

all the way home, and he was tired of everything connected with weddings and honeymoons.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Weston had soon tired of the monotony and mosquitoes at Lake Edward, and when Arthur had an offer from some American gentlemen whom he met up there, who were "doing" the Laurentian Lakes, to buy his portable tent and utensils, he had gladly closed with them, and brought his wife to more civilized regions as soon as possible."

They remained in hiding with us for a week, and he treated their bites with vaseline and cold cream, and they looked quite presentable when they went off by the Montreal boat, and were in excellent spirits.

Annie now writes that Arthur is going to take her to New York in October to visit his sister, and she adds that Mrs. Cumberland insists that Tom is to be there at the same time and is going to send him a pressing invitation.

THE END.

ROSA BONHEUR AT HOME.

In a recent number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED we gave our readers a specimen of Rosa Bonheur's work. We now present them with a pen-picture of the lady herself. It is from the chapter on "Lady Artists" in "My Autobiography and Reminiscences," by W. P. Frith, R.A.

In 1863, writes Mr. Frith, the great Exhibition was held in Paris, in which the English school of painting was worthily represented, and as worthily acknowledged by the French. I went to Paris, accompanied by Millais, as I have noted elsewhere. Our friend Gambart was the first to introduce the works of Rosa Bonheur to the English collectors. The famous "Horse Fair" passed through his hands, together with very many others, some of which still remain with him in his marble palace at Nice. Above and beyond all the eminent French artists to whom Gambart introduced us, we were most anxious to make the acquaintance of Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur. Our desire was no sooner made known to that lady than it was gratified, for we received an invitation to luncheon with her at her château in the Forest of Fontainebleau. See us, then, arrive at the station, where a carriage waits, the coachman appearing to be a French abbé. The driver wore a black broad-brimmed hat and black cloak, and had long white hair, with a cheery, rosy face.

"But that red ribbon?" said I to Gambart. "Do priests wear the Legion of Honour?"

"Priest!" replied Gambart; "what priest? That is Mademoiselle Bonheur. She is one of the very few ladies in France who are *décorées*. You can speak French; get on the box beside her."

Then, chatting delightfully, we were driven to the château, in ancient times one of the forest-keepers' lodges, castellated and picturesque to the last degree; date, about Louis XIII. There lives the great painter with a lady companion; and others in the form of boars, lions and deer, who serve as models. The artist had little or nothing to show us of her own work. Her health had not been good of late; besides, when her "work is done, it is always carried off," she said. Stretching along one side of a very large studio was a composition in outline of corn-threshing—in Spain, I think—the operation being performed by horses, which are made to gallop over the sheaves—a magnificent work, begging to be completed.

"Ah," said the lady, looking wistfully at the huge canvass, "I don't know if I shall ever finish that!"

Of course Millais was deservedly overwhelmed with compliments, and I came in for my little share. That the luncheon was delightful goes without saying. One incident touched me. We spoke much of Landseer, whose acquaintance Rosa Bonheur had made on a visit to England, and with whose work she had, of course, great sympathy. Gambart repeated to her some words of praise given by Landseer to a picture of hers then exhibiting in London. Her eyes filled with tears as she listened. I can speak no more of female painters after paying an imperfect tribute to the greatest of all, so that with that immortal name I conclude this chapter upon lady artists.



From the elder of the authors of "The Masque of Minstrels" we received some time ago an intimation of his change of residence. "I greet you," he writes "from another part of the Border State. I am now in Cherryfield, Washington county, a lumber town, on the Naraguagus river, five miles from the sea. We have just begun to set up our home, and think the Muses can smile on us here. We left the old friends; we are finding, or making, the new. I hear of you occasionally, and never without pleasure and desire for your welfare. Montreal is becoming so accessible from Maine I hope some day to greet you on your own ground, and others of the singing and writing fraternity. Make my regards to them. Fraternally, ARTHUR J. LOCKHART." We can assure our esteemed friend of a welcome whenever he comes.

An American, Mr. W. C. Fitch, determined, during a recent visit to England, to obtain, if possible, an interview with Mr. Browning. The English papers are indignant at what they consider an uncalled for invasion of privacy, and rate Mr. Fitch soundly for his importunity and for the bad taste of giving his impressions of the poet to the public. The usage is certainly not one to be commended. Nevertheless, we can understand Mr. Fitch's curiosity, though some of his critics have failed to imagine "a reasonable colour for his intrusion." Mr. Fitch knew very well what he was about. He knew that his visit, besides gratifying a not altogether vulgar desire to see in the flesh one who had so often, delighted, solaced and puzzled him, would give pleasure to thousands of readers, to whom Mr. Browning (our English mentors insist on the "Mr.") will be a more real entity from his description. For our own part we are simply filled with envy at Mr. Fitch's courage and success, though we would prefer not to be scolded, even at a distance.

"Almost before I knew it," says Mr. Fitch, "Browning had come quietly in, and greeted me cordially. One cannot deny that his personal appearance is not ideally poetical. He is below the medium height, and rather thick-set in build. His hair is grey, and his beard, which is not long, lies close to his cheeks on the sides. His eyes are bright and most attractive, and his face, full of expression, holds you strongly as a magnet. There is that subtle something in him which would make us eager to swear fealty to him, if we did such things nowadays, and he would allow us, which I doubt, for he is a greatly modest man. He came into the drawing-room the morning I was there in a rough brown suit, and shook my hand warmly. His manner is easy and delightful. He drew me over to a couch between two windows, and there we had our talk; he seated himself with one leg crooked under him—practically, unconventionally comfortable."

One of Mr. Fitch's English critics says, in a plaintive condoling tone, that "surely it can be no gratification to the latter (Mr. Browning) to see himself thus described." To which it might be replied that, after all, the infliction is not so terrible, and that, if Mr. Browning sets the satisfaction of thousands against his own small inconvenience, he (true man and lover of men as he is) will rather rejoice at Mr. Fitch's visit. Any chagrin at the personalities, which give piquancy to the pen-picture, is, we would say, wholly out of the question in the case of such a man. As for the "Mr.," though the rule is, we believe, to omit it only in speaking and writing of the "simple great ones gone," it is surely no slight to anticipate the verdict of an admiring posterity.

Let any one read through that grand aspiration of George Eliot's, "O may I join the choir invisible," and he will find such small conventionalities wofully out of place in association with the mighty minds that are the living forces of the world's thought and the inspiration of its highest aims. Once such minds have revealed their power and won their recognition, what matters the interval of a few brief years? They are omnipresent

and for all time. Nevertheless, as a friend reproachfully said to us a few days ago, "etiquette is a great power. We must not disregard it."

We are happy to introduce to the readers of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED a lady who should not be, and we feel assured, is not, a stranger to many of them. Miss Clotilda Jennings is, like not a few of our best writers, a Nova Scotian. Her literary triumphs in her native province have been many, though some of them have been won under a *nom de plume*. She has published two volumes, "Linden Rhymes" and "The White Rose in Acadia and Autumn in Nova Scotia—a Prize Tale and a Poem." She contributed a poem to the Burns Centenary Wreath, while still extremely young, and has written much for American as well as Canadian periodicals. In both her prose and her verse Miss Jennings excels in depicting the scenery of Nova Scotia, in describing the manners of its people and in illustrating its romantic past. The contribution with which Miss Jennings has favoured us is a sonnet on

SABLE ISLAND.

From leaping surge that beats thy desolate shore,
Drifting o'er ridge and plain, the keen salt foam
Scents herbage scant where small wild horses roam,
The native herds that still these wastes explore.
The picket makes his solitary tour
Between the stations, and that daily tide
Oft human succour timely doth provide
For hapless mariner whose hope is o'er,
Crouching for prey the cruel coast lies low,
With outstretched reef and shoal, whose jaws beguile
To doom the fated voyagers they throw
To thy grey burial sands—tempestuous Isle!
Relentless waves their savage lullaby,
No siren thou—dread tiger of the sea.

Of modern French poets there is not one who touches the heart more surely or has a profounder knowledge of the tenderness and pathos that are often hidden under rough exteriors than François Edouard Coppée. He is still comparatively young, having been born in 1842. Though he cannot be reckoned among the poets that have excited wonder by their precocity, he wrote early and was not slow in winning fame. Before he was twenty-four his merits had been sufficiently recognized to justify his being employed on the *Parnasse Contemporain*. Before he was twenty-six he had published two volumes of verse, and a year later he was favorably known as a dramatist. For more than twenty years his name has been before the public of his native land, and to-day he is recognized by the majority of critics as France's greatest living poet.

Though essentially a patriotic writer, and subject to the limitation which intense patriotism implies, Coppée's sympathies are really as wide as humanity. The romance of common life he brings out by describing with simple power incidents and situations that stir the purest and kindest emotions. Sometimes the story that he tells seems almost pointless in its commonplace till, after reading on a while, one gradually feels the eye suffused with the dew of pity. Into the cares and sorrows of the humbler life of his fellow-countrymen he enters with insight and force, glorifying the rudest scenes and shedding a halo of beauty and heroism around the homes and haunts of simple toilers of sea, field or factory.

A few weeks ago we gave a translation of Coppée's poem, "The Horoscope," by Mr. George Murray. As a specimen of Coppée's style, and in order that our readers may see how closely Mr. Murray has followed the words, as well as caught the spirit of the poem, we now give the original:

L'HOROSCOPE.

Les deux sœurs étaient là, les bras entrelacés,
Debout devant la vieille aux regards fatigués,
Qui tournait lentement de ses vieux doigts lassés
Sur un coin de haillon les cartes prophétiques.

Brune et blonde, et de plus fraîches comme un matin,
L'une sombre pavot, l'autre blanche anémone,
Celle-ci fleur de mai, celle-là fleur d'automne,
Ensemble elles voulaient connaître le destin.

"La vie, hélas! sera pour toi douloureuse,"
Dit la vieille à la brune au sombre et fier profil.
Celle-ci demanda: "Du moins m'aimera-t-il?"
—Oui—Vous me trompiez donc. Je serai trop heureuse."

"Tu n'auras même pas l'amour d'un autre cœur,"
Dit la vieille à l'enfant blanche comme la neige.
Celle-ci demanda: "Moi, du moins, l'aimerai-je?"
—Oui—Que me disiez-vous? J'aurai trop de bonheur."

Mr. Murray's translation appeared in our issue of June 1, page 331.