

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

BISHOP'S COLLEGE, LENNOXVILLE.—Bishop's College owes its existence to the earnest and untiring efforts of the late Bishop Mountain, of Quebec, seconded by the zealous exertions of others, among whom the Rev. Lucius Doolittle, formerly Incumbent of Lennoxville, was conspicuous. It is a Divinity College for the training of clergymen, and also the seat of an University, which consists of a Faculty of Divinity and a Faculty of Arts, domiciled at Lennoxville itself, and a Faculty of Medicine, established in 1870 in Montreal. The College was originally incorporated in 1846, and received its charter as an University ten years afterwards. Several men who now hold distinguished places in the State as well as in the Church, have been educated within its walls and hold its degrees. The College buildings have been recently restored, a fire, in the year 1875, having entirely destroyed the main building. In their restored state, they consist of the Principal's Lodge, on the left wing; the chapel, on the right, and the main portion—dining-hall, lecture-rooms, library, and residence rooms for the students in the centre. The chapel has just been considerably enlarged as a memorial to the late Bishops Mountain and Fulford, the Rev. L. Doolittle, and, lastly, the late Principal, Rev. Dr. Nicolls, by whom the enlargement was begun. In the same precincts with the College stands Bishop's College School, an institution founded in the year 1857, for the education of boys for whom a high-class training is desired, whether as a preparation for the universities or for commercial life. It is a school after the model of the Public Schools of England, and has in the 21 years of its existence been the temporary home of many boys, both from various parts of the Dominion and from the United States. The first Rector, or Head-Master, was the present Bishop of Quebec.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LADY ODO RUSSELL'S share of the "spoil" was the silver box in which was deposited the Great Seal of England used in signing the Treaty.

MADAME PATTI has taken a little summer residence in the heart of North Wales where the prima donna will repair for a holiday of three months.

MR. CROSS has denied all knowledge of any treaty between Germany and Holland, but the opinion gains ground that other treaties are in existence, especially in French interests.

WE are to have a new theatre in the Strand for the performance of English comic opera. Yet it is a fact that not half of those now open are paying their expenses.

IT is rumoured that the various employes in the Government offices who are known to be contributors to the Press have received an intimation that they had better be careful respecting the character of their communications.

THE will of the late Mr. Charles James Matthews, the eminent comedian, has just been proved by his widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Matthews, the sole executrix, to whom he leaves all his property. The personal estate is sworn under £20,000.

AN advertisement has appeared for a theatrical company "to proceed at once to Cyprus" to open with *Othello*. Already, it is said, the Colonial Office has been besieged with applicants for the posts of relieving officer and work-house master. A newspaper is to be started to be called the *Cyprus Chronicle*.

ANOTHER illustration is given in support of the view that the Premier's novels give an insight into his system of policy. In *Tancred*, written thirty years ago, Mr. Disraeli wrote: "The English want Cyprus, and they will take it as a compensation;" and in another place: "They will not do the business of the Turk for nothing."

THE song written by Mr. Clement W. Scott in honour of the 16th July, when Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury were welcomed home, has been set to music by Mr. W. C. Levey. It is called "Stand to your Guns!" The verses were recited at the Princess's Theatre and were received with enthusiasm.

THE gossip of the law courts points to the immediate establishment of a judicial department in the Island of Cyprus, modelled on the same plan as was put in force for Fiji when we occupied the island in the Southern Sea. Military Governors cannot act unless they have legal coadjutors beside them, and accordingly we may learn at any moment of the appointment of a Chief-Justice, an Attorney-General, and a Chief Police Magistrate of the Island of Cyprus.

IN correction of a telegram from Constantinople, stating that Baker Pasha and Colonels Blunt, Allix and Baker were the only officers remaining in the Turkish service, Admiral Hobart Pasha, writing to the papers, says:—"I and three or four other ex-English naval officers are still in the Turkish service. For my part, I mean to stick to my friends for 'weal or woe,' so long as they will allow me to have the honour of serving them."

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR GARNET WOLSELEY was anxious to take out with him Second Lieutenant E. Vincent, Coldstream Guards, on his staff to Cyprus. This young officer was specially selected on account of his knowledge of modern Greek, Italian and Hindostanee, but at the last moment his Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief found it necessary to withhold his sanction on account of Mr. Vincent not having yet completed the necessary service to qualify him for the staff.

THE Spiritualists have taken alarm at some of the evidence given before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the subject of the Lunacy Laws. The proof understood to have been produced that persons have in some cases been confined as lunatics on the strength of the singularity of their opinion, comes home to this section of society and accounts for their interest in the subject; and they have instructed a committee to inquire into the working and tendency of the Lunacy Laws, especially as they may bear upon Spiritualists.

HERETICAL notions have been held as to the beauty of Cleopatra's nose. There can scarcely be two opinions as to Cleopatra's Needle. It is dumpy: at least, it looks so where it now lies prone on the Embankment. London must congratulate itself that the Needle did not get fixed under the Victoria Tower where it would have been dwarfed. With the hideous shed known as Charing-Street Railway Station for its near background, it will not suffer by comparison in this respect; and perhaps one of these days it may even become for the metropolis a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.

EVERY one should be reminded ere the exhibition at Burlington House closes that if they ascend a rather formidable staircase, and visit some treasures of art upstairs, the existence of which seems comparatively unknown, they will be gratified. There they will find the early copy of Leonardo's fresco of the Last Supper, made in 1510, by his pupil, Marco Oggione; and also a circular bas-relief in marble of the Virgin and Child and St. John, a genuine work by Michael Angelo; and the cartoon of St. Anne, Maclise's original cartoon for the fresco of Wellington and Blucher in the House of Lords is likewise to be found in the Gibson and Diploma Gallery.

IN the picture of the Congress to be painted by Professor von Werner, Prince Gortschakoff is represented seated in an arm-chair, and is conversing, hand-in-hand with Lord Beaconsfield. Prince Hohenzoln, leaning on the arm-chair of Prince Gortschakoff, stands contemplating this spectacle with an air denoting much satisfaction, blended with a dash of irony. In the middle of the picture, slightly in advance of the table, is the principal group. Count Schouvaloff, who has just signed the treaty, is on the left of Prince Bismarck in full uniform, who congratulates him with a shake of the hand, bestowing at the same time a kindly smile on Count Andrassy, who is likewise in full regimentals. To the right of the spectator, and slightly behind the principal group, stand the three Turkish plenipotentiaries, who by their look, full of confidence, seem to thank the Marquis of Salisbury and Lord Odo Russell, standing near, for the reassuring protection which England henceforth will accord to Turkey.

VARIETIES.

SEA-BATHING.—A timely warning to those about to enjoy the summer luxury of sea-bathing. Dr. Sexton of New York finds salt water to be peculiarly irritating to the delicate membrane of the inner ear, while cold fresh water may be equally injurious. Every year hundreds of people are sent to the infirmary for treatment whose trouble has arisen from getting water into their ears while bathing, or from catching cold in the ears at such times. He recommends, as a precaution, the plugging of the ears with cotton before entering the water, particularly in surf-bathing.

ECONOMICAL.—A Boston man informs the *Globe* that he saves \$250 a year on a salary of \$1,000. He allows \$144 for rent, \$300 for food, \$75 for clothes for his wife, \$50 for clothes for himself, \$30 for theatres and concerts, \$38 for fuel and lights, \$35 for car fare, and \$30 for incidentals for himself, including an occasional cigar but no strong drink. He assures the *Globe* that he not only gets along on \$750 a year, but sits at as good a table as he wants, dresses as well as other men in his rank in life, and that his wife finds \$75 a year sufficient to keep herself in good appearance. The circumstance that she is her own dressmaker and milliner explains the secret of her being able to dress well on \$75 a year.

ONE WAY OF LEARNING TO SWIM.—Lieut. General J. E. Alexander, in view of the great numbers of lives recently lost through the inability of the unfortunate persons to swim, advocates the adoption of the following plan for teaching swimming which he says he has himself employed successfully. He writes—"Swimming may be taught in two days in this simple and inexpensive manner. A pole eight feet or ten feet long is secured and projected from the stern of a boat, an iron ring being at the end of the pole. A man rows the boat slowly in smooth water; another stands up in the boat and supports the learner by a girth round the chest and

a rope passed through the ring of the pole. He directs the learner how to make his strokes with his arms and legs (frog-like), supports him easily in the water, and gives him confidence. The third day he may dispense with the support."

FRUIT-EATING.—A very mistaken idea, writes a correspondent of a contemporary, finds a lodgment in the minds of many, otherwise sensible, persons—to wit, that summer complaints, the generic term under which the disorders peculiar to the season are known, are caused mainly by the use of fruit, and that the wise and safe plan is to prohibit its use altogether. This method, which neglects to take advantage of one of the most beneficent provisions for man's use, is detrimental to health. When fruit does harm, it is because it is eaten at improper times, in improper quantities, or before it is ripened and fit for the human stomach. A distinguished physician has said that, if his patients would make a practice of eating a couple of good oranges before breakfast from February till June, his practice would be gone. The principal evil is that we do not eat enough fruit, and that we injure its finer qualities with sugar and cream. We need the medicinal action of the pure fruit acids in our systems, and their cooling, corrective influence.

THE PRINCESS SALM SALM.—An English paper announces the death of the Princess Salm Salm. She was born at Philipsburg, December 25, 1840, Province of Quebec and her family name was Joyce; in the *Almanach de Gotha* she is described as "Agnès, daughter of the late Colonel LeClerq, or Leclair," she was well-known in the equestrian profession in this country. August 30, 1862, she married Prince Felix Constantine Alexander John Nepomucene Salm Salm, born in 1823. Him she accompanied to Mexico, where he served as General, aide-de-camp, and chief of the household of Maximilian. They returned to Europe after the downfall of the Mexican Empire, where the Princess received the order of San Carlos. Prince Felix then became a major in the Prussian Grenadiers of the Guard, and was killed August 18. His widow married two years ago a wealthy English gentleman named Heneage, who was before the courts a few months ago, vainly endeavoring to secure release from his engagements to settle upon her a certain dower and to make her an annual allowance, his complaint being that she had at her marriage concealed from him the fact that she was largely in debt. In 1875, she published parts of her own and husband's diaries kept in Mexico, and also an interesting volume entitled "Ten Years of My Life."

A MUSCULAR PRIMA DONNA.—Her face is coarse and red, and her eyes resemble those of an enraged bull when almost starting out of their sockets. She weighs nearly or quite 300 pounds, and has the muscular strength of a prize fighter. She does all her own work, and one day the impressario Morelli called to engage the well-known soprano for a season of concerts. After climbing five flights of stairs he found the giantess of a woman scrubbing the sixth flight, and when she was interrupted she turned on him in a perfect fury. "What do you want?" said she to the oily impressario, whose gentle voice begged to pass.

"I wish to see Frau Wilt," responded the director, "and would thank you to—"

"Not if I know it," cried the soprano, putting her arms akimbo and glowering down on Morelli. "First, what do you want of her?"

"My good woman, I don't know that is any of your business," said Mr. Morelli, "but if you will let me pass I don't mind telling you that I have come to see Mme. Wilt on business, and—"

The creature smiled grimly, seized her pail and mop cloth, flourished her red, brawny arms in Morelli's face, and with a simple "Follow me," mounted the stairs. She threw open the door, and entered, Morelli at her heels. Then, after going through the preliminaries of furiously blowing her nose, she wiped a great drop of perspiration from her face, and said again: "What do you want? I am Frau Wilt."

SPURGEON.—Spurgeon, (Charles Haddon,) the renowned London preacher, gained his renown earlier than most Englishmen do, being barely 54 now; and he has had a trans-Atlantic reputation for near 20 years. He began very young. Designed by his family for an independent preacher, he was drawn toward the Baptists by sympathy with their doctrines, and became an active tract distributor and school teacher of that sect, at Kelvedon, (Essex) long before his majority. He was but 17, when he removed to Cambridge, and began to deliver cottage sermons, as they were called, throughout the neighborhood. He grew popular at once—he was known as the boy preacher—and at 18 had charge of a small Baptist congregation at Waterbeach—a thing almost unprecedented in England, where the intellect ripens much more slowly than in America. His fame spread reached the metropolis, and at twenty he was pastor of the New Park Street chapel, London. He drew so largely that in two years the church required enlargement. Still it was too small to accommodate the crowds anxious to hear him, and Surrey Music hall was secured for his ministrations. Finally his followers built the enormous Tabernacle in Newington Butts, and it was formally opened in 1861. Hundreds of Americans have heard him there, and know how hard it is to get a seat on Sunday. Few of them can undersand his extraordinary power of attraction; but then they judge him by their own instead of a British standard.

BURLESQUE.

A HUMOURIST'S DINNER.—"Twenty minutes for dinner," shouted the guard, as we approached the station. Arrived there, I entered the dining room and inquired of the waiter, "What do you have for dinner?"—"Twenty minutes" was the hurried reply. I told him I would try half-a-dozen minutes raw on the shell, just to see how they went. Told him to make a minute of it on his books. He scratched his head trying to comprehend the order, but gave it up and waited upon someone else. I approached a man who stood near the door with a lot of silver in his hand: "What do you have for dinner?"—"Half-a-crown," said he. I told him I would take half-a-crown well done. I asked him if he could not give me, in addition, a boiled pocket-book stuffed with bills, and some fried postage stamps, also an Egyptian bond, done brown, with lettuce. And I would like to wash my dinner down with bank-notes. He said they were out of everything but the bank-notes, and that as soon as the train left he would order the waiter to "draw" some.

AN ANSWER WORTHY OF A DIPLOMAT.—The old man Smith, of Richfield, is a self-sufficient sort of old fellow, and prides himself on his riding abilities. One day he espied his young hopeful leading his colt to water rather gingerly, and remarked:

"Why on earth don't you ride that beast?"
"I'm 'fraid to; 'fraid he'll throw me."
"Bring that hoss here," snapped the old man.

The colt was urged up to the fence and braced on one side by the boy, while the old man climbed on to the rails and stocked himself on the colt's back. Then he was let go, and the old gentleman rode proudly off. Paralyzed by fear the colt went slowly for about twenty rods without a demonstration. Then like lightning his four legs bunched together, his back bowed like a viaduct arch, and the old man shot up in the air, turned several separate and distinct somersaults and lit on the small of his back in the middle of the road, with both legs twisted around his neck. Hastening to him the young hopeful anxiously inquired:

"Did it hurt you, pa?"
The old man rose slowly, shook out the knots in his legs, brushed the dust from his ears and hair, and, rubbing his bruised elbows, growled:
"Well, it didn't do me a deuced bit of good. You go home."

TOO SOON.—"Dey tells me you done jine the chu'ch," said Uncle Remus to Pegleg Charley the other day.

"Yes, sir," responded Charley, gravely, "dat's so."

"Well, I'm mighty glad er dat," remarked Uncle Remus with unction. "It's 'bout time dat I wuz spectin' fer to hear you in de chain-gang, an' stidder dat hit's de chu'ch. Well, dey ain't no tellin' dese days whar a nigger's gwine ter lan'."

"Yes," responded Charley, straightening himself up and speaking in a dignified tone, "yes, I'm fixin' to do better. I'm preparin' fer to shake worldliness. I'm done quit so'shatin' wid dese white town boys. Dey've been a goin' back on me too rapidly here lately, and now I'm agoin' back on dem."

"Well, ef you done had de spunce on it, I'm mighty glad. Ef you got 'lijun, you better hole on to it 'twell de las' day in de mornin'. Hit'll pay you mo' dan politics, an' ef you stan's up like you oughter, hit'll las' longer'n a bone-fellun. But you wanta have one er dese yer ole-time grips, an' you jes gotter shet yo' eye an' swing on like Mars, Ed. Baldin's bull tarrier."

"Oh, I'm goin' to stick, Uncle Remus. You kin put your money on dat. Dese town boys can't play no more uv der games on me. I'm fixed. Can't you lend me a dime, Uncle Remus, to buy me a pie? I'm dat hongry dat my stomach is gettin' ready to go in mo'nin'."

Uncle Remus eyed Charley curiously a moment, while the latter looked quietly at his timber toe. Finally the old man sighed and spoke:

"How long is you bin in the chu'ch, son?"

"Mighty near a week," replied Charley.

"Well, lemme tell you dis, now, fo' you go enny fudder. You 'aint bin in dar long nuff fer to go 'roun' dakin' up conterbutions. Wait ontwell you git sorter seasoned like, an' den I'll hunt 'roun in my cloze an' see ef I can't run out a thrip er two fer you. But don't you levy taxes too early."

Charly laughed and said he would let the old man off if he would treat to a watermelon.

LITERARY.

THE Queen has accepted a copy of *The People of Turkey*, by a consul's daughter; edited by Stanley Lane Poole, and just published by Mr. Murray.

A NEW work will shortly appear, entitled *Tradition and Truth*. It will consist of a contrast between the Jewish Talmud and Holy Writ in the history of Abraham and Isaac.

SIGNOR Aleardo Aleardi, a senator of the kingdom, and one of the most distinguished of contemporary Italian poets, died at Verona lately of apoplexy. His works were reviewed last autumn in the *Quarterly*.

MR. SWINBURNE has it in mind to edit a new dramatic dictionary exhaustive in the matter of names, and containing long and critical articles on the more important writers. He will write some of the larger biographies himself.

THE Rev. John Laing, of Elinburgh, has now finished his dictionary of anonymous and pseudonymous literature of Great Britain, chiefly according to the general catalogue of the Bodleian Library. Mr. Laing's work will also contain the full names of authors whose initials only occur on the title pages.