

collection of pictures at the Metropolitan Museum is editorially criticised, and the general mismanagement of that institution is vigorously exposed by Clarence Cook. Among articles of special practical utility are those on "Landscape Painting in Water Colors," "Drawing-Room Color and Decoration," "Turkey Carpets" and "Staining Wood." Some good embroidery designs, tile designs by Camille Piton, and plaque designs from Leloir and Detaille, complete a useful number of this valuable magazine. Price \$4.00 a year; 35 cents a single number. Montague Marks, Publisher, 23 Union Square, New York City.

Messrs. Peterson Bros. (Philadelphia) bring out an eighth edition of May's popular "Earl of Mayfield." The book has well deserved the great success it has achieved, and we are glad to see it still to the front.

**THE VICTORIA RIFLES IN CAMP**  
ON ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.

On the beautiful island of St. Helen is now encamped the black battalion known to all men as the Victoria Rifles.

A more lovely sight than this camp presents, it would be difficult to conceive. The little conical tents, like white sugar-plums, arrayed in dainty rows upon the green grass, with the still deeper green of the woodland glades as a background, the ominously black figures of the officers and men thrown out in sharp contrast with the snowy canvas habitations, or blending or fitting mysteriously through the shade, and shadows of the trees, throw such a glory round the grim purpose which underlies the whole thing, and gives it its *raison d'être*, as to make war seem sweet, and bloodshed almost beautiful.

To describe the arrangement of the camp would not be interesting, and would convey little idea to the reader, therefore we will not do so, beyond saying that it is most admirable, and that the whole bery of tents looks out from under the shade of trees upon the broad waters of the St. Lawrence.

The largest tent on the ground is devoted to the officers mess, and is decorated with consummate taste inside, with flags, and fans, and screens of bright color which give it quite a fancy-fairlylike appearance. When the rude boards of pine which constitute the table are covered by a snow white tablecloth, and that in turn by glittering glass, steel and silver, savory joints, and succulent edibles of various kinds, rosy wines, and amber ales, we feel that we would like to be ourself a *Pic*, and live in camp forever.

The taste displayed in the decorations is we believe that of Captain Abbott's aided by an æsthetic platoon drawn from the regiment.

Another large, and elegantly furnished tent, is nominally that of the Colonel, but is used chiefly as a reception room for ladies, and distinguished guests. It is a very luxurious affair indeed, provided with brocade easy chairs, and lounges, and rugs made out of skins of wild beasts. Here too the magic wand of Captain Abbott waved beauty all around.

All the other tents in the officer's quarters are similar, conical in shape, and comfortable within. Each has its camp bed, and camp wash stand, with camp chairs, camp chests, camp rugs, and other camp comforts.

We passed several hours here most delightfully, and we must say that a more frank, hearty, gentlemanlike set of young fellows than the officers of this regiment it has never been our good fortune to meet.

**THE QUARTERS OF THE MEN.**

The tents of the rank, and file are all conical somewhat smaller than those of the officers, and arranged in four parallel rows in an open green.

A large tent here serves as a canteen, where the bitter beer, and the swipecy soda water are dispensed to the men, nothing stronger. This fearfully illustrates one of the horrors of war. These poor fellows for two weeks or more can procure nothing more exhilarating than the beverage named, unless they crawl down to a suspicious looking tent on the other side of the high camp fence, and reach through the slats, when we shrewdly suspect, the proffered hand is received with an *ardent* grasp.

Another large tent is the sergeant's mess. Whilst near the river has been constructed a temporary wooden building for a kitchen, or cook-house. We were cordially invited to enter this structure, and there found four huge greasy stoves smoking, and steaming—huge piles of meat—vegetables, eggshells, &c. It was a very nice kitchen, but military and naval kitchens have never had any great attraction for us, so we stepped out, and down to the shores of the river, and took a long deep breath of the sweet air which come wafted over the face of the St. Lawrence.

**THE GAMES.**

the officers of this regiment (a list whose names we may as well give before proceeding further) gave on July 1st Dominion Day, a series of games which went off with great eclat.

Officers on Duty:—Lt Col Whitehead, Lt Col Crawford, Major Davidson, Captain Try Davies, Captain Henshaw, Captain Anderson, Captain Abbott, Captain Ahern, Captain Kinnear, Lt Howe, Lt Bowden, Lt Anderson, Lt Abbott, Lt Patterson, Lt Edwards.

Staff:—Surgeon Baynes, Paymaster Burrows, Quartermaster Hope, Act Adjt Major Atkinson.

Captain Wilgress, 1st Prince of Wales Rifles is doing duty in camp.

The sports were well managed and keenly contested, affording an enjoyable sight to visitors to the camp. The result of the various exercises was as follows:—

Running long jump—1st Corp Blaiklock, No 5 Co, 30 ft, 9 in. 2nd Pte Fisher, No 3 15 ft 6 in.

Putting the shot—1st Pte Galbraith, No 4 Co, 30 ft, 9 in; 2nd Corp Blaiklock, 30 feet 7 in.

Running high jump—1st Corp Blaiklock, 5 ft 1 in; 2nd Sergeant Baillie, 4 ft 11 in.

Team race, half-mile, six men per coy—1st No 3 Company; 2nd No 5 Company.

100 yards race—1st Pte Bolton, No 6; 2nd Pte Stewart, No 6.

One half-mile open—1st Corp N Fletcher, No 4; 2nd Pte Fisher, No 3.

Sack race—1st Pte Stewart, No 3; 2nd Pte Lackwood, No 6.

Obstacle race—1st Pte J Louison; 2nd Pte P Thompson, No 2 Co.

One-mile open—1st Paymaster Sergt Patton; 2nd P Michaud.

Tug-of-war won by No 3 Co.

One-quarter mile, light marching order—1st Pte Stewart, No 3; 2nd Paymaster Sergt Patton.

100 yards race for officers—1st Capt Anderson; 2nd Capt Hope.

Potato race—1st Pte Fisher, No 3; 2nd Pte J Louison, No 3.

Greased pole over water, won by Pte Balcourt, No. 1 Co.

The committee on sports was composed of Major Baynes, Capt Fred Henshaw, Lieut H Abbott, Color-Sergt O'Connor, Color-Sergt Matthews and Sergt Blaiklock. The starter was Color-Sergt O'Connor. The Secretary was Corp N Fletcher, and the Treasurer, Color Sergt Dillon.

**OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.**

By an accident the sketches of the St Lawrence which appeared in our recent issue of the News were attributed to Mr. H. S. Ault in place of Mr. Chas. H Ault of Detroit.

A further series of sketches taken by our special artist at the Victoria Rifles' encampment will appear in our next issue, having been unavoidably crowded out of this.

**NEW ELECTRIC RAILROAD, BERLIN.**—The first electric railroad, exhibited at Berlin in 1879 by Siemens and Halske, has been greatly improved by German skill. A little railroad with a new machine made by Gerding and Birnbaum has been put in operation, running between the suburbs of Lichtenfelde and the Kadettenhaus a distance of two and a half kilometres. The locomotive has two wheels instead of three, as in the first attempt. The car holds twenty persons, and is fitted up with all the conveniences of our street cars. By the trials made it will run fifteen kilometres an hour. It is worked by stationary dynamo-electric machines at regular intervals. It was cabled from Berlin a few weeks ago that a horse, while crossing the track of this room, having set his foot upon the rail, was instantly thrown down, so strong was the current, and another horse having also touched the rail with his iron-shod hoof, received a shock which sent him galloping off in terror.

**LEADVILLE, COLORADO.**—The surprising rapidity with which the mineral riches of the State of Colorado, comprising part of the Rocky Mountain range of North America, have been developed by a host of eager settlers within the past twenty years, was noticed by us upon a former occasion. Leadville, the place where our Illustrations now presented were sketched by the same correspondent who furnished those of other mining districts, is the capital of Lake County, in the centre of the carbonate of lead region. It is situated in an almost level plain, on the banks of California Gulch, four miles from its junction with the Arkansas river. This place was first explored for gold in the summer of 1860, and a camp of five thousand men had assembled here in the following year. Gold was obtained, before the close of 1865, to the amount of three or four millions sterling in value, but the yield soon afterwards declined, though a new lode, which was opened in 1868, proved to be remunerative for a short time. The discovery of carbonate of lead, containing a large proportion of silver, was made at a later date, and it was not till April, 1877, that smelting furnaces for the treatment of this ore were erected on the site of Leadville, where a busy town of 20,000 inhabitants has since grown up. Hundreds came that year, and thousands in the year following; lines of stage-coach traffic and freight waggons, to and from Denver and South Park, were speedily established, and Leadville soon possessed its hotels, stores, banks, dancing-saloons and gambling-saloons, two or three newspapers, also two churches and a school-house, for the needs or desires of a large population. The Iron lode, the Camp Bird, the Argentine, the Carbonate, the Long and Derry, but especially that of Fryer Hill, have produced silver to an enormous amount, rivalling the great Comstock lode in the Sierra Nevada of California. Building and land-jobbing, in the town which grew so quickly, and where street frontage has reached the value of 250 dollars per square foot, realized immense fortunes within a few months. It is declared by some visitors to be "the liveliest town the world can show to-day." After nightfall, by lamplight, they say, "it fairly booms with excitement and life. The miners then drift into town in swarms; a dozen bands are drumming up audiences for the

theatres and variety shows; scores of saloons and gaming-houses are in full blast, and the entire place has the aspect of a grand holiday. Those who make money so easily spend it quickly, and life here tends to prodigality among all classes." But we are to'd by Mr. Frank Fossett, whose book on Colorado has been quoted, that Leadville is not worse, for actual crime, than other American cities.

**AN EMPEROR IN PRISON.**

The Emperor still broods in sullen retirement in his castle of Gatchina. His Majesty has paid only two or three fugitive visits to the capital during the last month. On the last occasion he was to attend the funeral *cortège* of the late Prince Oldenburg to the railway station. His Majesty's place was duly marked out in the official programme, but no two people who saw the procession agree as to whether he was behind the bier or not, and the newspapers all contradicted each other as to the Czar's presence. The most probable version seems to be that he awaited the late Prince's remains at the railway station. There is no relaxation in the vigilance exercised at Gatchina. General Count Vorontzoff-Dachoff is reported to have been unable to get on with his Imperial master and to have been obliged to leave him for a time; while on the other hand, it is stated that the Count has injured his leg and is obliged to keep himself quiet. It has not yet transpired which story is the true one. The contradiction of the first reports as to the way in which the village of Gatchina was protected, a contradiction drawn up by Count Vorontzoff-Dachhoff himself, does not apply to the vicinity of the palace, which is strictly guarded and watched. A short time ago two of the young Grand Dukes, cousins of the Emperor, were stopped in the grounds by a Cossack, who threatened to spear them if they advanced. A friend, who has occasion to visit the castle to see an official, tells me that as soon as he left the railway station and took the direction towards the palace, he felt conscious that the eyes of the police were following him, but it was only when he was about to cross the bridge over the castle moat that he was actually stopped. Here the police officials were all officers. They ascertained his business and escorted him to the service gate of the palace, the only one which is allowed to be approached. He at once found himself in the police-office, surrounded by officers. His passport was taken, and his description, the time of day, and business were all duly noted in a book, which the chief of police is supposed to examine every day. An officer was then sent to inform the official inquired for, while my friend was kept by the police. On the officer returning with a message that the official could be seen, my friend was escorted by a police officer down the long corridors to the room of the person he wished to see. All the way Cossack sentinels, with drawn swords were tramping up and down. It can readily be imagined that no official of the palace, however high he may be placed, is particularly overjoyed at present by the visits of his friends. My acquaintance was therefore exhorted, for the love of heaven, to confine his conversation to the merest common-places and not to stay too long. When he got to the train on his return journey he felt heartily glad and fortunate, though he could not shake off the sensation that the police were still at his back. Looking out of the windows of the corridor into the courtyards, of which there are four within the castle walls, he saw innumerable stacks of piled muskets, denoting the presence of a large force of infantry, and on the open place in front of the palace were picketed the horses of about a squadron of cavalry.

Persons whose business calls them daily to the palace and who are well known are rigorously searched. For example, a priest employed in the service of the Imperial chapel was lately subjected to such a close inspection that even his cigarettes were not overlooked. A Cossack officer is stationed at each of the doors of the sleeping apartments of the Emperor, the Empress, and the Heir Apparent during the night. The last-named complains continually of the restraint put upon his movements since his father's accession to the throne. He is not allowed to go out riding in the park, which particularly annoys him. None of the officers or Court officials are allowed to be away from the palace more than two or three hours at a time, and all are obliged to be in before nine in the evening. The Court will soon remove to Peterhoff, which is a small port at the mouth of the Neva. Here four lightships will be anchored, and no other vessels will be allowed to go near. The two yachts, *Slavinka* and *Czarevna*, will always be in readiness to convey the Emperor to and from St. Petersburg, accompanied on either side by a torpedo boat, manned with four marines.—*Correspondence of the London Times.*

**CONDENSED ELECTRICITY.**

Sir William Thomson has published in a letter to the *Times* the results of his experiments with the box which had been conveyed to him at Glasgow, having been stated to have been charged at Paris with a store of active electric energy to the amount of one million foot pounds. It consisted of four of Faure's batteries charged with electricity from an ordinary Grove's battery. The four batteries were enclosed in a wooden box, about a cubic foot in measurement, and weighed about 75 lbs. Sir William Thomson now makes the important announcement that all that has been stated has been more than borne out by experiment. No appreciable loss could

be ascertained to have occurred during the delay from transit, and until the stored energy was applied to working purposes in Glasgow. One battery was detached from the other and carried to another place to supply the force for an electric caudery; and a single battery, after having been left alone for ten days, yielded to Sir William Thomson 260,000 foot pounds, being some 10,000 above the original estimate. The first result Sir William Thomson looks for is the use of Faure's batteries in private houses, as reservoirs of electricity for domestic purposes, such as lighting, heating, the driving of sewing machines, and many other objects. We are reminded that we have now made a long step from theoretical to the practical. It has been the dream of many scientific men that at a comparatively recent date electricity would entirely supersede fires for cooking and heating, steam as a motor, and gas and oil as illuminants, and it would appear that that the dream must shortly become reality. The stumbling-block has hitherto been in an economical direction, and that the agents to be superseded were required themselves to produce electricity, and that the metallic conductors which would be required to deliver a sufficient supply for town populations would be enormously large and costly. Electricity, however is to be obtained from the atmosphere by simple mechanical means; and Dr. C. W. Siemens long ago spoke of Niagara as the natural and proper chief motor for the whole of North America! If the cost of storage does not materially enhance the expenses we can see in the future the use for industrial and domestic purposes of the stored energy in M. Faure's batteries. Can we imagine the result in a London atmosphere smokeless and clear, the ground below our feet and the air above us uncontaminated by the solid or gaseous products of the combustion of coal, our young trees no longer poisoned, and flowers and fruit allowed to flourish in town gardens, our rooms free from the damage which gas occasions, our pictures uninjured, and our precious metals uncorroded! Such is the future which looms before us. May we see the good time come!

**A NORWEGIAN VILLAGE.**

BY H. H.

Vossevangen is a little farming hamlet on the west shore of a beautiful lake. The region is one of the best agricultural districts in Western Norway; the "Vos" farmers are held to be fortunate and well to do, and their butter and cheese always bring high prices in the market.

As we drove into the village we met the peasants going home from church: the women in short green or black gowns, with gay jackets and white handkerchiefs made into a flying-buff sort of head-dress on their heads; the men with knee-breeches, short vests, and jackets thick trimmed with silver buttons. Every man bowed, and every woman courtesied as we passed. To pass any human being on the highway without a sign or token of greeting would be considered in Norway the height of ill manners; any child seen to do it would be sharply re-proved. Probably few things would astonish the rural Norwegian more than to be told that among the highly civilized it is considered a mark of good breeding, if you chance to meet a fellow-man on the highway, to go by him with no more recognition of his presence than you would give to a tree or a stone wall.

It is an odd thing that a man should be keeping the Vossevangen Hotel to-day who served in America's civil war, was for two years in one of the New York regiments, and saw a good deal of active service. He was called back to Norway by the death of his father, which made it necessary for him to take charge of the family estate in Vossevangen. He has married a Vossevangen woman, and is likely to end his days there, but he hankers for Chicago, and always will. He keeps a fairly good little hotel, on the shores of the lake, with a row of willow-trees in front; dwarf apple-trees, gooseberry and currant bushes, and thickets or rhubarb has the place of honor. The dining-room and the parlor were like those at Eide, adorned with ivies and flowering plants; oleanders in the windows, and potted carnations on the table. In one corner of the dining-room was a large round table covered with old silver for sale: tankards, chains, belts, buttons, coins, rings, buckles, brooches, ornaments of all kinds,—hundreds of dollars' worth of things. There they lay, day and night, open to all who came: and they had done this, the landlady said, for years, and not a single article had ever been stolen: from which it is plain that not only is the Norwegian honest himself, but there must be a contagion in his honesty, which spreads it to all travellers in his country.—*July Atlantic.*

**NEWS OF THE WEEK.**

THE Empress Augusta of Germany is seriously ill.

MR. GLADSTONE has decided on abandoning Cyprus.

THE retaliatory duties movement keeps growing apace in England.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD was shot on Saturday morning at the Potomac Railway Station.

THE number killed by the recent accident on the Morelle Railway in Mexico, is placed at 180.

AT the meeting of the London Athletic Club, on Saturday, Merrill, of Boston, won the two mile walking race by 50 yards, and Myers the quarter mile by eight yards.