

The text is embellished with a finely-engraved portrait. Dr. Felix L. Oswald gives a graphic description of the great barranca of Jorullo; and Edward King sketches with his usual vigor "Hungarian Types and Austrian Pictures." Both these articles are well illustrated. "Women's Husbands," a series of brilliant sketches of American society, is continued, as is also Miss Olney's delightful novel, "Through Winding Ways." "The Colonel's Venture" is a Virginia story, by Rebecca Harding Davis; and "Carrie Fane," a pleasant New England sketch, by Mary N. Prescott. There could hardly be a more pathetic story of real life than that which is set before us with full details in "The Latter Days of the Blennerhassets." "In a Cabinet," by Frederic M. Bird, depicts the Roman emperors and their families in connection with numismatics. There is a lively sketch of Lord Beaconsfield's career, and a pleasant account of the school at which the "Daughters of the Legion of Honour" are educated; with other short and amusing papers that help to render the number highly readable and attractive.

THE marvelous beauty of the illustrated magazines of this country is attracting attention throughout the world. The edition of Scribner in England has doubled within a few months. The London correspondent of the *New-York Times* says: "The whole lot of magazine annuals (English) put together, are not equal in pictorial art to a single number of Scribner's Monthly." But the price at which these magazines are sold is even a greater marvel. For example, a single number of Scribner, "The Midwinter Number," just issued, has a full-page frontispiece portrait of Emerson, of rare excellence, and contains one hundred and sixty pages of letter-press, with more than seventy illustrations; many of which are works of art such as before the advent of Scribner appeared only in gift-works and purely art magazines, and yet it is sold for 35 cents. It would be difficult to find an illustrated book to match it at \$5. The subscribers for the current year, get, in Scribner, not only four of these full-page portraits of American Poets, and nearly two thousand pages of text (equal to 5,000 book pages) of the choicest current literature, with more than 1,000 illustrations, including a completed novel, "Haworth's," by Mrs. Burnett, but shorter stories, poems, reviews, descriptions of travel, biographical sketches, etc., and also the splendid series of papers and pictures of exploration in the great South American empire of Brazil, delivered free of postage, and all for four dollars.

In Children's Periodicals, too, America leads the world with *St. Nicholas*. Prof. Proctor the astronomer, writes from London: "What a wonderful magazine it is for the young folks! Our children are quite as much delighted with it as American children can be. I will not say they are more delighted, as that may not be possible." *St. Nicholas* is sold for 25 cents a number, and fourteen numbers (November, 1878 to 1880) are given for \$3. At first glance one would say, literature, art, and cheapness can no further go—but in this country intelligence is so widespread, and artistic culture is so extended, that there is scarcely any end to the demand for such magazines as Scribner's for grown-ups and *St. Nicholas* for children, and, as the sale of these publications increases their conductors will no doubt continue to add new features of excellence and attraction.

Every loyal heart in the Dominion has welcomed to Canada the Marquis of Lorne and his Royal Consort, the Princess Louise. No more fitting souvenir of their coming can be possessed than a picture placed in a conspicuous position, bearing their likenesses. This want has been supplied by L. A. Kendall, publisher of this city, who has issued the portraits engraved on one sheet in ovals, side by side, with ornamental border, forming a beautiful picture. The artist, F. T. Stuart, is one of the best engravers in the United States. The engraving is printed on heavy plate paper, suited to frames, at the low price of twenty-five cents. We recommend our readers to send their orders to the publisher.

EPIHEMERIDES.

I find the following exquisite anecdote in a biographical notice attached to a recent volume containing a number of the letters of Berlioz, the French Wagner.

Berlioz was a candidate for the Academy, and one of his friends, M. Alexandre, supported him warmly. A great point was to secure the suffrage of Adolphe Adam, the author of "Le Postillon de Lonjumeau," and many other masterpieces of light opera.

Alexandre began by betwining Berlioz who was unwilling to make any advances. "Come, come, you must step up to Adam. You can't deny that he is a musician."

"I do not deny it," replied Berlioz. "But why does Adam, who is a great musician, persist in sticking to opera comique. My dear sir, if he wished, he could write as fine music as I do."

Proud of this first conquest, Alexandre goes to Adam.

"My dear friend, you must cast your vote for Berlioz. Although you do not agree with him, you know as well as I do that he is a musician."

"Certainly, a great musician," answered Adam, adjusting his glasses, "a very great musician, only his music is dreary. If he wished, he could do as well as I do."

When Bonnat, the French painter, did that portrait of Thiers which was one of the marvels of the late Paris Exhibition, he experienced much perplexity from the occasional somnolence of his distinguished subject. Too delicate to mention the subject to the ex-President himself, he confided his embarrassment to a friend.

"Is that all?" was the reply, "I will give you an infallible cure."

And, indeed, at the next sitting, when M. Thiers began to manifest the first symptoms of "falling off," Bonnat, faithful to the programme which had been laid out for him, turned the conversation on the re-organization of the army and feigned to defend a military system contrary to the ideas of his model. M. Thiers bounded in his chair and immediately exposed his scheme with that wonderful alacrity and clearness for which he was so famous.

The painter was delighted and ever after he used the same means to arouse the torpor of the aged statesman. The result was a portrait full of character.

I have just read the following anecdote of George Sand which is declared to be authentic.

One night, at her chateau of Nohant, Madame Sand was busy writing, her pen scarcely ever rising from the paper. Suddenly she makes a vigorous dash, leaving a large blank between the lines, and traces the magic words: "The End." She then drew a long breath, and said to a guest of the chateau who had sat beside her, smoking cigarettes:

"I have done."

"How glad you must be."

Madame Sand looked up at the clock:

"I declare, it's only three o'clock. I have another hour before retiring."

And quickly taking up her pen, she began another novel!

At the annual meeting of the Quebec Literary and Historical Society, the following office-bearers were elected for the ensuing year:—

President—J. M. LeMoine.

Vice-Presidents—H. S. Scott, Dr. Boswell, Col. Strange, R. S. M. Bouchette.

Treasurer—W. Hossack.

Recording-Secretary—C. Tessier.

Corresponding-Secretary—W. Clint.

Council-Secretary—A. Robertson.

Librarian—R. McLeod.

Curator of Museum—Dr. H. Neilson.

Curator of Apparatus—F. F. Wurtelle.

Additional Members of Council—J. Whitehead, J. F. Belleau, J. Stevenson, P. Johnston.

This Society founded in 1824, at Quebec, under the auspices of His Excellency the Earl of Dalhousie, numbers now above three hundred members amongst the most educated class of the old capital. I am happy to learn that the new President, J. M. LeMoine, Esq., is fully committed to the policy of his worthy predecessor James Stevenson, Esq., Manager of the Quebec Bank, as to the publication of documents relating to the early history of Canada.

A. STEELE PENN.

DRAMATIC.

The past week has been an enjoyable one in the city. The Martinez English Opera Company distinguished itself by the production of Gilbert and Sullivan's new popular burlesque, "H. M. S. Pinafore," which was well received. Mr. Wallace, the enterprising and judicious manager, secured for our community the *primitif* of this pleasant work, by having it produced here almost simultaneously with its appearance in New York and Boston. We trust we may have a repetition of this amusing little opera, when, we are certain, the Montreal public will give it a still more generous encouragement. The Company is not great, but it is good, and specially adapted to the interpretation of comic music. It has three qualities not often found in more pretentious troupes—the choruses are excellent, the orchestra is small but well balanced, and the operas are given faithfully, without the excision of a single note. Mr. Wallace also secured the services of Miss Genevieve Ward, who is simply a great actress, and whose first appearance in Montreal would have taken place at the Academy of Music had it not been bespoken. Her representation of Queen Katherine in "Henry VIII." was magnificent, recalling, according to many of our older play-goers, Mrs. Charles Kean, who acted the part here in 1865 to her husband's Wolsey. Mr. Wallace deserves the cordial support of our citizens in his efforts to provide for them the best of artistic talent, both in opera and the drama.

SUGGESTIONS ABOUT SERVING DINNER.

We take the following from Mrs. S. W. Oakley's "Hints to Young Housekeepers," in the Midwinter Scribner:

The table should be carefully laid, — folds of the table-cloth in line, two large napkins placed at the head and foot of the table with corners to the center, every plate wiped before being set upon the table, the glass clear, the silver polished, the salt-cellars filled with fresh sifted salt. (A little stamp upon the salt improves the appearance.) When the plates are laid, two forks should be put on the left hand, a knife and a soup-spoon on the right, large spoons crossed at each salt-cellar, and salt-spoons on the top;

tumblers and wine-glasses on the right hand at each plate, a napkin folded with a piece of stale bread within its folds, the soup-plates placed in the plate at the head of the table, and the napkin in the upper one. Soup-ladle, gravy-spoon, and carving knife and fork go before the mistress; fish-trowel (if there is fish for dinner), gravy-spoon, and carving knife and fork before the master; if there is no soup, no ladle; if no fish, no trowel; if but one dish of meat, but one carving knife and fork. If you have neither fruit nor flowers, a bowl with bits of ice makes a pretty center.

The side-table should be laid with a white cloth, the silver, plates, finger-bowls, that will be needed, during dinner, arranged tastefully upon it; the castors, a pat of butter with ice upon it, and one or two spare napkins, making it a pretty object.

When the soup is on the table, let the waitress come quietly and say, "Dinner is served." A good waitress makes no noise. She will stand at the dining-room door till the family has passed in, and then take her place by her mistress to hand the soup. When the soup course is over, the waitress takes off the plates, one in each hand, and takes them to the pantry, or to a tray outside the door. Permit no piling of plates as they are taken from the table, nor allow the soiled plates to be placed on the side-table. As the soup is removed hot plates should be ready for fish or meat, and as the waitress places the hot plates before the diner, she removes the cold plate to the side-table. Fish should be served alone—no vegetables. Salad is the only thing allowable with fish. If fish be broiled, a lemon, cut in quarters, should be handed, to be squeezed upon the fish, unless fish-sauce is preferred. With salmon, thinly cut slices of cucumber, dressed with pepper, salt, and vinegar, should be served. Before the fish is removed, the fish-trowel and spoon should be taken off on a tray or plate; before the meat is removed, the carving-knife and fork and gravy-spoon should be carefully taken on a plate or tray. After the meat and plates are removed, the unused silver should be taken off, then the salt-cellars. The table being cleared, the crumbs should be taken off with a crumb-knife or with a napkin upon a plate; then the spread napkins should be taken off by the four corners.

Place upon the table the dessert-plates, and spoons, and forks, if for pudding or sweets of any kind; if for fruit, a plate with a colored doily, a finger-bowl, and a silver knife and fork. If coffee is served, it should be placed on a tray, with coffee-cups and sugar, at the head of the table. The old fashion of a polished and bare table for fruit is gone out, except where an elaborate table and men-servants are kept.

MOTHERS A LA MODE.

The fashionable woman of to-day is hardly disposed to count her children among the gods the gods give. If her first-born appeals to those instincts of maternal affection which she possesses in common with the lower animals, her nursery no sooner begins to fill than her children take their place among the plagues of life. Boys may be packed off to school when still of tender years, and the mother's responsibilities shifted to the head, or house-mistress's wife. On the rare occasions when they are seen in her company, she hugs herself in the assurance that they are mistaken for her younger brothers. They may cost her some sharp pangs; their school or college extravagance may have curtailed her pin-money, and subjected her to the discomfort of appearing twice in the same costume; but these offences are often condoned by the fact that so many other offenders are a menace into the world on their own account. They live their own lives; they do not encroach upon hers. Perhaps they achieve success, and a few languid rays of reflected lustre fall to her share; or they may make prudent marriages; and, in spite of cruelly premature grandmotherhood, she reluctantly admits that she has reason to be proud of her sons.

On the other hand, her daughters have, continuously from their cradles, been a source of anxiety and worry. They cannot in early childhood be exiled from home; they may be left in the country while she is in town, or in town when she is at Hamburg or Nice, but she dare not neglect them altogether. Selfish if to other considerations oblige her to remember that daughters are merely raw material which must be manufactured into marketable goods, or they will remain for ever on her hands. They must be educated; must have a French *bonne* in the schoolroom; distinguished professors even in their teens; dancing-masters, singing-masters, drawing-masters; their teeth must be seen to by the best dentists; their hair, their complexion, their figures as carefully tended as the points of a racehorse which carries the fortunes of its stable. She is haunted by a constant dread of what the future may have in store for them: will they grow up ugly or well-favoured; will they do stupid or silly things, marry judiciously, badly, or not at all? But these are mere passing inconveniences compared to the active annoyance the daughter occasions when duly polished and prepared, emancipated from the schoolroom, or launched forth from the high-class finishing establishment, she is ready to make her *début* in the world. Now at length the mother is brought face to face with a trouble she has hitherto only vaguely dreaded, but which at last she fully realises. She is about to be burdened with an incubus and embarrassment she cannot shake off. So far she has had it very much her

own way. Her husband has probably had his own private apartments, and makes calls of ceremony upon her like any other acquaintance. She has been safe from irksome or unwelcome intrusion, and has ordered her daily life as seems best in her own eyes. Strongly entrenched in the snug fastnesses of her cosy boudoir, with its curtained privacy and warm perfumed atmosphere, she has received her chosen intimates when and how she pleased. Secure from inconvenient and unexpected interruption, she has passed the hour of afternoon tea in an agreeable *tête-à-tête* with the cavalier or friend of the moment. The daughter's inopportune appearance upon the scene, with a claim to free *entrée* and the assumed right to be in her mother's company, threatens to put an end to all this. The woman, whether only foolishly fond of admiration or actually bad, distrusts and dislikes the girl. In the first case the new-comer is at least a nuisance and a bore. The inbred and still untainted purity of the *débutante*, her strict code of theoretical morals—all these, albeit unwittingly displayed, are a perpetual reproach to the other. In the second case the daughter is distinctly *de trop*; not only do her innocent attentions interfere with others the mother decidedly prefers, but her presence is a *gêne*. She is installed as a detective where even such an unconscious spy can be least welcome; she exercises an unintentional surveillance upon doubtful deeds, and criticises with mute involuntary protest the conversation she ought not to hear. Hence, from the first, an estrangement springs up between the pair, that soon widens into a breach. To the mother the situation is full, if not of possible peril, at least of grave present annoyance, and she staves off the danger by strict precautionary measures. Her daughter is repressed, rebuked; kept in the background; sentenced to a species of solitary imprisonment, and obliged to spend her hours wearily in her own room, denied any but a nominal part in the society of the house.

ARTISTIC.

THE death is announced of Mr. Joseph Nash, the water-colour painter, at the age of 71.

FRITH'S celebrated painting, "The Marriage of the Prince of Wales," has been sold for four hundred and fifty guineas.

M. E. TORREY, a Michigan artist now in Paris, is at work upon a picture which he will call "Custer's Last Charge."

LELOIR is said to have received eight thousand francs for decorating a fan intended for a gift at the Rothschild wedding.

GEROME still pursues his new departure into the domain of sculpture. He is now modelling a group of Aeneas with Cupid and Bacchus.

A BUST of Bayard Taylor, the work of W. Marshall Swaine, has been placed in the library room at Kennebec Square, and is pronounced a life-like work of art. Mr. Taylor had intended to have a copy in marble made for his wife.

ANOTHER mysterious disappearance of a picture. Jean Paul Laurion's "L'Excommunication du Pape Formose," which was hung in the French galleries at the Paris Exhibition, has been stolen, and no trace of it can be found by the most careful researches.

THE fine bust of Shakespeare executed for Mr. Henry Irving by the accomplished Scotch sculptor, Mr. George Ewing, has been despatched from Glasgow, and will soon adorn the vestibule of the Lyceum Theatre. The bust is in stone, the original clay having been modelled many years ago for the Shakespeare Tercentenary.

AN important picture by Meissonier, "Les Cuirassiers"—shown at the Universal Exhibition—has been bought by a Belgian amateur for 300,000 francs. It was one of the conditions of purchase that the name of the purchaser should remain unknown. "Les Cuirassiers" is a larger picture than Meissonier usually paints.

M. HIPPOLYTE P. DELAUNCY, an artist in Paris, has sent to the Lord Mayor a remarkable painting, with a request it may be sold and the proceeds given to some object of benevolence in London, at his discretion. The title of the picture is "Faith and Courage," and it illustrates the text, "And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God."

MESSRS. HACHETTE have published a splendid *Écho* edition, in six hundred and fifty pages, of the "Grand Paroisse," translated by M. de Parys, with over five hundred illustrations by Gustave Doré. Aristotle could not have wished for a worthier interpreter, and one rises from the contemplation of the pictures with a feeling of having been coursing over the grandest and strangest landscapes peopled by beings such as the ardent imagination of Aristotle could conceive.

SOME of the gems from the collection of pictures in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, are to be brought to London, and will be on view at the Winter Exhibition of Old Masters held by the Royal Academy. The works in question are three Hogarths, a Ruysdael, a Hobbema, and a Van de Welle. They have been pronounced the chief works of merit on the authority of Professor Colvill. The *Écho* says the queen will lend fifteen very choice miniatures. There will also be works by both the Overmans, and a splendid Janet, a portrait of Mary Queen of Scots. Some drawings by the old masters will also be selected from the Royal collection, and among them will be included specimens by Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Holbein.

THE Californian casket lately presented to Earl Beaconsfield is the work of Messrs. Anderson and Reardon, of San Francisco, and is made entirely of Californian materials. The body is of silver, and the ornamentation of gold and polished gold quartz. One side bears the Royal arms in mosaic relief, and the other presents a view of the harbour of San Francisco, while at one end is represented in relief an English soldier and a Goorkha, and at the other a British sailor and a Sepoy, with the mottoes, "Defence not Offence," and "Ready, Aye, Ready." On the lid are the arms and supporters of Lord Beaconsfield, done in gold, with mosaic panels, composed of gold and polished plates of gold and silver ores, and stones found on the Pacific coast. The address which the casket contains was engraved and illuminated in London, the Californians not being very skilful in those arts, and the whole is enclosed in a handsome case of Californian maple.