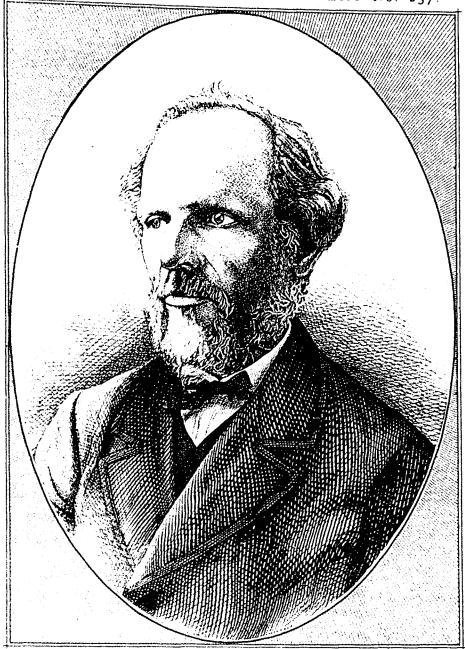
ARTISTS MODELS IN ROME.

Adolphus Trollope writes in Lippincott's of "Artists' Models in Rome" as follows: "We eartists Models in Rome as follows: "We fell in with a group of them, consisting perhaps of three or four girls, as many-children, a man in the prime of life, and an aged patriarch. There is not the smallest possibility that we should pass them unobserved. They are far too remarkable and too unlike anything else around us. Even those who have no eye for the specialties of type which characterize the human countenance will not fail to be struck by the peculiarities of the costume of the group of figures before us. At the first glance the eye is caught by the quantity of bright color in their dresses. The older women wear the picturesque white, flatly-folded linen cloth on their heads, which is the usual dress of the contribute women in the neighborhood of Rome. The younger have their hair ornamented with some huge filigree pin or other device of a fishion which proclaims itself to the most uns-killed eye as that of some two or three hundred years ago. All have light bodies of bright bine is red stuff based in front, and short petricoats of some equally bright color, not falling below the ankle. But the most singular portion of the costume is the universally worn apron. It consists of a piece of very stout and coarsely wo-yon wool of the brightest blue, green, or yellow, about twenty inches broad by thirty-three in length, across which, near the top and near the bottom, run two stripes, each about eight inches wide, of hand-worked embroidery of the strangest, old-world-looking patterns and the most hilliant colors. These things are manufactured by the peasantry of the hill country in the heighborhood of San Germano, who grow, spin, weave, dye, and embroider the wool themselves. And being barbarously unsophisticated by any adulteration of cotton, and in no wise stinted in the quantity of material, they are wenderfully strong and enduring. The most remarkable thing about them, however, is the unerring instinct with which these uneducated manufacturers harminize the most audaciously violent contrasts of wrilliant color. It is not too much to assert that they are never at fault in this respect. So much is this the case, and so truly artistic is this homely peasant manufacture, that there is hardly a painter's studio in Rome in which two or three of these richly colored apron cloths may not be seen covering a sofa or thrown over the back of a chair. A great part of the singularly picture-spic and striking appearance of the group of figures we are speaking of is due to the universal use of these aprona by the women. The men also affect an unusually large amount of bright colors in their costume. The waistcoat is almost always scarlet; the velvetoen jacket or short coat gener ally blue; the breeches sometimes the same, but often of bright yellow leather, and the stockings a lighter blue. The men often wear a long close

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY No. 237



CHARLES HEAVYSEGE ESQ.; ACHOR OF SAUL, JEIHTHA'S DAUGHTER &c., FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY INCLIS

reaching to the heels, always hanging open in front, and generally lined with bright green baize. They generally, too, have some bright-colored ribbons around their high-peaked, conical felts hats. But I must not forget to mention the costume of the children. It consists of an exact copy in miniature of that of their elders, and the inconceivable quaintness and queer old-world look produced is not to be imagined by those who have never witnessed it. Fancy a little imp of six or seven years old dressed in little blue jacket, bright-yellow leather breeches, blue stockings. sheepskin sandals on his little bits of feet, and long bright flaxen curls streaming down from under a gayly ribboned brigand's hat!"

WHY MEN WILL NOT MARRY NOW-A-DAYS.

Says a New York paper: New York is crowded with rich, unmarried men, afraid of the expense of supporting these gilded butterflies. There is a bachelor at the Sixth Avenue Hotel, whose income is \$20,000 a year, and still he says he can't afford to get married. He is a proud fellow, and says as a single man he can have the best horses,

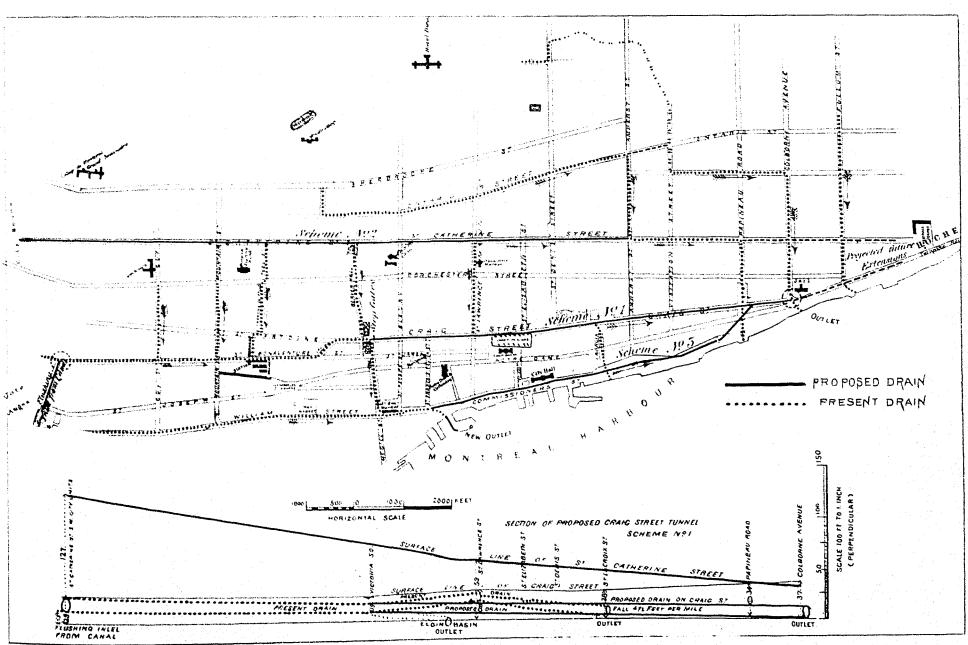
best rooms and best box at the opera.
"If I should get married," he said, "I would have to stint myself or overdraw my income." "How is that !" asked a friend.

"Well, now, come into the parior and I'll show you. You see ladies are extravagant now-a-They dress so much more than in Europe. I mean they don't wear rich diamonds like the women of Florence and Milan, but they wear such rich dresses, laces, shawls and furs. Now, I'm proud, and I would not want my wife to be outdressed, so I have to keep out of the marriage

"Do you see that lady there?" he asked, pointing to a fashionable caller.

"Well, she has on a \$400 panniered, watteaued, polonaised, brown, gros-grain dress, and I wear a \$60 coat. She wears a \$1,200 camel's hair shawl, and a \$5.00 set of sable, while I wear a \$70 over-coat. She wears a \$70 bonnet, while I wear an \$3 hat. She wears \$200 worth of point applique and point aiguilé, while I wear a \$6 shirt. Her shoes cost \$15 and mine cost \$12. Her ordinary morning jewelry, which is changed every year, not counting diamonds, cost \$400, mine cost

"Well, how does it foot up !"
"Why, the clothes she has on cost \$2,225, and why, the crothes she has on cost \$2,275, and mine cost \$206, and that is only one of her dozen outfits, while I only have—say three. The fact is," said he, growing earnest, "I couldn't begin to live in a brown-stone front with that woman and keep up appearances to match—carriages, church, dinners, opera and seaside for \$20,000.



MONTREAL: PLAN OF THE CITY DRAINAGE. - (For description see page 247.)