

a fruitful source of crime in this and other countries. There was also in every city a numerous class of persons of questionable moral sense eager to seize hold of any excuse for the commission of great offences against persons and property. That class was more or less affected by the publication of the details of murderers or other criminals; to them such particulars were dangerously suggestive. It had been shown that the idea of poisoning his wife was suggested to Dove by hearing in a public bar-room the evidence in the case of Palmer. The Doctor proceeded to give instances of crimes committed under the influence of the imitative faculty, which was perhaps the most powerful in our nature, and was more potent in the insane than in the sane in cases of homicide and suicide. About fifteen years ago two women, resident in the same ward of the Toronto Asylum, committed suicide within a short time of each other by exactly similar means. In 1860, a suicidal epidemic seemed to prevail all over the Province, and in the Asylum one man succeeded in hanging himself. Dr. Workman became alarmed, and took the precaution of allowing no newspapers to be sent to the wards until all reports of suicides or other violent acts had been cut out of them. In consequence either of this precaution or of the attendants' care, no other cases occurred. He had written to the editor of a city paper, expressing the view that the reports by the city press were largely contributing to the spread of acts of violence. The notice awarded to his communication was a negation of his assertion, and an allegation that giving publicity to these crimes was the best means of preventing their recurrence. He counted no further correspondence with a journal which was capable of giving public expression to such an idea. It was asserted by the press that there was an epidemic of crime. Reporters were always on the look-out for sensational news, and their services were appreciated by their employers according to the quantity and sensational quality of their matter. If a case of sore throat or ambiguous measles occurred in the family of an editor or reporter, they read of an epidemic of diphtheria or small-pox in the city.

QUEBEC RESTORED.

The preservation and restoration, where they have been allowed to decay, of the monuments of Quebec, have been pet subjects with us especially in this exceptional year of Centennial reminiscences, and our columns will testify how often we have of late recurred to the theme. In this, we feel that we have been doing a patriotic duty, and it is some satisfaction to see that there is a general feeling of sympathy springing up throughout the country responsive to the appeal. Lately, the London *Times* fairly surprised us all by a magnificent article, remarkable no less for the brilliancy of its style than for the heartiness of its commendation, in which Lord DUFFERIN'S plans for the preservation of the old walls and gates are warmly approved. We learn also from an English correspondent that the Queen has already sent to the Governor-General her munificent subscription for the building of Kent Gate. Furthermore, we take pleasure in making our readers acquainted with the following lines from such a representative of the best British opinion as the *Pall Mall Gazette*. That paper says:—While the people of the United States are celebrating the foundation of their Republic and are reviving memories of the wars which ushered in its birth, the Canadians, in a more humble way, are taking steps to preserve the records of the less stormy period, of a slightly earlier date, when the armies of France and Britain met in conflict beneath the walls of Quebec. By the exertions of the Governor-General and the patriotic efforts of its citizens, plans have been agreed on by which the historical and picturesque ramparts of this ancient city will be preserved, while, at the same time, they are adapted to the requirements of modern life. At a

recent banquet, Lord DUFFERIN was able to announce that Her Majesty had been pleased to present a gate to the city in memory of her father, the late Duke of Kent, who had served so long in Canada, and that the Secretary of State for War, with the sanction of Parliament, had agreed to place on the ramparts some memorial of the two rival generals—Wolfe and Montcalm—who fought for Canada, although on opposite sides, and who sealed their devotion by the sacrifice of their lives. As the enthusiastic reception at Philadelphia of the British Commissioner indicate a cessation of those feelings which endured for so long a time after the wars of the revolution, so does the unity of sentiment which raises a memorial to the greatest of the French and British commanders in Canada afford strong evidence that the Canadian people, while guarding with affection the memories of the past, are one in feeling and one in nationality. The public spirit which induces the citizens of Quebec, after the many losses they have recently incurred by fires, to expend money in the embellishment of their beautiful city, will, we can assure them, be thoroughly appreciated in Great Britain.

GOSSIP ABOUT LONDON ARTISTS.

Americans who love their country feel an innate pride, especially in a foreign land, to witness the works of their compatriots winning name and fame, if not fortune. Louis R. Mignot a native of Charleston, S. C., died in England almost six years ago, at the early age of thirty-nine, leaving behind him a small family who have been unceasing in their efforts to collect his numerous pictures and exhibit them. In this they succeeded admirably, and have a beautiful exposition now before the London public of at least one hundred, most of them rich landscapes and pictures of rural life, some of the latter grand in their simplicity and truthfulness. I can scarcely reconcile myself to believe there was any of our native artists but Church and Bierstadt who could have given such grandeur to nature, but poor Mignot has indeed a vein of Corot in his pictures that will cause America to be proud of him. His "Niagara Falls," "Twilight in the Tropics," "Scenes of the Hudson and Ohio" are enough to make him immortal. Many of the best works are in America, while Tom Taylor, the dramatic author, has a few valuable ones. Mignot was elected a member of the New York Academy of Design at the early age of twenty-five.

Adelaide Neilson has just closed a most successful engagement. When she played six nights her pay was £50; when she played five it was £62 per night. She has now left for Paris to consult her physician, Dr. Johnston, one of the leading medical men of America, as to where she shall spend her vacation. She is as beautiful as ever, and has made such improvement in her reading and acting that the critics here were unanimous in their praise of her this spring. She is to play 100 nights in London and 100 more in America under Strakosch. Her residence is situated in one of the prettiest parts of London, No. 9 Hyde Park place. Her monthly rent is \$700. She keeps seven servants, three carriages and several horses. Her house is said to be furnished in a most luxurious manner, and wines equal to Victoria's are plentifully drunk.

Miss Ada Cavendish who is soon to visit America, has been playing to good houses at the Globe in Wilkie Collins's play of "Miss Gwilt." She is an excellent actress, and one of the most popular on the London stage. She lives in modest style on Sackville street. Her apartments are furnished a la Française, in exquisite taste; everything therein bespeaks the artist—musical instruments, flowers in profusion, choice *objets d'art*, and needle-work from fairy fingers adorn the divans. Dumas's "Etrangere" has been well translated and produced in London with an excellent cast and considerable expense—so far good houses. Rossi, the great tragedian, has closed a summer engagement with a French manager to make a tour of the French provinces during the months of July and August. He will appear in two roles only—*Othello* and *Hamlet*, his latest and greatest triumphs. Miss Jennie Lee, a great favorite in America, is meeting with success here in a piece called "Little Joe." Miss Ward, the modern Siddons, is playing in Ireland, while Kate Field is still joyous over her success in the role of *Volante* in the "Honeymoon." Miss Ward was *Juliana*. Kate is not "fat, fair, and forty," but fair, thin, and forty, and no doubt with her brilliant talents can assume juvenile roles with ease and grace. The critics have been very lenient with Kate, so she can afford to defy the drivelling comments of the "American press" on her artistic ability. England appreciates Kate, and some distant day Americans will be proud to claim the coming actress, "Miss Mary Keeble or Kemble," as Kate calls herself professionally. We are all surprised out here that Kate has not given the subject of cremation a brief treatise. It is never too late to mend, and no one knows that better than the brilliant writer, Miss Field.

Miss Rosavella, the last new *debutante*, has

recovered from her severe illness, and only sings in concert now. She is pale and thin, which gives new beauty to her girlish figure. I called on her to inquire her intentions, and was pleased to hear she thought of coming to America. She said the climate in London was intolerable in winter, and all the leading physicians advised her not to remain in the metropolis during the cold weather. She regretted this, and spoke very kindly of Mr. Gye, who she hoped would release her from her contract. Speaking of her *debut*, she said, "Although I studied very hard last year in Milan, I had no dramatic training, and felt very uneasy to play "Traviata" without a careful knowledge of stage business, but imagine my delight when Joe Jefferson offered to teach me. He taught me stage business that was quite new to those who had seen the opera many times, and while the critics did not rave over my voice, one and all were astonished at my acting, and pronounced it wonderful for a novice. I never shall forget the kindness of Mr. Jefferson. He was busy playing at the time, but he named hours in which I went to his house. He said it was the first time in his life he had given a lesson in dramatic art, and he was proud of my success. Patti, too, offered to teach me all of "Sonnambula" and give the privilege of playing it in London, but my health is so poor I require a little rest now, and shall only sing in concert."

Patti, the Diva, who fully does honor to the title of "Marchioness de Caux," is as fascinating and as youthful as ten years ago. Time has been gentle to Patti. Her married life is a cloudless one, and her peerless voice still retains all the freshness and flexibility that characterized it in her early career. Her receptions on Sunday are not only patronized by the artistic and musical world, but by the *élite* of foreigners who are passing the season in London. There is the arrogant Russian conversing with the American merchant, the haughty prince with some humble songstress, the aristocratic Frenchman with some good-natured son of Albion—all, all to be met at the "Marquise de Caux" on Sunday. The Swedish nightingale, Nilsson, "Madame Rouzeaud," has lost much of her maiden grace since her marriage, and her voice has little of its former beauty. She has a visible tendency to *embourgeois* that makes her look coarse. Various were the reports that Albani was secretly married to Gye, the elder, by the way she managed matters at Covent Garden, but now the truth has leaked out, and Miss La Jennesse will at the close of the present season be married to Ernest Gye *fils*. Mlle. Albani was not a success in America, but begins to be in England, and no doubt would have few equals in certain roles, but she unfortunately is ambitious, and endeavors to sing such pieces as the "Casta Diva" of the immortal Bellini, and insists in spite of friendly advice to ape the great Parepa and Titiens, whose renditions of "Norma" are pleasantly vivid.

Miss Abbott, whose numerous friends thought would be the best edition known of Patti, are now saddened over her non-success in opera and grieved to learn she was a married lady all the time and lived on their bounty. How the Baroness Rothschild "feels after the great interest she has lavished on the innocent Emma" remains to be known. The diva is Mrs. Wetherell at least. That is the name of the gentleman whom she willingly acknowledges to be her *husband*. Gye, the manager, did not even know it. So *on dit* there is a general row in camp. He engaged Miss Abbott at a large salary. Miss Abbott is a faithful member of "Beecher's Church," and reads her daily chapter of prayers, so she may be forgiven for pretending to be a maiden when she was a wife, but unfortunately some worthy girl who needs assistance in her musical studies may suffer for the actions of Miss Abbott and be denied aid. If the husband, who has resided with her merely as a friend, is capable of maintaining her she need not care—since like all Emma's life it is love and romance. Even though it be so it reflects very poor credit on her as an American girl to accept aid to pursue her studies and all the time have a husband in the background.

Mrs. E. M. Knox is engaged to Gye, and sings a good deal in concert, but for some indefinite reason her operatic *debut* has been postponed. Miss Nannie Hart, a Cleveland girl, who has a fine voice and a beautiful presence, is here singing in concert. Among the pleasant musical receptions given here is Mlle. Titiens's, who, since her American tour, has added to her former popularity. She holds, as a lady, an enviable position in good society, and speaks of her reception in American with grateful remembrances—something unusual for artists in general. Mrs. Rigold, wife of the *beau roi Henry V.*, is at her villa in Kensington, passing the summer. Mrs. Pierce—a charming widow from New York, has, through the death of an aunt whom she never saw, fallen heiress to £60,000, or \$300,000 and is here to claim it. Mrs. L. L. Tucker, author of "Hathorn Dale," has a charming house at Hyde Park, and gives very pleasant receptions. Her two daughters are with her. Miss Rosavella, who made her *debut* at Covent Garden a few months since, is the eldest of her daughters.

REVIEW.

Belford Brothers, of Toronto, have just added to their list of publications "Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain, and "Mummies and Moslems," by Charles Dudley Warner. Of the works themselves we can only say that they are quite worthy of their authors. As a mere story, "Tom

Sawyer," may be deficient in construction, but as a character study it is exquisite, and much of the humor is delicious. We hope the book will sell by the thousands in Canada. Dudley Warner's travels in Egypt are highly interesting and deserve to be preserved. The two books, especially Mark Twain's, are put forth in fine style, maintaining the reputation of our young Canadian publishers for enterprise, judgment, and patriotic devotion to the cause of letters. We trust that Belford Brothers will go on in the cause which they have undertaken, and that they may meet with sufficient encouragement from the Canadian people, to place them on a level of competition with the best American houses.

DOMESTIC.

SWISS SOUP.—Boil well six mealy potatoes, mash finely and add four quarts strong beef broth; add parsley, thyme, sage, mint and lemons, all chopped finely; boil five minutes, then add pepper and salt to the taste. Just before removing from the fire, stir in two well-beaten eggs.

FRIED POTATOES.—The French method of cooking potatoes affords a most agreeable dish. The potatoes are peeled, wiped and cut into thin slices, and thrown into a frying-pan containing an abundance of hot lard. As soon as they become brown and crispy, they are thrown into a colander, to drain them, then sprinkle with salt, and serve hot.

FRISSAGEE CHICKEN.—Dress, cut up, and well wash two chickens, trimming off all the fat. Put them in just water enough to cover them, with a little salt and pepper. Boil slowly till tender, and remove from the gravy, into which stir the beaten yolks of four eggs, one-quarter pound of butter, a little nutmeg, a glass of wine, two spoonfuls of flour, and one cup of cream. Let it just come to a boil, and pour over the chicken. This will be found a most delicious dish.

VEGETABLE SALAD.—Take of red beets, carrots, potatoes, string beans, one-half pint each, after being boiled and chopped about the size of peas. Then add two pickled cucumbers and two stalks of celery, cut up the same size, one onion chopped very fine, and one pint can green peas. Mix all these ingredients well without breaking, add nearly a teaspoonful of salt, moisten all with salad oil one-half, and best vinegar one-half in which half a teaspoonful of mustard has been dissolved. Pile in nice form in a salad bowl and garnish with parsley.

PLAIN OMELET.—Beat up three or four eggs with one desert-spoonful of parsley very finely minced, and pepper and salt to taste. Put a piece of butter the size of an egg into a frying-pan; as soon as it is melted pour in the omelet mixture, and, holding the handle of the pan with one hand, stir the omelet with the other by means of a spoon. The moment it begins to set, cease stirring, but keep on shaking the pan for a minute or so; then with the spoon double up the omelet, and shaking the pan until the under side of the omelet has become of a golden colour. Serve on a hot dish.

LAMB AND RICE.—Half roast a neck of lamb, take it up, and cut into steaks. Take half a pound of rice boiled ten minutes in a quart of water, put it into a quart of good gravy, with two or three blades of mace, and a little nutmeg; do it over a stove or slow fire till the rice begins to be thick; then take it off, stir in a pound of butter, and when this is quite melted, stir in the yolks of six eggs well beaten. Then take a dish, and butter it all over; take the steaks, and put a little pepper and salt all over them; dip them in a little melted butter, lay them into the dish, pour the gravy that comes out of them over them, and then the rice. Beat the yolks of three eggs, and pour all over. Send it to the oven, and bake it better than half an hour.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Notwithstanding his engagement at Baireuth, Wagner is working at his new opera, *Pereceval*.

CAPOLI, the tenor, is so ill in London of congestion of the larynx that he cannot sing.

MBLE, CHAPPEY, who is now reported to be convalescent, is about definitely to leave the stage on account of a marriage engagement.

MAURICE STRAKOSCH is to build an opera house in San Francisco, the money being promised by men who can afford to risk an unremunerative investment.

THE management of the Palais Royal Theatre, in Paris, has entered an action for \$10,000 damages against M. Sardou, the dramatist, for not having delivered, last winter, a piece which he had engaged to write for that house.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS, on her way to Australia, stopped with her husband at one of the South Pacific islands, and so enchanted one of the ebony natives with her beauty that he followed her from place to place, and at length offered her husband a large bunch of bananas for her.

ACCORDING to the *Echo de Paris*, M. Esquier recollects from no sacrifice, when by making it he has a chance of raising the Théâtre Italien up to its ancient level, that of the first theatre in the world. He wishes during the coming winter to gather a company which will, so to speak, be composed of nothing but stars, and he is pretty certain of carrying out his project.

BRET HARTE'S new play, "Two men of Sandy Bar," has been produced in Chicago, and has met with moderate success. The work shows Mr. Harte's well-known literary skill, but it is defective in dramatic tact. The character painting is good, but the play lacks unity, and tells little when finished. The characters introduced are Spanish men and women, a Virginia gentleman, a Chinaman, a Pike county man, a Yankee, and a cosmopolitan gambler. It will be brought out in New York, in the autumn by the Union Square company.

KATE STANTLEY, who brought over an opera bouffe troupe, is appearing in Offenbach's pieces in the large English cities. Frank Frayne, whose shooting of an apple off his wife's head is familiar has made a great hit in Liverpool. Maggie More and J. C. Williamson are playing "Struck Oil" at the London Adelphi. Adelaide Neilson is playing at the Haymarket, but will soon start for New York. Mrs. Rousby is idle. Carlotta Le Clerq is making a farewell tour previous to her return to America. Edith Challis is disengaged. Dion Boucicault is on his way to this country, to appear in Philadelphia in September, Boston in October, and later at Wallack's. J. L. Toole is playing in Birmingham. The Vokes family are to appear in Irish cities in September, in Scotland in October, and in England in November. Lydia Thompson is travelling, under Alexander Henderson's management. Henderson is soon to manage the Charing Cross Theatre. Robert and Bella Pateman, formerly of Booth's company, have just returned from California to London, their old home. George H. Merdenn is appearing at three London music halls every evening. His wife, Milly Cook, is in Birmingham. Ella Casner, the leading "character singer" of our variety theatres, also performs nightly at three London establishments. J. H. Milburn is there, too.