

paign of Austerlitz, the title of each subject being cut on the dividing ring. Three thousand figures, each three feet high, were thus sculptured on the plinth, which sprung from a pedestal twenty-one feet high, decorated on its four faces with military trophies and bearing at each corner a Napoleonic eagle, with wings half spread, as if in the act of rising from the earth. On the railings surrounding the column the veterans of the *Grande Armée* hung, in August last—for the last time—their usual wreaths of immortelles in memory of the *Empereur*, who had done so much for France, and for whose memory France now seems to care so little.

THE FASHION PLATE.

The fashion-plate on our first page shows a new arrangement for summer *pelerines* intended more especially for sea-side wear. The material is white serge, trimmed with white fringe, and gathered at the back with three bows of lustrine. A bow of the same is placed on each side of the head and another covers the hook and eye fastening at the throat.

VIEWS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Our readers have been furnished in the Rev. Mr. Dawson's admirable papers on British Columbia with so much interesting information respecting the colony that is shortly to form a part of the Dominion, that it is quite unnecessary to say much of the country. The two views we produce represent the southern boundary line between the colony and the United States, and the scenery at Hospital Point, near Esquimaux, in Vancouver's Island.

THE DON VALLEY, TORONTO.

The vicinity of Toronto is certainly anything but rich in picturesque scenery. The city itself is beautifully laid out, it has broad streets and many handsome buildings—in fact owes its beauty entirely to Man, for Dame Nature, in granting it a commodious position as a lake-port, seems to have deemed nothing more necessary for its success.

Yet there is one spot in the vicinity of "Muddy York" which all visitors to the "Queen City of the West" should make a point of visiting. The valley of the Don, a winding stream that flows on the east of the city, offers the prettiest bit of landscape in the neighbourhood, and is deserving of far more attention from lovers of the picturesque than it usually attracts. The sketch we reproduce on another page is a faithful representation of the scene in the valley of the Meander of Eastern Ontario.

"THE POND."

We are glad (says the *Illustrated London News*, from whose pages we copy this picture,) to recognise in the treatment of rustic subjects by Mr. Dobson an exceptional freedom from those faults of taste too commonly chargeable to English painters, to which we have adverted in our notice this week of the Academy Exhibition. The drawing by Mr. Dobson, in the exhibition of the Old Water-Colour Society, which has supplied the present Fine-Art Illustration, will, we think, bear out our commendation of this artist. It truly reflects rustic child-life in its unconscious simplicity and innocence. The subject is one which the artist or anyone may have often seen; and Mr. Dobson has simply painted what he saw. He does not make heroes of his little Surrey or Sussex peasants; he does not invent for them any extravagantly tragic or comic situation. They amuse themselves after their childish fashion; but they do not act at the spectator. There is, in short, nothing more extraordinary in the picture than in the reality; and the artist does not seek to attract attention to his own cleverness. No doubt the pure and reverent feeling with which Mr. Dobson has handled religious themes of high aim serves to guide his taste in engaging our sympathies for the lowliest subjects in country life, to which a painter could address himself. But all sincere art is in some sense religious; it is self-humiliating and self-forgetting worship, implied by the artist's silently displaying his admiration for the beauties of all the Creator's works.

RED SEA TORTOISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.—The *Gazette di Messina* recounts the capture of a monster turtle, or sea tortoise, a denizen of the Indian Ocean, supposed to have availed itself of the Suez Canal to abandon the coral beds of the Red Sea, and pay a visit to the shores in Sicilian waters, within the jurisdiction of Scylla and Charybdis. When first descried by the Calabrese fishermen it was taken for a capsize launch or coasting craft, but on nearing the same, a tremendous hideous serpent-like head came forth from the crustaceous body of the monster of the deep, and drew such a breath as to resemble an equinoctial blast, preparatory to taking a dive. After the first alarm was over, one Massaniello, possessing the undaunted valour of the Percibero, his namesake, encouraged his companion to attack it with a harpoon, and with such success, that breaking their oars they were unable to check its onward course, and after giving it the full length of a stout topline, it was only after a brisk tow of the boat, extending in distance 10 kilometres, the turned turtle slackened speed, and they contrived to land it on the shore of Villa San Giovanni, where it remained on view for many days, as no vehicle sufficiently large was to be found on the spot for transporting it to a fair in the interior, which it has finally reached, and the fishermen have made a rich collection by exhibiting it to the thousands of amazed spectators. The harpoon seems to have penetrated the softer part of the neck, which accounts for its capture and destruction. The shell will be forwarded to the Exhibition of Marine Productions at Naples.

JUST IN TIME.—Mark Lemon mislaid a £20 note. Search was made everywhere for the missing treasure, but it could not be found. I had burnt some papers, and it was shrewdly suspected that I had swept the note into the fire. By-and-by I found a sheet of note-paper with "Truly yours, Mark Lemon," written upon it. "Is this the autograph for the young lady who wrote to you this morning?" I asked. "Yes." "Then you have put the £20 note in the envelope instead of your autograph." "Impossible!" I rushed to the bar and was just in time to examine the letters; and sure enough, as I had guessed, I found the note. What would the young lady have thought of Mark Lemon's reply had she received the other more remarkable autograph which was so near being posted to her?—*Hutton's Reminiscences of Mark Lemon.*

FLAMBOROUGH FALLS.

There is much of sameness in the scenery of Western Canada. One travels over a little eminence of easy grade, goes down a somewhat steep hill, crosses a bridge, which has been made to cross some "creek" or river, and then he finds himself in a village with a flouring and grist mill, perhaps a saw mill and other factories. Such is the unvarying aspect of the country between Lakes Ontario and Huron on the line of travelled road, a distance of more than a hundred miles in a north-westerly direction. The Flamborough Falls, illustrated in the present number, exhibit features of a more romantic though not by any means uncommon character in Canadian scenery. They mark what geologists tell us was the rim of the old basin of Lake Ontario at a time long anterior to the present, and before its waters were brought within their present limits. The Hamilton "mountain," the Flamborough "heights," and so on eastward and southward, give unmistakable evidence of the existence at some former period of a great inland sea immensely larger than is the present Lake from which the Province west of us takes its name.

DIP YOUR RAZORS IN WARM WATER.—Recently, says the *London Medical Press*, we have professionally seen two of the worst cases of *Sycosis Contagiosa* which have ever come under our notice. Both patients were shaved by the same barber, and no doubt by the same razor as that used—for the barber acknowledges his fault—in shaving "a man with a bad chin." In one patient the yellowish scales have extended to the upper lip and sides of the face covered by hair. The vegetable nature of the disease, and the rapidity with which the seeds are transmitted from part to part, until the cryptogamic plant surrounds every hair follicle, is only too well known for repetition here. Our chief object in directing public attention to a most serious matter is, that barbers will learn, through us, to be more careful in indiscriminate shaving, and that the public seeking their aid will, for its own sake, insist upon what we hope will now become a universal practice in the barber shop: namely, the immersing the razor in warm water before applying it to the face. This is pretty sure to destroy the vegetable organism, should any exist, on the instrument. The transmission by contagion of *sycosis*, from the use of a razor employed in shaving an affected person, has been repeatedly noted.

MR. LOWE AS A BIBLICAL COMMENTATOR.—A story is still current at Oxford, which, if true, shows how early in life the financial abilities of Mr. Lowe developed themselves. It appears that the future Chancellor, when "in for greats," had to write an account of the revolt of the ten tribes, and that he jumped at the opportunity of asserting his own peculiar views, and at the same time white-washing the much-maligned Rehoboam. Rehoboam, so explained Mr. Lowe to his examiners, was a wise and far-seeing young man. Under his father, Solomon, the Civil List had been reckless, and a vast sum had been spent in the building of the Temple and in the promotion of an unremunerative trade with Tarshish. Accordingly, Rehoboam, finding that he succeeded to an enormous deficit, and should have to borrow to meet even the interest upon the unfunded and floating debt of the kingdom, resolved not only to impose an income tax of four geras in the shekel, but also at once to collect ten years' taxes in advance. This sound financial policy it was which, being denounced as a chastisement with scorpions, led to the revolt of the tribes, and to the election of Jeroboam (who had a harum-scarum budget of his own) as King of Israel; and it is said that from this view of sacred history not the severest cross-examination, inflicted by all four examiners at once, would induce Mr. Lowe to shrink for a moment. There is, we know, a rule at Oxford that a story need not be true if only it be characteristic. But of the present story we can only say that to the stamp of verisimilitude it adds the unanimous consent of tradition.—*Observer.*

Without wishing it, nor caring anything for the honour, the Commune has made an archaeological discovery. In constructing a barricade across the Rue de Rivoli, near the Place de la Concorde, a portion of the ramparts built by Louis XIII., 250 years ago was exposed to view. Louis only extended the old limits on this side of Paris, but by the great curve he pushed out from the Porte St. Denis to the Place de la Concorde he added a considerable piece to the city; for the old wall out straight across where the centre of the Place du Carrousel now is; and, just where a few crumbling bits of his new ramparts have now been discovered, they became very celebrated in a way which is strangely in accordance with these present days. An ex-valet, named Renart, had obtained permission to establish a *cabaret* in the Tuileries gardens, and to his *cabaret* he adjoined a terrace, now that of the *Jeu de Paume*, and which commanded the city walls, and allowed those who strolled upon it to look over into the alleys of the Cours-la-Reine. During the war of the Fronde, when Paris was besieged by the royal troops, *Sieur Renart's cabaret* was a great place of resort; and while the soldiers of the royal army were camping on the heights of Chaillot, all the principal seigneurs and citizens of the party of the Fronde congregated at the ex-valet's, and from thence followed all the movements of the troops, just as the people of Paris have done lately from the heights of the Trocadero and the eminence of the Arc de Triomphe.—*Queen.*

The intimidation of informers seems to have been made quite a scientific study by the Fenians of Westmeath; witness the following instance of artful ingenuity:—A man who was known to have given information against some persons implicated in the Fenian movement was observed one day drinking or drawing water at a certain holy well, said to be the residence of a sacred trout. The opportunity was too good to be neglected. A dead trout was procured and placed in the well, and the neighbourhood was forthwith invited to behold a miracle. The thing was plain. The fish had been unable to live in water which had reflected the features of an informer. The trout was fished out—inquiry into the identity of the body being for the time waived—fixed on the top of a pole, and carried at the head of a large procession of sympathizers, who immediately proceeded to murder the delinquent. This act of righteous vengeance was not, however, fully consummated, for the police interfered, and with some difficulty rescued the man at that stage of the process when the subject is described, in the dialect of the country, as being "kilt."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The High, Low, and Broad Church parties of England are designated as "Attitudinarians," "Platitudinarians," and "Latitudinarians."

METHODISM IN ROME.—It is confidentially stated that a Methodist chapel is about to be erected in the city of Rome.

Gerolt, who has represented the Berlin Government at Washington for over twenty-five years, and is now, at his own request, recalled, leaves Sir Edward Thornton the senior member of the diplomatic corps.

By an amusing error (of the press of course) which occurred in a late edition of a popular English grammar, the variations of the verb to chide were given as follows: Present infinitive—To chide. Past infinitive—I chide. Past infinitive—To have chidden!

It is said that the Empress Eugénie has presented to Lady Burgoyne (wife of Sir John Burgoyne, in whose yacht, the "Gazelle," she escaped from France and landed safely at Rye,) a costly gold locket, set with diamonds, with a most exquisite likeness of her Majesty inclosed, as a souvenir of that memorable voyage to England.

A Philadelphia sausage manufacturer gives the following recipe for making Bologna sausage: Take an eel-skin and stuff it with ground cat or dog; season it with Scotch snuff and persimmon oil; lay it on a hog-pen to dry, and hang it in a grocery store for three months for the flies to give it the trade-marks.

The arrangements for the excursion of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts editors, in July, have been completed. They will leave Boston on the 10th for Mount Mansfield, Vt., and will visit St. Albans and Montreal. Returning to New York, Vt., on the 13th, the party will there break up, but many will go to the White Mountains and fill out the week.

The Empress Augusta has been in a state of profound mental distress, for a year past, at the disappearance, periodically, of her most valuable articles of jewellery. None of the police could discover the thief; but, a few weeks since, one of the Empress's little grandchildren was found to be the culprit. The child had taken the jewels for the benefit of her large family of dolls.

A harmless reporter's blunder has caused no inconsiderable amusement at Westminster. An M. P. in the course of his speech spoke of the Glasgow Irish, which expression was printed the next morning as—Irish. The blank may be filled in with the same adjective that is used before the heath on which the witches in *Macbeth* figure.

In a late speech on Woman's Rights, the lady orator, led away by enthusiasm, exclaimed, "It is well known that Solomon owed his wisdom to the number of his wives!" Another lecturer, going further still, moved that women should be entrusted with commissions in the navy, to which a deep, gruff nautical voice amongst the audience responded with the observation that "Lot's wife was an old salt, you-know."

The official hat of the Mayor of Red Wing, Minn., is a white silk hat of a style worn before fashion plates were invented, and indescribable. It bears the autograph signatures of the several mayors, and upon the crown, inside, is inscribed this suggestive motto and advice: "Fret not thy gizzard." It is the custom of the council in that goodly city, on the induction of a mayor into office, to present him with this hat, as the sole distinguishing mark of his office.

The other evening a large crowd gathered at the station at Inverness to see the identical horse which the Emperor Napoleon rode at Sedan, and which was passing through on its way to Tarbat, having become the property of the Duke of Sutherland. The horse is of a dark grey colour, six years of age, and not of very large size, but firm and symmetrical.

Perhaps it may be worth mentioning, as showing the direction in which the wind is blowing, that Lord Rosebery intends to ask Government whether they will introduce a bill this year to deal with the patronage in Scotland, in other words, to take the presentation to livings out of the hands of patrons, and vest it in the free choice of the people. Such a measure would be equivalent to disestablishment.

The workmen employed at the Vendôme Column are evidently anxiously to prolong the demolition, and the old cry of "Treason" may be heard now and then to emanate from the few who are in real earnest. Some of the most ruby-coloured operatives engaged in the work have constituted themselves into a kind of vigilance guard, to watch that no deception be practised, and that they be not defrauded of their rights. They have vowed that this monument of tyranny shall come down, "together with the Nelson monument in Trafalgar-square, and the Duke of Wellington's statue at Hyde Park-corner!" [*Sic.*]—*Court Journal.*

In an amusing letter which Lord Lyttelton has written, with respect to a statement in the *Times*, "that, if readers could hear Lord Lyttelton speak they would wonder he could be reported at all," his lordship says he is in the truly deplorable predicament that no one can report what he says, and no one can read what he writes. His lordship is quite right about the latter point, and it will support his argument and refresh his memory to recall the fact that when the last Reform Bill was before the House of Lords, Lord Lyttelton gave notice of an amendment to the effect that no one should have a vote who could not write his own name legibly. The notice was handed in writing to the Clerk of the House, who was unable, it is said, to decipher the signature attached to it, and could not, therefore, say to which noble lord to attribute it.

The *Brazil and River Plate Mail* says that at Pichicani (Peru) there happened an extraordinary occurrence in the form of a meteor, which suddenly fell from the sky. It was balloon shaped, of a red colour, with the pointed end towards the earth, which as soon as it touched an explosion took place, leaving a dense cloud, injuring the roofs of several huts, and knocking down a fence for 500 years, belonging to the farm of Morocco-haque. Among the stones heaped around by this aerolite were found recently dead fishes of different species, which are supposed to have been lifted out of the river. Similar events have happened near Huacochullo and Atucachi, causing great fright to the people.