

CHARLES FECHTER.

The early period at which we go to press allows us only a slender space to hail the arrival in our midst of the distinguished actor, Charles Fechter. He appears, this week, in a round of his favorite characters, most of which he has created and to which he has imperishably linked his fame. As *Ruy Blas*, *Claude Melnotte*, *Don Cesar*, he has no superior. We trust he will meet all the success that his transcendent merit deserves, and that he may be induced, by the popular favor, to prolong his stay among us, and give some of his superb Shakspearian delineations. In our next issue, we shall enter more fully upon a critical analysis of Mr. Fechter's impersonations.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

AN INSTRUCTIVE PEEP INTO A SHOE FACTORY.

When a man proposes to shew you over his establishment, be sure, before consenting, that you understand thoroughly the nature of the man who makes this proposition to you. He may have peculiarities and eccentricities whose indulgence will make you feel really sorry that you ever put foot inside his premises. This I know, was the case with me when I consented, with an amount of good nature equalled only by my ignorance, to be "shown over" the boot and shoe factory of a certain individual, who to suit my purpose, I shall call "Swett," against whom, I now entertain such feelings, that distance alone prevents their being fatal to him. When he made the proposal to "shew me over," I must confess that I consented with more than my usual alacrity, for there was much in the building such as machinery etc., that I felt curious to see. With a short, jerky "follow me," he bounded up a long flight of stairs, three at a time, and then waited at the top for me. No sooner had I reached the top stair, however, than he started off at about 5 miles an hour, to "shew me over." Of course I had n't time to look at anything, there was a perfect maze of machines, counters, benches, piles of leather, etc., and it took me all my time to thread my way through it all. Occasionally, a stray word would reach my ear, borne to me on the breeze created by his swift progression, and it somehow occurred to me that he was explaining the nature and duties of each machine; at first, I tried to follow what he said but I had to give it up, because I found that he was about five machines ahead of me, and I was beginning to get mixed up, and confused, and to feel that my half formed convictions, "that the world was growing better," were premature, to say the least. It suddenly struck me that I must be cutting a very ridiculous figure before all these men. What I thought I, "if this showing one over, 'is one of Swett's standing jokes, something to amuse the men.'" The bare idea induced perspiration, and wiping my face in agony, I turned a certain corner for, it seemed to me, the 5th time, when I came upon Swett and nearly over-turned him. I apologised and shook hands with a man to whom I thought he was introducing me, but who, I now believe, was merely receiving some instructions about waxing his thread. We were standing near some stairs and he said, "You see those stairs? Those are the men's stairs and these are the girls, and they never mix, you understand? They never see each other." As there were about 80 males and females in sight of each other at the time, I experienced some difficulty in reconciling his statement with the truth, but as his departure therefrom did not seem to meet with any immediate punishment, I ventured not only to endorse, but to expatiate on the extremely moral and beneficial results, such rules and regulations must entail, when I fell over a boot rack. There was a general titter and some one laughed distinctly. My first impulse was to turn round and ask this person if he was prepared to defend himself, but as it occurred to me that probably he was, I concluded it was better to move on. I caught sight of my supposed guide, just stepping into the hoist, and dashed after him; he set it going directly he got on himself and I had to scramble on as best I could. Half way between the two floors, he bounded off. I followed as soon as possible and the way we waltzed round that flat was a caution. I was becoming quite exhausted. There was a man taking some leather out of soak, in whose eye I thought I detected a gleam of sympathy. I said, "If he comes round this way again, trip him up. You will not go unrewarded," I continued, finding I had nothing smaller than a quarter, but he took no notice of me. My heart sank within me as I saw Swett standing at the foot of the ladder, for I thought we were already at the top flat. He said, "come up on the roof and I'll shew you the finest view in the City." I said, "I'll stay here while you take a look at it, scenery never agrees with me on an empty stomach, and I shall only be in the way up there." Then it occurred to me how easy it would be to push him off, and so I went up at once. We staid there about an hour and a half and I could n't once get him near enough to the edge of the roof to benefit him. He said, "I sometimes bring a camp stool and sit up here for hours. If you'd like—" "There's about a dozen persons calling you, downstairs," I said. I saw this was my only chance. He said, "all right, do n't you disturb yourself, I'll be up again in a minute." "Well! I said, I guess I'll come down too, I couldn't enjoy this without you." He left me to put on the trap, and I tried to put it on every way I knew how, but it always caught somewhere. As a last resource, I balanced it on

my new beaver and then dropped gently down the ladder. It had got turned round and canted a little and I had nearly reached the next floor before I found out that I had brought the cover through the trap. I was about half an hour trying to get it through the hole on to the roof again, but failed. I was escaping through the back door when Swett caught sight of me. He said, "Hallo! you're off eh? I'm sorry you could n't stay, you'd have seen the sun set, a glorious sight I can assure you, from the roof." I told him I could see it from our doorstep. "Well, well," he said, "we'll arrange it better next time. Ta-ta, mind you give me a look in if you're round this way again," and I said I would, if it was only to burn his mill down.

L. R.

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

The April number of the *Canadian Monthly Magazine* contains one interesting and well written article on Canadian historic names from the pen of Mr. John George Bourinot. We sympathise fully with Mr. Bourinot in his desire to see perpetuated wherever possible, the old Indian names which have in most instances been selected as designating some peculiarity or character of the place named or, failing this, the name commemorating some early pioneer of civilization who has been distinguished in the annals of the country. In many instances, however, both the correct name and its original significance are lost sight of and forgotten in the lapse of time through the corruption of the word, as it passes from mouth to mouth of the unlearned. We fancy *Cataraqui*, *Toronto* and many original Indian names have undergone much transmutation in this manner. More modern names however are not without their purpose or significance. Mr. Bourinot condemns the bad taste of such names as "Aspodel, Artemesia, Sophiasburg, Ameliasburg, Canaan, Euphrasur etc., and 'other burgs and viles.'" Some of these it would perhaps be difficult now to explain or to justify according to the canons of good taste, but *Sophiasburg*, *Ameliasburg*, and "other burgs and viles," such as *Fredericksburg*, *Charlottesville*, *Lennox*, *Addington*, *Pittsburgh*, *Brockville*, etc., are plainly named after members of the Royal Family of Great Britain or prominent statesmen or soldiers, and the selection is not altogether tasteless or out of place. Writing of the neighbourhood of *Fort Frontenac*, Mr. Taché in his able essay on Canada says: "De ce point le lecteur verra bien qu'on a laissé le Canada-Français; les noms changent, les émigrants des Iles Britanniques eux aussi ont le culte des souvenirs; les noms des comtés, des districts, sont les noms des localités de la vieille Angleterre, de l'Irlande, de l'Ecosse, ou bien des noms d'hommes qui ont illustré l'Empire Britannique, ou figure d'ins l'histoire du Canada depuis la conquête. Un seul nom de comté reste Français, celui de *Frontenac*." Names too, even when properly bestowed, sometimes fail to attach prominently to the place to which they are given and die out of memory. The *Isle of Santé* of which Mr. Bourinot speaks, now *Amherst Island*, was at one time known as *Johnson Island* after Sir William or Sir John Johnson, to one of whom it was ceded at an early period. It will be found designated as *Johnson Island* in many old maps. The representation of the *Kingston* families can show these; the *Cartwrights*, the *Stewarts* whose grandfather came in with the *Johnsons* and owned part of the *Isle of Santé*, will have maps where the name appears. The appellation of the *Isle of Santé* adhered to it up to comparatively modern days, and it is still known as such among the old settlers of the Bay of Quinté. *Belleville* even if named after *Lady Gore*, is not inappropriate, and without any special wish to immortalize *Lady Maitland's* last days, even *Flos*, *Tiny* and *Tay* are not otherwise than euphonious names, and indeed come more conveniently to the lips of the settlers than their more lengthy and high sounding titles. Naming *Lady Maitland* suggests that the compliment of calling places after official dignitaries may be too oft repeated. With the township of *Maitland* and the commemorating of the lap dogs, the descriptive Indian term of *Miniseta* or *Red River* need not have changed to the *Maitland*, and *Southampton* is a poor substitute for *Sangenk*. In worse taste than anything Mr. Bourinot mentions, is the naming of new and comparatively insignificant places after celebrated cities of the old world, and thus provoking invidious comparisons. Our American neighbours are fond of this with their *Troy*, *Utica*, *Rome*, and other places, and we copy them in *London*, *Westminster*, *Waterloo* and similar instances. It is quite fair to give expression to the sentiment Mrs. Hemans embodies in her lines:

"We will give the name of our fearless race
To each bright river whose course we trace."

But we must be careful to do it so as not to render the application of such statement ridiculous. Perhaps the most sensible source from which to choose a designation for a river, lake or locality, is from any geographical peculiarity it presents, *Mont-real*, *The Long Sault*, *The Cedars*, *Three Rivers* and so forth, and whether the word applied be Indian, French or English, the name is more likely to last than any substituted one of either peer or puppy. The original orthography however should be if possible preserved and writers who give to the subject the research which Mr. Bourinot has done, deserve well of the community for aiding to do this.

LONDON GOSSIP.

SAILING OF THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION—AN ITALIAN HAMLET.

LONDON JUNE 6.—On Saturday afternoon amid the cheers and God-speeds of many thousands of well-wishers, the Arctic expedition ships, *Alert* and *Discovery*, left Portsmouth harbour and put to sea on their adventurous voyage. National interest in the expedition had become so universal that the departure of the ships would have been sure to produce great excitement; but other matters concurred to make the day memorable in the annals of an ancient and loyal borough which has witnessed many interesting events in English history. To say that it was the 29th of May, and, therefore, *Oak Appleday*, awakens no very thrilling recollections, though the abundant loyalty of the Arctic officers was shown by most of them wearing a spray of oak leaves in their button-holes; but the day had been set apart for the celebration of Her Majesty's birthday, and this is always an event of interest at Portsmouth. Most of the ships in the harbour were "dressed," that is signal flags fluttered from stem to stern, starting from the jibboom end and passing by the trucks of the fore, main, and mizen masts to the extremity of the spankerboom. So far as the expeditionary ships were concerned, one very important piece of business had to be transacted, and this was the official inspection by the Lords of the Admiralty. A salute from the flag-ship about 10 a.m. announced the arrival of their lordships, the party consisting of Mr. G. Ward Hunt, the First Lord; Lord Gifford, Sir Alexander Milne, Sir Massey Lopes, and Mr. Vernon Lushington. The first visit was paid to their yacht the *Enchantress*, and here, having left town very early, they prepared for their official duties by breakfasting. This was soon despatched, the time occupied being just sufficient to enable the *Alert* and *Discovery* to get "shipshape." Leave had expired at 7.0 a.m. that morning, and every officer and man was on board and mustered at quarters. Their lordships were received at the gangway of the *Alert* by Captain Nares, and at once commenced the inspection of men and matériel, which were found wholly satisfactory. When the official examination had concluded Mr. Ward Hunt said they had everything on board which could contribute to their well-being and comfort, the eyes of the world were upon the expedition, and the prayers and best wishes of every one would go with them for success in their arduous undertaking. He then wished them God speed, and shook hands with every officer, an example which was followed by the other high officials. Passing over the gangway, he turned to the crew, who were drawn up attention, and said "Good bye, men," a salute which was promptly acknowledged by three cheers. Next a visit was paid to the *Discovery*—the ships still lying at their berths alongside the Boat House and the Pitch House jetties—and here substantially the same ceremony was gone through, ship and crew being inspected, official satisfaction expressed, and a few parting words being addressed to Captain Stephenson, his officers and men. As soon as the Lords of the Admiralty left the Arctic ships, the rest of the short time remaining to them was devoted to leave-taking, and both vessels were boarded and practically taken possession of by the friends and relatives of officers and men. Shortly after they set sail.

Signor Salvini, the famous Italian tragedian, whose every fresh assumption excites unwonted interest, appeared as *Hamlet* at a morning performance on Monday, and achieved a brilliant success, the house being crowded from floor to ceiling, whilst the approbation of the audience found expression in frequent calls before the curtain, the heartiest cheering, and enthusiastic handkerchief-waving. Such a scene indeed as was presented at Drury Lane on Monday afternoon at the final fall of the curtain has seldom been witnessed in this country. In its Italian dress the play suffers considerably, many of the scenes and passages so familiar to British playgoers being omitted. Thus the play opens with the Court scene, the preliminary appearance of the *Ghost* on the platform of the castle being omitted, whilst the *Ghost's* lengthy speeches in the subsequent scene with *Hamlet* are reduced to a minimum. *Hamlet's* advice to the players is cut out, and he has no scene with them as in the original. *Polonius*, too, is not allowed to give any parting counsel to *Laertes*. The passage with *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern*, when *Hamlet* tells the two spies they can "fret" but not "play upon" him is excised. So is the gravedigger's definition of suicide and "crown's quest" law, and so also is much of the scene with *Orsino*. One distinguishing characteristic of Signor Salvini's *Hamlet* is its philosophical repose, but when the occasion demands it, as for instance in the play scene and the interview with his mother, he rises to the height of tragedy. In the interview with *Ophelia* the exquisite tenderness of *Hamlet's* love is brought out in strong relief. Signor Salvini's strength in facial expression has not yet been shown more conclusively than in the play scene. His looks of tigerish ferocity when watching the *King*, his hurried reference to the murder, and the terrific burst of pent-up excitement and exultation when the story of his father's death is confirmed in his uncle's demeanour are wonderfully expressed. The soliloquy spoken by *Hamlet* when he sees the *King* prostrate before the altar and overcome with remorse for his crime, is equally fine. *Hamlet's* struggle with himself to avoid killing the *King* as he kneels at prayer, and the concentrated rage thrown into the lines all delivered in an undertone, render this passage, as treated by the

Italian actor, one of the finest in the play. All the true nobility of *Hamlet's* nature seems to show itself as he sheathes his sword and spares the man who robbed him of his father. Taking one scene or section of the whole performance as an example of its quality, we do not know whether the passage between *Hamlet* and the *Queen*—the closet scene as we call it—is not the finest. The portraits are not shown in the wall of the palace chamber. Signor Salvini expresses a world of affection when he apostrophises his father's portrait, and in terrible contrast comes the denunciation of his uncle. Again, his gentleness with his mother when he beseeches her to turn from the *King* is beautifully portrayed, and a great effect comes with the re-appearance of the *Ghost*, when *Hamlet* starts back in dismay and watches his father's spirit glide away. The whole scene is magnificently acted. The final scene of the fencing match with *Laertes* is played with great courtly dignity and refinement of manner. The foils are not changed in the scuffle. *Laertes* is disarmed. His rapier falls from his hand, when *Hamlet* with charming grace offers his own foil to his opponent. He then commences the final bout with the foil of *Laertes*. The death scene closes with an exquisite touch of feeling. *Hamlet*, with his last remnant of strength, puts his arm round the neck of *Horatio* and embraces him. In another moment he sinks down lifeless. In fine, the whole performance is characterised by the highest art, and equals in subtle power either of Signor Salvini's preceding impersonations. The *Ophelia* of Signora Giovagnoli merits the highest praise; indeed, we never recollect seeing the part given with more tenderness or unaffected charm. Especially were these qualities apparent in the mad scene, where *Ophelia* after toying with the flowers suddenly places her hands before her face as though in the attempt to shut out some scene of horror, and uttering a wild shriek rushes from the stage.

HOW RACHEL BECAME BEAUTIFUL.

Arsène Houssaye writes:—Mademoiselle Rachel told me one day, at the Duc de Morny's, where I was speaking of her beauty, "You don't imagine—all you who think me beautiful now—a-days—how ugly I was at the beginning. I, who was to play tragedy, had a comic mask. I was laughable, with my horrid forehead, my nose like a comma, my pointed eyes, my grinning mouth. You can supply the rest yourself. I was once taken by father to the Louvre. I did not care much for the pictures, although he called my attention to the tragic scenes of David. But when I came among the marbles a change came over me like a revelation. I saw how fine it was to be beautiful. I went out from there taller than before, with a borrowed dignity which I was to turn into a natural grace. The next day I looked over a collection of engravings after the antique. I never received a lesson so advantageous at the Conservatoire. If I have ever effectively addressed the eyes of my audience by my attitudes and expressions, it is because those masterpieces so appealed to my eyes." Rachel said this so admirably that we were all moved by her words; for she talked better than anybody, when she chose not to talk like a Paris gamine. "Oh, I forgot," she continued, "I must tell you that if I have become beautiful as you say, though I do n't believe a word of it, it is owing to my daily study how not to be uglier than I am. I have eliminated what there was of monstrous in my face. As I was in the season of sap when I took the idea of making myself over again, after the ancestral, rough-draft, everything, with the help of Providence, went well. The knobs of my forehead retired, my eyes opened, my nose grew straight, my thin lips were rounded, my disordered teeth were put back in their places." Here Rachel smiled with that delicate smile which was so enchanting. "And then I spread over all a certain air of intelligence, which I do not possess." She was interrupted by so many compliments, which were the simple truth, that she could not continue the story of her imperfections. "Well," she still said, "the good thing about it is that I did not try to be beautiful for the sake of a man, as other women do, but for the sake of art, disdaining the 'commerce of love,' as the philosophers call it." Rachel was applauded that evening as never before. There were not more than 50 persons at M. de Morny's, but they were the top of the basket of all Paris, a parterre of dilettanti, which is much better than a parterre of kings. And yet she had not been acting.

LITERARY.

It is rumored that a volume consisting of the most important philosophical correspondence of the late Mr. John Stuart Mill will shortly be published.

CANON PUSEY has in the press a pamphlet, on *The Recent Legislation of the Irish Synod in the Revision of the Prayer Book*.

MR. HARDY is engaged to write a second novel for the *Cornhill Magazine*. The work is to be named "The Hand of Ethelberta."

THE *Clergyman's Magazine*, conducted by members of the Church Homiletical Society, London, and published at one shilling, will be issued on the 1st of July.

MR. ALLINGHAM, the successor of Mr. Froude in the editorship of *Fraser*, is said to be engaged in the work undertaken by that gentleman of putting Mr. Carlyle's MSS. in order.

THE complete works of Alexander Pope is the new addition to Dick's English Classics. This new work is uniform with the Shilling Shakspeare issued by the same firm.

THE Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay, a work which has long been in preparation by his nephew, Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, M. P., is now in the printer's hands, and will be published in the next publishing season.