

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

FOOTBALL: HARVARD VS. MCGILL.

On Friday last a so-called 'Grand International Match'—in which the contestants were teams from Harvard and McGill Universities—was played on the Grounds of the Montreal Cricket Club in the presence of some 1500 spectators. The ball was kicked off at three o'clock by the captain of the McGill team, and after some fifty minutes' play Harvard succeeded in scoring a 'touch-down.' At the end of half an hour the teams, according to previous arrangement, changed ground. Harvard shortly after secured a second touch-down, but failed to make a goal. A third touch-down, also failed to make a goal, but won the match for Harvard, the three touches counting equal to a game. The play was vigorous throughout, and during the last part of the game McGill fought with the energy of despair.

THE DEPARTURE OF EMIGRANTS BY A HAMBURG LINE

forms the subject of a striking and lively illustration.

The illustration to which we have given the fanciful title

A DOG FANCIER'S COLLECTION

shows a number of prize dogs exhibited recently at Stuttgart, the capital of the kingdom of Wurtemberg.

THE HAMILTON-TORONTO FOOT-BALL MATCH,

took place at Hamilton on Saturday week. The contestants were the Argonauts of Toronto and a team of the Hamilton Foot-Ball Club. The latter succeeded in making one touch-down ten minutes before game was called, but failed to make the goal.

"THE FOSTER MOTHER."

The following lines accompany the above illustration:—

"Back to the woods we'll go," cried she:
But it had grown too dark to see
She could not find our native tree.

"Srdly she took us home; she fed
Us with the sweetest milk and bread,
Then kissed, and put us into bed."

THE FASHION-PLATE,

which we have copied from *The Queen*, is fully described elsewhere.

MR. RACINE, BISHOP OF SHERBROOKE.

On Sunday, the 18th inst., the Rev. M. Racine, of the parish of St. John, Quebec, was consecrated first Bishop of Sherbrooke in the Quebec Basilica. On the following Tuesday afternoon he made his entry into his diocesan city where he was met by a large concourse of people, and a procession having been formed, was conducted through the principal streets to the church. Here the ceremony of handing over the building to the new bishop was performed and an appropriate service was held. In the evening, a dinner was given in the Convent Hall, and the town was generally illuminated in honour of the occasion.

Mgr. Racine was born at Lorette, near Quebec, in the year 1822. He has achieved the highest reputation for eloquence, earnestness, and activity as a priest, and as already, in his new capacity, made a most favourable impression in his diocese.

DR. GEORGE W. CAMPBELL.

We have been disappointed by the non-reception of promised materials for a biographical notice of Dr. Campbell, upon whom it is suggested that some token of Imperial favour might be appropriately conferred. In our editorial columns we have considered this subject, and have given some details as to the venerable doctor's services, which certainly are entitled to some recognition.

FALL FASHIONS.

No. 1.—*House Dress*.—White serge, embroidered in colour over a coloured silk skirt. The faille skirt is trained. The tunic is embroidered all round, and scooped at the edge. It forms two points in front, a faille bow marking the commencement of the opening. The tunic is square at the back, and is draped at the side with a plain sash the colour of the skirt. Faille waistcoat; serge bodice with basque embroidered to correspond with tunic.

No. 2.—*Promenade Toilette*.—Black faille skirt, bordered with a flounce, scooped at the edge and sewn on with a band of velvet and an upright fringe; tunic of plaid camel's hair, checked black and white, forming two square ends at the back, and trimmed all round with black velvet and black and white fringe. The bodice has a round basque, and is ornamented to correspond with the tunic.

No. 3.—*Camel's Hair Costume*.—Dark olive-green silk, and camel's hair of the same shade. The camel's hair skirt is bordered with a deep flounce, and headed with faille bouillonés and crossbands. The camel's hair tunic is edged with a flounce of the same, headed with similar trimming on a smaller scale. The back of the tunic is lined with faille; camel's hair bodice, with square basques in front and long full ones at the back.

Nos. 4 and 5.—*Toilette de Reception*.—Black faille.—The skirt is bordered at the back with a plaited flounce, which is edged with a narrow fringe and ruches above. The front of the skirt is ornamented with plaited bouillonés and frills. The quilles at the sides are wide cross-bands, with a row of rich passementerie on each band. The pouf is held up with a large bow fastened at the left side. Bodice with square basques, trimmed to correspond with the skirt. No. 5 represents the same toilette, seen from the right side and the back. A jacket braided with white soutache is worn above. Black lace with white lace beneath trims the basques.

ALBANI.

OUR CANADIAN PRIMA DONNA.

A writer in the New York *Daily Graphic* relates the following interview with Emma Lajeunesse, which our readers will doubtless read with interest:—

Mr. Max Strakosch led the way into an elegant and cosey

apartment in the Clarendon Hotel, and Mlle. Emma Albani came forward to do the honours of a domain which contained three persons—herself, *prima donna assoluta*; a lady friend who was not at all an unsmiling duenna; and Mr. Gye, son of the London *impresario*, and agent for Mr. Strakosch's latest star. Mlle. Albani made a very pretty picture as she bade her manager and the writer welcome, and waived them to seats near her side. She is a brunette, with clear grey eyes, abundant masses of dark hair worn in manifold braids and coiled about her head, rather full lips, disclosing regular, white teeth, and a rich, warm complexion, which changes as she speaks. Her forehead is low and broad, and her face betokens both resolution and amiability of character. She wore a tasteful costume of plum-coloured silk, relieved by white lace at the neck and wrists, and her jewelry included a slender bracelet set with diamonds and a Maltese cross in diamonds and pearls.

"Ah, no, not three!" Mlle. Albani cried, as Mr. Gye arose to lower some of the gas jets, the light being of somewhat superfluous brilliancy. "No wonder Mr. Strakosch laughs," she resumed. "He knows the superstition of *artistes*. I think one gets thoroughly imbued with it in Italy. I would not have an odd number of anything for a great deal. Do you know I was fearful throughout the voyage that we should arrive on the 13th; and I was wicked enough to wish that our journey should be prolonged a day or so lest we should reach port on Friday. As it was, we came ashore on Friday, but I am glad to say we really arrived Thursday night."

"Ah, Mademoiselle," laughed M. Strakosch, "I remember very well on one occasion coming over with Carlotta Patti. She was loaded down with luggage, jewelry, &c., and was indisposed to hurry ashore. But I only had to say to her, 'Carlo, to-morrow is Friday!' and whisk-k, she could not be kept on board."

There was a general laugh, and Mlle. Albani said: "It was odd that there should have been such a mistake as appointing the Duke of Edinburgh's wedding-day for a Friday, for the Russians are most superstitious as a race. It was through a miscalculation, however, and when it was discovered there was serious talk of changing the time of the happy event."

"You sang in Russia, did you not, Mademoiselle?" said the writer.

"Oh, yes," Mlle. Albani replied: "at St. Petersburg and Moscow. Mme. Patti was there at the same time, and, as *seconda donna*, some one you know here, I fancy—Mlle. Marie Duval. I thought our little friend very pleasant and very ambitious. She would wonder in her innocent way why it was not she rather than La Patti who was awarded the most brilliant testimonials."

"Just so here," said Mr. Strakosch. "Mlle. Duval was a very useful member of my company and a most amusing one. 'Why,' she would say, 'why is it, Monsieur Strakosch, that when I sing there are only a few people, and when Nilsson sings there are throngs?' 'Because, my dear,' I would answer, '*ou est si belle ici!*' 'And why,' she would ask, 'do you not have a picture made of me as you have of Nilsson in 'Ophelia,' and put it in Central Park?'"

Mlle. Albani gave a low, musical laugh, and we it on to answer some questions of the writer about Russia.

"No," she said, "the Russians are not at all phlegmatic. They are almost savage in their manner of showing pleasure; and woe be to the singer who fails to please them."

"Did they not prostrate themselves before you on one occasion after you had sung and 'carried them away?'"

"Not so bad as that. They did not prostrate themselves, but they literally 'carried me away.' They bore me in their arms from the theatre. It sounds very ludicrous, but, frightened as I was, I was also very gratified."

"Is the 'Sonnambula' your favourite opera?"

"I like it very much. I am essentially of the Italian school, and Bellini's music suits me if any does. I made my debut in 'Sonnambula.' I appeared in it first in London, and I am to sing in it here on Wednesday. But 'Mignon' is a great favourite of mine. The character demands so much study, and I have taken as great pains with it as I should with 'Marguerite.' There is not only the composer, but Goethe, Schaffer, and other authorities to consult. It is a glorious role."

"There are, of course, endless discouragements to American students abroad."

"Not the least of which," said Mlle. Albani, "is a very fatal one—the fact that many students go to incompetent *maestri*, and leave them worse than they began. Many is the American girl who has come to me with a voice almost entirely ruined from unskilful treatment. Almost every one in Italy can sing, but only comparatively few can teach. I was fortunate in having a good *maestro*; but there are so many who fall into incompetent hands. I am not altogether surprised at what you tell me about a recent *débutante*," she said, "for her *maestro* was one of the worst in Italy. I liked her voice when I used to hear her practising in her room in a house where we lived together, and am sorry that 'tuition' has spoiled it."

"You have sung in Paris, Mademoiselle?"

"Oh, yes, I have had one season in the French capital. Capoul was the tenor at that time. I had heard that he was rather gay, and was surprised to find him so conscientious an *artiste*. And he was so admirable in 'Mignon.' I have seen the new Grand Opera—yes. On my way back from Germany this summer I stopped in Paris, and was taken to see the new house. It certainly is very magnificent, but it struck me as rather disappointing, after the imposing appearance of the exterior and the great magnificence of the *foyer*, to find the auditorium comparatively plain and no larger than Covent Garden Theatre. The superb decorations by Baudry are mostly lavished on the *foyer*, which is filled with fine statuary, and gilded and adorned in superb style. But the theatre itself is very little decorated."

"Are you anxious about Wednesday?"

"Quite; although I feel so kindly towards my country-people that I hope they will reciprocate. Oh yes (pointing to the piano), I practice regularly. I was cheated out of nine days' practice through the voyage. I tried to sing in my cabin, but I could not very well without making too great a noise."

"Which church were you at to-day—St. Stephen's?"

"No, although I have heard much of the music there. I went to the Sixteenth Street Church, where Mr. Berge is organist. I knew him quite well by reputation when I was an organist in Albany."

As Mr. Strakosch and the writer descended from the *prima donna's* apartments the former said, "Did I not tell you! Was there ever a more unassuming lady?"

"Never," said the writer, "since *prima donna* ruled the world."

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

To Preserve Pears.—Parboil some pears with the peel on, take them out of the water, peel and quarter them, then let them lie twenty-four hours in large dishes, with powdered lump sugar thickly sprinkled over them; to 8 lbs. of pears put the same quantity of loaf sugar, 1 oz. of ginger sliced thin, the peel of three lemons cut into thin strips, and one pennyworth of cochineal. Stew gently for five hours, and keep in close-covered jars.

Forced Cabbage.—Take two fine fresh cabbages, and examine well to see that there are no insects hidden among the leaves. Wash the cabbages in cold water, and drain them. Take out the heart or inside cluster of leaves in the centre of each cabbage, leaving a circle of them standing. Cut off the stalk near the bottom, but not so close as to cause the cabbage to fall apart. You may leave a double circle of leaves. Have ready plenty of stuffing, or forcement, made of veal or fresh pork minced finely, cold ham or smoked tongue minced also, grated bread crumbs, fresh butter, powdered mace, sweet marjoram and sweet basil, grated lemon peel, and two hard-boiled yolks of egg, crumbled fine. Fill the cabbages full with this stuffing, and to keep them in shape tie them firmly round in several places, with strings of twine or bass. They must be tied in the form of a round ball. Put them into a stew-pot, with water enough to cover them well, and let them stew till thoroughly done. Take them up immediately before they are wanted, and remove the strings that have kept them in shape while cooking. Red cabbage may be done in this way.

Dried Beef.—The most favourable season for drying beef is November or December; but if neglected then, it may yet be done in early spring, furnishing the nicest relish for breakfast or tea. We have also known persons of weak digestion to partake of it, to the great increase of their strength when hardly able to take any other nourishment whatever. For this purpose take the round of a full-grown, well-fatted beef. Cut it into pieces of convenient size. Rub well into it on all sides a little pounded saltpetre and sugar mixed. Put it in a brine strong enough to bear an egg, in which, however, let it lie only three days. Furnish it with string, and hang up where you can smoke it until dry enough to chip. It may be eaten raw, chipped very thin in small bits, or is still better boiled in a little butter. Veal and mutton are very nice done in the same way, the latter bearing a close resemblance to dried venison, and being quite as good. It is better to sew up tightly in a cloth or bag before the fly makes it appearance.

The Best Way to Cook a Steak.—For my own part, says a writer on breakfast dishes, I like nothing so well for breakfast as a good beefsteak; but then, again, how rarely is a good beefsteak served. Very often, when one asks for a steak, an overdone, leathery, sodden, black-looking mass, with an unnatural smell of grease and frying-pan about it, is presented. Look at it and shudder; but, in pity to your digestion, do not attempt to eat it. Now ask for the same dish in France—I do not mind saying, ask for it almost anywhere in France, not only in Paris—and a tender, delicate, and tasty *plat* is given you, called, I suppose in mockery, "Bifteck à l'Anglaise." Of course, we ought to be able to prepare a beefsteak as well as the French, therefore let me direct you with advice from Jourdan Leconte. To begin with, utterly despise rumpsteak; for this purpose you must take the fillet, otherwise the undercut of the surloin, and if you spoil that you must be a bad cook indeed. It should be dressed in this way: Cut several small steaks in rather thick pieces, say one and a half inch, on no account thin slices, and, having given each a hearty thump or two with a rolling-pin, get out your gridiron (mind gridiron, not frying-pan), grease the bars, put it over a very clear fire entirely free from smoke; place your little steaks on it, and grill them nicely, and not too long, as when cooked, they should be just pink inside—I do not mean raw, but pink. Before serving, however, chop up, very finely, a little parsley, with just a suspicion of onion, mix them with rather more than a tablespoonful of fresh butter, and drop a little of this on each steak, placing the remainder in your hot dish, where it will quickly melt, and, mixing with the juice that will flow from the steaks, form a delicious gravy. Some people like a little lemon juice added, but this is, of course, entirely according to taste. Need I say that the steaks cannot be served too quickly or too hot? Now, this appears to be a simpler mode of cooking a steak than frying it till it is as hard as a piece of wood, and till all the succulent juices are dried up. These steaks can be served in a variety of ways—"à la sauce tomate," "aux champignons," and so on; fried potatoes are generally served with them.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Shakespeare's "Othello" has been translated into Hebrew by J. E. S., with a critical introduction by Peter Smolensky. The book, which is a literary curiosity, is published at Vienna.

The notes on Shakespeare left by the late Mr. Staunton have been examined, and found valueless, almost all of his manuscript having been printed.

The death at Munich is announced of a rival of the famous Cardinal Mezzofanti, the Abbé Richter, who spoke, it was said, very nearly eighty languages.

Mr. George Smith's forthcoming book on Assyria is expected to rival in interest Layard's "Nineveh." It is the fruit of original researches.

Nowadays a novel receives its title on the same principle that a child is named—simply to identify it. It is by no means necessary that there should be any connection between the contents of a novel and its title. The latter calls attention to its existence, and distinguishes it from its neighbours; that is deemed sufficient.

A complete edition of Poe's works will shortly be published. Vol I. will contain a new memoir by Mr. John H. Ingram, founded on original documents, which will, it is said, give a new idea of Poe's character. The work will contain portrait, views, and illustrations by Sambourne, and will be published by Messrs. A. & C. Black.

Mr. Bryan Waller Proctor, better known by his *nom de plume* of "Barry Cornwall," died on the 2nd inst., aged eighty-four. He was born in 1790, and educated at Harrow School, where he had Byron for a form-fellow. He was a member of the bar, and for many years held the profitable post of a commissioner of lunacy, but resigned that office in 1861. Mr. Proctor was the author of many well-known lyrical poems and other works. He married in 1824 a daughter of the late Mr. Basil Montagu, Q.C., by whom he had a daughter, Adelaide Anne, well known as a poetess, who died in February, 1864.

The latest pen picture of Charles Reade is by Colonel Forney, who recently met him. He has "gray, almost white, hair and beard, soft voice, excellent address, and an evident eagerness to please and be pleased. Slightly deaf, and therefore not demonstrative, it was still not necessary to force him to talk. He sought others, and was, I noticed, that excellent thing in man and woman, a good listener. Mr. Reade is an Oxford professor, a D.C.L., and a prodigious worker, and, I should think, a very amiable person in private life. He never once talked of himself, was dressed in plain black, and seemed more anxious for fame as a dramatist than as a writer of fiction."