

gigantic structure, the leading architectural feature of the Paris Exposition. The engineer who built it and gave it its name is the same M. Eiffel who constructed the framework of the Bartholdi statue in New York harbour and the locks of the Panama canal. The tower stands four-square across the main avenue that extends throughout the Exposition. Its grand arches, something like a hundred and thirty feet high, frame in, according to the way one looks, either the hill of the Trocadero, beyond the river, or the whole nearer field of view. The arches in no way interfere with the vision. Seen from a distance, the structure has been said to remind an imaginative spectator of a candlestick of Brobdignag set down in Lilliput. But when one is close to it, its real sublimity can be appreciated. The smallness of detail gives a proper scale, and allows its vastness to be realized, yet without dwarfing the surrounding objects. The endless criss-cross lattice work of the construction; the innumerable struts, braces, tie-rods, and girders; the airy crocheting, whose stitches are iron beams often a foot across, fall into impressive bundles like ship's cordage, which always has a noble effect against the sky; and in the midst are platforms that recall the fore and mizzen tops and the top-gallant cross-trees. Elevators run up the four wide-spreading supports, following their slope; and from the first platform, their stopping-place, others go on to the top, making the complete journey in fifteen minutes, and carrying up some four hundred persons in an hour. Stairways zigzag interminably along the beams, which at a little distance present no peculiarity distinguishable from the rest. One is reminded of the staircase in Jacob's dream, for by no other work of man have heaven and earth been so closely connected. Along both the first and second platforms of the tower, the latter as high as the top of the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, is a row of pavilions each like a large hall in itself; and each side even of the second platform has apparently a stretch as great as that of a long New York city block. The eye is continually baffled, and continually returns in renewed wonderment at these vast dimensions. Patterns interwoven among the trusses for ornament are pleasing, and, altogether, the more closely the monument is examined, the greater is the demand on the admiration. The tower will, it is said, be valuable for scientific purposes, as meteorological experiments can be conducted through its means on most favourable conditions. The lower strata of the atmosphere, the formation of rain, fog, mist and dew, variations in humidity, and electric tension will be studied by many sets of registering instruments at various heights and capable of being consulted at the same moment. Even the astronomers expect to find their profit in the clearer air about the lantern that crowns its top. With the electric light shining in that lantern like a Parisian sun, while the electric fountain plays in the gardens below, the thousands who promenade in the grounds of the exposition have a spectacle that even France, the cradle of ingenious novelty, has never before given to the world.

THE CENTRAL DOME, PARIS EXPOSITION.—On another page our readers will find an engraving of the chief feature in the Palace of Industries of the Paris Exposition, the great Central Dome, rich with gold, bright with colour and ornate with sculptures of delicate workmanship. Surmounting it is the statue by M. Delaplanche, representing France distributing prizes to the nations. On either side of the great gateway, with its blazoned façade, are groups representing Commerce and Industry. If there is any fault to be found with this masterpiece it is that the ornamentation is profuse and that somewhat simpler might have been equally if not more effective. The beauty both of the whole and the parts cannot, however, be disputed.

THE 24-HOUR NOTATION CLOCK DIAL.—This dial, to which we would direct the attention of our readers, really explains itself. The ultimate adoption of what may be termed the natural method of time-reckoning, notation and nomenclature on this continent is now considered inevitable. It is satisfactory to know that Canada is, in one respect, ahead in this reform, the 24-hour notation having now been in use for some years on the Canadian Pacific Railway from Lake Superior to Vancouver, with all connecting lines, and on the Intercolonial from Quebec to St. John and Halifax. So far it has given great satisfaction, and the leading railway authorities desire to have it in use throughout Canada as soon as the public are ready for it. We have received a number of important pamphlets on this subject, with which we shall deal at some length in our next issue.

VICTORIA VICTORIOUS!

Indiaque et Natal, Australia, Canada, Malta,
Orbisque imperio servit, amica, tuo.

Well have thy hosts, from sun to sun,
World-girdling links of victory won,
Have vanquished all, have outraged none,
Victoria the Glorious!

Lustrous as mother, queen and wife,
Conquer'st all hearts with strifeless strife,
In "a nation's eyes thou read'st" thy life,
Victoria Victorious.

Hast conquered self with upward soul,
Hast reverence learnt and self-control,
Hast learnt the Law and keep'st it whole,
Victoria most Glorious.

Hast conquered Death and Hell and Sin,
Thro' the Gate of Pearl shalt enter in
And endless life with Albert win,
Victoria most Victorious.

F. C. EMBERSON, M.A.

Longue Pointe, May 24, 1889.

DARK MARIE.

An olden rhyme
To tone and time
My feet
They beat
The floor,
When tiny thing,
On golden wing,
"Gan chirp and flutter o'er.

Art come? art come, a guest,
Bird of an olden time,
Who builded double nest
In other heart and mine?
On golden wing
Art come to sing?
Why, birdling, didst thou stray?
O sing for me,
Who sang for thee,
Sing thou for me
And dark Marie.
Love, we
Love thee
Always.

("Twas mem'ry struck the strings,
With her fingers lean and long.)
"Wilt droop, O Love, thy wings?
Shake, shake thee into song!"

Sweet, sweet, sweet the note
Brake from his throat;
Light he sang and airily—
Sang for me,
Sang for thee,
Indian-blooded dark Marie,
Love's best beloved one.

"May thy song thee never fail!
I have heard the nightingale
To the stars of Italy
Sing: never aught like thee.
Essence thou of melody!
Melody of melody!
When the matin brake the dark
Saw me rise the winged lark,
And a song did downward fling
Like to ghost of heavenly thing;
So mesaid: *It hath a ring.*
Pardon, pardon mine applause,
Happ'd mine ear untuned was:
Thee, O bird!
Had I heard,
Nor a tear
Had ever glistened
Nor mine ear
Had ever listened;
Song of lark it had not stirred,
But—but hymn it were unheard.
Tuneless evermore the grove
Where thou singest not, O Love!
This to thee—I tell thee true,
Yellow-spatter'd, wild gogloo:
Thou wilt die, and e'er again
With a note thou rack'st my brain.
Linnet, cease thy jargoning!
Whistling, merely—thou canst not sing!
Get ye far to woods of pine,
Whisper praises once were mine;
Weep ye o'er a glory gone,
Harmony is Love's alone.

"Soul of Song! what doth he say?"
"Truce, Marie—a truce, I pray!
Place thy dusky hand in this;
Thy lips, my love, he bids me kiss.
Birdling of the song divine,
Would that earthly words were thine,
So the world might hear profess
Mine, the Queen of Loveliness."

"What, my bird! thy song is o'er?
Dark Marie would hear thee more.

"Why thy head beneath thy wing?
Is it sleep or sorrowing?"

Closer, closer, closer: press'd
To the perch his little breast.

"Dost thou know me, child of clay?
I am Sorrow."

"Go thy way,
I have known thee many a day."

"Thou did'st call me to thy home,
Otherwise I were not come.

Thou didst weep thy dead Marie;
That same tear it called me.

Know that by decree divine,
Weeping manhood's child of mine—"

"Thine! to thread his hair with gray?"
"Child, did I not teach thee pray?"

Quebec.

Foy.

ART NOTES.

Daniel French of Concord has been commissioned to make the monument to Martin Millmore, the sculptor, to stand in the Forest Hill Cemetery at Washington, D.C. His design is a sarcophagus of granite, with two bronze figures representing a young sculptor whose hand is stayed by the Angel of Death.

A "Washington vase" is shown in Philadelphia which was finished too late for the Paris Exposition. It is silver, wrought by the hand in low relief and has the Liberty bell, medallions of Washington, scenes from his life, figures of progress and civilization, and, to crown all, a Bartholdi Liberty standing on a globe. The maker of this elaborate monument is Royer Luckenbach, of Sharon Hill, Penn.

Dr. Thomas Featherstonhaugh, a grandson of the geologist, has brought from Florida an interesting collection of aboriginal remains. He thoroughly examined a mound of damp sand on the shore of Lake Apopka, about the geographical centre of the state, and farther south than any previous researches of the kind. The mound was fifty feet in diameter and fourteen feet high, and was covered with a dense growth of palmetto and other trees. It was found to be full of fragmentary bones and pottery, so numerous that Dr. Featherstonhaugh estimates that there could have been no less than four hundred bodies deposited there. A few Venetian beads near the top indicated intrusive burials, but below four feet there were no evidences of any intercourse with whites. Four shapely hatchets were recovered, also a charm-stone, and numerous specimens of decorated pottery. The whole find was presented to Major Powell, and by him turned over to the museum.

When the London *Times* expressed its regret at the transfer to Berlin of the manuscripts of the Gospels in Latin, written in golden uncial letters on purple vellum, presented by Leo X. to Henry VIII., it was not known that the work was by an Anglo-Saxon scribe. Prof. Wattenbach of Berlin studied the vellum, the punctuation, the letters, and concluded that the work, although of the seventh century, was advanced enough to be Carolingian. And as the monasteries of Kent-Wara-Bryg, Bangor, and Lindisfarne were filled with calligraphers long before Alcuin went at the call of Charlemagne to teach caligraphy in France and Germany, the natural inference was that the manuscript could be only of Irish or English origin. Then Prof. Wattenbach searched the records of England and happily found that the Archbishop, Wilfrid of York, who flourished in 670 to 680 A.D., had the four Gospels written with the purest gold on vellum. Signor G. B. de Rossi has confirmed the fact of this Evangelium being the identical one written for Wilfrid, praised by his biographer, and in his epitaph preserved by Bede, and treasured in the monastery of Ripon.

The decorative furniture and old Sèvres and Dresden porcelain belonging to the late Field-Marshal the Earl of Lucan, G.C.B., have just been sold by Messrs. Christie. Some of the Sèvres brought good prices. Twelve plates, green and gold, with medallions of flowers—£40. Four square dishes of similar pattern—£49 7s. Two oval-shaped jardinières, white and gold, painted with Cupids and a landscape in pink, mounted in ormolu—£87. Ten plates, painted with a Cupid in pink, scroll pattern borders and flowers—£45 3s. A pair of tureens—£30 9s. An oblong jardinière, green ground, with landscapes—£26. A suit of six armchairs, sofa, and ottoman, covered in French tapestry and gilt—£54 12s. A Louis XV. writing table, with cylinder front of rosewood and tulipwood inlaid, and mounted with chased ormolu—£714 (Wertheimer.) A winged cabinet of red buhl, with open doors at each side, mounted with ormolu—£42. A Louis XV. library table of tulipwood, mounted with ormolu—£38 17s. A Louis XV. table of rosewood and tulipwood mounted with ornaments and borders of chased metal gilt—£42. The total of the 137 lots amounted to £2,261.

Every print collector is well acquainted with the most brilliant of the early works of the late Samuel Cousins, his mezzotint after Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture of "Master Lambton." The painting was exhibited in 1825, and Cousins, then quite a young man, engraved it immediately afterwards. Plate and picture alike captivated the public; Lawrence never had a better subject for his art, in which a real sense of beauty and an extraordinary power of draughtsmanship were crossed with a curious strain of weakness. The pretty, Byronic child, his velvet suit open at the neck, is seated on the top of the cliff, leaning his head on his hand, and meditating with wide-open eyes. In the original plate is quoted Byron's line, "To sit on rocks and muse o'er flood and fell;" and, indeed, the sentiment of the whole picture is the sentiment of "Childe Harold." Cousins' plate has shared and increased the fame of the picture; it is now rare and very valuable. Consequently it has at last received the high honour of imitation from a first-rate hand. M. Charles Waltner, the celebrated etcher, has entered into rivalry with it, and his etching deserves almost the same admiration which is commonly bestowed on the mezzotint. It is no easy task to reproduce in etching the rich softness of a velvet surface; but M. Waltner has succeeded in this, not for the first time. We are not surprised that his plate has already been bought up with some eagerness; before long it will be rare, like its predecessor. We may add that the publishers are Messrs. Obach, of Cockspur street, in conjunction with Messrs. Mawson, Swan and Morgan, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The picture is still in the possession of the Earl of Durham, for whose family it was painted.