

the transit of 1761, he says, in closing: "May Heaven favor their observations with the most perfect weather. And when they shall have attained their object, and determined as well as they can our distance from the sun, let them remember that it was an Englishman who first conceived this fortunate idea."

MR. SARGENT'S "CAPRIOTE."

With painstaking, born of admiration for his subject, has Mr. John S. Sargent presented the face of the handsome woman whom he calls "A Capriote." She is a favorite model of artists who visit her home near the "Grotto of the Nymphs," in the island of Capri, off the Bay of Naples, and some of our readers will remember her fine olive complexion, as it appeared in the oil-painting after which our illustration is engraved, and which hung not long ago in the exhibition of the Society of American Artists. The promising young painter, now twenty-seven years old, has been fortunate in several respects. His mother, formerly Miss Newbold, of Philadelphia, is a clever amateur id water-colors, and early encouraged her son's taste for it. His father, once a practicing physician of Boston, has lived in Europe for nearly thirty years. The child first saw daylight in the city of Florence, on the banks of the Arno, has visited America but once, and has all his life been surrounded by artistic influences, and breathing an artistic atmosphere. He is a skillful physician. He has had a liberal education in the universities of Germany and Italy. In his twentieth year he entered the atelier of M. Carolus-Duran, in Paris, where he was a pupil until his twenty-fifth year, winning the respect and affection of his master, whose life-size portrait he recently painted with extraordinary vigor and interpretative certainty, and presented to M. Carolus-Duran.

Moreover, Mr. Sargent has received several awards at the Salon. He possesses the admiration of his young professional associates. He is beginning to have overtures from the art dealers in the shape of flattering orders for pictures, and he is so confident of his future that he declines the compliment because it is accompanied by long-headed suggestions respecting a choice and treatment of subjects that shall make the desired works saleable. "Let me paint what I like, gentlemen," he replies, in substance—"I can't paint what I don't like—and after my canvas is well under way, I shall be happy to show it you, and, if you choose, sell it to you."

Sargent is tall and rather slight, with chestnut beard of a lighter shade, and "stylish" appearance and manners. The picture that first brought him into notice was his "Fishing for Oysters at Cancale," a coast scene with figures, brilliant and pure in quality, and wonderful in keeping, exhibited at the Salon of 1877, and by the Society of American Artists the next year, and now owned by Samuel Colman. "A Capriote" appeared in 1879 at the second annual display of the same society, and was followed at the Salon that year by "In the Olives at Capri," belonging to Mr. I. T. Williams, of West Thirtieth Street, New York city, and representing a full length view of the same charming model whose head we have engraved. "El Jaleo," a Moorish woman dancing in a café, reproduced last month in the *Bazaar*, has been bought by Mr. Jefferson T. Coolidge, of Boston. Admiral Case, of Bristol, Rhode Island, owns a coast scene with fishermen, and in a private gallery in Washington Square, New York city, are portraits of two daughters of the house. Mr. Sargent's latest work is a standing portrait of a young lady, which has been promised for exhibition in New York city this winter.

SKETCHES IN THE NORTH-WEST.

The Bow and High Rivers are snow-fed streams from the Rocky Mountains passing through the rugged and wild beauties of the Mountains by many a gorge and cascade, till they reach the green prairie level where they assume a more quiet and idyllic character in keeping with the pastoral region through which they wind with many a broad sweep and curve and softly wooded island of feathery foliage of the cotton woods. Here and there steep banks of spruce to carry along the aroma of the mountain land which gave them birth, as an exiled Scot will cherish a withered sprig of heather. Like him, too, the rivers even in the plains seem to preserve something of the dash, energy, and purity of the mountain torrent. At their junction, some 70 miles from the foot hills, they roll along with a considerable volume of water and velocity not fordable during the summer months, for, the greater the heat, the greater the amount of melted snow from the everlasting reservoirs in the Rockies.

On the valley formed by the junction of these rivers was fought the last decisive conflict between the Crow and Blackfeet Indians. Here the ancestor of Crow-foot, the chief of the Blackfoot nation gained the family patronymic "Chapo Mexico" to the origin of which we have already alluded.

The ridge from which the sketch is taken is on the ranch of Mr. Begg of the Bow River Company formerly an old Hudson's Bay post. Higher up the Bow is the tract leased by Col. de Winton, R. A.; about 60 miles higher up is the Cochran ranch, and 20 miles below the junction, General Bland Strange is making preparations for the settlement of the Rancho of the Military Colonization Company of Canada in the neighbourhood of the once warlike but now

peaceful Blackfeet. Let us hope red and white warriors have alike buried for ever the hatchet of strife and exchanged it for the Canadian plough, and that the vanished buffalo will soon be replaced by the white man's herds. Along the High River also are the ranches of Mr. Stimson & Co., Capt. Thorburn with many industrious old time pioneers, notably, Messrs. Glyn, French, Livingston, Smith and others who raise excellent crops of oats, barley and potatoes in spite of an occasional early frost due to their proximity to the mountains.

Thus the battle fields of the red man; the scenes of strife between the Hudson's Bay Co'y and the old Nor Westers; the whiskey trader's turmoils have passed away; law and order are established and a bright future seems to be opening for the Bow River district as well as for the rest of our "Great North West Land."

LIFE IN PARIS DURING THE SIEGE.

I am looking forward with horrible misgivings to the moment when I shall have no more money, so that perhaps I shall be thankful for being lodged and fed at the public expense. My banker has withdrawn from Paris, and his representative declines to look at my bill, although I offer ruinous interest. As for friends, they are all in a like condition, for no one expected the siege to last so long. At my hotel, need I observe that I do not pay my bill, but in hotels the guests may ring in vain now for food. I sleep on credit in a gorgeous bed, a pauper. The room is large. I wish it were smaller, for the firewood comes from trees just cut down, and it takes an hour to get the logs to light, and then they only smoulder, and emit no heat. The thermometer in my grand room, with its silken curtains, is usually at freezing point. Then my clothes—I am seedy, very seedy. When I call upon a friend, the porter eyes me distrustfully; in the streets the beggars never ask me for alms; on the contrary, they eye me suspiciously when I approach them, as a possible competitor. The other day I had some newspapers in my hand, an old gentleman took one from me and paid me for it. I had read it, so I pocketed the halfpence. My wardrobe is scanty, like the sage *omni mea macum porto*. I had been absent from Paris before the siege, and I returned with a small bag. It is difficult to find a tailor who will work, and even if he did I could not send him my one suit to mend, for what should I wear in the meantime? Decency forbids it. My pea jacket is torn and threadbare, my trousers are frayed at the bottom, and of many colors—like Joseph's coat. As for my linen, I will only say that the washerwomen have struck work, as they have no fuel. I believe my shirts were once white, but I am not sure. I invested a few weeks ago in a pair of cheap boots. They are my torment. They have split in various places, and I wear a pair of gaiters—purple, like those of a respectable ecclesiastic, to cover the rents. I bought them on the Boulevard, and at the same stall I bought a bright blue handkerchief which was going cheap; this I wear round my neck. My upper man resembles that of a dog-stealer, my lower man that of a bishop. My buttons are turning my hair grey. When I had more than one change of raiment these appendages remained in their places, now they drop off as though I were a moulted fowl. I have to pin myself together elaborately, and whenever I want to get anything out of my pocket I have cautiously to unpin myself, with the dread of falling to pieces before my eyes. For my food, I allowance myself, in order to eke out as long as possible my resources. I dine and breakfast at a second-class restaurant. Cat, dog, rat, and horse are very well as novelties, but taken habitually, they do not assimilate with my inner man. Horse, doctors say, is heating; I only wish it would heat me. I give this description of my existence, as it is that of many others. Those who have means, and those who have none, unless these means are in Paris, row in the same boat.—*The Diary of the Besieged Resident.*

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, Nov. 11.

At a dinner in London the other day, Mr. Willis, M.P., who responded for the House of Commons, told a story of Mr. Irving's visit to the House. Asked what he thought of the performance at St. Stephen's, Mr. Irving, he it is said, replied: "The business was very heavy, and the dialogue was extremely dull." *Si non e vero, e ben trovato.*

The latest excitement in the electric light world is the reported discovering of an electric light-creating power which will reduce the cost to one-fifth of what it is at present. The good thing is not patented, and is only known to a select few, who are agitated *au fond* with the prospect of an immense fortune. Vague as this announcement is, it may be relied upon. Very scientific men are in what in fast phraseology is denominated "the swim."

The second column of the *Times* has contained many advertising curiosities, but probably never on any previous occasion has there been announced even in that quarter anything stranger than the sale of "the original Lingam god from the Temple of Delhi." It is estimated, we are told, that five thousand millions of Hindoo women have worshipped at the shrine of this god,

which consists of an extremely fine pear-shaped cat's-eye stone, upon a yellow topaz, surrounded by nine other large precious stones set in 22-carat gold.

MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA described himself in the witness-box the other day as "journalist and art critic," and as having been formerly an amateur modeler. There are indeed many ways in which Mr. Sala might describe himself. He has or has had as many avocations as the Prince of Wales has uniforms and official costumes. He has been everything and done everything and seen everything, to judge by his weekly "Echoes," and knows everthing into the bargain. But certainly, few men living have taken the same pains to qualify themselves for the functions of Art criticism as he has. He has not merely visited galleries and haunted studios. He has in his possession a unique collection of photographs of celebrated works of art in all ages and countries. It is all very well to scoff at this great journalist's "omniscience;" but in this as in many other departments, his fullness of information is the result of laborious compilation from undertaking which ordinary mortals would shrink.

An alarm has already been raised about the use of arsenic by ladies in society. None too soon. Arsenic is more used at this moment than the much-abused opium and the still more immediately dangerous chloral. Its power to produce a brilliant complexion is most marvellous. It makes even a sick man rosy, and it has a tendency to fatten. French ladies use it without shame; and some English doctors think it no harm to recommend a medicine so agreeable to a lady's vanity. It resembles other poisons of the same kind in producing toleration, so that it is said that the peasants of Syria can use it very much as sailors were wont to use tobacco. But its effect is steadily deteriorating, and when its employment has become most of a necessity, then the abuse of it makes it wholly worthless. West-end chemists say that they very rarely meet with laudanum drinkers among their customers. Opium is the narcotic of the very poor. But the resort to arsenic is becoming more frequent and facile. Prescriptions once used are kept and presented; and aly arsenic taking is getting almost as common as aly spirit-drinking.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, Nov. 11.

A DUEL is announced as having taken place in Italy between Prince Lubomirsky and an Italian officer, in which the latter received a pistol ball at twenty paces.

A NEW idea has become the fashion among Parisian enthusiasts for animals—namely, to go into mourning for their dogs when they quit this world. This second the notion of a cemetery for the repose of their remains.

THE Prince and Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne, the Marquis de Talleyrand-Perigord, Count de Maulmont, Baron de Vitras, and Count de la Rochefoucauld, have announced their intention to leave for England for fox-hunting.

THE minnet has commenced to be the fashion in Paris. It was danced the other night, and was a great success at the grand soirée given by the Baronne de Risbières in honor of the marriage of her daughter.

THE Parisians rejoice in the arrival of a fabulously rich Mexican, who is going to reside in future in the French capital. He owns silver mines galore, that bring in each so many millions of dollars a year, and besides has property of every possible and impossible character. Don Milmo is married, that is a drawback in the eyes of some, but a very favouring fact in those of others.

To travellers an inconvenient fact must be announced, namely, that the two fast trains, which leave Paris and Geneva respectively every morning and evening, will cease running at the end of the present month. There will then be only one express train running in either direction in the twenty-four hours—the one that leaves Geneva at 3.35 p.m. (Geneva time) and the one that leaves Paris at 8.20 p.m. Rather short allowance, but when French railways are concerned we must be thankful for small mercies.

THE Parisians are growing enthusiastic over boxing. Once there were indeed in France famous disciples of this art, which is considered so truly British. Are the times past to be renewed in all their fashions? It seems so. *Après* of the advanced skill of Frenchmen in boxing, or rather their retrograding to their former condition, we hear it announced that Theo Villain, ex professor of the Ecole de Saint-Oyr, has been matched against an Englishman of some renown—name not mentioned yet. The contest is to come off before a brilliant assemblage of Paris clubmen, and betting will be allowed.

A GENTLEMAN of fortune, young, handsome, and titled, has left Paris suddenly. He is accompanied by two friends, who are to serve as witnesses. Italy is their destination, and the person sought there is one who, two years ago, deprived this gentleman of his lovely and much-beloved mistress by the natural process of marriage. The lapse of time between the fault and the punishment sought is singular, and might almost lead seconds on behalf of their principal who committed the offence to object to any duel taking place, most especially as during the whole of this time the receiver of the injury has been daily ardently studying the art of fencing, accompanied by that of becoming a dead shot. This sort of thing does not put duelling in a more favorable light.

THE youngest son of the Duc de Chartres, the little Prince Jean, recently gave proof of a very energetic and manly spirit, which, one day hereafter may not be without influence in the State affairs of France. Being sent to the school of Ste. Marie (a branch of the college of L. Petit Stanislas), his playfellows during the recess got about him and began to taunt him with his royal birth, calling him mockingly "Your Majesty" and "Your Royal Highness." Whereupon his small princeliness got angry and laid about them stoutly, knocking his assailants to the right and left, and coming off victorious, though at the cost of a scratched nose and a torn jacket. No silken-cured darling evidently is this young scion of royalty.

As the costumes of our grandfathers and grandmothers are being infringed upon, it is a natural sequence that some of the old people's amusements should be patronized by the châtélains and châtélaines in their country retreats. At several, recently, among the entertainments of the evening has been the dancing of the minuet and the gavotte, after the enigmas in verse and the rebuses dramatically illustrated have ceased to interest. The wonder is that the chance of displaying so much real grace of action and giving free play to the beauty of figure has so long been resisted. Now that the old noblesse have patronized these dances, Paris will doubtless feel this winter no hesitation in introducing them.

PARIS society loves an old man almost as much as a young one. The betwixt age finds the least appreciation, and generally the owner of that unpleasant number of years is a bore, having lost the charm of youth, yet believing he possesses it, not adopting the old fellow's way of pleasing the young, and looking forward with dread to being reckoned among the advanced rank. What a fine old fellow of that stage of life was the Marquis de Bonne-all! It is with regret we write of him as of the past, and record his recent decease. He was the most sought-after man in every *salon* he visited. A famous conversationist, possessed of a fund of anecdote, knowing everybody, and all about them: he was witty and kind, and a courtier in manners without any eccentricity and quaintness that could engender a smile at his expense.

AN economical young man takes three ladies to dine at a Paris restaurant, and, before the repast is brought in, says confidentially to the waiter:—"When I call for Chambertin, bring us a good second-class Beaune; it is less heating to the blood, and the ladies will never know the difference—you understand?" The waiter replies that he does. Dinner is served; Chambertin is demanded, and Beaune is brought in, according to agreement. Presently the generous diner calls for the bill, and when he receives it his face clouds visibly. "Here, waiter," he observes, discharging a whole broadside of nods and becks and wreathed winks upon that functionary, "there is some mistake here in the wine item!" "Oh, no, sir!" says the waiter, courteously. "There are two bottles of Chambertin charged, and that was what you ordered." "Certainly, two bottles of Chambertin," chorus the ladies; "we remember you ordering them. It is all right." The economical young man has nothing to do but to pay up, and to endeavor to calculate how much he has made by his prudent forethought.

COME, come, Messieurs les Comédiens; don't you think you are putting on an exaggerated amount of dignity and courage in pursuing the frank-spoken writer in the Paris *Figaro* about your merits, with proposals to fight him, into a more complimentary tone. There is a scene in our play, "The Inconstant," in which twenty bullies draw their swords, encircle a poor kidnapped colonel, and address to him this polite and considerate question: "By whose sword will you die; by mine, or mine, or mine?" which very much resembles the action of these gentlemen. There are about 800 in the joint-stock operation. He wisely declines to have anything to do with the *farces*, and refers them to a regiment of the National Guard. It seems that several theatres have at length given full powers to a strong and expert man to represent them. Bah! The person has called at the *Figaro*, and complains that he has watched twenty-four hours—doubtless in the front office—and has received no reply. Silence has its meaning. If the duel takes place, we hope Messieurs les Comédiens will bring their *claque* guard to applaud the seeming valor of their champions, as they do false histrionic merit.