever formed in America.

Carlotta Patti's engagement at the Riviere concerts, London, has been brought to an end rather suddenly.

A Mile Sanglee has achieved a great and unexpected success at the Athénée, Paris, in Adam's "Bijou Perdu."

Another remarkable soprano has been discovered by M. Maurice Strakosch in the person of Mlle Dieudonne, a "Nilsson blonde."

Miss Geneviève Ward (Madame Guerrabella) has appeared as Constance, in "King John," at the Theatre Royal, Manchester.

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Art and Literature.

Mr. Martin F. Tupper has been giving a series of readings from his works at Glasgow and Dundee.

The Archbishop of Cantorbury will contribute an article to "Winged Arrows," the Christmas part of the Quiver.

Mr. Richard Gowing, editor of the School Board Chronicle, has been appointed editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, in the place of Mr. Joseph Hatton.

The Irish Echo is the title of a new Dublin daily paper that has just made its appearance. The Dublin Evening Telegraph is merged in the new paper.

A new edition (the fourteenth) of "Haydn's Dictionary of Dates," bringing down the work to the present time, is just being issued in monthly parts.

The Post Laureate's works will in future be issued by Messrs. H. S. King & Co. It is stated that the change of publisher will take effect at Christmas next.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, of Paternoster-row, have lately issued a work by the Rev. W. Blackley, consisting of an argument to the effect that Christ never instituted water-baptism, and that the baptisms mentioned in Mat. xxviii. and Mark. xvi. had no reference whatever to baptism with water.

A recent number of All the Year Round contains the following "Editorial Note:"—"Three-and-twenty years ago a story of Australian adventure, called 'Two-Handed Dick, the Stockman,' was published in the sixth number of Household Words."

A copy of this paper, exact in every particular, except for two or three words added by the copyist, was recently offered for publication in All the Year Round. Fortunately, the conductor of this journal at once recognised 'Two-Handed Dick' as an old acquaintance, and, after some search, discovered the history of his adventures in its original form.

A letter to the sender of this manuscript, asking him if he had any sort of explanation to offer before the public exposure of the attempted fraud, having remained unanswered for a week, the conductor of All the Year Round thinks it highly desirable that, without further comment on his part, the public should be made acquainted with the facts above recorded.





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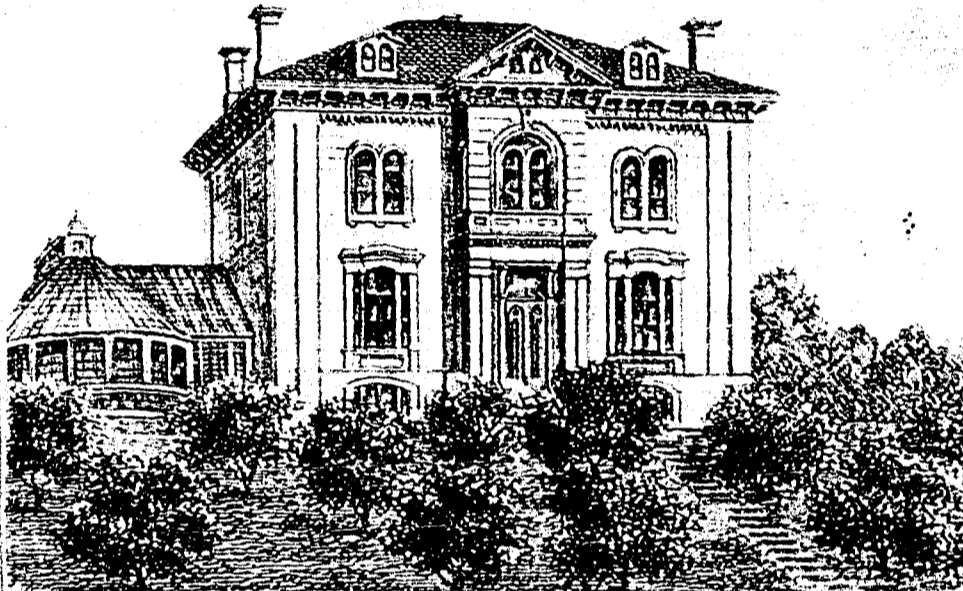
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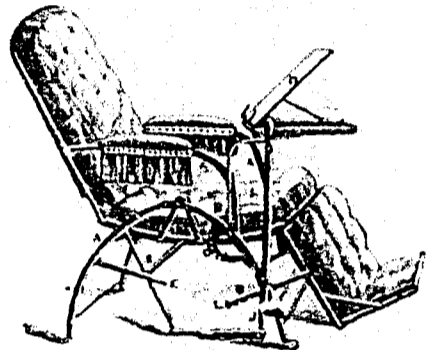
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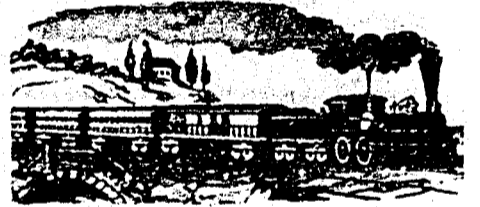
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