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Illustrated News

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Harriet Dufferin

HER EXCELLENCY THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & FRASER.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

THE GHOST.

BY PROFESSOR PEPPER.

Public opinion long ago determined and settled it as a fact that it was quite possible to see a spectral image which should simulate the human form divine. Classical histories tell of phantoms rising before the astonished vision of heroes to warn them of impending disasters and death. Shakespeare continually uses "the Ghost" as one of his great dramatic accessories, employing spectres to afflict the eyes and menace the ears of his great characters, viz. Brutus, Macbeth and Richard the Third. The ancients were not, however, bold enough to manufacture or produce a patent ghost, they had no learned works to instruct them upon the laws of light and optics; but still the human mind, ever restless and yearning after the truthful and the beautiful, brought them very near to a modern experimental ghost when they embodied the idea of reflection in their mythological and poetical fables. The reflection of sound is illustrated in the fate of the nymph Echo who, daring to assist Jupiter in deceiving Juno, was punished by the Queen of Heaven and changed into an echo, and as if the laws of reflection were to be still further illustrated, the silly nymph Echo fell in love with Narcissus, (a name synonymous with a pretty flower), but as her love was not returned, she pined away in grief, and fading gradually left behind her a voice (A Voice) *et præterea nihil* (and nothing beside.)

Much, oh patient reader, the fate of Narcissus. Just as poor dear pretty Echo subsided into the reflection of sound and exchanged her corporeal existence for a voice; so Narcissus meets the same unhappy end by the reflection of light, for Dr. Clarke informs us that Narcissus was a beautiful (I presume) youth, and that he was the son of Cepheus and Liriope; but unfortunately for poor Echo was inaccessible to the feeling of love. Echo enamoured of the cold creature died of grief.

But Nemesis, to punish Narcissus, caused him to see a form image reflected in a fountain, whereupon he became so enamoured of it, that he gradually pined away, until he was metamorphosed into the flower which bears his name. Narcissus saw his own ghost and died.

Thus we are convinced that the ancients illustrated poetically the reflection of sound and light.

Echo died of the reflection of sound. Narcissus of the reflection of light.

The ghost is a reflection; and now for a little philosophy a la nineteenth century.

Light distributes itself from all luminous bodies like radii drawn from the centre of a circle. The smallest portion of light separate is spoken of as a ray of light, and provided this ray remains in the same medium of the same density, no change occurs in its path or direction; but directly it passes out of that medium into another of a different density or into any other solid, fluid, or gaseous body, it may undergo other changes, but especially may be reflected and indeed a portion of it is always turned back.

On any irregular surface such as a cloud, or snow, or paper light is scattered and so generally diffused that it will illuminate a large space. If however it falls upon a polished surface of steel, silver, gold, nickel, platinum or other metallic surface, the ray is thrown off in a certain and fixed direction, and now instead of being scattered it illuminates brilliantly a limited space.

The reflection of light takes place in obedience to certain fixed laws of which the fundamental one is that, "The angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection," or, "the incident and reflected rays always form equal angles."

The second law is that the incident and reflected rays, always lie in the same plane—i. e. if the path of the incident ray corresponds with the top of a table and is horizontal, the reflected ray will be the same. If the incident ray is perpendicular or in a plane corresponding with the legs of the table, then the reflected ray is identical with that plane.

If a ray of light strikes a surface in a perpendicular direction it returns upon itself and retraces, as it were, its steps. If the ray falls slantingly, then it darts off the reflecting surface in an oblique direction.

It is easy to take pencil and drawing-paper and trace out the direction a ray of light ought to take in obedience to these laws. First, draw a straight line to represent the reflecting surface, then draw a perpendicular to the surface, when the ray is represented as striking the surface. It is easy to complete the angle of the incident ray and to draw the reflected one exactly alike on the other side of the perpendicular.

A hole in a closed shutter will admit into a shaded room a beam or ray of light with which the young experimentalist may operate. The dust in the room by irregular reflection shows the path of the ray, and by taking some plane or flat surface, such for instance as a piece of plate-glass, the student may soon learn the very simple principle upon which the more complicated illusion called "The Ghost," is produced. First, he may hold the glass so that the ray is exactly perpendicular to the reflecting surface, when he will notice the ray retraces its own course. Secondly, he may incline the glass and then observe that whilst a considerable portion of light goes through the glass, a still larger one is thrown off or reflected. And now it is only necessary to imagine a highly illuminated object, such as a plaster of Paris bust or a living being standing before the perpendicular or inclined glass, and the reflection of the real figure will be the spectral image or ghost.

When we walk past large plate-glass windows in shops we may see our own "ghosts" walking amongst the silks and satins, or hms, cheeks, butter, &c., within. The ghosts are usually clear and distinct because they are produced by perpendicular reflections, which are always the best and free from any displacement—bending or unnatural distortion. The beautiful photograph of the "Mirror Lake" in Yosemite Valley, is an admirable illustration of the principle of "a Ghost," or of the story of Narcissus. The only difference is that the reflecting surface is water and not glass. As the light from an illuminated object must travel to the surface of the glass and then come back again, it is evident that the reflection will appear just as far behind the glass as the real one is distant from it in front. Nature thus most perfectly registers distances, and art, by the employment of a Theodolite, applies the principle. The amount of light reflected varies,

as already stated, according to the position of the glass. Thus 25 rays only out of a 1,000 are returned from glass when they fall in the perpendicular line, about 400 if they fall upon the glass placed at an angle of 80 degrees. At an angle of 89 degrees the plain unsilvered glass would reflect nearly all the light and quite as much as if coated with quicksilver amalgam at the back. It is on account of this fact that the startling "ghost effect" produced in nature by the Mirage of the Desert is produced.

The strata of air vary in temperature, the layer nearest the sand is hotter than the air above it; the rays from any distant object, such as a house, a tree, a lake, strike at a very oblique angle and then undergo nearly total reflection as explained with the glass when placed at an angle of 89 degrees.

The illusion called the Ghost is, therefore, a spectral image produced by placing any illuminated object before a large sheet of plate-glass. The illuminated object is concealed from the view of the spectator, and is made to appear or vanish by alternately throwing on and cutting off the light used to illuminate the figure. The idea of the ghost was first shown by a toy model in which it appeared to be necessary to build a room specially for the exhibition. The writer by arranging lights before and behind the glass, and combining the action of the living figure with the spectral one, produced those startling effects which put thousands of pounds into the pockets of the Directors of the Polytechnic Joint Stock Company. Out of £2,000 sterling realized during the first year it was exhibited, the writer received the not too liberal and encouraging sum of £200 over and above his salary and percentage, and having to pay all the law expenses arising from the defence of the Ghost Patent was, like nearly every inventor, the worst remunerated person in the affair. An attempt to vote him £1,000 at a General Meeting, was squelched by an informality in registering the proxies for votes.

The Ghost was produced under the writer's direction at the various London Theatres, viz. at Drury Lane, the Adelphi, and Britannia Theatres; also, in Paris, at the Théâtre du Château, likewise at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, and a number of other provincial Theatres and Lecture Halls.

It found its way to the permission of the Patentee to Germany, Spain, India, Russia, the United States of America, and must have realized for the various fortunate exhibitors a sum of at least a *parce* of a million sterling—the largest sum ever realized by any optical illusion.

When the very learned Lord Chancellor, Lord Westbury gave judgment for the Patentee in Chancery, he said, that in his boyish days he was taken by his father to see the celebrated Egyptian traveller Belzoni, and the latter exhibited a toy which displayed the same kind of effect as the Ghost apparatus. The Lord Chancellor, in alluding to the evidence and affidavits, with drawings deposited in Court, said that the drawings were direct copies of the Patentee's, and were obtained in some improper manner. In speaking of one person who swore he had seen the ghost at some tea garden in the neighbourhood of Margate, England, his Lordship remarked "that the witness was spoken of as a 'nigger minstrel'; he was elsewhere denominated an 'Ethiopian Sorehead.' He was no doubt a most respectable person, a very honest individual, but to put the evidence of such a person against that of Faraday, Wheatstone and Brewster, was a manifest absurdity, he therefore ruled that the Defendant's Patent be sealed and the Plaintiffs pay the costs."

The writer cannot conclude this little sketch without speaking most approvingly of Mr. Bell Smith's admirable drawing of the appearance of the Ghost to the astonished student, which accompanies this description.

PAGANINI.

About the age of thirty, at which time, as we shall presently narrate, Paganini became free never again to be bound by any official appointment—the great violinist had exhausted all the possible resources of his instrument. From this time Paganini, incredible as it may appear, seldom, if ever, played except at concerts and rehearsals, and not always even at rehearsals. Mr. Harris, who for twelve months acted as his secretary, and seldom left him, never saw him take his violin from its case. At the hotels where he stopped the sound of his instrument was never heard. He used to say that he had worked enough, and had earned his right to repose; yet, without an effort, he continued to overcome the superhuman difficulties which he himself had created with the same unerring facility, and ever watched by the eager and envious eyes of critics and rivals. In vain! No false intonation, no note out of tune, no failure was ever perceptible. The *Times'* critic, reviewing him in London some years before his death, says his octaves were so true that they sounded like one note, and the most enormous intervals with triple notes, harmonics, and guitar effects, seem to have been invariably taken with the same precision. In the words of a critical judge, M. Fétis, "his hand was a geometrical compass, which divided the finger-board with mathematical precision." There is an amusing story told of an Englishman, who followed him from place to place to hear him play in private, in the hope of discovering his "secret." At last, after many vain attempts, he managed to get lodged in the next room to the great artist. Looking through the keyhole, he beheld him seated on a sofa, about to take his violin from its case—at last! He raises it to his chin—but the bow?—is left in the case. The left hand merely measures with its enormous wiry fingers a few mechanical intervals, and the instrument is replaced in silence—not even then was a note to be heard! Yet every detail of rehearsal was an anxiety to him. Although he gave a prodigious number of concerts, he was always unusually restless and abstracted on the morning of the day on which he had to perform. He would be idle for hours on his sofa—or, at least, he seemed to be idle—perhaps the works were then being wound up before going to rehearsal—he would then before starting take up his violin, examine it carefully, especially the screws, and, having satisfied himself, replace it in its shabby worn case without striking a note. Then he would sort and arrange the orchestral parts of his solos, and go off to rehearsal. He was very unpunctual, and on one occasion kept the whole band waiting for an hour, and was at last found sheltering from the rain under a colonnade, rather than take a cab. This was in London. At the rehearsal there was always the most intense eagerness on the part of the band to see him play, and when he came to one of his prodigious cadenzas, the musicians would rise in their seats, and lean forward to watch every movement, and follow every sound. Paganini would then just play a few commonplace notes, stop suddenly, and, turn-

ing round to the band, wave his bow, with a malicious smile, and say, "Et cetera, Messieurs!" If anything went wrong, he got into a paroxysm of fury; but when things went well, he freely showed his satisfaction, and often exclaimed, "Bravissimo siete tutti virtuosi!" He could be very courteous in his manner, and was not personally unpopular with his fellow-musicians, who stood greatly in awe of him. No one ever saw the principal parts of his solos, as he played by heart, for fear of the music being copied. The rehearsals over, he carried even the orchestral parts away with him. He would then go straight home, take a light meal, throw himself on his bed, and sleep profoundly until his carriage arrived to take him to the concert. His toilet was very simple, and took hardly any time; his coat was buttoned tightly over his chest, and marked the more conspicuously the impossible angles of his figure; his trousers hung loose for trousers of the period; his cravat was tight about his neck. He sweated so profusely over his solos that he always carried a clean shirt in his violin trunk, and changed his linen once at least during the concert. At concert time he usually seemed in excellent spirits. His first question on arriving was always, "Is there a large audience?" If the room was full, he would say, "Excellent people! good! good!" If by any chance the boxes were empty, he would say, "Some of the effect will be lost." He kept his audience waiting a long time, and he would sometimes say, "I have played better," or "I have played worse," and occasionally his first solo would be more effective than his last. After once or twice trying the music of Kreutzer and Hole in public, he decided never to play any but his own, and said to his secretary, Mr. Harris, "I have my own peculiar style; in accordance with this I regulate my compositions. I had much rather write a piece in which I can trust myself entirely to my own musical impressions." "His art," observes M. Fétis, "was an art born with him, the secret of which he has carried to the grave."—*Good Words.*

Miscellaneous.

The French census has just been declared, and the population of the whole country is fixed at 32,122,821.

Female "Siamese twins" have arrived in Paris, en route for London, where they will exhibit at the Crystal Palace.

Another of the Balaclava heroes has gone. Gen. Mayow, C.B., fell dead from his horse on New Year's Day. The cause of death was heart-disease.

A bicyclist, recently deceased, in London, was found to have the heaviest brain on record. It weighed sixty-seven ounces. The man could neither read nor write.

The *Quebec Journal* says that the Canadian Government has ordered of Sir William Armstrong a number of 3-pounder field guns of 8 cwt., similar to those supplied to the Royal Artillery.

It is so often the case that "free admission" to a meeting means "no collection at the conclusion," that the English papers are now adding to some of their announcements, "entrance and exit free."

The Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, according to the latest accounts, is expected in Oriental Siberia, where great preparations are being made to receive him. It is said that he will enter Siberia by Kamtschatka from Peking.

It is believed that Prof. Tyndall will clear about \$25,000 by his lectures in the States, and it has been hinted that he proposes to devote the whole of this sum to the founding of something scientific in one of the American colleges.

Japan is about to remodel her whole system of education. The country is to be partitioned off into eight divisions, in each of which there are to be a university and thirty-two "middle" schools. There are also to be academies, and, beneath these, primary schools.

Canon Kingsley, in a recent address at the Birmingham Midland Institute, earnestly recommended the teaching of the art, and the encouragement of the practice of preserving health. Shortly afterwards the means were supplied for carrying out the suggestion by a donation of £2,500 sent anonymously for the purpose of establishing a professorship on the subject.

In Paris Alpine rats are being imported as an article of food, and are pronounced to be equal to domestic rabbit and a shade better than cat. Thanks to the ingenuity of an Italian grocer, Paris has not suffered in its supply of "fresh fish" during the late inclement weather; that individual set up machinery to manufacture whiting, gallegon, flots de sel, &c., out of the tails of salt cod. Horse-flesh is reviving in favour.

The *Napier Roma* has been casting the microscope of M. Thiers, and finds that the number 34 is the cabalistic figure of the veteran statesman. He made his debut as Minister when he was 36 years old, in 1832, and was Premier in 1836; he has published 35 volumes of French history; he is now twice 35 years and 35 months of age; lastly, in his late victory in the Versailles Assembly, he obtained a majority of 35 votes.

The biggest—and, perhaps the dullest—book which has ever been constructed, is just now in process of building. It is the book which shall contain the names of those inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine who have now formally proclaimed their wish to remain French subjects to the number of 380,000. The *Patrie* states that 125 composers have been employed on the work during the last three months, that it is being printed on seven presses, and that it will form a volume of 13,151 pages.

The Fenian Amnesty Association are raising a fund for the prosecution of certain gaolers at Chatham and Millbank for alleged cruelty towards Reldin, the late Fenian prisoner, who says that he was placed in solitary confinement, had not sufficient food, and, when afflicted with paralysis, was burnt with red-hot irons and pricked with needles to find out whether he was shamming. One of the charges, however, is of a truly Irish character: it is that his cell was fastened with a padlock instead of the customary bolt! A statement of the tortures is to be printed in detail in every European language and circulated in all countries. Mr. Isaac Butt and Mr. H. Mathew, M. P., have been retained as counsel for the prosecution.

A DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.—Admirers of Donizetti's pretty opera, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, will be interested to hear, on authority of the *Russian Invalid*, that the 150th Regiment of Russian Infantry possesses at this moment a daughter of the regiment. The young lady who bears this not unenviable title is the daughter of Father Malinin, the regimental chaplain, who died in 1867, leaving his little girl, then only ten years old, entirely unprovided for. The officers, with whom the chaplain had been a great favorite, made a subscription for the child, on the understanding that it should be continued annually, and placed her at a boarding-school at Saratoff, where the regiment is stationed during the winter. The *Russian Invalid* does not say whether Mlle. Malinin plays the drum; but whenever a regimental entertainment is given the officers invite their daughter to do the honours.

Victor Emanuel has lately made himself quite popular with

Our Illustrations.

H. B. THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN.

Harriet, Countess of Dufferin, daughter of Archibald Hamilton, of Killyleagh Castle, and great grand-daughter of Hamilton Rowan. Her Ladyship was married on the 23rd October, 1862.

THEIR EXCELLENCIES AT VILLA MARIA CONVENT.

The ladies and pupils of the Villa Maria Convent were honoured on Friday, the 24th inst., with a visit from Their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess of Dufferin. The weather was most unpropitious for the three mile drive to Cote St. Catherine, the wind blowing keenly and the snow falling so heavily as to render the roads almost impassable. On their arrival at the Convent the vice-regal party made the tour of the establishment and were then conducted into the recreation-room, which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion. At one end of the apartment the young ladies, dressed in white, were drawn up in a semi-circle, and in front was a low dais for Their Excellencies. When the visitors had taken their seats, one of the pupils stepped forward and read an address of welcome in French. Another young lady then read the following verses:—

To-day smiles bright and glad some light up our Convent halls,
And gladly do we welcome, within its quiet walls,
Illustrious guests, already to honour known and fame,
Who come to our young country in a well-loved sovereign's name.

Little have we to offer, a snatch of joyous song,
A strain of festive music, from a happy girlish throng.
A wreath of mountain blossoms of varied form and hue,
But given with warm wishes, heart homage deep and true.

Half hid mid brilliant flowers, behold a tiny leaf,
That e'er has kept its freshness through sunshine and through grief—
And taken root as firmly upon our mountain side,
As in Green Erin's valleys beyond the ocean wide.

'Tis fitting we should offer this shamrock, emblem fair
Of a brave and generous people, a land of beauty rare.
To two of Erin's children, whose genius and whose worth
Reflect such peerless lustre on the land that gave them birth.

Vast the country over which extends your lordship's reign,
From Atlantic to Pacific stretches the wide domain,
From heart and brain scope giving to work such mighty good,
And stain thy name in deathless fame, on city, field and flood.

For thee, my lady, boundless the power thou wilt wield
O'er minds and hearts of thine own sex, surely a noble field;
Them thou wilt teach by word and deed to do as thou dost do,
And to the pure high instincts of womanhood be true.

Deep is our prayer and earnest that whilst with us ye stay,
The time may prove as pleasant as a long mid-summer day.
No cloud of factious discord e'er mark its golden flight,
Nor brooding public sorrow change sunshine into night.

And though wild storms may riot through winter's long bleak reign;
Though lakes, streams, mighty rivers be bound in icy chain;
Though snow-drifts heap the landscape with forms fantastic strange,
Ye will find our hearts true, loyal, will know no chill nor change.

A bouquet was next presented to Her Ladyship, after which an allegorical representation was given, in which Anglia, Caledonia, Erin, and Canada were the performers. An address in French was then read to Her Excellency, and after some musical exercises the Governor-General rose and replied in French to the address. The event of the occasion, however, in which the inmates of Villa Maria were especially honoured, was Lady Dufferin's reply to the address presented her and to the request for a holiday. As this is, so far as we are aware, the only occasion on which Her Ladyship has replied in person to the welcomes extended to her since her arrival in this country, we append a translation in full:

My Young Friends,—I find it difficult to thank you sufficiently for the warm and flattering welcome you have given me to-day. In every part of Canada where I have been I have heard this convent spoken of with respect and admiration, and I have, therefore, looked forward to my visit to Villa Maria with the greatest impatience. I can well believe with what affection you, who have come forward with such warm expressions of loyalty to your Queen, and of kindness to ourselves, must regard your Convent Home, and those kind Sisters who sacrifice themselves to your welfare; and I trust that you are able to repay them in some measure for all their care and for their goodness to you, by your attention to their instructions, and your love for themselves. I hope also the day is far distant when you will cease to think a holiday one of the greatest pleasures in the world. I can assure you that if I can persuade these good ladies, to-day, to allow me to present you with one, you will not enjoy it more than I myself.

This terminated the proceedings, and the company dispersed.

VIEW FROM THE FORT, PRINCE ARTHUR'S LANDING.

The fort from which this view is taken was built at the time of the first Red River Expedition, but now to such "base uses" has it come that it is no more than a lock-up. The view looks eastwards along the shore of the lake, and embraces Shuniah, Thunder Bay, and Silver Harbour.

THE MONTREAL CITIZENS' BALL.

This great event, to which Montrealers have been looking forward for two months past, took place on Tuesday week, in the new Queen's Hall, on St. Catherine Street. The room, of which a very good idea may be obtained from the illustration, was elaborately decorated with evergreens, flags, armorial shields, etc., etc., and at the south end was a dais on which were chairs for Their Excellencies. At ten o'clock the Governor-General made his appearance, accompanied by the Countess. His Excellency wore a scarlet dress coat, with silver epaulettes, chapeau bras with white plumes, blue ribbon across the chest, and the two orders of St. Patrick and the Bath on his left breast. The Countess was simply and tastefully costumed in a white satin robe, trimmed in front with crimson. After taking their stand for a few moments on the dais, they walked around the hall for a few moments and then proceeded to open the ball, His Excellency with Madame Coursoi in front of the dais, and the Countess and His Worship the Mayor at the opposite end. Dancing was kept up with great vigour until midnight, when Their Excellencies proceeded to the supper-room. After supper it was carried on far into the morning, when the company separated with great reluctance.

the Romans by going in person to the district surrounded and devastated by water near the Ponte Nomentano. He drove in a light victoria, making the driver go to the very doors, although the horses were up to their bodies in water. The bottom of the carriage was covered with mud. This and similar acts are characteristic of the kind-hearted, unconventional king. He is utterly without those formalities and caprices so common to royalty. He always dines in the middle of the day, and is fond of the plainest food, having a particularly strong liking for onions, beets, and cabbage. He never eats at any grand dinner given in his own palace, though he is polite enough elsewhere.

The Paris gamins are noted for their pranks, but their latest amusement, *la panique*, surpasses in excitement all previous efforts. One little *gavroche*, separating himself from his companions, stops before a shop, looks about him uneasily, and when he sees himself observed runs off as hard as he can, the others pursuing him, crying "Stop thief!" A crowd joins in the pursuit, and *gavroche* is arrested and taken before the Commissary of Police. No prosecutor appearing, he is asked why he ran off in such a manner, and replies, "Please, M'sieu, I was in a great hurry; I had to get a sou's worth of bread for (with that allud pathos so characteristic of a Parisian) my mother." A band of these little rascals also recently stole a number of those gas balloons, so common in Paris, and tying them to a little dog, managed to suspend him in mid-air. Here the poor animal, uttering the most plaintive cries remained for some minutes, the gamins dancing round him, and shouting "Ohé Gambotta!"

A PERFORMING COCKATOO.

Mr. Frank Buckland describes as follows the performances of a clever trained cockatoo in the possession of a Mr. Harris, of Bloomsbury, London, who has had the bird for nineteen years, and commenced training him twelve years ago. The feathered pupil has now arrived at such a high pitch of training that he will obey a signal, and even a word of command. It is also very curious to observe that the bird seems to have a good ear for music, keeping time to the tune, and doing what he ought to do at the right place.

The bird being placed on the top of a chair, his master put a little tambourine into his bill, and then, as we had no piano, sang to him the song, "Uncle Ned had no wool on his head." The bird shook the tambourine to the regular time, and when the chorus came rattled it beautifully, like the organ people do on Epsom Downs. A short drumstick was then placed in the bird's bill, and another nigger song sung. The bird beat time with the stick on the little tambourine. A professional drummer could not have done it better. A doll is then put into the bird's beak, and he dances the doll up and down on the tambourine, like the mechanical dancing-nigger one sees in the toy-shops. At the end, or even in the middle of the performance, Mr. Harris suddenly says, "Show your wings." The bird instantly opens his wings, and holds them open till told to close them. A very funny scene then takes place. A little model head and shoulders of "a gent," with a white hat, long whiskers, glass in eye, etc., is placed over the bird's head. Mr. Harris sings, "I'm a gent, I'm a gent." The bird waves the head about so funnily in imitation of the swagger and walk of the gent that the effect is most amusing and laughable. During the singing of "Far down the Old Swan River," the bird accompanies with "the bones," only "the bones" are imitated by the snappings of his own bill always to perfect tune. While Mr. Harris sings, "I wish I were a bird," the cockatoo ruffles up his feathers, and in the funniest possible manner, when the pathetic parts come, and at the words, "that I might fly to thee," he opens his wings quite wide, and flaps them violently as though he was making every effort to fly, but could not manage it at all. This wonderful bird goes through many other performances equally as clever. Mr. Darwin ought to see him to get some notes for his "Anatomy of Expression," for certainly I never saw such a clever-faced bird before. My old parrot, who is by no means a fool, for she can talk famously, looked quite an idiot by the side of this preternaturally learned bird, of which, by the way, my old poll was frightfully jealous.

Home Items.

A company is about to be formed at Ottawa for the manufacture of extract of hemlock bark to be used in tanning operations.

Eleven of the vessels intended for the direct line between Chicago and Liverpool are now being constructed and will be launched at the opening of navigation.

The Montreal Telegraph Company are about to extend their wires in the Ottawa district from Havelock to Chichester. An additional wire has been put on—making in all four wires—between Montreal and Ottawa, and another line is to be added between Ottawa and Toronto.

A company has been formed for the establishment of a monster refinery at Petrolia, with a capacity of 3,000 barrels weekly. In connection with this enterprise, the Petrolia Council purpose offering a bonus to induce an extension of the Grand Trunk from Cambachle; or, if Sarnia will co-operate, from Point Edward.

The work on the Ottawa and Coteau Landing Railway is now being pushed forward as rapidly as is possible at this season of the year. One hundred men are now employed on the heaviest cuttings, and this force will be largely augmented in the spring. Already fourteen miles of the railway have been graded and prepared for track-laying in the townships of Lochiel and Kenyon.

The Victoria, B. C., *Standard*, states that the Seymour Narrows and Bute Inlet railway parties have discovered iron and coal beds, rich in quality and of large extent. The discoveries will prove most valuable in connection with the building of the line of the Canadian Pacific. Large areas of lands suitable for agricultural and grazing purposes have also been met with; and the engineers are very favourably impressed with the wealth of the country which they traversed the past summer.

The Victoria *Standard* says that experiments have recently been made at New Westminster with a view of testing the adaptability of the soil and climate of the delta of the Fraser for the growth and production of the sugar beet, and to ascertain whether the manufacture of beet root sugar could not be made a profitable source of industry to the people of the Province. So far as the experiment has been tried, the result has exceeded the most sanguine expectations, both as regards the productiveness of the soil in the yield of the roots and the percentage of saccharine matter they contain for sugar-making purposes. The yield per acre of the roots is said to have been from thirty to forty thousand pounds in weight, or equal to a thousand pounds of good marketable sugar, besides a relative quantity of syrup of an excellent quality, to every acre of land cultivated.

The affair is universally admitted to have been a perfect success and in every way worthy of the occasion.

The ladies who had the honour of dancing with His Excellency were the following:—Madame Coursoi, Miss Allan, Mrs. Young, Miss Beaudry, Mrs. Justice Monk, Mrs. Starnes, Miss Dorion, Mrs. Edward Carter, Miss Gordon, Miss Johnston, Mrs. Oimet, Mrs. Jetté, Mrs. W. E. McKenzie, Miss Laframboise, Mrs. Justice Day, Miss Campbell.

Among the gentlemen who had the honour of dancing with the Countess of Dufferin were Sir Hugh Allan, Hon. Mr. Dorion, and Hon. John Young.

The catering department was admirably attended to by Mr. Martin, of the Carlton Club.

On the opposite page will be found a paper contributed by Professor Pepper, on Optical Illusions, and specially illustrative of the phenomenon known as

PEPPER'S GHOST.

On Thursday evening, the 30th ult., the Victoria Skating Rink in this city was crowded on the occasion of

THE FANCY DRESS ENTERTAINMENT

held in honour of Their Excellencies. The ice was in admirable condition, and the participants in the masquerade were both numerous and effectively costumed. The decorations were, as usual, in the best taste. At one end of the rink a throne was erected for Their Excellencies, and in front of this, on the arrival of the distinguished visitors, an open space was cleared where eight couples formed into two sets and danced the Lancers. This, with the waltzing which followed, were the two great features of the entertainment, and were saluted with loud applause. After this His Excellency made his appearance on the ice in a pink satin domino with grey trimmings, and spent some time skating among the masqueraders. Supper was served at about half-past ten, and Their Excellencies withdrew at midnight, His Lordship declaring that he had never spent in Canada a more agreeable evening.

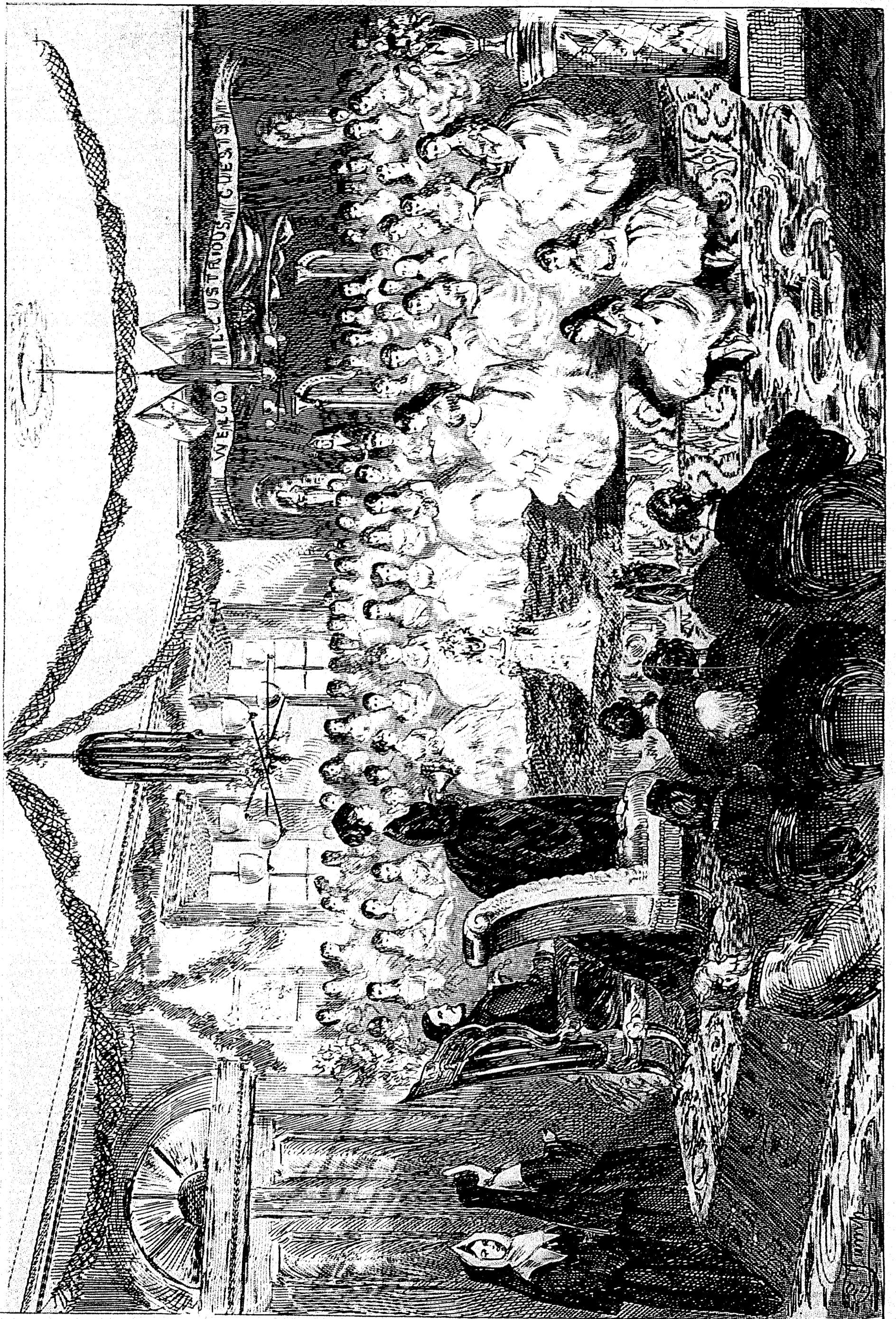
THE WRECK OF THE "GERMANY."

It will be remembered that the steamship *Germany*, of the Allan Line, went ashore on Saturday, the 23th of December, on a sand-bank at the mouth of the Gironde, and that some thirty of the passengers and crew were lost, the remainder being saved by two French vessels after having passed the entire night in a position of extreme peril. We reproduce in this issue a sketch of the scene on the Sunday morning, when the crews of the steamer *Mendoza* and the fishing smack *Joseph Tristram*, were engaged in rescuing the sufferers. The *Germany* left Liverpool on the 18th December, bound for Havana and New Orleans. She had on board 127 persons, of whom 29 were passengers. When off the mouth of the Gironde she took on board a pilot, intending to call at Panillac, a small town some way up the mouth of the river on the south bank. Owing, however, to the carelessness or incapacity of the man, she went ashore off Point de la Doube, a sharp spit of land on the north side of the entrance of the estuary. The following is the account of the affair as given by those taken from the wreck, translated from the *Courrier de Rochelle*:

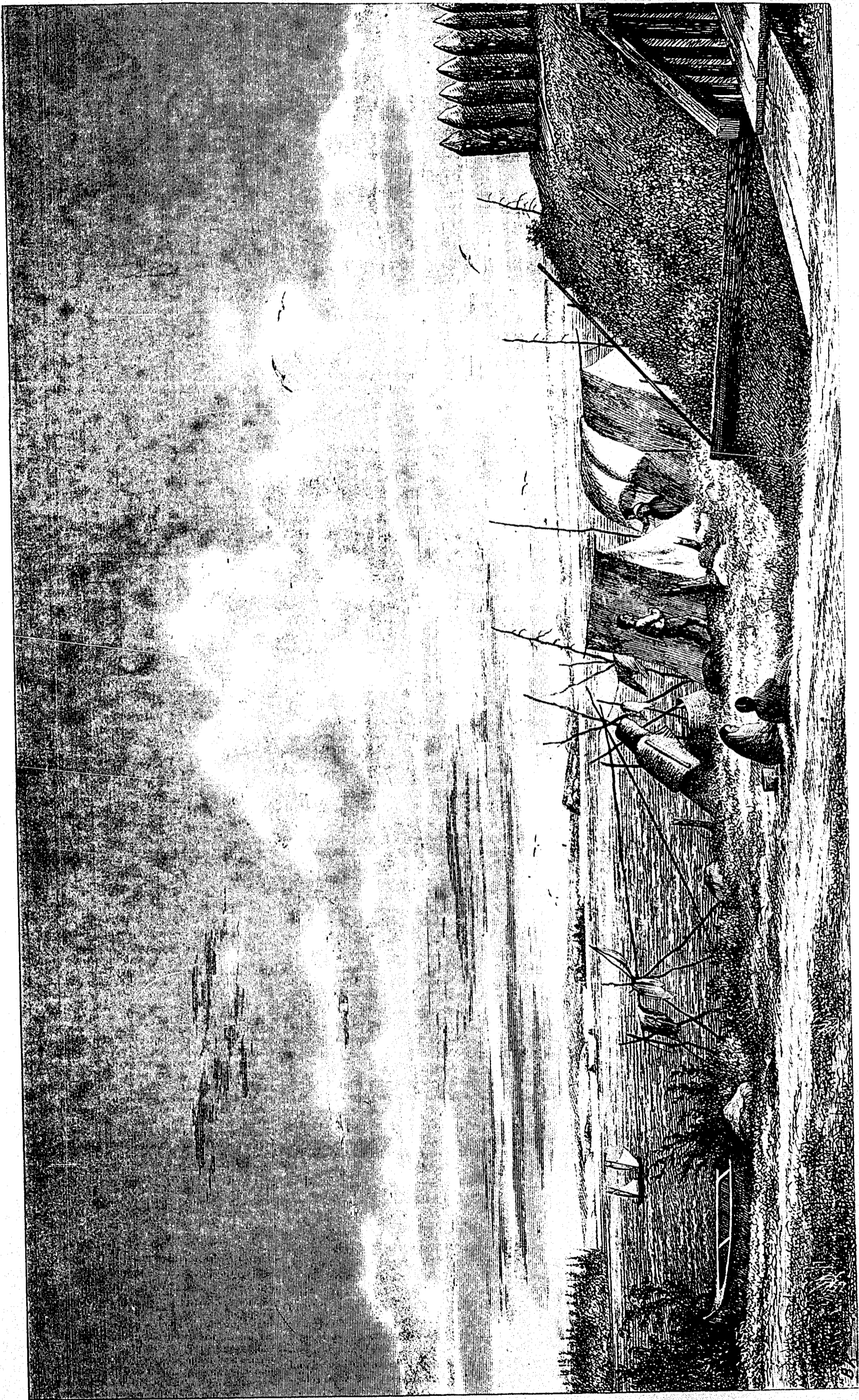
Shortly after the stranding of the *Germany*, the sea broke over her with such violence that the lives of all on board were in the greatest danger. It was pitch-dark, the ship was gradually going to pieces, and it was impossible to remain on the deck, which was swept from stern to stem by the furious waves. At half-past eight the main-mast went, and was followed half an hour after by the mizen-mast—the latter carrying with it seven unfortunate men who had taken refuge in the rigging. It was a terrible moment for the survivors. They could hear the ominous cracking of the timbers as the vessel parted, mingled with the hopeless cries of anguish and despair of their friends as the pitiless sea swallowed them up. Several persons were carried away by the waves, which uninterruptedly washed over the vessel. One sea swept away a mother and her four children. About five in the morning a young girl of eighteen who had passed the night in the fore part of the vessel, attempted to reach the bridge. While making her way aft she was thrown down by a wave, notwithstanding the assistance of one of the officers, and dashed violently against the bulwarks. Her sufferings were horrible, and her cries wrung the hearts of all who heard her. At daybreak the *Mendoza* made her first trip to the rescue, and then followed a terrible scene. The poor wretches on the wreck, half-crazy with suffering and despair threw themselves eagerly into the boat despatched to their assistance, and in the struggle six were drowned. The *Courrier* pays a high tribute to the bravery and self-devotion of the crews of the *Mendoza* and *Tristram*. The captain of the latter has already distinguished himself on similar occasions, for which he has received a medal.

It is only just to add that Capt. Trocks, of the *Germany*, has been absolved by the court of enquiry from all blame in the matter, the loss of the vessel being entirely due, as already stated, to the carelessness or inefficiency of the French pilot.

In a long article on Science and Spiritualism, the *London Times* makes some curious revelations regarding the spread of Spiritualism in the English upper and middle classes. The editor says:—A volume now lying before us may serve to show how this folly is spread throughout society. It was lent to us by a distinguished Spiritualist, under the solemn promise that we should not divulge a single name of those concerned. It consists of about 150 pages of reports of séances, and was privately printed by a noble Earl, who has lately passed beyond the House of Lords, beyond, also, we trust, the spirit-peopled chairs and tables which in his life-time he loved, not wisely, but too well. In this book things more marvellous than any we have set down are circumstantially related, in a natural way, just as though they were ordinary, every-day matters of fact. We shall not fatigue the reader by quoting any of the accounts given, and, no doubt, he will take our word when we say that they range through every species of "manifestation," from prophesying downwards. What we more particularly wish to observe is that the attestation of fifty respectable witnesses is placed before the title page. Among them are a Dowager Duchess and other ladies of rank, a captain in the Guards, a nobleman, a baronet, a member of Parliament, several officers of our scientific and other corps, a barrister, a merchant, and a doctor. Upper and middle class society is represented in all its grades, and by persons who, to judge by the position they hold and the callings they follow, ought to be possessed of intelligence and ability. Certainly it is time that a thorough and practical investigation cleared this cloud out of the intellectual sky, and the task need not be scouted by professors or other learned men, by Royal or other learned societies.



MONTREAL.—THEIR EXCELLENCIES AT VILLA MARIA CONVENT.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. JUMP.



VIEW FROM THE FORT, PRINCE ARTHUR'S LANDING, LAKE SUPERIOR.—By W. ARMSTRONG.

ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS taken at 26 Beaver Hall, Montreal, by THOS. D. KING, for the week ending Feb. 3, 1873.

	Mean Temp. 7 A. M., 2 P. M., 9 P. M.	Max. Temp. of day.	Min. Temp. previous night.	Mean Rel. Hum. 7 A. M., 9 P. M.	Mean Height of Bar.	Gen. Direction of Wind.	State of Weather.
Jan. 23	14.0	19.0	9.0	80	29.85	Vari.	Snow.
" 24	13.2	22.0	15.0	81	29.87	W	Snow.
" 25	-3.5	-4.0	-17.0	75	30.24	W	Clear.
" 26	1.8	7.0	-10.0	78	30.02	S W	Clear.
" 27	21.3	26.5	9.0	83	29.99	W	Clear.
Feb. 1	-2.0	6.0	-8.0	75	30.15	W	Clear.
" 2	7.5	14.0	-10.0	74	30.10	W	Clear.
" 3	13.2	21.0	5.0	80	29.81	S W	Cloudy.

Extreme Range of Temperature, 43.5; of Humidity, 20.0; of Barometer, 0.61 inches.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1873.

SUNDAY.	Feb. 9.—Septuagesima. Volney born, 1757.
MONDAY.	" 10.—Congreve born, 1670. Aaron Hill born, 1685. Ducdale died, 1686. Vossius died, 1689. Montesquieu died, 1755. Canada ceded to Great Britain, 1763. Dr. Nares died, 1783. Dr. Milman born, 1791. Queen Victoria married, 1840. Union of Upper and Lower Canada, 1841.
TUESDAY.	" 11.—Descartes died, 1650. Fentenne born, 1657. Shenstone died, 1763. Lord Sydneyham, Gov. nor. 1840. Inundation of Vienna, 1871.
WEDNESDAY.	" 12.—Lady Jane Grey beheaded, 1555. Cotton Mather born, 1663. Crebillon born, 1707. Kant died, 1804.
THURSDAY.	" 13.—Benvenuto Cellini died, 1578. Massacre of Glencoe, 1691. Cotton Mather died, 1728. Talleyrand born, 1754. Sharon Turner died, 1817.
FRIDAY.	" 14.—St. Valentine. Captain Cook killed, 1779. Sir Wm. Blackstone died, 1789.
SATURDAY.	" 15.—Galileo born, 1564. Bishop Atterbury died, 1732. Cardinal Wiseman died, 1835.

OUR CHROMO.

Owing to the large number of copies of the Chromo now being printed the delivery to subscribers has been unavoidably delayed. We are printing in three tints more than we originally intended, and are thus necessarily somewhat behind. The work is being proceeded with with the utmost diligence, and our subscribers may expect the delivery at an early date.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters on business matters should be addressed to the Business Manager.

Communications intended for the Editor should be addressed to The Editor of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, and marked "Communication."

Rejected contributions are not returned unless stamps for return postage have been forwarded.

THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS MAGAZINE.

PROSPECTUS.

The undersigned has the honour to announce that he has been entrusted by the Honourable Commissioner of Patents for the Dominion of Canada, with the publication of the OFFICIAL RECORD OF THE PATENT OFFICE, to be illustrated by diagrams of all the patents susceptible of illustration. This Official Record will be published Monthly, and will be combined with better press and illustrations selected from the best English and foreign scientific papers, thus not only placing before the public of the Dominion the products of native genius and industry, but also keeping them posted on the progress of Science and Mechanics in other countries. Inventors will thus know in what direction to apply their ideas. Mechanics will note the advances in labour-saving appliances, and the improvement in tools. Manufacturers will be prevented from employing obsolete methods, while new machinery and modes of operation are in use elsewhere. Builders and contractors will know where to apply for all the latest productions in their line combining economy, beauty, and utility. Chemists and Druggists will be saved useless search for compounds already invented by others, and be told where to get the most recently discovered curative remedies and toilet perquisites. Farmers will see every new agricultural implement illustrated and described. In a word there is not a scientific, industrial, mechanical, or commercial pursuit that will not be benefited by this publication. It is therefore expected that a very large circulation will take place among all classes, and the price is fixed correspondingly low.

THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS MAGAZINE will be published once a month. The official portion will cover from 15 to 32 pages, comprising from 100 to 240 patent claims, specifications and diagrams. As the publication will commence with the patents issued under the new Act, which came into operation September 1st, 1872, the first four issues will contain 240 patents each, and each successive number will contain the patents issued during the preceding month.

The unofficial portion, or MECHANICS MAGAZINE, will give in each number 32 pages of carefully selected articles and items, gleaned from the very best foreign technical papers. Every branch of Engineering, Mechanics, and Manufactures will be treated, especially such as have a practical application in Canada. For instance, Railways, Shipbuilding, Lumbering, Mining, Architecture, Machinery, Cabinet-making, and the manufacture of Cloth, Linen, Cotton, Paper, Tobacco, and other articles of Home Industry. Practical Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Natural Philosophy, will also receive attention. Original articles will be contributed by distinguished Canadian scientists, engineers and manufacturers, and the whole will be profusely illustrated.

The subscription price of the CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS MAGAZINE is fixed at ONE DOLLAR and FIFTY CENTS per annum, invariably in advance. Single numbers will be sold at 15 cents. Appropriate advertisements will be inserted at 10 cents per line for each insertion.

The first issue will be dated 1st March, 1873, and will be distributed about the 25th instant.

ADDRESS: GEORGE E. DESBARATS, PUBLISHER, MONTREAL.

OUR NEXT NUMBER.

The next number of the

"ILLUSTRATED NEWS"

will contain a sketch of

THE SKATING TOURNAMENT, MONTREAL;

illustrations of

THE MARMORA MINES,

and a double-page copy of a steel engraving.

'IL PENSEROSO,'

the companion picture to 'L'Allegro,' recently published.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1873.

We are glad to see that steps are being taken by the Custom House officials at St. John, N.B., and elsewhere, to exclude a class of disreputable literature which frequently finds its way into the country from across the border. The kind of literature referred to consists mainly of illustrated newspapers, such as the "Police Gazette," and of paltry novels of the very lowest and most trashy type. There is every reason to believe that such publications meet with very considerable support in Canada, and that not only from the lowest class of readers. The strictest measures should at once be taken for their exclusion, and as far as possible their sale should be prohibited. We have plenty of wholesome literature of our own, both in periodical and book form, which deserves the heartiest support of all Canadians. In this matter a little protection from the overflow of sensational and disreputable literature from the United States is exceedingly desirable. It is difficult to understand what attraction periodicals of the "Police Gazette" type possess for any but the most depraved appetites. The reading matter is neither instructive nor amusing, while the illustrations are conceived and executed in the worst possible taste. The sole aim of the artist appears to be the representation of over, or rather under-dressed women, in anything but modest attitudes. There is no pretension to artistic elegance; the pictures are of the coarsest and poorest kind—partaking of the worst characters, but lacking the beauty of delineation, observable in the doubtful illustrations of the Parisian school. As to the cheap trashy novels which form the private reading of too many school boys and school girls, the case is, if anything, worse. The morality inculcated is of the very shadiest kind. The heroes are generally scoundrels—smugglers, foot-pads, pirates, and not unfrequently murderers—who are painted in the most glowing colours, and are made to perform acts of the greatest bravery, until they appear to the youthful mind as surrounded with a halo of heroism. The effect is to give a false idea of true courage, and create an admiration for lawlessness, which is sometimes accompanied by a burning desire on the part of the boyish reader to emulate the deeds of the coarse ruffian whom the dime novel represents as a hero. A singular case in point occurred only a few days ago near Manchester. Two boys, bearing the romantic pseudonyms of Dick Turpin and Claude Duval, were arrested for entering a church and stealing therefrom a brass rod and a prayer-book. In the course of the examination of these sacrilegious young burglars one of them confessed to having, in association with several juvenile accomplices, committed various robberies, apparently with no particular purpose. Churches were made the especial object of their adventures, and they appear to have been satisfied with getting into a building and getting something out of it without much regard to the value of the booty. Here we see the pernicious effect of the false hero-worship of the dime-novel hero. The youthful church-breakers had actually dubbed themselves after the characters they most admired, and were doing their best—on a small scale, it is true—to render themselves worthy of their pseudonyms. Their depredations were certainly not very extensive, but it is not difficult to foresee whether their career would have led them had it not received a timely check. It is not, however, necessary to cite cases. No one can doubt the evil effects of disreputable literature, and the sooner we are freed from it the better.

OBITUARY.

THE REV. ADAM SEDGWICK.

The Rev. Adam Sedgwick, the distinguished English geologist, died last week at the age of 85. He was born in 1788, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated as Fifth Wrangler in 1808. In 1816 he became Fellow, and subsequently Vice-Master of his college. In 1818 he was appointed Woodwardian Professor of Geology, and in 1834 Canon of Norwich. He held the degree of LL.D., and was a Fellow of the Royal Society and of the Geological Society. Dr. Sedgwick was well-known in scientific circles, and contributed largely to the Transactions, etc., of several scientific associations.

MOVEMENTS OF H. E. THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.

On Monday evening, the 27th ult., Their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess of Dufferin, gave a dinner-party, at which the following persons had the honour to be present: Hon. Mr. and Madame Dessaulles, Sheriff and Madame Bouthillier, Col. Moffatt, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph, Mr. and Mrs. Geddes, Sheriff and Madame Leblanc, Mr. and Mrs. James Gordon, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Spring Rice, Mr. and Mrs. Green-shield, Mr. and Mrs. Henshawe, the Mayor and Madame Courso, Mr. and Mrs. Lamb, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Holton, Col. Bacon and Mrs. Bacon, Mr. Gibb, Col. and Mrs. Bond, Judge Torrance, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Moody, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Burns, Major and Mrs. Crawford, Judge Galt, Mr. Dart and Mrs. Dart, Col. Harwood, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Young, Mr. John Kidd.

On Tuesday afternoon, Their Excellencies accompanied by Lord Claudeboye and Lady Helen Blackwood, visited the Hochelaga Convent. In the evening they were present at the Citizens' Ball, of which a brief account will be found elsewhere.

Thursday was devoted by His Excellency the Governor-General, to visiting the Irish Catholic Institutions in connection with St. Patrick's Church, viz., the Asylum, the School and St. Bridget's House of Refuge, in each of which he addressed a few words of encouragement and consolation to the inmates. In the evening Their Excellencies were present at the Fancy Dress Skating Entertainment in the Victoria Rink, Lord Dufferin passing a couple of hours on the ice.

On Friday, His Excellency visited the Court House, where he was presented with an address by the members of the Bar. In the afternoon he visited the Asile Nazareth and Bine Asylum on St. Catherine street, kept by the Grey Nuns.

On Saturday afternoon the Governor and the Countess of Dufferin were present at the Snow-shoe Races of the Alexandra Club, and in the evening at the Skating Tournament in the Victoria Rink.

On Monday morning His Excellency received a deputation from the St. George's Society, who were the bearers of an address. In the evening Their Excellencies were present at the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society's Concert. Mr. M. P. Ryan, M. P., and Mrs. Ryan were the guests of Their Excellencies at luncheon on Monday.

On Tuesday Their Excellencies were present at the Skating Tournament in the Victoria Rink, where the Governor distributed the prizes to the successful competitors.

On Wednesday morning Their Excellencies and suite left at eight o'clock for Ottawa.

THE MAGAZINES.

Every Saturday still keeps up its high reputation as a eclectic. The contents are selected with much care and excellent judgment, and are always fresh and readable.

Especially attractive feature of this publication is a translation of an interesting story by the celebrated Russian novelist, Iva Turgenieff, entitled, "Dimitri Koudine." We cordially recommend *Every Saturday* to intelligent readers who desire to keep up with the best periodical literature of the day.

The *Oceana Monthly* opens with the story, under the very appropriate title of "Dips, Spurs, and Angles," of the operations of one of the most accomplished swindlers ever produced by the United States, which are told in such a pleasant semi-humorous manner that the reader really finds no pity to spare for the blind dupes who allowed themselves to be easily led by the nose. There are in this number two stories of the supernatural kind, which are sure to find readers. At the time of the Mexico War, the paper on the Navajo Reservation is singularly opportune, and in these railroad-building days, the account of Costa Rica and the new railway now being constructed there possesses especial attractions. Bishop K contributes a translation of a memoir on the early Jesuit Missions in California, from the *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses des Missions Etrangeres.* The fifth number of *Ultras* sketches completes this number.

Lippincott's Monthly has three papers of more than usual interest. Of these the first gives an account of the antiquities of Athens—a subject in which every classical student will feel interest. Several illustrations of various points of celebrity accompany the article. Another paper shows us Je Chinaman in his new home in California, and the last—to the mind the most interesting of the three—gives us a glimpse of submarine life as seen by the divers after lost treasure. This latter paper the reader will find much that will be a boon to him, from which he will be able to form an idea of the perils which surround the class of men whose avocations are here described. The story of the intimacy for it was in than a mere acquaintance that sprung up between the fish and the finny inhabitants of the waters he was exploring—exceedingly curious, and especially valuable as demonstrating beyond a doubt, the theory of piscine intelligence, of which Mr. Frank Buckland is a firm upholder. "Passports, G.lemen" tells the story of a successful attempt made by a writer to elude the vigilance of French frontier officials, the time of the overthrow of the Commune, when the vigilance was doubly strict, owing to the number of fugit Communists then endeavouring to escape from the comb. The paper on Quinine Hunting in Peru, comes to an end this number, and so does the unfortunate organizer of an expedition, who, hunted down by creditors, blows out his brains in despair. Reginald Wynford, contributes a sketch of country-house life in England, and Thomas Dunn Esq. a poem on an incident of the American War of Independence.

The current number of *Scribner's* contains some very excellent papers of a high class. It opens with a valuable title on the Tehuantepec Ship Canal, in which are related a pleasant fashion the difficulties that attended the survey of the country by the American party appointed to select a route. The paper on Bangkok and its surroundings gives some interesting information about a country which only of recent years has begun to attract attention. "How Men Learn to Analyse the Sun," is an illustrated paper by James Rich-son, on Spectrum Analysis, which comes in opportunely—time when the lectures of two distinguished English scientists are awakening in the people of this continent an interest and a taste for scientific research. Social questions are

neglected in this number. A very sensible paper, entitled, "One Phase of the Marriage Question," deserves careful reading and inward digestion. Its fellow, on "Borrowing as a Social Science," would have delighted Pantagruel, and in just proportion disgusted Panurgo. It will doubtless be duly appreciated by many a sufferer from the importunities of friends. Lady Blanche Murphy gives a very faithful account of one of those semi-scientific, semi-gastronomic English institutions, Archeological breakfasts, and introduces us to a welcome visitor in the person of Miss Agnes Strickland. A remarkable paper is that on the *San Rafael* Penitentiary, in which the history of the rise and fall of a socialistic experiment is narrated by one of the participants in the enterprise. Albert Rhodes' description of a Court Bill at the Hague gives some information on another subject in the list of "Things not Generally Known," viz., the etiquette and punctilio observed at a petty European court, which far transcend the ceremony of larger and more powerful courts. Fiction is sparsely represented this month. "Little Miss Frere," is all that is worth mentioning in this department. We must not forget George Macdonald's poem, "A Vision of St. Eligius," nor Mary Ritter's "Sheaves." On the whole *Scribner's* furnishes this month mental food of superexcellent quality. The tone of the present number is very far beyond that of the ordinary run of American magazines.

NEW BOOKS.

THE FORMS OF WATER IN CLOUDS AND RIVERS, ICE AND GLACIERS.
By John Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S. New York: Appleton & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros. 12mo. Cloth, illustrated. pp. 192. \$1.50.

This is the first volume of the International Scientific Series now being brought out by Messrs. Appleton & Co., for the use of non-scientific readers. The value of the series is guaranteed by the high standing of the authors who are to contribute thereto, nearly all of whom enjoy a world-wide celebrity. Among them are Prof. Tyndall, Prof. Huxley, Dr. Carpenter, Sir John Lubbock, Prof. Virchow, Balfour Stewart, Herbert Spencer, Dr. Maudesley, and Prof. Quatrefages. Of the initiatory number we need say little. If the remaining books of the series are as interesting as the work before us, and carry out as thoroughly the programme laid down, the success of the undertaking is beyond a peradventure. Prof. Tyndall treats his subject with great clearness, and invests it with an interest that is too often lacking in so-called Popular Science Works. The opening chapters are on Clouds, Rain and Rivers, the Waves of Light and of Heat, &c., &c., and the information given is imparted in a manner easy of comprehension by the dullest intellects, and is further illustrated by practical experiments. Further on, after describing the phenomena which cause the formation of snow and ice, the writer gives an account of the experiments made within the last thirty years with the object of ascertaining the rate of motion of the Swiss glaciers. The book abounds in useful information and will doubtless meet with a ready sale.

THE ROYAL ILLUMINATED LEGENDS. Edinburgh: William P. Nimmo. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

THE ROYAL ILLUMINATED NURSERY STORIES. Edinburgh: William P. Nimmo. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

There is only one word to express what these little books really are—gorgeous. The painter, the poet, and the musician all contribute to make them attractive. In fact art for children here finds its highest type. Each number contains, in addition to the legend in verse, and the accompanying music, five or six superb plates illuminated in mediæval style on a gold ground—the production of Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co., illuminators to Her Majesty. The drawing is wonderfully artistic, and the gorgeous colouring in every way worthy of the dear old fairy-lore it illustrates so quaintly. We take up one of the legends—"Ye Interestyng Storie of Cinderella and ye Lyttel Glass Slyppere." The cover is one blaze of blue and gold. Inside are the words of the legend in ballad form, with appropriate music arranged in an easy style for voice and piano-forte. Each illustration occupies a full page, 8 in. by 12 in. In the first we have the two sisters, gorgeously arrayed in bright colours, reviling—with noses "tip-tilted, like the petal of a flower"—the poor Cinderella, who is engaged in the homely occupation of washing, and is surveyed with intense disgust by a hideous, befrilled pug-dog in one corner. The figures stand out against a blazing background of gold. As we turn over, Cinderella, in court costume, is entering her carriage. On the next page "Ye Prince danceth with Cinderella," to the intense mortification of the ladies of high degree behind, who are compelled to act the part of decided, though anything but blooming, wall-flowers. Turning over once more, we have Cinderella, again amid a blaze of gold, flying down the stairs, and dropping in her haste the little glass slipper, with which the pursuing lover is compelled to content himself. In the fifth picture, "Ye Lyttel Glass Slyppere Proveth a Fytte," to the astonishment of the tabarded herald and the disgust of the sisters, whose jealousy is evidently a source of much amusement to the very rude little red-headed boy in the corner. The next picture gives the final tableau, and then the curtain drops. A bishop, in mitre, cope, and stole, is pronouncing the nuptial blessing over the kneeling lovers.

"Soon King and Queen, and nobles all,
Surround the Priest, with many more,
Where blushing Cinderella kneels
And gives the Prince the hand that seals
His bond of bliss till time to o'er."

In the same manner are treated the legends "The Fair One with the Golden Locks;" "The Sleeping Beauty;" and "Ye Pathetic Ballad of Ladye Ouncebella and Lord Lovelle;" and, in half-size, the nursery stories "Little Bo-Peep," "Sing a Song of Sixpence," "The Carrion Crow," and "Simple Simon." Of the execution of the work it is not too much to say that it is beyond praise, while the price at which these little books are sold is so low as to place them within the reach of all. The Legends, intended more for "great folke," are sold at Twenty-five cents each; the Nursery Rhymes, for "lyttel folke," at Thirteen cents each. The former are superb table books, and the latter form the most acceptable present one could make to a child. Each book is certainly worth ten times its price.

BOOKS, ETC., RECEIVED.

- EXPIATION. By Mrs. Julia C. Dorr. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros.
- THE MOTHER'S WORK WITH SICK CHILDREN. By Professor J. B. Fousnagives. (Translation.) New York: Putnam & Sons. Montreal: Dawson Bros.
- HOW WILL IT END? By J. C. Heywood. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros.
- ERMA'S ENGAGEMENT. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros.
- ERREUR N'EST PAS COMPTE. Vandeville. Par F. G. Marchand. Montreal: *Merve* Steam Press.
- THE NEWFOUNDLAND ALMANAC for 1873.
- METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER for 1872, St. John's, Nfld.
- INTERNATIONAL RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE for February. Montreal: Chisholm & Bros.

Notes and Queries.

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

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.—This saying, "C'est le commencement de la fin"—to which your correspondent "Q" refers—is attributed, at the time of the Retreat from Moscow, to M. Lally Tollendal, son of the ill-fated governor of the French possessions in India, who was executed in 1769.

VIRGO VIRGINIS VIRGINI VIRGINEM.—The following is, I take it, the correct interpretation of the legend on the print mentioned by "Sciurus":—"The Virgin Jesus, the Virgin's Son, gives his virginal body as food to the virgin John."

JACQUES CARTIER MENTIONED BY RABELAIS.—In your issue of the 25th ult. "K" draws attention to the fact that Canada is mentioned by Rabelais. Is he aware that Jacques Cartier is also mentioned by this author? In the account of Pantagruel's visit to the Pays de Satin, where he met Our-dire, he says:

Là je viid selon mon advis, Harobots, Plins, Solin, Berose, Philostrato, Meia, Strabo, et tant d'autres antiquaires; plus Albert de Jacobin grand, Pierre Tomming, papa Pie second, Volaterran, Paulo Jovio le vaillant homme, Jacques Cartier, Capitou arménien, Marc Paule vénicien, Ladovic romain, Pierre Alvarez, et ne sçai combien d'autres moines historiens, et des derrière une pièce de tapassorie, en tapinois ascripant de billes beugnes, et tout par Our-dire.

RED HERRINGS.—The anonymous author of a pamphlet published in 1599, called "Lenten Staffs," thus accounts for red herrings. The discovery of this dried fish, he says, was owing to an accident, by a fisherman having hung some up in his narrow hobby (house), where, what with his firing and smoking, his herrings, which were as white as whalebone when he hung them up, now looked as red as a (boiled) lobster, whence they came to be called red-herrings.

SOLECISM.—Diogenes Laertius tells us that Solon built a city in Cilicia, which he named Soleis, and peopled it with a colony from Athens, who, mixing with the natives of the country, corrupted their language, and were said to solecise.

SILHOUETTE, A BLACK PROFILE.—This term originated in a political nickname. Silhouette was Minister of State in France in 1759. That period was a critical one; the treasury was in an exhausted condition; and Silhouette, a very honest man who would hold no intercourse with financiers or loan-mongers, could contrive no other expedient to prevent a national bankruptcy than excessive economy and interminable reform!

Paris was not that metropolis, no more than London, where a Plato or a Zeno could long be Minister of State without incurring all the ridicule of the wretched wits. At first they pretended to take his advice, merely to laugh at him; they cut their coats shorter and wore them without sleeves; they turned their gold snuff-boxes into rough wooden ones; and the new-fashioned portraits were now only profiles of a face traced by a black pencil on the shalow cast by a candle on white paper.

All the teshions assumed an air of niggardly economy, till poor Silhouette was driven into retirement, with all his projects of savings and reforms; but has left his name to describe the most economical sort of portrait, and melancholy as his own fate—(D'Israeli, *Cur. of Lit.* Series II.)

"SHAMMING ABRAHAM."—Mr. John Timbs says in "Things not Generally Known":—"When Bethlehem Hospital was first built in Moorfields, there was a ward of it named 'Abram's'; and hence the poor idiots confined there were called 'Abram's men.' They wore the dress of the hospital; and on the 1st of April such as were incapacitated had a holiday, and visited their friends or begged about the streets. This induced vagrants to imitate the Bethlehem dress and pretend idioty, till the governors of the hospital ordered that if any person should 'sham an Abram,' he should be whipped and set in the stocks, whence came the saying 'He is shamming Abram.'"

"BRITISH PREMIERS."—The following list of British Premiers from the time of Pitt to the present day may be acceptable to some of the readers of your *Notes and Queries* column:

Appointed.	Time in Office.	Years.	Days.
1783 .. Dec. 27—William Pitt.....	17	80	
1801 .. Mar. 17—Lord Sidmouth.....	3	56	
1804 .. May 12—William Pitt.....	1	246	
1806 .. Jan. 8—Lord Granville.....	1	64	
1807 .. Mar. 13—Duke of Portland....	3	102	
1810 .. June 28—Spencer Percival....	1	359	
1812 .. June 8—Earl of Liverpool....	14	307	
1827 .. April 11—George Canning.....	0	121	
1827 .. Aug. 10—Lord Goderich.....	0	168	
1828 .. Jan. 25—Duke of Wellington..	2	301	
1830 .. Nov. 22—Earl Grey.....	3	231	
1834 .. July 11—Lord Melbourne.....	0	128	
1834 .. Nov. 16—Duke of Wellington..	0	22	
1834 .. Dec. 8—Sir Robert Peel.....	0	131	
1835 .. April 18—Lord Melbourne.....	6	138	
1841 .. Sept. 3—Sir Robert Peel.....	4	87	
1845 .. Dec. 10—Lord John Russell... 0	18		
1845 .. Dec. 20—Sir Robert Peel..... 0	180		
1846 .. June 26—Lord John Russell... 5	239		
1853 .. Feb. 22—Earl of Derby..... 0	390		
1852 .. Dec. 19—Earl of Aberdeen.... 2	45		
1855 .. Feb. 5—Lord Palmerston.... 3	17		
1858 .. Feb. 21—Earl of Derby..... 1	111		
1859 .. June 13—Lord Palmerston.... 6	123		
1865 .. Oct. 20—Earl Russell..... 0	249		
1866 .. June 27—Earl of Derby..... 1	238		
1868 .. Feb. 25—Mr. Disraeli..... 0	281		
1868 .. Dec. 8—Mr. Gladstone..... —	—	—	

Notes and Comments.

The people of St. Armand Station are to be congratulated on the friendliness which exists between the members of the Protestant and Roman Catholic communions at that place. In a recent number of an Eastern Township paper we read that the Catholics are about to build a new church, and have already succeeded in raising seven hundred and fifty dollars—the Protestants in the vicinity contributing one-half of the amount.

Some people have a curious way of showing their esteem. From China we learn that the native priests of the Catholic diocese of Tong King recently presented their bishop, Monsignor Masson, with a coffin as a special mark of respect. The compliment is, to say the least, a doubtful one; and the action of the donors is liable to be misconstrued by outsiders as a delicate way of expressing a wish that the right-reverend diocesan should shuffle off his mortal coil as speedily as possible. Or was the gift merely intended as a kind of Memento Mori?

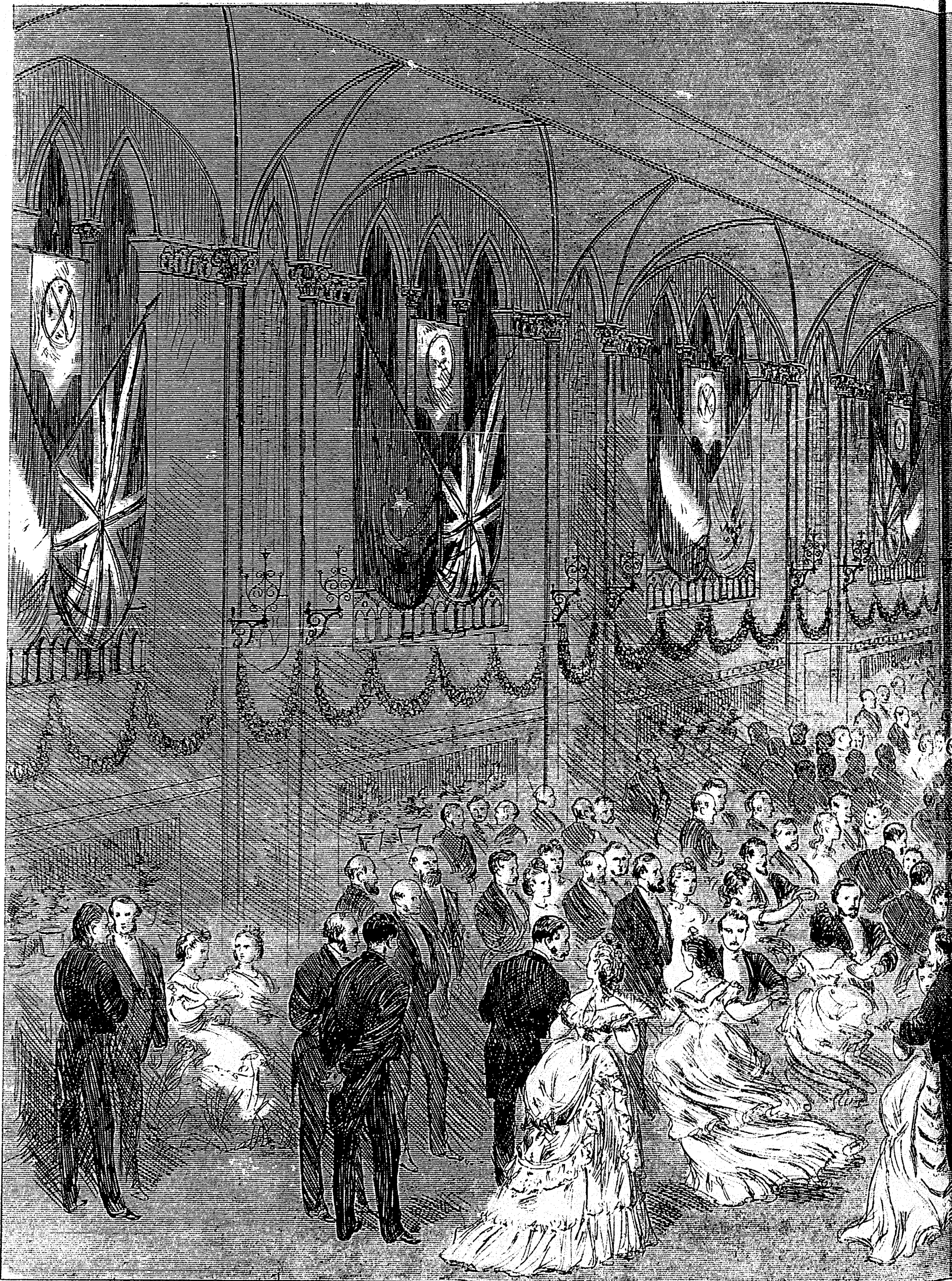
Politics do not seem to agree with the Irish working men, some of whom are devoting themselves so vigorously to the discussion of political questions that the result threatens to prove fatal to the employers. *The Saunders' News Letter* reports that the men employed in a large factory at Lurgan have taken to discussing politics with such vigour that little time is found for work. The discussions begin as early as five in the morning, and the disputants proceed to fight it out. A few days ago the head of the firm attempted to pacify them and get them to resume their work, but was soon compelled to retreat, being set upon by both sides. A large number of the Royal Irish attend at the gates every evening to prevent fighting in the streets as the men leave the factory, and though the constables see them part of the way home, shouts of "Home Rule" and "No Home Rule" can be heard from every side. If the nuisance does not soon cease, the factory will be suspended for a time.

Herr Rische is court preacher to Count Harn-Basebow, at Schwinkendorf, Mecklenburg. Although a pastor, he sometimes indulges in declamations that are anything but pastoral save in their simplicity. Herr Rische is also an editor, and runs a monthly periodical, in which he has recently been discussing the question of emigration in a manner the novelty of which is only equalled by its intense absurdity. Quoting St. Paul and St. Chrysostom he arrives at the conclusion that bondage is "not injurious, but salutary," and that, therefore, the Mecklenburg labourers sin against themselves and serve the Devil by escaping from bondage through emigration. He further states that no faithful Christian ever went across the sea. It would be worth while learning Pastor Rische's ideas on the subject of Foreign Missions; also his opinion as to the character—is whether Christian or otherwise—of his authority, St. Paul, and of the other missionaries of the early Church who bore the glad tidings of salvation across the seas. We trust Pastor Rische will not be so unfortunate as to be attached as army chaplain to the German expedition which is to culminate in the Battle of Dorking.

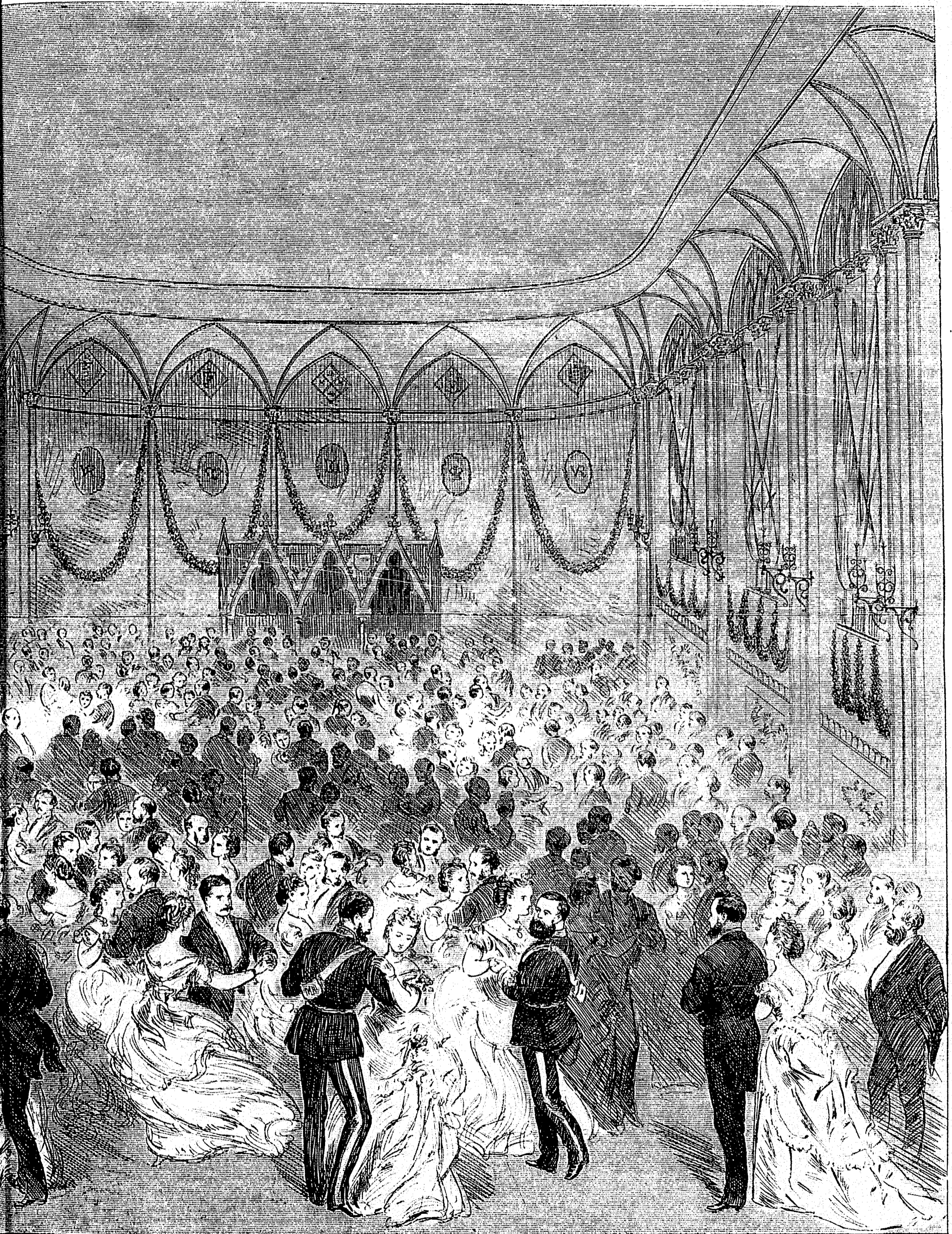
A quack has just been committed for trial at Hull, England, on a charge of obtaining money by false pretences, who, whatever punishment he may deserve for his faults, certainly deserves also credit for his ingenuity. He succeeded, the *London* reports, in effecting sales to one Richardson, a farmer, of various substances which he represented to be valuable medicines; but the most active of which was granular citrate of magnesia. "Some very common butter" was sold as being the same kind of ointment as that with which Mary Magdalen anointed the feet of Christ. "A bottle of stuff not worth two pence" was sold as "The Elixir of Life"; and, on the whole, the quack seems to have obtained from the farmer between sixty and seventy pounds. But the most curious part of the story is the manner in which the too-confiding agriculturist was induced to trust in his somewhat expensive adviser. The latter "produced a glass containing a liquid like water." He then directed the farmer to blow into it through a tube; and, on the liquid becoming milky, assured him that the change indicated serious disease of the lungs. It is a very old trick of quacks to show particles as *spermatozoa*; having them dry on the glass which is then moistened into lime-water, and to extort £50 from him by the process, is a dodge sufficiently novel to deserve record and remembrance.

With Prof. Pepper lecturing among us, a few notes on the Royal Polytechnic Institution, with which his name is inseparably connected, may be welcome. The great feature in this establishment are the lectures, in which the aim is to combine instruction with amusement. The lectures are all of a popular cast, beautifully illustrated by men who have a faculty for making difficult things familiar to a child. It is a rare accomplishment. Most of the learned lecturers who come before the public shoot over the heads of the audience. It is a positive mistake to set in motion an artillery of unpronounceable terms, which only a Greek professor could comprehend. Lectures in that institution draw immensely, even in the middle of the day, so eager are those in pursuit of useful knowledge to hear and see. Chemistry has been a leading topic, though every branch of science has its representative in the course of the season. The fee is small, therefore the theatre is full, and is crowded when a good lecturer is to appear. One of the encouraging circumstances of the London Polytechnic is its perfectly democratic character. No one ambitious aspirant for fame is allowed to monopolize a chair to the exclusion of others. Thus variety in manner and matter is insured, and the public like it. An audience tires of the same lecturer forever and for aye—an arrangement sometimes called the American system. The stomach loathes to have only one kind of food at every meal. Variety is as necessary for the brain as a change of diet for the stomach.

The *Athenæum* states that a curious book is now passing through the press, the author of which seriously professes to give, from actual experience, a matter-of-fact account of the laws, manners, and customs of a kingdom situated in one of the planets of our solar system. The title of the book is "Another World."



MONTREAL.—THE CITIZENS' BALL TO THEIR EXCELLENCIES THE GOVERNOR



GENERAL AND THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. KENDRICK.

[For the Canadian Illustrated News.]

A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

[Written on the night of the Ball.]

Within, the dancers dancing to a sweet, delicious tune;
Without, the glimmering starlight, and shimmering, ashen moon.
It was all the same—in the moonlight, and within, in the glare and show,
I felt the skeleton and ashes of an unavailing woe.
I thought I had hidden my secret where never eye could reach;
You entered the chamber sepulchral by the pitiless door of speech;
You lighted the lamps of memory, and looked, in their ghastly glow,
On the empty shrines, and the altar, and the bleaching bones below.
Though I hate you—I say I hate you—for entering that secret door,
My heart's Golgotha, you called it—I will speak this once—no more.
'Tis not that I seek for pity, or would take it from your breast.
But that some griefs in the telling lose the sting of a mad unrest.
To-night when you turned an left me, I felt such a worthless thing,
I fancied the pure-eyed flowers shrank away from me shuddering;
That the lights turned pale with horror, and fell away from me,
Discerning through all my disguises my soul's infirmity.
I turned to the crowd, led pariahs, and tried in vain again
To forget your reminiscences in the praise of other men.
I danced, and sang, and jested, but felt, in my desperate mood,
The loneliest waste of Sahara would be less a solitude.
I hated my hands for their whiteness, my face for being so fair,
While the worm in my heart was gnawing with the blackness of dark-
ness there.
The music was dull and stupid, the faces like lumps of clay;
I hated their tuneless laughter, and so I came away.

You said you knew my story, but you do not know it all:
I have guarded my heart from pity, or scorn with an adamant wall:
There the altar where incense was burned to the idol that turned to clay.
Hold the fire that will not be quenched till the altar shall crumble
away.
I tell you the fire still smoulders—at times the flames leap up,
Till I long for the pool of Oblivion, or the fabled Lethæan cup;
Or to clutch out my life in a frenzy, and hurl it madly back
To the God—if there be one—who sent it alone on its perilous track!
With a soul that was pure, perverted like the souls of the lost I sit,
And while angels hear sphere-music, I hear the sound of the pit.
Oh! to lay my head on my pillow in a slumber long and deep—
If in death there was no awaking but only an endless sleep.

It is not with men as with women—they plunge their thwarted hearts
Into some daring adventure, or the traffic of eager warts;
And so in the healthy endeavour their feverish heart-burnings abate.
We just sit, bitterly smil-ing, and order the maid who waits
To bring this or that cosmetic to brighten the pallid face.
Where the fire of the grief that will kill us has left its ashy trace,
And then—to our Socratic banquets. It makes me almost wild
To feel I am lost as a woman who was pure when a little child!
I attempt no justification—'T is the proudest soul on earth—
I have yet of honour, and truth, and legitimate wealth.
I dare not go now to church, it breaks my irreligious calm
To hear the accord of the organ, and the penitential psalm.

When my "first love"—and last—and only, came as you said, like Jove
To Semela, I thought 'twas the burning of the sacred fire of Love.
His words were like "golden apples in pictures of silver set,"
But they were dead-sea fruitage, I keep their bitterness yet.
All that was good within me seemed drowned in a deep, dead sea,
And revenge was the only sweetness that life had left for me.
I knew my power and used it: I played with impositions I hearts,
And wrong them, and broke them, remembering manifold pains and
smarts.
I have never felt ruth, or pity, but for one—whom we need not name.
Does the candle pity the moth-flies who flutter to its flame?
Once, when my life was fresher, and my soul was full of truth,
Had we met, I might have loved him with the innocent heart of youth.

It "might have been," but was not. I watched his heart fill up
With a passion pure and glowing like wine in a crystal cup:
I made it a curi-um studei, this wonderful growth of love—
Begun as a cure for ennui, I meant, at last, to prove,
If a man could love as a woman, till 'neath the linden trees
I spilled the red wine from the goblet and gave him back the lees.
'Tis but the alloy of passion will in this heat expires,
As the dress burns away from the gold before the refiner's fire.
I knew his strong, true nature much better than you can know—
'Tis for him to walk with the angels, for me with the lost below—
From his very excess of passion a diviner light will come
Like Venus Aphrodite from the iridescent foam.

I despise my paltry triumphs—my miserable pride;
I said I had no beauty, but am glad of its power to hide;
No well-tale wrinkle disgraces my temples, no rain-damp snow—
Is the summer sea less love's cause because of the wrecks below?
I am glad of my winning manner, of this white and satin skin—
The fair outside of the vessel that is so blank within!
I, to publish my sorrows—'T is to trumpet my grief!
Oh, no, I must keep in my disguise; and hope that my life will be brief.
Well, I must woo with opiate sleep that once came unsought
When a mother's hand smoothed the pillows with a charin now long
forgot.
Already the lurid sunrise flares in the purple skies—
When we meet you will see no traces of tears in my brilliant eyes.

H. C. DE VERE.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

GOSSIPS ON POPULAR SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS.

NO. II—THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

Let me talk with this philosopher:
What is the cause of thunder?

KING LEAR.

The phenomena of thunder and lightning are sufficiently familiar to our readers, but the cause may not be, therefore we will endeavour to answer the question put by the old King to Edgar.

The atmosphere affords almost daily indications of electricity. In fine weather, and generally at a time when no rain, hail, or snow is falling, the electricity of the atmosphere will be positive; and is negative generally when hail, snow, or rain is falling. During storms accompanied by thunder, lightning and rain, the electricity varies in amount and kind, not unfrequently changing in quick succession, and at such times usually settles into negative electricity. During the passage of a cloud across the zenith, it often happens that the electricity changes to negative, on the edge of the cloud reaching the zenith—remains negative while the cloud is passing, and again becomes positive on the cloud leaving the zenith.

Lightning and thunder exhibit the phenomena of electricity on a large scale: the former is caused by the passage of electricity between one cloud and another, or between a cloud and the earth, and the latter is the noise produced by such passage.

The air during a thunder-storm is sometimes so highly charged with electricity, that it becomes visible in the midst of the obscurity by a vivid light resting on all surrounding bodies and particularly upon the water. Mention is made of Luminous Rains, during which the ground seemed to be on fire.

Some of the extraordinary effects of "the cross-blue lightning" which seems to "open the breast of heaven" are explained by the influence of the storm-clouds (cumulopratus), in the upper region of the air, or atmosphere. The latter attract, at the surface of the soil, an electricity contrary to

that with which they are charged. Frequently the pencils of rays that one sees at the extremity of the points placed on the conductor of an electric machine, when in motion, appear in enlarged dimensions upon all kinds of salient objects, metallic bars and uprights, the spires of belfries, and the masts and yard-arms of ships.

Sometimes the clouds, during a storm, seem to give out a continual emission of electricity, for they remain luminous a long time. A physiologist, during a storm that he witnessed, says:—

"Little by little a luminous point that made its appearance in the midst of dense clouds, assumed breadth and volume. It then, by imperceptible degrees, formed a zone, or phosphorescent band, which revealed itself to my eyes as about three feet in height; it at last subtended an angle of sixty degrees."

There is a record of a storm in 1831 at Algiers, when some French officers saw pencils of light at the ends of the hairs of some of their comrages, and also luminous plumes at the ends of their fingers.

Besides "the nimble stroke of quick cross-lightning" some observers have described flashes of zig-zag lightning which presented a slightly rounded form at the extremity where they terminated; others have noticed what might be termed arborescent or tree-shaped lightning, with extremely curved ends with a tendency to terminate in balls of fire. Some physiologists have described globular lightning, although they have not yet been able to explain it or imitate it as they do with ordinary lightning. It is entirely analogous, excepting in dimensions, to the sparks of an electric battery. These globes of fire, which are sometimes as large as a bomb, descend to the ground with a motion slow enough to enable the observer to note their shape. Their colour varies from dead white to vivid red. Sometimes at the end of their course, a plume seems to issue from them, and they explode with a noise like that of a cannon, hurling zig-zag lightnings on all sides of them, that produce the most fearful ravages.

The cold scientist may describe the phenomena of thunder and lightning, by saying that "on the accumulation of clouds, to a certain degree of density, and their approach towards the surface of the earth, there ensues a stroke between the two, of precisely the same character as the explosion of a charged jar or battery, though incomparably more loud and luminous.

We have said enough about the science of thunder and lightning. Our object is to gossip—our endeavour will be from week to week to arrest the attention of those who take up a book, as they take up anything else, merely pour passer le temps, or as Coleridge says in English—for pass-time, or kill-time. We hope none of our readers will come under the class of sponges, which he describes as persons "who absorb all they read, and return it nearly in the same state, only a little dirtied."

We would rather address the *Moyal Diamonds*, "who profit by what they read, and enable others to profit by it also."

Steam presses and penny literature we do not despise; yet we cannot but think that the literature which embraced the names of Shakespere, Milton, Bacon, Hooker, and Jeremy Taylor, carried with it deeper and more abiding marks than the literature of this ephemeral era, when the duty of reading, with the great majority, has gradually degenerated into the pleasure of it.

Mountains, rocks, trees, seas, skies, clouds, the landscape of Nature, have been touched by our painters, as it were, with an enchanter's wand. Claude and Turner made Nature full of poetry. Their works are like the doings of a poet who had taken to the brush; their skies and clouds are wonderful effects of colour and atmosphere. The latter had, perhaps, a subtlety of expression, or rather a subtle power of expression, such as no other painter ever possessed; he has made us familiar with every atmospheric phenomena but thunder and lightning; these are impossible for the painter on canvas, one of them requiring sound, the other absolute light. What the brush cannot depict, poetry has graphically described. Again, poetry has anticipated the philosophic observer. We have culled from Shakespere a few parallels on the subject of thunder storms, incidents which probably he had seen, and we trust our readers may experience some of the pleasure we have had in arranging them, and may be induced to search for additional illustrations of Meteorology in the glorious mines from which the following are but broken fragments. Let us turn to Julius Caesar, Act I., Scene 3.—A street in Rome.—Thunder and lightning.—Enter Casca and Cicero.

Cicero.—Why are you breathless? And why stare you so?

Casca.—Are you not mov'd, when all the way of earth
Shakes like a thing intrin? O, Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalt'd with the threatening clouds,
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.

Cicero.—Saw you anything more wonderful?

Casca.—A common slave (you know him well by sight)
Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd!

It is true that Strabo, the philosopher, writeth, that divers men were seen going up and down in fire, and furthermore that there was a slave of the souldiers that did cast a marvelous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burnt, when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt. But it is Shakespere who speaks of "a tempest dropping fire," and "stars with trains of fir," "blinding flames," "terrible and nimble strokes of quick, cross lightning," "sulphurous and thought-executing fires."

In the account of the hurricane at Barbadoes in 1831, the chroniclers speak of "darts of electric fire which were exploded in every direction," "fiery meteors falling from the heavens, one in particular, of a globular form, its brilliancy, and the splattering of its particles on meeting the earth gave it the appearance of a body of quicksilver of equal bulk," "a vast body of vapour appeared to touch the houses, and issued downward flaming blazes which were nimbly returned from the earth upward," "at times the blackness in which the place was enveloped was inexorably awful."

In Julius Caesar, Casca says:

"And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking."

In Hamlet, Act I., Scene 1, we have:

"As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood
Disasters in the sun, and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to dooms-day with colicipo."

At Bridgetown, the capital of Barbadoes, the whole

the country was laid waste; no sign of vegetation was apparent, the surface of the ground appeared as if fire had run through the land scorching and burning up the productions of the earth, "trees were rooted up by the blast," "the horrible roar and yelling of the wind and the noise of the ocean were frightful."

In King Lear, Act III., Scene 1, the old King is described as:—

"Contending with the fearful element:
Rids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main."

In another place Lear says:

"Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You eat rickets and hurricanes, about
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks.
"And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity of the world!
Crack Nature's moulds!"

In the Tempest, Ariel says:

"Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I Arid amazement: sometimes I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join: Jove's lightnings, the procursors
Of the dreadful thunder claps, more momentary
And sight-out-running were not. The fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake."

Again in Lear:

"You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vault-couriers to the oak-cleaving thunder-bolts!"

Yet with all these fine lines we have not the sublimity of that single expression in the book of Job, chap xxxviii., ver. 35. "Canst thou send Lightnings? or will they come, and say to thee, HERE WE ARE?"

We, in the conclusion of this week's gossip, which may appear to some fabulous—a fable—will apply a moral. Remember that while poor old Lear preaches to the raging elements, he preaches to the reader. What a memento of duty to the wealthy and the opulent—the Dives of this world—are the following words of the storm-beaten king:

"Poor naked wretches, whereso'er you are
That hide the peeling of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O! have ta'on
To think on the earth! Take physic, Pomp;
Expose yourself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them
And show the heavens more just."

Art and Literature.

The Royal Academy of Scotland will give a dinner to Mr. Thomas Faed, R. A., in May.

A tablet to the memory of Froissart has been placed in the church of St. Etienne-du-Mont, in the Province of Hainault.

The first part of Mr. Swinburne's poem "Tristram," the prelude to which appeared about a year ago, is about to be published.

M. Guizot will shortly publish a book on "Imperialism, Hereditary Monarchy, Constitutional Monarchy, and Republicanism."

The *New Berlin Musical Gazette* has discovered that the well-known traveller, Madame Pfeiffer, was the original author of the libretto of Meyerbeer's *Africaine*, and that Scribe remodelled the text after Meyerbeer had composed part of the music.

An "Armorial of the Sovereigns and States of Europe," by the Rev. John Woodward, is announced for publication. It will include a history of the origin and use of every quartering borne in every shield of the Sovereign princes of Europe; an account of the various changes in the arms from the earliest period to the present day, with copious pedigrees; and an account of the origin, history, and present state of the different orders of European chivalry.

Mr. Bonton, a dealer in curious books, has at his place in Broadway what is doubtless the most valuable copy of the Bible ever compiled. It represents the toil for thirty years of an English collector of Biblical prints, engravings, drawings in oil and water colours, and is roughly valued at \$10,000. Such subjects as "Susanna and the Elders," or "Daniel in the Lions' Den," are enriched with scores of illustrations drawn from every field of art—the convent missals of the medieval ages, the strange, fanciful, strikingly false drawing of the Italian masters, the grotesque works of Dutch and German painters, and the later and more truthful efforts of modern artists. In all, this wonderful monument of loving devotion to a worthy hobby includes no less than 31,000 illustrations of various kinds, some of them worth from \$50 to \$100 each, and extracts from some thirty editions of the sacred text.

According to *Galignani*, a new process of cleaning pictures has been discovered. The great difficulty has always been to get off the old varnish, which by length of time has become almost incorporated with the colour underneath, so that any method employed to remove the upper surface is pretty certain to carry off with it the delicate lines below. Some picture dealers use corrosive substances, which make the matter worse. An ingenious system has been discovered at Amsterdam, which consists in simply spreading a coating of copahu balsam on the old painting, and then keeping it face downwards over a dish of the same size filled with cold alcohol at an altitude of about three feet. The vapours of the liquid impart to the copahu a degree of semi-fluidity, in which state it easily amalgamates with the varnish it covers. Thus the original brilliancy and transparency are regained without injuring the oil painting, and when the picture is hung up in its place again two or three days after, it looks as if it had been varnished afresh. The inventors have given the public the benefit of their discovery. The process has the merit of being a short one as compared with the old methods.

OUR DIGESTIVE ORGANS.—The result of much scientific research and experiment has within the last few years enabled the medical profession to supply to the human system, where impaired or inactive, the power which assimilates our food. This is now known as "Morsen's Pepsine," and is prescribed as wine, globules, and lozenges, with full directions. The careful and regular use of this valuable medicine restores the natural functions of the stomach, giving once more strength to the body. There are many imitations, but Morsen and Son, the original manufacturers, are practical chemists, and the "Pepsine" prepared by them is warranted, and bears their labels and trade-mark. It is sold by all chemists in bottles 3s., and boxes from 2s. 6d., but purchasers should see the name

Courier des Amers.

Our lady readers are invited to contribute to this department.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

A SCHOOL GIRL'S TROUBLES.

I'm a resident, friends, of "Ignorance Lane,"
And crave a few thoughts to fill up my brain,
No matter how few, I'll gladly receive,
For my troubles are greater than you can conceive.

For many a day I've hopefully tried
To collect my poor thoughts which seem scattered so
wide;
But, alas! they elude me, and great are my fears
That at last I'll be drowned in my own bitter tears.

It seems quite heart-rending, when I'm so ambitious,
That Fate, stern Fate, should be still unpropitious;
Whatever I do, it all ends in this,
"Tis useless to try, you'll be always in bliss."

Oh, listen, kind friends, to my end, sad story,
I'll try to be brief, lest your patience I worry,
And if your sympathy I now can insure,
I trust to find out some method of cure.

When quite a young girl, I was sent here to school,
And have always sought knowledge by a very good
rule—
You'll agree with me here—"If you study and strive,
At the top of the ladder you'll surely arrive."

But though I am striving, no sign of success,
Not a bright, brilliant thought comes my lone heart
to bless.
And I'm often inclined to make bitter retort
When I ought to be silent,—because I've no "Forte."

Oh music I thought to turn my attention,
And master Gotschalk's most brilliant invention;
But my style was a jumble, and all was so flat,
That I said with a sigh, "my forte's not in that."

Mathematics, French, Logic, I can't comprehend,
Towards Geology or Chemistry my mind does not
tend.
Rhetorical Essays are not to my taste,
To pursue the "Fine Arts,"—of time seems a waste.

Now, I've told you my troubles, and ask you but once,
Is it your candid opinion I'll be always a Dunce?
Since I'm still minus knowledge, though I have a
good rule,
Do you think it advisable that I should leave school?

Now, kind loving friends, if for me you've a care,
Just forward advice and what thoughts you can
spare.
I'll gladly receive, and post them to Fame,
Please address 23, "Ignorance Lane."

"PAYCHU."

PARISIAN BONNETS AND COIFFURES.

Very few bonnets are made with stiff crowns, that is to say, the material is not stretched closely over the shape. Bonnets are very high, and much trimmed with flowers, laces, and feathers; at the back there are streamers of ribbon, lace, lappets, and flowers on flexible stems. For theatres or carriage wear there is nothing prettier than a pale blue velvet bonnet, with a blue velvet scarf, fastened with a round pearl buckle, a pale rose above the buckle, and in front a diadem of gathered blue faille; strings also of faille. A rather stylish bonnet, called the Castellan, is made of black China crepe, over a stiff foundation; China crepe coronet, mixed with lace, and at one side of the coronet beneath the lace a series of pink and purple rose buds; China crepe lappets, edged with lace. Felt hats of the Rubens form are much liked. One made of maroon felt, by MM. Albert and Leroy, was exceedingly pretty. It had a round crown, and the wide brim was trimmed up at one side, and lined with maroon velvet; a plaiting of blue faille encircled the inside. At one side there was a bow of maroon velvet, cut from the piece, the loops were lined with blue faille, and the pointed ends fastened so as to stand upright; two pheasants' feathers commenced at the bow and fell over the crown. There is generally a mixture of colours on all fashionable bonnets, and very eccentric mixtures too, such as marine blue, sky blue, and a small flame-coloured feather, all on one bonnet; pale green and bronze, prune, and straw-colour, &c., &c. There is no doubt but that bonnets and hats are very grotesque at the present time; but we ask ourselves what they will be when the revolution in hair-dressing really takes place—when we return definitely to the fashions of 1830, with its high coques massed on the top of the head, leaving the nape of the neck destitute of chignon or any other appendage?

The Castilian or Milanese comb is now so popular that very few young ladies appear in full dress without one. It is sometimes placed at the side, above a pyramid of curls and tresses. The hair is worn higher than ever, and the head-dresses are small, coming with a slight point in front and a pouf at the side. For example, a head-dress of Parma violets, with a white camellia, surrounded with white thorn, and a small tuft of thorns en agrette; a wreath of blue periwinkles, with a tuft of tea-roses and a salmon-coloured agrette.—Paris Correspondence of the "Queen."

ORNAMENT IN DRESS.

Probably nothing that is not useful is in any high sense beautiful. At least it will be almost universally seen in the matter of dress that where an effect is had it is an artificial or false effect, and vice versa. A trimming that has no reason d'être is generally ungraceful. A pendant jewel simply sewn to a foundation where it neither holds up nor clasps together any part of the dress, usually looks superfluous, as it is. Above all, bows (which are literally nothing but strings tied together) stuck about when there is no possibility of their fastening two parts, almost always appear ridiculous; when needed for a mere ornament, a rosette should be used, which pretends to be nothing else. In the making of dresses, lines ending nowhere, and no-

how, are often apparent, and never fail to annoy the eye. The outlines of bonnets are conspicuous instances of this mistake. There is no art instinct, and but little of the picturesque element, in a nation who are indifferent to these things, and whose eye does not instinctively demand a meaning and a token in everything. In architecture do we not immediately detect and condemn a pillar that, resting on nothing, appears to support a heavy mass of masonry; an arch that is gunned against and not built into a wall, unsupported, and, therefore, in an impossible position; or a balcony that has neither base nor motive, unsupported and supporting nothing? And these things are not seldom seen on the fronts of our more decorative buildings, where the ignorant architect, knowing the whole thing to be a sham, the balconies of plaster, the carvings of cement, the lintels fictitious, the pillars hollow, forgets that the forms he borrows were meant for use, and not merely for show. Mr. Ruskin has preached to us the motive of all good art: Sir Charles Eastlake and others have taught us the practical dangers of debased art, and we may at once see how principles that are bad in one place are also bad in another. The uncultured dress-maker, only longing for novelty, invents forms of attire that would be impossible were dress less utterly artificial than it is, and this is half the cause of our universal ill-dressing. No fashion or form can leave the mind without a jar that is not where it is because indispensable there. Whether it occurs in a house or in a gown, the principle must be the same. One of the reasons why peasants, fishwives, and such folk look picturesque and beautiful even in their rags, whatever be the mixture of colour or arrangement of form—so much more beautiful than fashionable people look, even when they try to imitate the fishwife—is, I think, the motive apparent in everything they wear. The bright kerchief that covers the peasant's shoulders is so much better than a bodice trimmed in the form of a kerchief. The outer dress that really covers an under-dress fully and fairly is so much more satisfactory than one which only pretends to do so, and betrays its own deceit at the elbows, or the wrists, or behind, or in some other unexpected place. Anything that looks useful and is artificial is bad, and the more obviously artificial a thing is, the worse it must always be. A hood that is at once seen to be incapable of going over the head; something that looks like a tunic in one place, yet in another is seen to have no lawful habitation, nor a name; a false apron, a festoon that looks as though it had fallen accidentally upon the skirt, when by no possible means except glue or irrelevant pins could it stay there; a veil that you at once perceive is never meant to descend over the face, but is tacked to the top of the head in an exasperating manner; heavy lappets, that instead of being the natural termination of something else, hang meaningless and mutilated; slashes that are sewn upon the sleeve instead of breaking through it; and other things of the same kind—they leave the eye unsatisfied, discontented, often disgusted.—Saint Paul's.

HAIR-DRESSING IN CHINA.

The Graphic says: "The Chinese lady, in common with all her sisters of whatever climate or colour, makes the most of her long tresses and toilet. Her coiffure varies in the different provinces of the empire. It is always, however, modest, tasteful, and strictly modelled after the rules of propriety and fashion, which have undergone little or no change for centuries. Unmarried women of China can always be distinguished from matrons, as the hair is allowed to fall over the back in long tresses or in the form of a queue, or caught up at the back in a simple bow, fastened with silk cord. In Canton it takes the form of a pleated tail at the back, and a fringe of hair over the forehead. After marriage it is taken up, and dressed into the form of a teapot, having its handle above the head. In Swatow it is made to resemble a bird resting on the crown of the head, or of a horn bent backwards, and rising from the back of the head. The Manchu or Tartar matron parts her hair in front, as our ladies do; while the back hair is done up in a huge bow adorned with flowers. There are certain head-dresses worn only by women of rank, according to the rules laid down by the Board of Rites and Ceremonies of Peking. These head-dresses are also worn by women of the lower orders on occasions of marriage, &c. When the hair becomes short or thin, a complete wig or chignon may be bought for a trifle. Hair dyes are unknown, and not required, as the hair of all is straight and uniformly black, and grey only with extreme old age. The new dye for transforming raven into golden locks has not been introduced; nor would it take, as we suppose the yellow bells of China dare not affect (assuming that she would not esteem it an invention of the devil to rob her of her charms) the fair hair of the blonde, under the penalty of being at once suppressed and sat upon by the august Board of Peking already noticed. Cosmetics are in common use all over the empire. Ladies who have any pretensions to rank, or even respectability, paint their faces—first laying on a white ground of fine chalk, and finishing with a patch of red on each cheek, and a spot of vermilion on the under lip, which in England at this season beneath the mistletoe would leave a decided impression."

The advocates of Woman's Rights are making some gigantic strides towards the conversion of England to their views. During the past year the number of constituencies in favour of the cause has risen from 125 to 141; the number of petitions has been trebled, while the total number of signatures has been nearly doubled, rising from 187,000 to 380,000.

From Washington we learn that the decree has gone out from the White House that high waists shall be worn. Miss Grundy writes to the World of New Year's receptions: "Mrs. Grant and her daughter and their assistants wisely set the example of wearing high waists. Nothing can be in worse taste, to say the least of it, than wearing low dresses when a promiscuous crowd is to be received. This choice of dress is the more praiseworthy in the President's wife and daughter in that vanity had no part or lot in it, for both ladies have exceptionally beautiful hands, arms and necks."

An English contemporary says: "Certain aristocratic ladies of the West-end of London, who are devotees of Ritualism, have found for themselves a new employment, which has the recommendation of being healthful in its influence. They cannot brook the idea of their sacred edifice being cleaned out by the hands of hireling menials, and they have formed themselves into a society called 'The Phebes,' the members of which are solemnly pledged to do this work of cleaning themselves. Ladies of the highest rank take their turn of polishing the tiled floors, blackleading the stove, sweeping out the pews, and beating the hassocks, and burnishing the brass candlesticks and other paraphernalia of Ritualism. Some of the ladies complain that the work is harder than they expected, and it is not thought their devotion will sustain them long in their self-imposed labours."

Another rom once has recently been exploded. Mr. John M. Francis, editor of the Troy Times, and at present minister to Greece, where he has become the especial guide, philosopher, and friend of the king, has utterly extinguished the story about the Maid of Athens, and that the said maid is now an old woman in want. When the bit of poetry which created her was written, Byron was boarding with a Mrs. Macri, and left these few famous lines behind with other scraps when he left the house. They were entirely imaginary so far as the heroine is concerned, and were only preserved by the family as a memento of their afterward distinguished boarder. Subsequently the daughter of Mrs. Macri—at the time the verses were written a girl of ten years—became associated with the verses as "Zoe," but without reason therefor other than the imagination of those curious in Byronic legend.

A correspondent of the Queen gives a really useful hint on the utilization of old kid gloves. With these despised cast-a-ways beautiful little boots and shoes for babies may be made by following the directions given. The gloves must be perfect, and in colours to match, say pink with black or white, two shades of grey, two of lavender, or primrose and pink; of course, black and white do with any other colour. Cut a good pattern of either boot or shoe in stiff paper, cover this with flannel for the inside; the vamp (or front) of them can be cut out of the hand of two pairs, joined vandyke across the foot; cut all the fingers and back into even strips, binding each strip with ribbon, and seam neatly together to shape; the ribbon used is extremely narrow, without edge called "galloon." I have bought it at a penny the yard, sometimes elevenpence a dozen, at other times I have given three half-pence the yard. Stitching the ribbon makes it lay flat and even; the holes to lace the boot being worked like embroidery, with sewing silk to match the ribbon; the shoes fasten with straps; the top and front are bound with ribbon. For a very young baby the soles (cut out by a shoe) will be strong enough of cardboard, covered both sides with flannel, binding the edge of the sole with ribbon to match, and seam neatly to the top; if for a baby walking, the sole must be made of basil; for a few pence a carrier will sell bundles of little scraps of this leather, which needs no covering, but binding and stitching in. I have known the little boots take three pairs of gloves, sometimes only two, and when well made there is nothing prettier. A mother can embroider and braid them in all colours, and give her "little trot" a pair of boots or shoes to match every dress.

The Constantinople correspondent of the London Echo, writing on December 28, says: "I have already mentioned the marriage of the Princess Nazle, daughter of Mustapha-Pacha, to Khalil-Pacha. Your readers may be interested on knowing that on the arrival of the bride at her husband's palace, she was attired in a French bridal costume of white silk, trimmed with orange flowers. Her wreath of the same blossoms was surmounted by a diadem of brilliants, and a long veil of tulle illusion fell partly before and partly behind her head. It was her own choice to be dressed in this fashion; Turkish brides always wearing a rose-coloured dress, embroidered with gold. Another strange innovation on established custom was that Khalil-Pacha gave his arm to the Princess. She came in a carriage, with closed white satin curtains, the coachman and English footmen wore white wedding favours on their breasts; two Mamelouks on horseback preceded the cortege, and eunuchs rode beside the windows. The relations and the suite of the bride followed in forty coaches, also accompanied by Mamelouks and eunuchs. At noon a table of 100 covers was placed for the assembled guests. The Princess retired into her boudoir and changed her Parisian costume for a Turkish dress of pink velvet, almost covered with gold embroidery, but still wearing her wreath of orange flowers and diadem of brilliants. The ladies honored by admission to her presence describe her as dazzling them with her youth and beauty, remarkable for her elegance and refinement, and sparkling with priceless jewels. Let us hope the gradual upsetting of silly old prejudices among the Turks, and the adoption of some European customs, will lead to the better education and greater freedom of Eastern ladies."

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—All the officials concerned in the St. John (N.B.) custom house irregularities have been dismissed.—Dr. Robitaille has been appointed a member of the Privy Council and Receiver General in the place of Mr. Chapais, resigned.—There have been heavy snow storms in the Lower Provinces, and the trains are greatly delayed.—The Halifax election takes place on the 18th Inst., and the nomination on the 11th.—The Provisional Directors of the C. P. R.R. have been appointed.

UNITED STATES.—Philadelphia is preparing for the centennial celebration.—In the Massachusetts House of Representatives a bill to prohibit the sale of malt liquors has been ordered for a third reading.—Laura Fair has been lecturing in a Sacramento lager beer saloon.—There have been heavy snow storms on the line of the Central Pacific railway. In some places the drifts are sixteen feet deep.—The Committee of the Detroit Board of Trade report that the completion of the tunnel under the river is doubtful, owing to the unfavourable condition of the soil through which it must pass.—The Modoc Indians made an attack on the U. S. camp on the 25th ult., and were repulsed with some loss.—Tweed's trial came up on Friday last, but the jury were unable to agree and were discharged.—Three wealthy Cuban planters now residing in New York, who have been cited by the Captain General to appear and stand their trial under pain of confiscation of their property, will appeal to the United States to protect their rights, being citizens of that country.—Preliminary steps have been taken by the American officers who served during the war to erect a monument to the memory of Gen. Mead.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Tichborne claimant has entered into recognizances in the sum of \$2,000 to appear before the Court of Queen's Bench and answer a charge of contempt for certain utterances in a recent speech at Brighton.—Prince Napoleon disavows all the responsibility for the recent newspaper announcement of his views in regard to the future policy of the Bonaparte family.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer has again declined to entertain any proposition for the repeal of the malt tax.—It is reported that the American bankers of London loaned Napoleon £200,000 to facilitate the Coup d'Etat he was meditating, and that since his death the money has been returned to them.—The ex-Empress Eugenie has decided to leave Chiselhurst. She will take up her residence in some other part of the kingdom.—Her Majesty has subscribed £200 to the fund in aid of the survivors of the "Northfleet" disaster.—A despatch from Geneva says the Rev. Dr. Pusey is better.—The steamer which collided with the emigrant ship "Northfleet" has arrived at Cadiz, uninjured. She was going to Lisbon, where she has touched since the accident, but was signalled to sheer off, as her officers would be delivered to the English authorities under the existing extradition treaty. An enquiry will be instituted into the case at Cadiz.—A London despatch says it is probable that the present tolls on despatches by Atlantic cable will soon be reduced.

FRANCE.—The final protocol of the Treaty of Commerce with Great Britain was signed on the 29th ult.—One hundred and twenty-two alleged internationalists have been arrested at Montmartrre.—It is stated that the union of the Orleanists and Bourbonists is complete.

GERMANY.—The Admiralty have decided to build no more large iron-clads at present, but to strengthen the coast defences by a number of monitors and torpedo-boats.

AUSTRIA.—It is said that the Prince of Wales, the Emperor of Germany, the Czar, and the Shah of Persia, will visit the Vienna Exhibition.

ITALY.—It is said that the Pope has stated that he would leave Rome if the establishments of heads of religious orders were suppressed by the Italian Government.—A Royal decree was promulgated whereby the State takes possession formally of sixteen convents in Rome.—A slight eruption from Mount Vesuvius has been in progress during the past few days. No damage has been done, but the residents of the villages at the foot of the volcano are greatly alarmed.

SPAIN.—The Queen has given birth to a boy.—The Carlists have undergone several defeats. This has made a most favourable impression, and many of the insurgents have laid down their arms and returned home.

PORTUGAL.—The Dowager Empress of Brazil is dead.

SWEDEN.—The new King of Sweden, Oscar XI., will be crowned on the 21st May.

AFRICA.—The latest news from Dr. Livingstone is to the 28th September. He had received the goods sent to him by Stanley, and had gone on a final exploration.—Sir Bartle Frere arrived at Zanzibar on the 12th ult. He goes to the coast of Africa, and will penetrate some distance into the interior.

MEXICO.—The Mexico and Vera Cruz R. R. has been finished.

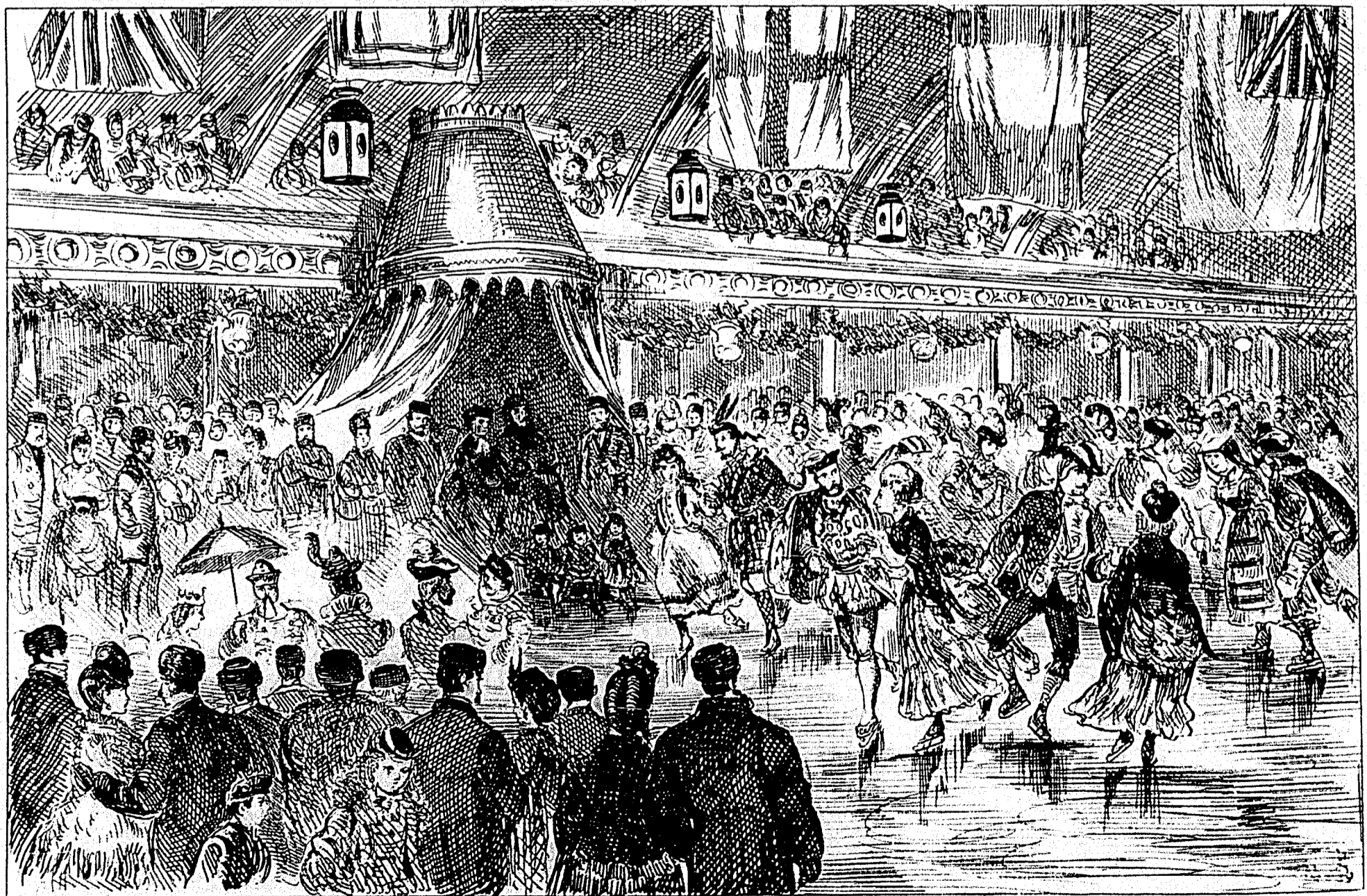
CUBA.—It appears, by a census just taken, that the number of slaves in Cuba is 269,000.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—Prince William, of Honolulu, has been elected King. The election was held on New Year's day, after the endorsement of the Prince by a majority of the Legislative Assembly.

Dr. Colby's Pills are approved by all Physicians who have seen the formula.



PROF. PEPPER'S LECTURE ON OPTICAL ILLUSIONS.—THE GHOST AND THE STUDENT.



MONTREAL.—A SKETCH AT THE FANCY DRESS ENTERTAINMENT AT THE VICTORIA SKATING RINK.—By E. JUMP.



FRANCE.—THE WRECK OF THE S. S. GERMANY OFF THE MOUTH OF THE GIRONDE.—RESCUE OF THE PASSENGERS AND CREW

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THE NEW MAGDALEN.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

SECOND SCENE—*Mablethorpe House.*

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

So far as he could estimate them, the probabilities were that the stranger from Mannheim had already made her way into the house; that she had been listening in the billiard-room; that she had found time enough to escape him on his approaching to open the door; and that she was now (in the servant's phrase) "somewhere in the grounds," after eluding the pursuit of the lodge-keeper's wife.

The matter was serious. Any mistake in dealing with it might lead to very painful results.

If Julian had correctly anticipated the nature of the confession which Mercy had been on the point of addressing to him, the person whom he had been the means of introducing into the house was—what she had vainly asserted herself to be—no other than the true Grace Roseberry.

Taking this for granted, it was of the utmost importance that he should speak to Grace privately, before she committed herself to any rashly-renewed assertion of her claims, and before she could gain access to Lady Janet's adopted daughter. The landlady at her lodgings had already warned him that the object which she held steadily in view was to find her way to "Miss Roseberry," when Lady Janet was not present to take her part, and when no gentlemen were at hand to protect her. "Only let me meet her face to face," (she had said), "and I will make her confess herself the impostor that she is!" As matters now stood, it was impossible to estimate too seriously the mischief which might ensue from such a meeting as this. Everything now depended on Julian's skilful management of an exasperated woman; and nobody, at that moment, knew where the woman was.

In this position of affairs, as Julian understood it, there seemed to be no other alternative than to make his inquiries instantly at the lodge, and then to direct the search in person.

He looked towards Mercy's chair as he arrived at this resolution. It was a cruel sacrifice of his own anxieties and his own wishes that he deferred continuing the conversation with her, from the critical point at which Lady Janet's appearance had interrupted it.

Mercy had risen while he had been questioning the servant. The attention which she had failed to accord to what had passed between his aunt and himself, she had given to the imperfect statement which he had extracted from the man. Her face plainly showed that she had listened as eagerly as Lady Janet had listened; with this remarkable difference between them, that Lady Janet looked frightened, and that Lady Janet's companion showed no signs of alarm. She appeared to be interested; perhaps anxious—nothing more.

Julian spoke a parting word to his aunt. "Pray compose yourself," he said. "I have little doubt, when I can learn the particulars, that we shall easily find this person in the grounds. There is no reason to be uneasy. I am going to superintend the search myself. I will return to you as soon as possible."

Lady Janet listened absently. There was a certain expression in her eyes which suggested to Julian that her mind was busy with some project of its own. He stopped as he passed Mercy, on his way out by the billiard-room door. It cost him a hard effort to control the contending emotions, which the mere act of looking at her now awakened in him. His heart beat fast, his voice sank low, as he spoke to her:

"You shall see me again," he said. "I never was more in earnest in promising you my truest help and sympathy that I am now."

She understood him. Her bosom heaved painfully; her eyes fell to the ground—she made no reply. The tears rose in Julian's eyes as he looked at her. He hurriedly left the room.

When he turned to close the billiard-room door, he heard Lady Janet say, "I will be with you again in a moment, Grace; don't go away."

Interpreting these words as meaning that his aunt had some business of her own to attend to in the library, he shut the door.

He had just advanced into the smoking-room beyond, when he thought he heard the door opened again. He turned round. Lady Janet had followed him.

"Do you wish to speak to me?" he asked. "I want something of you," Lady Janet answered, "before you go."

"What is it?"
"Your card."
"My card?"
"You have just told me not to be uneasy,"

said the old lady. "I am uneasy, for all that. I don't feel as sure as you do that this woman really is in the grounds. She may be lurking somewhere in the house, and she may appear when your back is turned. Remember what you told me."

Julian understood the allusion. He made no reply.

"The people at the police-station close by," pursued Lady Janet, "have instructions to send an experienced man, in plain clothes, to any address indicated on your card the moment they receive it. That is what you told me. For Grace's protection, I want your card before you leave us."

It was impossible for Julian to mention the reasons which now forbade him to make use of his own precautions—in the very face of the emergency which they had been especially intended to meet. How could he declare the true Grace Roseberry to be mad? How could he give the true Grace Roseberry into custody? On the other hand, he had personally pledged himself (when the circumstances appeared to require it) to place the means of legal protection from insult and annoyance at his aunt's disposal. And now, there stood Lady Janet, unaccustomed to have her wishes disregarded by anybody, with her hand extended, waiting for the card!

What was to be done? The one way out of the difficulty appeared to be to submit for the moment. If he succeeded in discovering the missing woman, he could easily take care that she should be subjected to no needless indignity. If she contrived to slip into the house in his absence, he could provide against that contingency by sending a second card privately to the police-station, forbidding the officer to stir in the affair until he had received further orders. Julian made one stipulation only, before he handed his card to his aunt:

"You will not use this, I am sure, without positive and pressing necessity," he said. "But I must make one condition. Promise me to keep my plan for communicating with the police a strict secret—"

"A strict secret from Grace?" interposed Lady Janet. (Julian bowed.) "Do you suppose I want to frighten her? Do you think I have not had anxiety enough about her already? Of course I shall keep it a secret from Grace?"

Reassured on this point, Julian hastened out into the grounds. As soon as his back was turned, Lady Janet lifted the gold pencil-case which hung at her watch-chain, and wrote on her nephew's card (for the information of the officer in plain clothes): "You are wanted at Mablethorpe House." This done, she put the card into the old-fashioned pocket of her dress, and returned to the dining-room.

Grace was waiting, in obedience to the instructions which she had received.

For the first moment or two, not a word was spoken on either side. Now that she was alone with her adopted daughter, a certain coldness and hardness began to show itself in Lady Janet's manner. The discovery that she had made, on opening the drawing-room door, still hung on her mind. Julian had certainly convinced her that she had misinterpreted what she had seen; but he had convinced her against her will. She had found Mercy deeply agitated; suspiciously silent. Julian might be innocent (she admitted)—there was no accounting for the vagaries of men. But the case of Mercy was altogether different. Women did not find themselves in the arms of men without knowing what they were about. Acquitting Julian, Lady Janet declined to acquit Mercy. "There is some secret understanding between them," thought the old lady, "and she's to blame; the women always are!"

Mercy still waited to be spoken to; pale and quiet, silent and submissive. Lady Janet, —in a highly uncertain state of temper—was obliged to begin.

"My dear!" she called out sharply.

"Yes, Lady Janet."

"How much longer are you going to sit there, with your mouth shut up and your eyes on the carpet? Have you no opinion to offer on this alarming state of things? You heard what the man said to Julian—I saw you listening. Are you horribly frightened?"

"No, Lady Janet."

"Not even nervous?"

"No, Lady Janet."

"Ha! I should hardly have given you credit for so much courage after my experience of you a week ago. I congratulate you on your recovery."

"Thank you, Lady Janet."

"I am not so composed as you are. We were an excitable set in my youth—and I haven't got the better of it yet. I feel nervous. Do you hear? I feel nervous."

"I am sorry, Lady Janet."

"You are very good. Do you know what I am going to do?"

"No, Lady Janet."

"I am going to summon the household. When I say the household, I mean the men; the women are no use. I am afraid I fail to attract your attention?"

"You have my best attention, Lady Janet."

"You are very good again. I said the women were of no use."

"Yes, Lady Janet?"

"I mean to place a man-servant on guard at

every entrance to the house. I am going to do it at once. Will you come with me?"

"Can I be of any use if I go with your ladyship?"

"You can't be of the slightest use. I give the orders in this house—not you. I had quite another motive in asking you to come with me. I am more considerate of you than you seem to think—I don't like leaving you here by yourself. Do you understand?"

"I am much obliged to your ladyship. I don't mind being left here by myself."

"You don't mind? I never heard of such heroism in my life—out of a novel! Suppose that crazy wretch should find her way in here?"

"She would not frighten me this time, as she frightened me before."

"Not too fast, my young lady! Suppose — Good Heavens! now I think of it, there is the conservatory. Suppose she should be hidden in there? Julian is searching the grounds. Who is to search the conservatory?"

"With your ladyship's permission, I will search the conservatory."

"You!!!"

"With your ladyship's permission."
"I can hardly believe my own ears! Well, 'Live and learn' is an old proverb. I thought I knew your character. This is a change!"

"You forget, Lady Janet (if I may venture to say so), that the circumstances are changed. She took me by surprise on the last occasion; I am prepared for her now."

"Do you really feel as coolly as you speak?"

"Yes, Lady Janet."

"Have your own way, then. I shall do one thing, however, in case of your having over-estimated your own courage. I shall place one of the men in the library. You will only have to ring for him, if anything happens. He will give the alarm—and I shall act accordingly. I have my plan," said her ladyship, comfortably conscious of the card in her pocket. "Don't look as if you wanted to know what it is. I have no intention of saying anything about it—except that it will do. Once more, and for the last time—do you stay here? or do you go with me?"

"I stay here."

She respectfully opened the library door for Lady Janet's departure as she made that reply. Throughout the interview she had been carefully and coldly deferential; she had not once lifted her eyes to Lady Janet's face. The conviction in her that a few hours more would, in all probability, see her dismissed from the house, had of necessity fettered every word that she spoke—had morally separated her already from the injured mistress whose love she had won in disguise. Utterly incapable of attributing the change in her young companion to the true motive, Lady Janet left the room to summon her domestic garrison, thoroughly puzzled, and (as a necessary consequence of that condition) thoroughly displeased.

Still holding the library door in her hand, Mercy stood watching with a heavy heart the progress of her benefactress down the length of the room, on the way to the front hall beyond. She had honestly loved and respected the warm-hearted, quick-tempered old lady. A sharp pang of pain wrung her, as she thought of the time when even the chance utterance of her name would become an unpardonable offence in Lady Janet's house.

But there was no shrinking in her now from the ordeal of the confession. She was not only anxious, she was impatient for Julian's return. Before she slept that night, Julian's confidence in her should be a confidence that she had deserved.

"Let her own the truth, without the base fear of discovery to drive her to it. Let her do justice to the woman whom she has wronged, while that woman is still powerless to expose her. Let her sacrifice everything that she has gained by the fraud to the sacred duty of atonement. If she can do that, then her repentance has nobly revealed the noble nature that is in her; then, she is a woman to be trusted, respected, beloved." Those words were as vividly present to her, as if she still heard them falling from his lips. Those other words which had followed them, rang as grandly as ever in her ears: "Rise, poor wounded heart! Beautiful, purified soul, God's angels rejoice over you! Take your place among the noblest of God's creatures!" Did the woman live who could hear Julian Gray say that, and who could hesitate, at any sacrifice, at any loss, to justify his belief in her? "Oh!" she thought longingly, while her eyes followed Lady Janet to the end of the library, "if your worst fears could only be realised! If I could only see Grace Roseberry in this room, how fearlessly I could meet her now!"

She closed the library door, while Lady Janet opened the other door which led into the hall.

As she turned and looked back into the dining-room, a cry of astonishment escaped her.

There—as if in answer to the aspiration which was still in her mind; there, established in triumph, on the chair that she had just left—sat Grace Roseberry, in sinister silence, waiting for her.

(To be continued.)

Varieties.

An engaged young gentleman got rather nonplussed out of a little scrape with his intended. She taxed him with having kissed two ladies at some party at which she was not present. He owned it, but said that their united ages made only twenty-one. The simple-minded girl thought of ten and eleven, and laughed off her point. He did not explain that one was nineteen and the other two years of age. Wasn't it artful?

Suppose a man owns a skiff; he fastens the skiff to the shore with a rope made of straw; along comes a cow; cow gets into the boat; turns round and eats the rope; the skiff thus let loose, with the cow on board, starts down stream, and on its passage is upset; the cow is drowned. Now has the man that owns the cow got to pay for the boat, or the man that owns the boat got to pay for the cow?

Mendelssohn the philosopher—grandfather of the great musical composer—was, when a youth, clerk to a very rich but exceedingly commonplace, in fact stupid, employer. One day an acquaintance commiserated the clever lad on his position, saying, "What a pity it is that you are not the master, and he your clerk!" "Oh, my friend," returned Mendelssohn, "do not say that. If he were my clerk, what on earth could I do with him?"

In the recently published memoirs of Baron Stockmar we find the following story of the Princess Imperial of Germany, then Princess Royal of England, and a child: "Pratorius, one of the German secretaries of Prince Albert, was not a good-looking man. The queen was once reading the Bible with her little daughter, the princess. They came to the passage, 'God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him.' Upon which the child, gifted with an early sense of beauty, exclaimed, 'But, mamma, surely not Dr. Pratorius!'"

Two Sides to a Question.—An instance of a somewhat amusing nature occurred a short time since in one of the Midland counties of England. A magistrate, whose zeal in all reformatory and philanthropic matters has been conspicuously developed, was congratulating some of his brother justices on the great diminution of crime effected by recent legislation. In confirmation of his opinion he appealed to the clerk. "Do you not think, Mr. —, there has been a great diminution of criminals during the last twelve months?" "Thank God, no, sir!" devoutly exclaimed the clerk, who, it is needless to add, was paid by fees.

An old woman came to Flamsteed, the first Astronomer Royal, to ask him whereabouts a certain bundle of linen might be, which she had lost. Flamsteed determined to show the folly of that belief in astrology which had led her to Greenwich Observatory (under some misapprehension as to the duties of an Astronomer Royal). He drew a circle, put a square into it, and gravely pointed out a ditch near her cottage, in which he said it would be found." He then waited until she should come back disappointed, and in a fit frame of mind to receive the rebuke he intended for her; but "she came back in great delight, with the bundle in her hand, found in the very place."

It must have been with infinite amusement that Henry Ward Beecher, during a late vacation, heard one of his own published sermons delivered in an obscure village. At the close of the service he accosted the divine, and said, "That was a fair discourse; how long did it take you to write it?" "Oh, I tossed it off one evening when I had leisure," was the reply. "Indeed," said Mr. Beecher; "it took me much longer than that to think out the very framework of the sermon." "Are you Henry Ward Beecher?" "I am," was the reply. "Well, then," said the unabashed preacher, "all that I have to say is that I ain't ashamed to preach one of your sermons anywhere."

At a recent dinner of the Salisbury Working Men's Constitutional Conservative Association, the Earl of Pembroke sang a comic song in the Wiltshire dialect with great spirit. The earl, who was received with enthusiastic rounds of applause, thanked them very much for the kind way in which they had received him. He really did not know what to say to them. He was once told a story about a great missionary meeting. All the missionaries came up one after another, delivered their reports, and told what they had seen, and what they thought about it. In the corner of the room they noticed a very quiet, lean, dark-brown man, half baked and dried, as if he had lived in all kinds of climates, and they asked him how it was that he had nothing to say to them. He thereupon gathered himself together, got up on the platform, and said, with a great stammer, "I-ladies and-g-gentlemen, I-I can't say you a song; and I-I can't make you a s-speech: but if it will afford any amusement or s-satisfaction to the company, I-I have no objection to show my person as it has been t-tat-tattooed by the natives."

THEY EXCEL.—Doctor Josephus' Shoshonee Vegetable Pills now superiorly sugar-coated cannot be excelled as a Family Medicine for general purposes.

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Chess.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Correct solution of Problem No. 69 received from George E. C., Montreal, and J. H., St. Lawrence. Also of Enigma No. 25, from George E. C., Montreal.

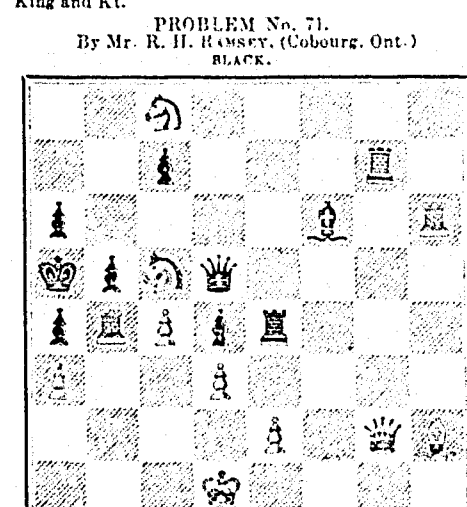
It is said that a general meeting of the British Chess Association will shortly be convened, under the presidency of Lord Lyttelton, with a view to re-modelling the rules, and establishing an annual meeting for the purpose of play.

On the Continent, the chief event of the chess world during the present year will be the tourney at Vienna, to be held there in connection with the International Exhibition. From the well-known enthusiasm of the Austrian players, there is every reason to anticipate a successful reunion.

A well-contested game played recently in the Belleville Chess Club.

White, Rev. H. C. Black, Mr. D. J. W. P. to K. 4th. 1. P. to K. 4th. 2. K. to B. 3rd. 3. Q. to Kt. 5th. 4. Castles. 5. P. to Q. B. 3rd (a). 6. P. to Q. Kt. 4th. 7. P. to Q. 3rd. 8. B. takes Kt. 9. P. to Q. Kt. 5th. 10. P. to Q. R. 4th. 11. B. to K. 3rd. 12. P. to Q. B. 4th. 13. P. to K. R. 3rd. 14. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd. 15. Q. to K. 16. Kt. to K. 2nd. 17. P. to K. B. 4th. 18. B. takes P. (d). 19. Q. to K. 3rd. 20. B. takes Q. 21. K. to B. 2nd. 22. K. to Q. B. 3rd. 23. Kt. to Kt. 4th. 24. P. to K. Kt. rd. 25. B. to K. B. 4th. 26. K. R. to B. 3rd. 27. R. takes Kt. 28. K. to Q. K. 2nd. 29. R. to B. 30. P. takes B. 31. K. to K. 3rd. 32. K. to K. B. 3rd. 33. R. to B. 5th. 34. K. to Kt. 2nd. 35. K. to B. 3rd. 36. R. takes R. 37. Kt. to Kt. 3rd. 38. Kt. to Q. 2nd. 39. Kt. to Kt. 40. K. to Kt. 2nd. 41. P. takes R. 42. Kt. to B. 3rd. 43. Kt. to Q. 4th. 44. Kt. takes P. 45. Kt. to Q. 5th. 46. K. to B. 3rd. 47. Kt. to B. 3rd. 48. Kt. to K. 2nd. 49. Kt. to Kt. 50. Kt. to R. 3rd. 51. P. to Kt. 5th. 52. P. takes P. 53. K. to Kt. 4th. wins. (a) We should have preferred Kt. takes K. P., and if Kt. takes Kt., P. to Q. 4th. regaining the piece, with a five-men game. (b) Well played. (c) Q. P. takes P. seems stronger; for if White followed with P. takes R. P., Black might have played R. takes P., and if Kt. takes K. P.—P. takes Q. Kt. P., threatening B. to Q. 5th should B. P. retake. (d) This relinquishes the attack, and allows Black to force an exchange of Queens, afterwards winning a Pawn. (e) The Bishop seems wanted in the rear to protect the Pawns. (f) An error; losing a valuable Pawn. (g) Had Black a lower than two Pawns to remain unmoved, and played his King and Bishop judiciously, we do not see how White could win even yet; the move made loses, as it admits the adverse King and Kt.

PROBLEM No. 71. By Mr. R. H. RAMSEY, (Cobourg, Ont.) BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves. SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 69. White. 1. K. to Q. Kt. 7th. 2. Q. to Q. 8th. ch. 3. B. to K. Kt. 2nd. mate. Black. 1. K. to Q. 4th. 2. K. to K. 5th (a) (b) 3. K. to Q. B. 4th. 4. K. to K. 3rd. 5. K. to K. 3rd. VARIATIONS. 1. K. to Q. 5th. 2. Q. to Q. 8th. ch. 3. Q. to Q. 2nd. mate. 4. K. to K. B. 6th. P. moves. SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 25. White. 1. Q. to K. R. 8th. ch. 2. Q. takes P. ch. 3. Q. to Q. B. 6th. mate. Black. 1. K. to B. 2nd. 2. K. to Kt. 2nd. 3. R. to Kt. 2nd. mate. 4. K. to Q. 8th. mate.

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INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the Matter of HENRY FRANK LEMONT, Insolvent.

I, THE UNDERSIGNED, have been appointed Assignee in this matter. Creditors are requested to file their claims to me, within one month, at my office, No. 5 St. Sacrament Street, and to meet at my office on the 5th of March next, at 2 o'clock p.m. for the examination of the Insolvent, and the ordering of the affairs of the Estate generally. The Insolvent is requested to be present at said meeting.

G. H. DUMESNIL, Official Assignee. Montreal, 4th Feb., 1873. 7-5-b

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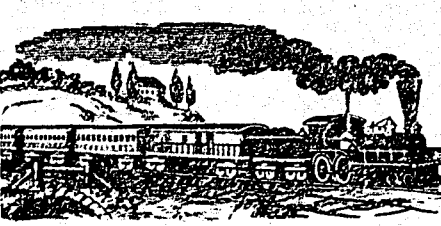
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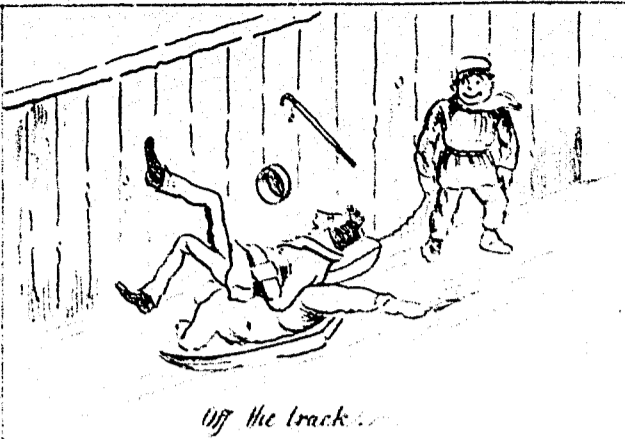
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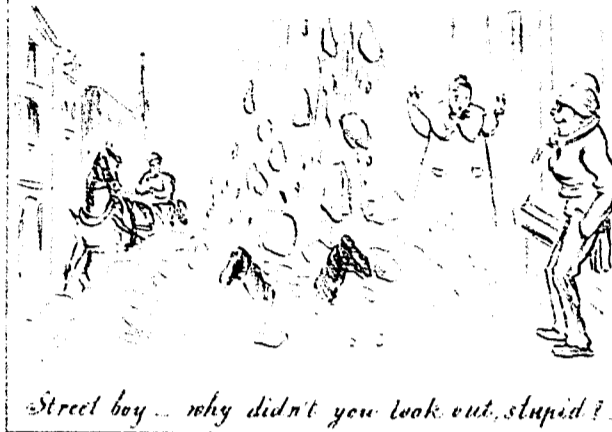
Downylyp unluckily gets between two fires.



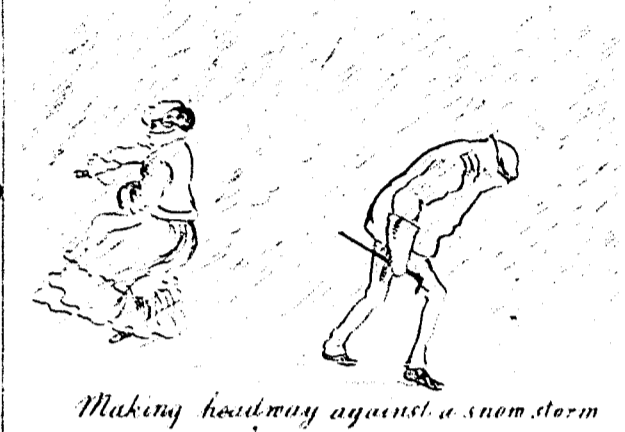
Off the track.



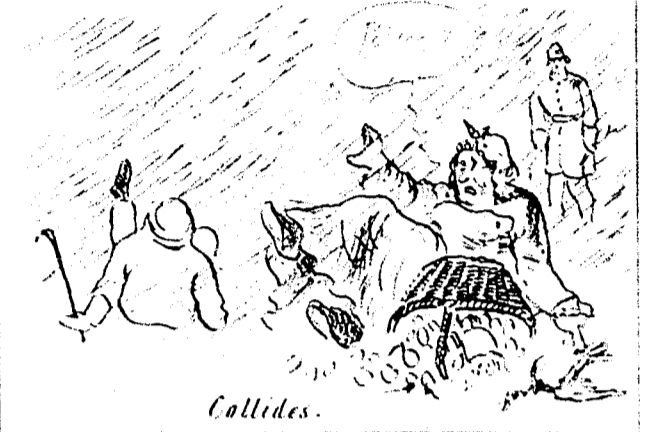
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