

A BEAUTY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

Of the "Beauty of the Last Century"—no less a person than Elizabeth, Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll—the Queen says:—

"We will ask our readers to go back with us to a period just after the middle of the last century. George II. was the reigning monarch; who the queens and kings of society were, we may know by Sir Joshua's portraits, judging from which beauties—and fascinating ones, too—there must have been in plenty; rank, moreover, and of the purest *sang azul*. Under such circumstances it would seem not a little surprising to find that two—we were going to say wild, but—unsophisticated Irish girls should have created such a *furor* as that which unquestionably attended the advent of the two Miss Gunnings. These two celebrated ladies were daughters of an Irish gentleman farming his own small estate, far removed from courts and courtly society. Their mother certainly was a Bourke, of the Mayo family, but she had long settled down to the domestic occupations of a farmer's wife. Poor they were, for we read that on the occasion of their being presented at Dublin Castle, they were so short of habiliments that kind, good-natured Peg Woffington, the actress, lent them dresses to appear in. They came to London with their mother, and soon created such a sensation by their beauty, that crowds followed them wherever they went; indeed, to such an extent was this carried, that they soon were driven away from every place of public resort or amusement. Nor was this *furor* confined to the middle and lower classes; it was at least as great, probably greater, among the upper ten thousand—and, strange to say, as much amongst their sister women as amongst the opposite sex. We read in Horace Walpole's letters:—"The world is still mad about the Gunnings. The younger of the two (the subject of our illustration) was presented on Friday. The crowd was so great, that even the noble mob in the drawing-room clambered on chairs and tables to look at her. There are mobs at their doors to see them get into their chairs, and people go early to get places at the theatre when it is known they will be there. Dr. Sacheverel never made more noise than do these two beauties." This sort of thing went on for some weeks. Noblemen, young and old, considered it a privilege to be allowed to dangle after the blooming sisters; shoemakers made small fortunes by exhibiting their shoes at a penny a head during their manufacture—it is to be feared that the shoes were in most instances apocryphal. At length Lord Coventry was understood to have established himself in the good graces of the elder sister, and the Duke of Hamilton had been equally fortunate with respect to the younger. The latter, considering delays to be dangerous, and, feeling to lose his prize, insisted on an impromptu marriage. It was the eve of St. Valentine, and the eve was pretty far advanced; the parish clergyman was sent for, but he refused to perform the ceremony without a licence or a wedding ring. A licence was not in those days essential, but a ring was: his scruples were overcome with respect to the former, and a bed-urnain ring did duty for the latter, and they were married at Mayfair Chapel soon after midnight on Feb. 14, 1752. Shortly afterwards the elder of the sisters became Countess of Coventry, again, shortly afterwards, the younger became a widow, and in due time Duchess of Argyll, having previously refused the Duke of Bridgewater.

"In these days it may appear somewhat difficult to account for such an exceptional sensation as these two young ladies certainly created, on the score of mere beauty, and that, too, of a kind of beauty that was not universally acknowledged, since we find that in the French capital, though at the height of their popularity here, they created no stir at all—in fact, were scarcely recognised as beauties. Of their contemporaries, Miss Lepel, Lady Petersham, and Miss Chudleigh, with several other, were probably all of them handsomer than the Misses Gunning, but none of them achieved anything like their following. Probably we shall be right in concluding that, in an age in the highest degree artificial and conventional, the simple, unaffected graces, and the frank but modest demeanour of the two lovely and well-conducted country girls must be credited with the exceptional circumstances of their case. That they were scrupulously well conducted in every relation of life may be assumed, since not one of the licensed slanders of the day—the Horace Walpoles, the Selwyns, &c.—ever penned one line to their disparagement, which can scarcely be said of many of their fine contemporaries.

The picture from which our illustration is taken is by a painter of the name of Read, whose reputation would seem to rest on this one work. The peculiarity of the costume will somewhat detract from it in the eyes of many; but the soft, expressive eyes, the exquisitely formed nose and mouth, the smooth and perfectly modelled cheek, and, above all, the gentleness and quiet repose that pervade the whole countenance, render it one of the most attractive portraits in the whole range of our country's art.

THE FALLS OF STE. ANNE.

The river Ste. Anne, which gives its name to the falls of which we produce an illustration on another page, rises in the seigniory of Côte de Beaupré, and after being joined by the river Lombrette divides the parishes of St. Joachim and St. Fereol, and falls into the St. Lawrence at the east corner of the Parish of Ste. Anne, on the north shore, about 24 miles below Quebec. Besides numerous swift and shallow rapids there are several falls in the river. Of these the most celebrated—those we illustrate—are two miles above the village of Ste. Anne. From the road, which ascends a part of the way up the mountain, a splendid view of Quebec and the adjacent country may be obtained; but without a glass, owing to the distance, the scenery in the background is rather indistinct. Having attained the level, a rough path for nearly a mile and a half conducts the visitor, after a sudden descent, into a most solitary vale of rocks and trees, almost a natural grotto, through the centre of which the stream rushes until it escapes by a narrow channel between the rocks, and continues course, roaring and tumbling, with increased velocity. From below a fine view of the cataract can be had, and here the disciple of Isaac Walton may indulge his tastes and enjoy an hour's pleasant and profitable fishing, as both salmon and trout are abundant. The falls are also a great resort for tourists and picnic parties.

Baron Pock has been appointed Vice-Admiral of the Austrian navy, in place of Tegethoff. The Italian navy will be immediately vaccinated as a protective measure.—*New York World*.

MOONLIGHT EXCURSION ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Moonlight excursions are among the most pleasurable of the many summer enjoyments which Canadian ingenuity, liberally aided by natural advantages, has planned. The brightness of our summer nights when the moon is at or near the full; the beauty of our scenery; the majesty of our lakes and rivers; and though last not least, the elegance of our steamboats and the comforts and conveniences which they afford, combine to make a trip on the water by moonlight a most pleasant and refreshing excursion. The sweltering heat of the summer day is of course made the excuse for taking to the water at night to enjoy the cool evening breeze under the moon's pale light. The "excellent quadrille band" on board the boat; the certainty of meeting somebody who is so pleasant, and who makes such a nice partner, has nothing to do with your going out, *Monsieur, or Mademoiselle*. Oh, dear, no! It is all for the sake of health! Whatever be the motive that attracts the public it is certain that these excursions are very popular in Canada; and instead of saying or singing "meet me by moonlight alone"—a proceeding always involving the risk of discovery—Canadian lovers may, and we believe do, agree to meet each other by moonlight in a large and respectable company where tender confidences, pure as the bright waters beneath, may be freely exchanged in the midst of the crowd with scarcely a risk of setting the busy tongue of gossip a clatter. Our moonlight excursions on the lakes, rivers and bays, are the counterpart of, and summer substitute for our winter sleigh parties. Both go far to keep wide the gates of social intercourse, and, we hope, contribute not a little to the health and contentment of those who take part in them. Our artist has sketched one of these excursions, taking the St. Lawrence below Montreal for his scene.

THE NEWSPAPER SEIZURES IN PARIS.

Among the many odious acts committed by the Commune during their day of power—acts affecting not one individual, or a single group or class of individuals, but the whole body of educated Parisians—few met with such universal condemnation, even at the hands of the supporters of those from whom the measure emanated, as the suppression of the liberty of the press. This same liberty of the press had, under the Bonapartist régime, been one of the watchwords of the extreme Left, or Radical party, and it is no wonder that when, on their attaining power, they proceeded to abolish that for which they most clamoured, a cry of indignation was the result. More than once the citizens went further, and the officers of the Commune were driven off the street with bruised limbs and broken heads. Scenes such as that shown in our illustration were common, but the only sufferers were the poor old women and the children who tended the kiosks, and whose humble means of existence were destroyed by the unreasonable suppression of the Press.

SCENE IN THE RUE DES RESERVOIRS, VERSAILLES.

Our illustration shows the scene—one of constant bustle and turmoil—that might have been witnessed at almost any hour in the Rue des Reservoirs, at Versailles, during those last days that immediately preceded the fall of the Commune. On this street were stationed the head-quarters of the Executive and those of the besieging army, and the crowds that surrounded the *bureaux* of the respective departments were such as the shady streets of Versailles have not witnessed since the days when the Sixteenth Louis and his young Austrian queen held their gay court among the avenues and bosquets of Lenôtre. Only the situation was changed. The race of Capet no longer occupied the throne, and a plain *bourgeois* ruled in their stead as President of a divided republic. Instead of the sounds of revelry to which the streets of the royal *bourg* were accustomed, nothing was to be heard but the low murmur of the excited crowd that surrounded McMahon's quarters, the clattering of horses' hoofs, and the boom of the guns rolling heavily in the distance, all telling of a cruel fratricidal war such as it had not been the fortune of France to look upon for many centuries.

A COMMUNIST COURT-MARTIAL.

This illustration shows the session of the Court-Martial held on the 22nd of April, when certain members of the 105th battalion were arraigned before Gen. Rossel and Citizen Chardon, one of the members of the Commune, to answer to various charges of mutiny and insubordination, and especially of refusing to march against the Versaillesists in the affair at the Porte Bineau, on the 13th of April. Among the accused was the colonel of the battalion, Witt, arraigned on a charge of drunkenness and incapability. After the examination of the accused, and of the witnesses against them, the Court-Martial lodged an indictment of "collective cowardice" against the whole of them, engaged a lawyer to defend them, and finally pronounced six of the officers and two of the privates exculpated. The rest were declared degraded and incapable of voting at civil or military elections. The Court also ordered that the battalion should be dissolved, and its number struck from the rolls of the National Guard—members of the battalion not included in the accusation to be re-enrolled as simple privates in another corps.

Some of the evidence taken in the case was intensely amusing. Witt endeavoured to disprove the charge of drunkenness by stating that he was afflicted with muscular atrophy in his left leg, which made him limp, especially when heated, and, he added naively, it was possibly this which made him appear to be intoxicated. His second in command, on being questioned as to his colonel's infirmity, bodily or otherwise, replied that "he couldn't tell. He wasn't a doctor!" Such are the men to whom the Commune confided its interests.

A startling event recently took place in a church in the neighbourhood of Bristol, where the clergyman adopts rather a strange style of admonition. Speaking of the devil going about like a roaring lion, he said Satan was everywhere in the world—in the camp, in the court, in the theatre, in the private house; and rising with his subject, he said, "he is in this church at this very moment," upon which a sharp cry was raised by a little boy in one of the pews belonging to a leading family in the congregation. "Aunty, aunty," he shouted, "take me out, take me out; I want to get away!" and aunty had to take him out, the boy rushing in terror from the church, and not having the heart to stay any longer under the same roof with a personage of whom he had formed so terrible an idea.

VARIETIES.

BONDS IRREDEEMABLE.—Vaga-bonds.

BURNING WORDS.—A dictionary in flames.

Paradoxical as it may seem, people who are inclined to be fat are often the least inclined to be so.

"I'm not myself at all to-day," said a bore to a wit. "No matter," was the reply. "Whoever else you may be, you are a gainer by the change."

A good story is told of Sully, the painter, a man distinguished for refinement of manners as well as success in art. At a party one evening, Sully was speaking of a belle who was a great favourite:—"Ah," said Sully, "she has a mouth like an elephant."—"Oh, Mr. Sully! how can you be so rude?"—"Rude, ladies! rude! what do you mean? I say she has got a mouth like an elephant, because it is full of ivory."

A lad having a letter for a person of the name of Dunn, asked a wag near an eating-house if he could tell him where to find Mr. Dunn. The wag told him to go into the eating-house, and the first person at the first table was the gentleman he was inquiring for. The lad went in; this "first gentleman" happened to be an Irishman. "Are you Dunn?" said the boy. "Done!" replied Pat; "by my sowl, I am only jist begun."

Connecticut tells a bit of pleasant gossip thus:—"The first stove ever allowed in the dwelling-house of widow Hannah York, of North Stonington, was set up April 29th, 1871, in which was kindled a fire from embers taken from the fire in her fireplace, which has not been extinguished for over sixty-five years. The first match and the first lamp ever suffered to enter her house were recently lighted. The old lady remarked that she didn't know what anybody wanted such things for; for her part, she had rather have her old fireplace and candle than a house full of such things.

An old lady who was in the habit of declaring, after the occurrence of any event, that she had predicted it, was one day cleverly "sold" by her worthy spouse, who, like many others we wot of, had got tired of hearing her eternal "I told you so." Rushing into the house, breathless with excitement, he dropped into a chair, elevated his hands, and exclaimed—"Oh, my dear, what do you think? The old cow has gone and eaten up our grindstone!" The old lady was ready, and, hardly waiting to hear the last word, she screamed out at the top of her lungs—"I told you so! I told you so! You always would let it stand out o' doors."

PLEASANT BANISHMENT.—One day, at the parade of his guard, the Emperor Paul I. of Russia was excessively indignant with one of his officers who was not a good horseman. "Cashier him, and send him to his estate," said he to the commanding general. "Pardon me, sire," answered the latter, "he is a poor man, and has no estate." "Then give him one!" exclaimed the Emperor, as he rode away. This answer was not only original but imperial, for having been once uttered, the Emperor must keep his promise. The officer, therefore, was made possessor of an estate, in order to live in banishment upon it.

A millionaire of Paris wrote to Scribe:—"My dear sir, I have a great desire to be associated with you in some dramatic composition. Will you do me the favour to write a comedy, and to permit me to add to it a few lines of my own? I will then have it produced in the most costly and splendid style upon the stage, at my own expense, and we will share the glory!" To which Scribe answered,—"My dear sir, I must decline your flattering proposal, because religion teaches me it is not proper that a horse and an ass should be yoked together." To which the millionaire replied,—"Sir, I have received your impertinent epistle. By what authority do you call me a horse?"

THE DARWINIAN THEORY PROVED TRUE.—One evening at a meeting of a debating club in Dundee, the subject proposed for discussion was "The Theory of Progressive Development." For some time after the opening of the debate, a little conceited fellow gave frequent annoyance by dogmatically asserting his own opinions, and attempting to bring down ridicule on those of his opponents. At length he cried out in a mocking tone of defiance:—"Will any one name a work that will give me satisfactory proofs that our progenitors were monkeys?" "Yes," replied one of his antagonists, "I will. If you are capable of entertaining serious reflections on the subject, you may obtain the most convincing proofs by consulting a work called the *Mirror*."

A leading paper decides that the plural of titmouse is titmouses, and not titmice. "On the same principle," says another paper, "the plural of a tailor's geese is geeses, as indeed we hold that it is." This reminds us of an anecdote with regard to a merchant who wanted two of these tailors' irons several years ago, and ordered them of Messrs. Dunn & Spencer, hardware merchants. He first wrote this order:—"Please send me two tailors' geeses." Thinking that this was bad grammar, he destroyed it, and wrote as follows:—"Please send me two tailors' geese." Upon reflection, he destroyed this one also, for fear he should receive live geese. He thought over the matter till he was very much worried, and at last in a moment of desperation he seized his pen and wrote the following, which was duly posted:—"Messrs. Dunn & Spencer,—Please send me one tailor's goose; and, hang it, send me another."

THE QUESTION.—A teacher in a western county in Canada, while making his first visit to his "constituents," got into conversation with an eminent Vermont lady, who had taken up her residence in the "backwoods." Of course the school and former teacher came in for criticism, and the old lady, in speaking of his predecessor asked: "Wa'al, master, what do you think he learned the scholars?" "I couldn't say, ma'am. Pray what did he teach?" "Wa'al, he told 'em this ere arth was round; what do you think of such stuff?" Unwilling to come under the category of the ignorant, the teacher evasively remarked: "It does seem strange, but still there are many learned men who teach these things." "Wa'al," says she, "if the arth is round, and goes round, what holds it up?" "O, these learned men say that it goes round the sun, and the sun holds it up by virtue of attraction." The old lady lowered her specs, and, by way of climax, responded: "Wa'al, if these high-larnt men sez the sun holds up the arth, I should like to know what holds the arth up when the sun goes down?"