

Tobin. In this race betting was considerably in favour of Allan, who had previously won the hurdle race. At the start only three competitors made their appearance, Paton, Henry, and Allan, Tobin being engaged in changing his dress in another part of the ground. As soon the latter heard the pistol fired he made for the ring, and entered it just as the three who started had proceeded half way round the course. Public opinion appeared to be very much against his entering the race in this manner, in consequence of which several who were more interested in the match than others, stationed themselves at various points and endeavoured to stop him. After running round the course twice, however, he fell out. Allan appeared to be hanging behind, with the intention of making a spurt towards the close. In this, however, he failed, for before he had completed the sixth run round the ring, he was observed to be completely fagged out. S. Henry, therefore, won the race, running the mile in five minutes. In the standing high jump, E. W. Johnson jumped five feet four inches. James Fairbairn, who won the first prize in vaulting with the pole, jumped nine feet, six and a half inches.

DEATH OF THE MARQUIS D'HAUTPOUL.

We give another illustration of the disastrous floods in the South of France, if for no other reason than that of stimulating subscriptions in our midst. Our sketch represents the drowning of General, the Marquis d'Hautpoul, a resident of Toulouse, who went out in a frail bark to the rescue of his fellow citizens. It is said that on approaching the bank, the boatman refused him a passage, when he exclaimed heroically: "Do you not know that I am the Marquis d'Hautpoul?" as if his name, like Cæsar's, were proof against destiny. He leaped into the boat, went out into the seething tide, and while striving to help others, met with a watery grave. He was the son of the celebrated d'Hautpoul, commander of the heavy cavalry under Napoleon I.

THE GRAND BATTERY, QUEBEC.

Just outside the Parliamentary Buildings, and not far from the face of Laval University, stand on a green esplanade a number of long guns, which have long been known in Quebec, as the Grand Battery. The title is not precisely justified by the range and calibre of the cannon which are of the old style, but probably when they were first mounted, they surpassed everything which had yet been seen in Quebec. But the Grand Battery is all the same one of the historical curiosities of the ancient capital, and possibly every person of note visiting Quebec has leaned upon those long guns and enjoyed the magnificent panorama spread out before him.

THE NEW POST OFFICE GROUP.

This effective group is destined to crown the pediment of the splendid new Post Office now approaching completion in this city. Though not faultless in every particular, it reflects the highest credit on the well known artist Mr. Napoleon Bourassa, who designed the group, and on Mr. Hébert who did the modelling.

JOE VINCENT.

There be in this world other heroes besides the warrior, the sailor and the missionary martyr. Joe Vincent, although only an humble boatman, is a hero. As such he deserves, and has received the recognition of the public. As such he is entitled to a place in our illustrated gallery. He was born at Vercheres about 37 years ago. At the age of twelve, he came to Montreal and has ever since resided here. He was for a long time in the employ of the Grand Trunk where he distinguished himself as a bold waterman and a faithful servant. The number of lives that he has saved from a watery grave cannot easily be counted, but scarcely a year passes that he does not distinguish himself by some feat of daring in the rescue of the unfortunate. We may mention only a few of his exploits. In 1854, the last year of the building of Victoria Bridge, he saved ten persons. In 1855, a one-armed man, named Steward. In 1863, a soldier belonging to the infirmary corps and another individual. In 1864, an officer of the 30th Regiment, Captain McPherson, whom he dragged from the ice. In 1866, one of the sons of the late Mr. Furniss. In 1867, a child, named Lafrenière, whom its mother dropped into Jacques-Cartier basin. In 1869, the two Laflamme brothers. In 1871, Charles Lauzon, a confectioner, and another man. In 1872, Captain Turner, of the barque R. C. Cook. In 1873, three men hooked on to the pillars of Victoria Bridge. In 1875, on the 18th July, seven young men in boats which were about to perish, on their return from St. Helen's Island. Joe keeps a boat house on Jacques-Cartier pier where he hires boats, keeps a constant look out on the river, and is one of the curiosities of Montreal. Among the ornaments of his modest dwelling are a magnificent knife, a gold breast pin presented to him by Prince Arlour, and a photo bearing the autograph of his Royal Highness. Joe has more than once been entitled to the medal of the Royal Humane Society, but has not yet received it. His last exploit, on the 18th July, revives his claims, and we trust that influential citizens will take decided steps to secure for him this honorable and well deserved reward.

The "Stadacona" Fire Insurance Company, office: No. 13 Place d'Armes, Montreal, limits its operations to the Dominion.

Insurance of risks in a Company of which operations extend over foreign countries, far from affording that security division of risks seems to give, is on the contrary—for the Canadian insurer, a cause of uneasiness. He becomes interested in chances of loss entirely different from those against which he tries to protect himself, and the sharing in foreign risks has too often turned to his disadvantage.

BACON versus SHAKESPEARE.*

Our space in the last number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS allowed us only a few words to announce the publication of this work. We proceed to-day to give a fuller notice commensurate with its own merits and the importance of the subject. Our readers are aware that, for several years back, Shakespearian students, having seemingly exhausted their commentaries on the great dramatist himself, have resorted to a new sensation by directly attacking his claims to the authorship of the plays and poems which bear his name, and transferring the immortal privilege to Lord Bacon. The controversy which had previously been floating in fragments, was embodied into a whole by Nathaniel Holmes, formerly a Judge of the Court of Appeals in the State of Missouri, and at present Professor of Law in Harvard College. The first edition of his book appeared seven or eight years ago, and a second edition, with important epilogomena, was published this spring. It is as a direct and exhaustive reply to this work, that Mr. Thos. D. King, of Montreal, has issued the little book to which we beg to draw the attention of our readers to-day.

The qualifications of Mr. King for the task are of the highest. He has been not only a lifelong student of Shakespeare, but he is an enthusiastic devotee of the whole literature which attaches to the period at which Shakespeare wrote. We speak with deliberation when we affirm that there is perhaps no one in America more thoroughly conversant with this subject in all its phases, more deeply impregnated with the Shakespearian spirit, than our author. His library of works relating to the Elizabethan era is complete, while his editions of Shakespeare and his list of books immediately connected with the elucidation of Shakespeare's text is surpassed by no private collection on this continent.

Of the present work, it may be said in one word that it is a complete rehearsal of the whole controversy, based on internal and external evidence, founded on positive and negative proof, while it abounds with appreciations which appear to us, at least, as quite new and evolved from data furnished, for the first time, by Mr. King himself.

His first argument is chronological. He quotes the testimony of Heming and Condell, the friends and fellow theatrical proprietors and literary executors of Shakespeare; that of Ben Jonson, especially his verses written under the Droeshout print, facing the title page of the 1623 edition of Shakespeare's works; that of Milton, appended to the folio of 1632; that of Meres, a contemporary of Shakespeare who published a work called *Palladis Tamia*, in 1598; that of Weever in a bundle of Epigrammes, printed in 1599; that of John Windet, in 1594; and that of Lord Southampton who accepted from Shakespeare the dedication of the "Venus and Adonis," and "The Lucrece."

Mr. King next goes into a searching examination into Bacon's known poetical writings, and into his general claims as a poet, and this part of his subject is very learned and very conclusive. His analysis of the few translations of Psalms left us by Bacon, and his comparison of them with passages of Shakespeare which allude to Scriptural images or axioms is perhaps a trifle hypercritical, but the general impression left upon the mind is a substantial confirmation of his main argument. He shows also that neither Ellis in his *Early English Poets*, nor Warton in his *History of English Poetry* from the 11th to the 17th centuries, even mentions the name of Francis Bacon.

In treating of Shakespeare's almost preternatural insight into subjects of which he could have little or no knowledge from actual study or from books, Mr. King goes over well-worn ground, but he does it satisfactorily, as indeed was necessary for the completion of his argument. In this connection, he makes a citation from Hugh Miller which is new to us, and singularly fresh. "There has been much written on the learning of Shakespeare, but not much to the purpose; one of our old Scotch proverbs is worth all the dissertations on the subject I have yet seen: *God's bairns are eath to learn*, easily instructed." We are also aptly reminded of Johnson's shrewd saying that though the writings of Shakespeare exhibit much knowledge, it is such knowledge as books did not supply.

One of the most interesting portions of Mr. King's argument is an etymological one which, as a species of internal evidence, must carry much weight. It refers to the numerous words of Gloucestershire and Warwickshire dialects to be found in Shakespeare. Of these our author speaks with authority having been partially educated in Gloucestershire. Among these words, we may instance "deck," (111 Henry VI., Act V, Sc 1.) restricted in Warwickshire to a hand of cards, and singularly enough generally so used in New England, as contra-distinguished from the Western "pack." In the same passage we have the Warwickshire word "forecast," in the sense still maintained throughout the United States, of prevision. In the "Winter's Tale" (Act IV, Sc. 2) there is the word "pugging tooth" which commentators explain as a thieving tooth, whereas in Warwickshire it is the same as pegging or peg-tooth, that is the canine or dog-tooth. A peculiar use of the verb "quoth," as frequently used by Shakespeare, is very noticeable among the lower orders in Warwickshire, "jerk quoth the ploughshare," that is "the ploughshare went jerk." We cannot, of course, make any more

*Bacon versus Shakspeare: A Plea for the Defendant. By Thomas D. King. Montreal and Rousses Point. N. Y. Lovell Printing and Publishing Co., 1875. For sale at Dawsons & Hills. 12mo, cloth, pp. 127.

citations, and we must content ourselves with particularly recommending this portion of Mr. King's work to our readers. We think it would have been preferable for the sake of reference and annotation, if the author had divided his book into chapters and sections, with appropriate change of lettering to illustrate the various phases of his argument. As it is, the work runs on in one breath as if it had been written for a lecture, an impression further made by the rather warm and personal style of handling adversaries. But this drawback is as nothing compared to the substantial merits of the composition which is a credit to Canadian letters, and which we believe to be unanswerable in the ground over which it travels. We cannot do otherwise than highly recommend it to all our friends, convinced as we are that every Canadian student, and especially every admirer of Shakespeare, should make it a duty to acquire the book for use in his library.

LISZT'S HISTORY.

A correspondent of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* relates the following conversation he recently had concerning Liszt: "He is a strange character, and has led a romantic life," my friend said. "I have known him since he became famous. The story has not yet been written, and it is a very interesting one. When I first met him he was a mere boy. It was in Paris, and he rapidly earned considerable reputation. About the same time Thalberg appeared and introduced his school of playing, and soon became the popular favorite, overshadowing the reputation Liszt had made. Liszt retired to Switzerland, quietly studied and worked, was lost sight of and almost forgotten in the musical world for some years, when he reappeared, made a tour of the principal cities of Europe, and finally, at the Opera des Italiens in Paris, created, perhaps, the greatest furore ever made by one performer. He alone appeared for a large number of consecutive nights. He had four pianos upon the stage. "Four pianos! What for?" "Well, the instruments were not made then as they are now, and would not stand the thumping. He has been known to break the strings in all of them in one evening. At the end of the performance the ladies would beg for the broken strings, and would have bracelets made out of them. Paganini joined Liszt during this visit to Paris. The two men were great friends, and often played together. It was shortly after this that he met the Countess d'Aoult. Liszt was then in his prime, an Adonis in appearance, and the idol of the Paris beau monde. The Countess was separated from her husband, and Liszt and she lived together for several years. Two children were born during the time, a boy and a girl. The boy died, and the daughter, "Cosina," married Von Bulow, the famous pianist. She was afterwards divorced from him and married Richard Wagner. It is somewhat curious that the daughter of Liszt should have been the wife of Bulow and Wagner. For some years he travelled, went to all the large cities of Europe, and amassed a large fortune, then settled down at Weimar. It was there he met the Russian Princess Wittgenstein, and the events occurred which led to his becoming an abbé. He joined the Church to avoid marrying a princess, but she was neither young nor handsome, or the result might have been different. The lady pestered him with her attentions, she took up her abode in his house with her daughter a young, and beautiful girl. Liszt tolerated it, but it led to considerable scandal in Weimar, and although they were both received at the palace of the Grand Duke, it was understood that their visits were to be on different days. Finally Liszt left Weimar and went off to Rome, where he had an audience of the Pope and played before his Holiness. He remained in Rome some time, and played the organ in the Sistine Chapel. He was a great favorite of Pius IX., who is possessed of an exquisite taste in art, and at the request of the musician, the Pope made him an abbé, a dignity which does not involve any ecclesiastical duty, but entails upon the holder of the rank certain restrictions pertaining to the priesthood, among others that of celibacy. Since that time Liszt has retired from public life, although he appears once now and then, and his purse and his talents are always ready at the call of charity.

LITERARY NOTICES.

In the August number of the PENN MONTHLY, there is a remarkable article by E. D. Cope, on Consciousness in Evolution, being a lecture delivered before the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia. There is another paper on Educational Reform and Reformers, a subject which this magazine has steadily kept in view ever since its establishment. Fusang which is supposed by some scholars to have been a part of Western America, probably Mexico, said to have been originally discovered by the Chinese, is the subject of an interesting article which will be read with entertainment. The review of New Books is always conscientiously and ably performed by the writers for this monthly, and the present number is no exception.

WARD OR WIFE is the title of a new romance by an anonymous writer, published as No. 446 of Harper's Library of Select Novels. The volume is slender and the work itself is slight, revealing a fair knowledge of French life, and furnishing some pleasant dialogue. The book is agreeable reading for the steamboat, the railway carriage, and the summer evening lounge under

the trees. There is a great deal of quiet fun in it, and that, in the absence of any more substantial merits, is justification enough for the Harpers in publishing it, and for the novel reader to purchase it. It is for sale by Dawson Bros., of this city.

When Miss Thackeray published her new novel *MISS ANGEL*, serially in the pages of the *Cornhill Magazine*, we were particularly attracted towards it by the atmosphere of art to which it introduced us, by its charming descriptions of Venetian life, and by the happy blending of fact and fiction which it weaved around the romantic story of Angelica Kauffmann. The second part of the story which treats of the fair painter's London experiences, is by no means so good as the first part, but the interest is sufficiently sustained to give the book the merit of meritorious construction. Miss Thackeray is a writer of limited range, but with years her style is maturing and her knowledge of life is condensing into a few principles of which she has the secret of forcible and picturesque expression. She stands deservedly high in her profession, and the present work will not detract from her fame. It is published in an extra volume, with all the original illustrations, by Harper and Brothers, New York, and is for sale by the enterprising firm of Dawson Bros., Montreal.

ROBERTSON THE DRAMATIST.

A writer in *Temple Bar* says, in speaking of Robertson, the dramatist: About the age of nineteen, the aunt who had brought him up died, and instead of succeeding to what he anticipated as an independence, he found himself suddenly thrown on his own resources. This disappointment had a keen effect on him; he took to the stage and to writing for a livelihood, and for the next fifteen years led a life of Bohemianism and poverty, almost of starvation; for with the improvidence of genius, he had further encumbered himself with a wife and family by marrying a Miss Taylor, an actress, endowed with great personal beauty. Hanging about the theatres like a moth round a candle, acting small parts, sometimes relegated even to the office of prompter, he parried the bayonet of starvation on something less than the wages of an able-bodied navy, meanwhile adapting and translating pieces to which he did not care to put his name or doing any other literary hack-work that offered. It is probable that Shakespeare once worked in as humble a capacity. During these years he constantly asserted those views as to acting and writing for the stage which he afterwards embodied. When he failed as an actor he said, with a mixture of conceit and consciousness of truth, that he lived too much before his time, and that the audience did not understand him. In playing *Lord Tinsel*, for instance, instead of coming on with a strut and a bellow, pointing and ranting, he spoke and moved as he said *Lord Tinsel* would really have done, and as he afterwards made his *Lord Parnigan* and *Lord Beaufoy* appear; but the audience did not see it, and hissed. They had been too much drugged with melodramas to taste human nature and poetry. He was, however, himself a bad actor, though able to appreciate and educate others; and, moreover, the old plays in which he acted, comedies of manners for the most part, are written in a certain conventional style which requires a certain conventional treatment. But this is the very gist of the revolution which he set himself to bring about. "My dear Tom," said his father, on reading over his comedy of "Society," "you must have your points." "My dear father," answered Tom "it's all points!" And he lived to prove it, and persuade his father and the public that human nature was more than convention, and truth greater than tradition. "When I am dead I shall be understood," he used bitterly to say. In appearance he was robust and vigorous; rather heavy in feature, with a ruddy complexion, light beard, and slightly Jewish features. A strong energy of expression, with a remarkably brilliant eye, would most have struck the physiognomist. He was somewhat violent in temper, cynical and brilliant in conversation; but full of romance and poetry. In company he had an assertive sceptical tone that gave an impression of conceit and arrogance, and sometimes he seemed to speak for effect. After his successes he became more prudent and business-like in money matters, and towards his own family he did not always show great generosity of disposition. But with congenial spirits he was a warm-hearted friend and a delightful companion.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

A duel is pending between Henri Rochefort and M. de Cassagnac, editor of *Le Pays*, but the terms are not yet settled.

The grand ball given by the Lord Mayor of London, is said to have been a most brilliant affair upwards of 3,500 persons being present.

A despatch from Melbourne, Australia, says the Government will in all probability be obliged to resign shortly, in consequence of the opposition presented to their Budget, which passed the preliminary stages by a majority of only one.

Monsieur Roncetti and suite sailed from New York in the China on Saturday.

The French Assembly have appropriated 18,000,000 francs for supplementary war expenses.

Work has been resumed on the tunnel at St. Gothard, Switzerland, where there was a mutiny last Thursday.

A despatch from Shanghai says there are renewed indications of a disposition on the part of China to open war on Kaohgar.

Some persons in St. Petersburg, charged with being implicated in a socialist movement, have been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

A meeting in favor of amnesty to the Fenians was held in Hyde Park, London, at which it was estimated that 100,000 persons were present.