

VARIETIES.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY. No. 307.

It is strange to have to admit that we owe to a foreigner some of the best representations of our greatest naval victory. The Chevalier de Martino is a sailor and an artist, as may be seen at once from his treatment of his subject, and in four fine pictures of the "Battle of Trafalgar," now on view at Mr. Maclean's Gallery, Haymarket, has achieved a decided success. The first represents Admiral Lord Collingwood going into action, breaking the enemy's line with his ship the *Royal Sovereign*. In the second picture we have the engagement between the *Victory* and *Redoubtable*, supposed to be taken at the moment Nelson received his death wound. The third picture represents the thick of the fight, ships alongside of one another, all dealing out slaughter and defiance; some are burning, some blowing up—a grand turmoil in which, however, the noble gallantry of some of the crews, in their efforts to save their enemies' lives, is picturesquely introduced. In the fourth and last canvas the scene has changed; the din of battle is over; the wind is gathering in the black clouds which hover about. The *Victory* and the fighting *Temeraire* occupy the prominent positions, but the sad burden of the news they have to carry seems to mar the greatness of the victory to achieve, which all had done their duty.

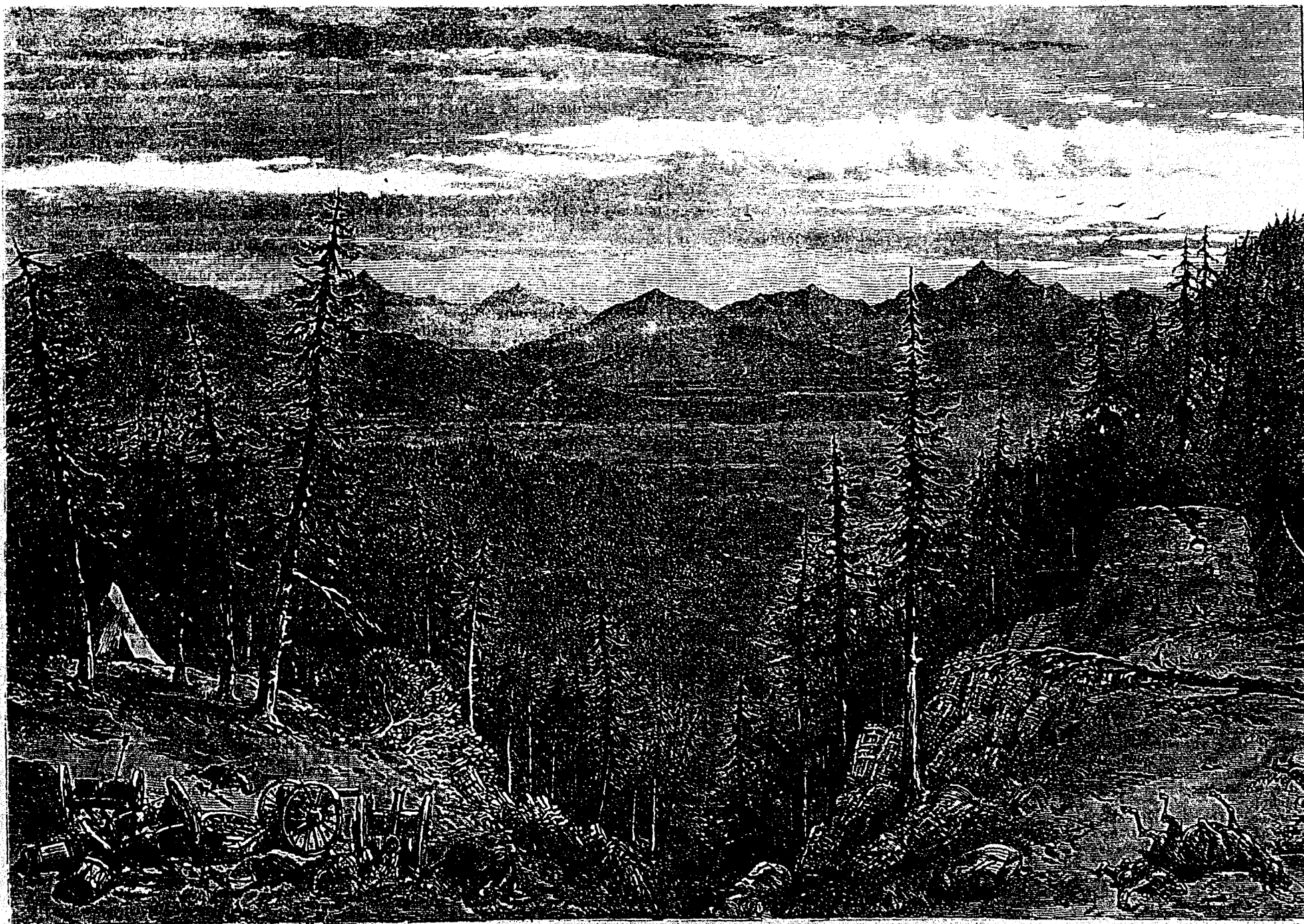
The current number of the *University Magazine* contains an excellent photograph, by Messrs. Lock and Whitfield, of the President of the Royal Academy, accompanied by an interesting and well written sketch of the artist's life. We extract the following anecdotes:—A short time ago Leighton was giving a dinner at the Arts Club in honour of his elevation to the Presidency. Millais was present, and when it came to the toasts his name was coupled with Painting. In returning thanks he said: "I remember the time, I was quite a young man, when William Makepeace Thackeray came to call upon me. He asked me to dinner, and when I came, read to me a chapter of 'Esmond,' which he was writing. Two years afterwards I went to Italy, and on my return he met me in the Garrick Club, and said these words, 'Millais, my boy, you must look to your laurels. I have met in Italy a most accomplished young dog; mark my words—one day he will be President of the Royal Academy.' I, you may imagine,



SÉVÈRE RIVARD, ESQ., MAYOR OF MONTREAL.

at that time was not very much pleased with Thackeray's observation. I had never heard of Frederick Leighton, and in my youthful aspirations thought that I myself might one day be President. Since that time I have made the acquaintance I had not then, and I fancy I can see before me now that well-known face of Thackeray's; and his eyes through his old spectacles seem to twinkle with humour as he says, 'Millais, my boy, I told you so!' I bow before Thackeray's judgment, and acknowledge the truth and justice of events, and the great humourist's power of observation."

HOW THE MARSHAL TOOK LEAVE.—At 7.30 o'clock one of the Marshal's aides-de-camp went to M. Grevy with an autograph letter, which ran as follows: "The Marshal has the honour to request the President to be so kind as to inform him of the result of the elections, so that he may, conformably with custom, pay a visit to his successor." M. Grevy answered immediately that there being neither custom nor precedent in the matter he would go in person to the hotel of the prefecture of Versailles to communicate the result. A few minutes afterward there came a second letter from Marshal MacMahon, stating that, having learned the result of the election, he was going to the Presidency to pay his respects to the first magistrate of the Republic. "Tell the Marshal," replied M. Grevy, "that I shall be happy to receive him." The Marshal soon made his appearance in Mufti, accompanied by an aide-de-camp, also in Mufti. Military honours were rendered to him by the guard at the door of the Presidency. The interview was of a most cordial nature, and the Marshal was evidently highly gratified. He has spoken very kindly of his successor, and seems much relieved that the burden of office has been transferred from his own shoulders to those of M. Grevy. I may add that before the letter of resignation was read to the two Chambers there was a talk of a grant to the Marshal, but as soon as this came to his ears he warmly protested against it, declaring that he would be ashamed to receive it. After all, the late President will not be such a loser from a money point of view by his change of position. He expended far more than he received—his table and horses, which he kept up out of his own pocket, costing him over £5,000 a year. It was more than 9.30 o'clock when the Marshal, accompanied by Gen. Broje, returned to the Elysée. He was calm, and even cheerful.



THE AFGHAN WAR.—VIEW OF THE KHOORUM VALLEY.