

It was hard to drag oneself away from Madame Rivé-King's concert to resume one's position aloft in the gallery and listen to the land-lubbers down below. Her charming selection was faultlessly executed, Chopin, Mendelssohn and Liszt being among the chosen composers; but the audience remained cold. Miss Carrie E. Mason, the fortunate possessor of a good mezzo-soprano voice, was the vocalist, and was accompanied by Mr. Ernest Whyte, a young pianist of this city. The house was a poor one in numbers. Montreal was once called "the showman's graveyard." Ottawa may not inaptly be dubbed "the artist's despair." Rensenji passed by us the other day, and well he might, whilst Madame Carreno has played to the four walls.

We are promised a treat, viz. Miss Geneviève Ward for the 22nd and 23rd inst. Meanwhile we must be thankful for an invasion of minstrels, black and otherwise, and "Patience" by the Boston Opera Company *alias* the Holmans.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ON our front page we give an engraving of the beautiful picture of the gypsy girl by M. Ernest.

DR. RYSESON'S portrait will be found fully described elsewhere. Owing to an accident this portrait, which should have appeared in our last issue was delayed until the present. In the half page underneath the portrait is depicted a quarrel amongst Bavarian mountaineers over the old bone of contention, "woman," to which the artist has given the appropriate title of jealousy, and which explains itself.

THE carnival which took place on Tuesday at the Victoria Rink was one of the most successful ever given, although the directors promise for that to come on Wednesday next even greater attractions. Seldom have a gayer crowd been collected on the ice, even in that home of gay crowds, and the dresses were even more than usually handsome. The names of those who took part in the carnival have already been published in the daily papers, and many of the principal costumes will no doubt be recognized in the illustration which our artist has made of the scene. In the foreground may be recognized the figure of the deservedly popular President of the Rink, Mr. F. C. Henshaw, while Mr. Weston, who designed the very beautiful decorations and ice effects, may be recognized in the Hamlet who soliloquizes in the top corner. "Oscar ye Wilde" and "Oscar ye Wilde's brother" with their sunflowers and other appropriate "aestheticisms" are also there with many other figures whose identity our readers must puzzle out for themselves. The decorations, already alluded to, were very beautiful, the play of the electric light, with its prismatic changes of color on the beautiful ice obelisks was a sight which none could afford to miss, and reflected great credit on the designer and the directors as well as much radiance on the scene itself.

THE illustrations on and near the Coulonge River come to us from Pere Paradis, the indefatigable Roman Catholic missionary, whose travels amongst the shantymen would make a book of themselves. He describes them as follows:—"View on the Coulonge River nine miles from its mouth. At this point are found the highest of the mountains which skirt this great river. These peaks, once covered with venerable pines, now only present to the view arid rocks on which remain but the traces of their majestic forests in the bare trunks left by the ravages of axe and fire. Porcupine Lake and Mountain, near the Coulonge River, two hundred miles from Ottawa. This view was taken from the cabin of Nouti Teipaiatik. The sleighs which are crossing the lake on the ice, are laden with hay and provisions for the shantymen of Messrs. Perley and McLaughlin. The cost of conveyance is very great, as a ton of hay which sells for \$10 at Fort Coulonge on the Ottawa, is worth \$40 by the time it is delivered at its destination. In order to avoid being put to such expense, Mr. McLaughlin has resolved to abandon shantying on the upper Coulonge until he shall have got into working order a farm sufficiently large to supply all these necessities, a task for the completion of which probably four or five years will be required. The McLaughlin shanties are the most distant on the missionary route. They are situated 250 miles north-west of Ottawa, and while in that town we left but six inches of snow, on the upper Coulonge we found five feet. Winter Quarters of Nouti Teipaiatik, native town Algonquin. This cabin is situated upon Porcupine Lake (Coulonge R.) There are in this place 3 families of Algonquins, occupied in hunting cariboo, beaver, etc. The cariboo hunting was very successful this year, as many as four having fallen in a single day on more than one occasion.

THE loss of the *Bahama* and the fate of its unhappy crew is fresh in the memory of all our readers. According to the account given by one of the passengers rescued by the *Glenmorag* the *Bahama* was abandoned on February 10th in a heavy sea, and two boats were lowered. The captain's boat contained seventeen persons. It was swamped shortly after leaving the ship

and two or three persons were seen to swim back to the vessel, but it was impossible to tell if they succeeded in getting on board. Three of the crew refused to leave the ship, preferring to take their chances by remaining on board, as the two boats were so heavily loaded. At five p.m. we sighted a barque, but do not think she saw us. On leaving the ship the captain gave us our course and said we were about 550 miles from New York. On the 11th, at 12.30 p.m., we saw a ship, which proved to be the *Glenmorag*, and we were taken on board. The *Bahama* was a large brig-rigged screw steamer of 1004 tons, built at Stockton, Eng., in 1861, and owned by the Quebec and Gulf Ports Steamship Co., and plied between New York and the West Indies. She was formerly on the route between Halifax, St. Johns, Nfld., and New York, her last trip from the first named port being on the 3rd ult. Capt. Astwood was formerly in command of the *Canima*.

THE scene on the arrival of an emigrant ship at Castle Garden is such as can be seen weekly in New York. The artist has given several characteristic phases of the scene from the landing of the strangers to their selection by various employers, who, armed with proper recommendations, without which no one is allowed to make engagements with the new-comers, pick out those suited for their purpose and bargain for their services.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

MESSRS. S. M. Pettengill and Co., newspaper advertising agents, were amongst the sufferers by the late fire in Park Row, but have resumed operations at No. 263 Broadway, with every facility for the transaction of their business.

THE frontispiece portrait of Mr. Cable in the February *Century* is followed in the present number by a half-length of Mr. W. D. Howells, painted by Mr. F. P. Vinton, and engraved by Mr. W. B. Closson. "Broken Banks and Lax Directors" in the subject of a paper of the widest commercial interest by John Burroughs. The illustrated material is especially noticeable. Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote's third paper on Mexican life is entitled "From Morelia to Mexico City on Horseback." It is illustrated in a refined and striking manner by the author. "A Ramble in Old Philadelphia" (Miss Elizabeth Robins) includes seven picturesque and delicate etchings by Pennel. Mr. Lelands contributes an original ballad in Roman and in English—"To Trinali." Mr. Richard Grant White, in his first paper on "Opera in New York," in a readable style and with much interesting anecdote, trace the beginnings of the musical drama in America. Winter sports are the subject of two illustrated papers in this number: "The Black Bear," by Charles E. Ward, an experienced bear-hunter of New Brunswick, and "The Danish Skate-sail," by T. F. Hammer, who gives practical directions for the manufacture and management of this spirited means of locomotion, which will probably be adopted on American ice. A portrait of Ligh Hunt (engraved by T. Johnson) accompanies a wholesome paper by his friend, Mary Cowden-Clarke, including some unpublished letters of the poet's. Some excellent architectural drawings of the Union League Club Decorations are given, with a short critical paper.

The unillustrated papers include a scholarly and unpartisan study of Lord Beaconsfield, by Professor James Bryce, the historian and member of Parliament, which is a solid contribution to political biography. Under the caption "Bryant and Longfellow" are reprinted some early letters of the two poets, showing the literary relations existing between them—"Brother Sesostrius," Julia D. Whiting, is a vigorous character-sketch of New England farm life. In Mrs. Burnett's novel, "Through One Administration," the reader obtains characteristic glimpses of Washington life—a suggestion of the heroine as a possible member of the lobby, etc. The poems of the number are by Margaret J. Preston, Mary W. Plummer, W. F. Smyth, David L. Proudft, and Ella C. White.

SWITZERLAND* has had many historians, but of all the books written and printed upon that wonderful little republic we can not call to mind one which can be classed as a popular history. Some of them are too elaborate in detail, others, are too strongly interlarded with political dissertations and others still are partial or imperfect in their treatment. What has been needed is a bright, well written story of the country, not too wide in scope or diffuse in treatment; a work which should give an idea not only of the various and succeeding stages of historic development through which it has passed, but a fair account of its present condition. For the past fifty years Switzerland has been overrun in the travelling season by visitors, a large number of whom are Americans, and the letters which are written home find place in hundreds of American newspapers, descriptive of its scenery, climate and people have made all these familiar to those who have been obliged to remain all their lives on this side the water. But Switzerland has something more to recommend it to those who read than its mere physical features, its waterfalls and lakes, its mountains and glaciers. There is as great a charm in its political independence, and in the history of the

causes which led to it. As has been remarked, Switzerland may be considered an epitome of civilized Europe; all the parties, the theories, the expectations and the pretensions which agitate larger States may be seen here, making it a country as remarkable among the States of the Old World for its moral as well as its physical peculiarities. Miss Mackenzie has been a close student of the history of the country, and her volume deserves a prominent place in our literature. It is very fully illustrated, and bound uniform with the previous issues of this series, India and Egypt.

We take pleasure in calling attention to the advertisement in our columns of the mammoth Seed-house of D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich., the most extensive seed dealers in the country, whose business has been built up entirely through the quality and purity of the Seeds they supply, and who have thus obtained the confidence and patronage of the public as reliable Seedsmen. Their Annual Catalogue for 1882, containing a vast amount of useful information suited to all who have a flower or vegetable garden, can be obtained from them free on application.

ONORATA RODIANA.

There is a very interesting story told of an artist of Cremona, Onorata Rodiana,—who, while still a young maiden, acquired such fame as a painter that she was summoned by the Marquis Gabrino Fondolo, called the "Tyrant of Cremona," to decorate some rooms in his palace.

One day, as Onorata was mounted on a ladder, working at a wall-painting, a young courtier passing through the room began to tease her; but, his banter degenerating into rudeness, she came down from the ladder and tried to run away from him. He pursued her, however, and caught her, when, in her fright, she drew a dagger from her belt and stabbed him fatally. Seeing what she had done, and fearing the wrath of the Marquis Fondolo, she hastened to put on the disguise of a boy's dress, and fled to the mountains. She there fell in with a band of *condottieri*: the life of these men, half-soldier and half-brigand in its character, so fascinated Onorata that she at once consented to become one of their number, glad of the chance afforded her to make herself acquainted with the grand mountain scenery and the careless jollity of life in its wilds. She soon shewed so much daring and skill, that she was made an officer in the band and held a post of command.

When the "Tyrant of Cremona" heard of the affray between the courtier and the maiden, and of her crime and flight, he was furious, and threatened to hunt her to the very death; but so skillfully had she concealed her identity as to baffle all his efforts to track her. After a time, as he could find no other suitable artist to complete the paintings which Onorata Rodiana had begun, he declared a full pardon for her if she would return to the palace and finish her works. The news of this pardon was spread throughout the surrounding country, and when Onorata heard of it, she gladly laid aside her sword to resume her palette and brushes. She completed her task, but the exciting life she had led among the mountains had taken such a hold upon her fancy, that she returned to it and to the outlawed companions who had learned to respect and love her.

Again and again she left them, only to return each time, for her heart and life were divided between her beloved art and her romantic soldiering. At last, when her native village of Castellone, near Cremona, was laid siege to, Onorata led her band to its relief, and drove away the enemy. But she rescued her birthplace at the cost of her life; for she was mortally wounded in the conflict, and died soon after, within sight of the home of her childhood. I believe that she is the only woman who has ever been successful as both an artist and a soldier; and I am sorry that I can find no works of hers of which a picture may be given here. Her story is well authenticated in history, and she died about the year 1472.—*St. Nicholas*.

NOTES ON READING.

It is said that it is hard to select books to read now on account of the number written on almost every conceivable subject. But there seems after all to be little difficulty in the selection of books, if our purpose is clear. Before beginning to read, every man should inquire what he really has need of. Perhaps it would be best at first, if there is some book about which he is curious, to obtain it, especially if he is in a strait about his choice. When he gets such a book he is most likely to improve by it, for curiosity lends an additional stimulus to study. Yet, above all things should a man be careful to cultivate good taste. He must make a distinction between true and false taste, and abide by that distinction. There are some books which will lead a man over a universe of thought in a few pages, there are some which minister to sensual feelings, and there are some which tempt him to swallow spicy things, instead of good solid matter; all alike are to be rejected. Let him read those books which, by the judgment of the best critics and the opinion of those best educated, are most worthy of consideration, and he is almost sure never to go wrong. But always read with a purpose. Without it reading is but sauntering and not exercise. More good can be got from a book on which time and thought are expended for a definite end, than in skimming over a whole library with a wandering eye. Be

accurate, and remember that familiar acquaintance is often mistaken for thorough knowledge. "Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking that makes what we read ours."

THE BABY'S AUTOGRAPH.

They gave it to me at Christmas—the pretty new autograph album—and I was very proud of it; the binding was so gay, and the white, gilt-edged sheets so spotlessly pure. I could hardly make up my mind who should dedicate that album, or what verse was grand enough to be inscribed on its pages; and before I had quite decided baby found it! She had toddled into the parlor and taken it down from the table before we missed her, and was sitting cross-legged, like a Turk, with the precious book on her lap. That would not have been worth recording, and I would not value my album beyond price now if were all. But she had a pencil—for she dearly loved to scribble on bits of paper—and she had made her mark on the front leaf (the title page) of my beautiful book. She had made a dozen marks, criss-cross, and zig-zag, and there she sat, her bright hair tossed down over her face, her little demure mouth pursed up, her blue eyes full of mischief, half-shy, half-defiant and we three women looked at her.

"Oh, you naughty, naughty baby!" I cried; "you've just ruined my new album, you bad little thing!"

"Bless her dear little heart," said my mother; "doesn't she make a picture?"

"Whip her?" said Aunt Harriet in a vindictive tone. She had no children of her own and knows just how to bring up other people's. I was angry enough to do so, and had made one step forward intending to wrest the book out of the clasping baby hands, and then—what! beat my own child? I was saved that degradation by my own good mother, who shook her head at me over Aunt Harriet's shoulder.

How long is it since Christmas! Count my heart-throbs, I should say years! It is only a couple of months and to-day I would give, oh! what would I not give to have those little hands doing their sweet mischief. Peace, foolish heart! "He giveth his beloved rest." The baby is gone but when I look at the little short lines that dedicate my album—the sweetest, saddest lines to me that were ever written—soon ended like her little life—I am glad that I took her in my arms, kissed the rosebud lips, and put the book away without one reproving word—glad that I caused no angry feelings in that baby heart or left memories of myself that would have power to wound!

That is why all the leaves of my new album are bland—pure, spotless, just like the fair page of her little life was; but you who think these characters on the dedicating page unmeaning, have never had the key to them. Mothers can tell what they are. Angels will be glad over this record without blot or stain. There is no handwriting so fine that I would exchange it for the baby's autograph; as for us:

"Our lives are albums written through

With good or ill, with false or true,

And as the blessed angels turn

The pages of our years;

God grant they read the good with smiles

And blot the bad with tears."

—*Detroit Free Press*.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MR. BRADLAUGH has been re-elected for Northampton.

THE Anglo-French commercial negotiations are in a favourable position.

GEN. GRANT has been placed on the retired list of the United States Army.

THE coronation of the Czar of Russia has been postponed till September.

HESSY HELFMANN, the Nihilist, has died in the St. Petersburg fortress.

GENERAL SKOBELOFF intends to join the Herzegovinian insurgents.

HANLAN and Trickett row on the Thames on the 1st of May for £500 a side.

THE Jewish Alliance of Vienna is aiding the migration to America of 1,300 Russian Jews.

THE Queen's monument to the late Earl Beaconsfield has been erected in Hughenden Church.

THE trial of persons charged with contributing to the Ring Theatre disaster is fixed for the 2nd of May.

THE Knapper House, Winnipeg, was destroyed by fire early on Thursday morning. Loss \$100,000.

IT is announced that the Russian Czar will resign after his coronation unless the state of the country improves.

THE facts elicited at the examination of MacLean at Windsor on Friday, leaves little doubt that the man is insane.

IMPORTANT arrests have been made in connection with the discovery of an immense secret printing house in Odessa.

MR. PARNELL has been undergoing a week's solitary confinement in Kilmalham for endeavouring to smuggle a letter out of the jail.

THE woman Furneaux and her accomplice Gething have been committed for trial for frauds carried on by personating Lord Arthur Pelham Clinton.

*Switzerland. By Harriet Slidel-Mackenzie. Lothrop's Library of Entertaining History. Arthur Gilman, editor. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.50.