

VICTORIA'S TREASURES.

THE RARE CABINETS, CHINA, ETC., AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

Her Majesty's Personal Interest in Her Priceless Collection—A Long Series of Royal Relics and Portraits.

Among the many rare and costly treasures open to the view only of the special favored visitor, in the private apartment of the royal castle of Windsor, one of the most curious is a carved ivory casket, lined with crimson velvet, and mounted and decorated with rosewood and silver. Carved in low relief in the centre is a winged figure, surmounting an altar with sacred fire. Beneath this is the terse but expressive inscription, "From the Parsoes." The casket rests on a plinth, adorned on either side with carved chimeras, with golden wings and crowned heads and bearing superb rubies in the centre of their foreheads. On the carved back of the plinth is the monogram "V. L." and the inscription, "Bombay, 1877." The back also bears the imperial crown.

In the "Large Dining Room" is the not very beautiful but certainly imposing silver-gilt punch-bowl. It was designed by Flaxman and manufactured by Rundell and Bridges for George IV. when Prince of Wales. Its proportions are so vast that the gilding alone is said to have cost \$10,000. The ladle which stands in front of the bowl, was made for the present Prince of Wales and is of very pretty design.

Throughout the collection one is constantly noticing rare specimens of clocks of all periods. Here, for instance, is a fine example of Louis Seize work by the celebrated Lepante of Paris. The case is ebonized with ormolu mounts. The movements which is in perfect order, requires winding but once a year.

The castle is a magnificent museum of old china, mostly so fine that one stands aghast at the mere thought of

ITS ENORMOUS VALUE.

Look for instance, at a set of three vases or "Rose du Barry" Sevres in the grand corridor. They are simply priceless. The designs in front are beautifully painted amonri in panels, those at the back flowers on a white ground. The centre vase has a perforated top. The height of the vases is fourteen inches. Old Sevres, even when first made, was extremely expensive, but now can seldom be purchased except by millionaires. Not many years since a set of three small jardiniere was sold by auction for \$50,000. Single plates have frequently been sold for 200 guineas (about \$1,000) and a cup and saucer for 150 guineas (about \$750) each. In the "Green Drawing Room" we must look with admiration and wonder at the grand desert service to which no rival exists. It was commenced at Sevres in 1784 for Louis XVI. and was purchased by George IV. The manufacture took about ten years of the time of the first ceramic artists in the world to complete. The ground of the pieces is of the most perfect Bleu du Roi, or "Gro Bleu." The painting, chiefly figure subjects in sylvan landscapes, are by the most eminent artists ever employed at the royal manufactory.

The portraits of the Queen and Prince Consort, which were exhibited in the exhibition of 1851, are very fine examples of modern Sevres work. These are half-length portraits of the size of life, each painted on a single slab of porcelain. They are copies of the pictures by Winterhalter, and were executed by order of Louis Philippe as a present to her Majesty. They were commenced just before the revolution of 1848 and were annexed by the Republican Government, but afterward surrendered to Louis Philippe as his private property and presented to her Majesty.

In the "Green Drawing Room" is also a splendid set of four bronze and ormolu candelabra emblematical of the seasons. They are probably

THE FINEST SPECIMENS

of such work in existence. The designs, modelling of the figures, and chasing of the ornament are simply perfect. The work is either of the late Louis Quatorze or Louis Quinze period, when furniture bronzes of the finest class were being made in France. Unfortunately, the artist's name is not known, as they, in common with most of the finest pieces of the period, are unsigned.

In the "White Drawing Room," the Sevres cabinet of the Louis Seize period demands more than a cursory glance. From the elaborate character of its design and its finished workmanship, it was probably made for a present to a royal personage. Its porcelain panels are of "oil de Perdrix" turquoise. The plaques in the doors have paintings of flowers in baskets suspended by ribbons. The other concave plaques have bouquets of flowers with turquoise mounts. This is only one of a number of these rare cabinets in the private apartments. They are mostly made by the first of the old French "Ebenistes," such as the world-famed Riesener, Roentgen and the other giants of the Louis Seize period. The gilded bronze mounts are by the great Gotherie, whose work, for design, modelling and finish, has never been equalled. His gilding also is so good, and so thickly laid on, as to have suffered no injury whatever from age. The same may also be said of the Louis Quatorze cabinet work of Andre Boule (born 1642), also to be seen at Windsor. As some indication of the value of these works, may be named a Boule cabinet in the Jones collection at South Kensington which was bought for \$50,000. Similar prices were reached in several instances for Louis Seize cabinets, etc., at the Hamilton Palace sale some few years since.

In the "Grand Corridor," whose 520 feet of length is literally crowded with objects of the greatest interest, one notices a white marble recumbent statue of H. R. H. Princess Elizabeth of Clarence, daughter of William IV., and consequently heir apparent to the throne of England. The statue which is

MOST GRACEFULLY DESIGNED

to represent a sleeping infant, bears the sculptor's name, W. Scovler, Sc. It was

bequeathed to her Majesty by the Queen Dowager in 1849. Its subject, the little Princess, was born in 1820 and died in 1821. Consider the momentous consequences involved in the death of such a tiny personage, who, had she lived would have been Queen of England.

In the "Grand Corridor" also stands a remarkable casket or reliquary composed of rock crystal and enamel with silver-gilt mounts. The side panels are of finely engraved crystal. The casket, which is possibly German work of the seventeenth century, is surmounted by a silver-gilt group of St. George and the Dragon. But its claim to notice arises not so much from its own beauty, which is great, as from the relic which it contains. A thrill of emotion passes through the hearts of all spectators when they learn that the Bible of that true soldier of heaven, Gen. Gordon, rests within. The book is one of the plainest description, bound in common brown leather, but its much-worn appearance at once shows that it was in constant use. The sacred and much-prized little relic was presented to the Queen after Gordon's sad death.

The last work of art to be noticed in this wonderful corridor is a charming little bust by W. Behnes of the Princess Victoria, now her Majesty the Queen, at the age of 10 years. It is of spotless white marble and a perfect gem.

On the subject of pictures in the grand old castle there is no time to dwell. Suffice it to say that all the best of the old masters are most worthily represented, both in the state and private apartments. For instance, in the "Vandyke Room" are no less than twenty-two of that great master's finest works, including that wonderful specimen "Charles I. on a gray horse," accompanied by his Master of the Horse, M. de St. Antoine."

THIS MASTERPIECE

far exceeds in quality the picture by the same painter of the same subject, which was recently purchased by the nation for \$87,500. Here is also the portrait of Henrietta Maria, mentioned by Peypis in 1665. "I was only pleased at a very fine picture of the Queen's mother, when she was young, by Vandyke; a very good picture and a lovely face." In the Queen's private audience rooms are also some fine Gainsborough portraits, and let into the woodwork, glass cases containing over two hundred enamel portraits of royal personages, from Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, to the Queen and Prince Consort, their children and grandchildren. In the "Grand Corridor" are some fine Canaletto's, and a beautiful Cornelius Janssens. "The ball given to Charles II. at The Hague, on his departure to England," full of interesting detail and admirably preserved. Also a series by various modern artists illustrating notable events during her Majesty's reign, as well as a fine Sir Joshua, "Princess Sophia Matilda," and some superlative Hogarths.

It may not be generally known that the name Windsor is from the Saxon Windlesore, winding banks. Windsor as a royal castle is mentioned in Domesday book. King John lay at Windsor during the conference at Runnymede. The Round Tower was built by Edward III., and the terraces were made by Queen Elizabeth. Charles II. added the Star buildings. Grinling Gibbons carved all the beautiful floral festoons in the different rooms.

The Queen, herself a world-renowned lover of art, takes an extreme interest in her collection, and no alteration can be made without her sanction. So accurate is her memory that even after an absence of months she at once detects any alteration in the placing of objects no matter how small.

AMERICAN LAWLESSNESS.

A Thief and Murderer Kills People in Chicago's Streets.

In western desperado style, a man, supposed to be C. E. Cole, assaulted and attempted to rob H. G. McGloin in his saloon, at 64 Adams street in Chicago, in the heart of the business district of Chicago, on Monday evening. After seriously wounding McGloin, the thief escaped, and made the most remarkable race for liberty ever seen in the streets of Chicago. After firing into the mob that pursued him, and seriously wounding three citizens, he was run down and killed by Officer Rosenthal, opposite the entrance of the Auditorium, on Congress street. The wounded are: P. McGloin, saloon-keeper, three wounds on the head, will recover. H. H. Sternberg, shot in the abdomen; taken to hospital, will probably die. Samuel Stone, shot in right leg; will recover.

McGloin was alone in the saloon when Cole entered and ordered a glass of beer. This was served to him, and he then asked the saloon-keeper to get him some meat that he claimed to have left in the ice-box. McGloin walked to the entrance of the ice-box, and Cole, drawing a revolver, ordered him to go inside and stay there. McGloin turned and struck the robber's face, nearly knocking him down. The two men then clinched and fought desperately. Cole managed to get one arm free, and with his revolver he pounded the saloon-keeper viciously inflicting three severe wounds on the head. The robber then broke loose from McGloin, and running to the front of the saloon, flew down the street, closely followed by McGloin and a crowd of citizens. A running fight with its tragic ending then ensued.

A Liberal Education.

The late Prof. Huxley held this opinion as to what constitutes a liberal education:—The man has a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold logic-engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order, ready like the steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted acetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to a halt by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all villainy, and to respect others as himself. Such a one, and no other, has had a liberal education.

A CATALOGUE OF CRIMES.

SOME GREAT CRIMINAL TRIALS OF THE PAST FEW MONTHS.

A Crime That Has Hardly Any Parallel in the Records of Offences Against Human Life—The Trial of Mrs. Hartley at Brantford—The Murder of Jessie Keith by the Tramp Chastelle—Assassination of Frank Westwood—Willie Wells' Mysterious Death—The Hendershott Murder Case.

Throughout the length and breadth of the country little else has been thought of but the extraordinary disclosures which have been published in the daily papers concerning the crimes of the man Holmes, and the finding of the bodies of his two young victims in the cellar of 16 St. Vincent street, Toronto. It is doubtful if ever the country has been so stirred by a murderous deed. Toronto has of late had a surfeit of crimes, a plethora of criminal prosecutions; the people have come to look upon murder, manslaughter, and incendiarism as almost being items of daily news, so plentiful have they become. Events which two years ago would have aroused the widest interest have become as nothing, in the face of the remarkable and even astounding series of developments which have, during the last twelve months, been brought to their notice. This province has been during that time the scene of a chain of occurrences which is almost unrivalled in the criminal annals of any country; and the singular feature characterizing most of them is that they hinge, in one way or another, upon the question of life insurance. It is on account of this that Toronto has lately gained a notoriety as the scene of remarkable crimes which, though far from enviable, is nevertheless unique.

In connection with the case which is now so completely absorbing the public mind, it is worth while recalling briefly the few great criminal trials of the past months. Some of these are as yet sub judice, but the facts as so far known may be briefly touched upon, and the present position of the cases defined. There have been also others of lesser importance, but these few to be mentioned stand out amid the mysteries or crimes of this country with a prominence which almost defies comparison. It is not proposed here to deal with ancient history, but merely to draw the reader's mind to the previous cases, in order that he may compare them with the terrible and almost incomprehensible butchery by which the community is now confronted. It may, however, be stated that these crimes have not, as a rule, been the deeds of Canadian citizens, and that the present outrage was concocted, and its execution commenced, in a foreign country, and that Toronto was made the unfortunate scene of a double murder which has hardly any parallel in the records of offences against human life.

RECENT GREAT TRIALS.

Of these great trials the first was that of Mrs. Hartley, for the alleged poisoning of her husband, which trial took place at Brantford last fall. This prosecution excited wide controversy and attention, both on account of the fact that the accused was a woman whose life was at stake, and that the chief witness against her was a man whose evidence impressed the public with such contempt as could hardly have been surpassed had he confessed to the crime which was before the jury. In this case the woman was discharged, the evidence not being such as to show that the death of her husband had been caused by poison which she was supposed to have administered to him.

Almost on the same day as the Hartley trial commenced the

MURDER OF JESSIE KEITH

by the tramp Chastelle took place near Listowel, and aroused an abhorrence and agitation which spread from end to end of the province. For a few days the country was kept in suspense, as the exciting news of the search for the miscreant came over the wires, and when at length it was known that he had been apprehended and had confessed people breathed more freely, in the knowledge that Canadian justice would be executed to its utmost limit and the scoundrel brought to the gallows. And they were not disappointed, for Chastelle was hanged with commendable promptitude.

Frank B. Westwood, the young son of Mr. Benjamin Westwood, of Jameson avenue, Toronto, was shot at his father's door by an unknown person, and died within a few days. To this day the case is wrapped in mystery. A woman named Clara Ford was arrested on suspicion of having committed the deed, dressed in male attire. Investigation produced a singular sequence of circumstantial details pointing to her guilt, and the case was published far and wide. Her trial lasted several days, during which time feeling ran very high on both sides. At the end she was acquitted, and no other clue has since been obtained by the authorities. So far as is known there was no motive for the murder, young Westwood having no enemy in the world, and being an honest-minded, straightforward boy, of whom there was nobody to say an ill word.

Of all the series of recent trials, however, there has been none so equal in intensity of interest and romance of detail that of

THE HYAMS TWINS,

for the alleged murder of Willie Wells, in January of last year. This trial commenced in the beginning of May, 1895, and lasted fourteen days, each of which was replete in sensational developments and incidents. Eminent counsel were engaged on both sides, and a battle of legal giants took place, while the two young men looked on it all from the dock, with drawn and furrowed faces and anxious eyes. The termination of the case witnessed a scene never, perhaps, paralleled in Toronto. During the hours while the jury was out the crowd in front of the court-house increased, until the street was blocked by an agitated mob, eager to know the result. The jury disagreed after many hours of

deliberation, and the two prisoners are now in gaol, awaiting a re-trial at the Fall Assizes.

Last spring the Hendershott murder case developed near St. Thomas. The particulars of this crime are as yet fresh in the public mind. How the evidence was collected; how the tools were drawn round the two doomed men—

HENDERSHOTT AND WELTER;

how the deed which they had thought so carefully hidden from the eye of the law was gradually and remorselessly exposed by the detectives; how the lightest word counted for volumes, and the impulse of a moment forged the link that bound the chains of death; how the young girl pleaded for the reprieve of her father and her lover, in vain; and how, at the last, every recourse being exhausted, every avenue of escape being blocked, forced to meet the punishment which had been meted out to them by outraged justice, and given over to the death which they so richly merited, the two murderers met their disgraceful doom upon the scaffold. All these events are well known, and the shadow of their passing has hardly yet faded away. It hardly seemed then that cruelty could reach a higher pitch or utter heartlessness be more plainly shown.

In addition to these few there have been many others.

THE DICKS CASE,

in which the accused is charged with having murdered his wife and burnt his house, has been postponed to the Fall Assizes, and the Scollie case at Peterborough is now under way. These are, as already stated, the chief criminal events of the past year, and they form a series which, for intricacy of detail, strangeness of motive, and variety of circumstance can hardly be equalled in recent history. It will be noticed that of these cases, some of which have, as have been said, proved to be unfounded, the motive alleged is insurance money. The Hartley case involved insurance; the Hyams case was based upon a motive of alleged insurance; the Hendershott murder was shown to be the outcome of an insurance policy; the same principle is also alleged to be involved in the Dicks trial; and the charge in the Scollie case is founded upon an allegation which, while not directly involving an insurance policy, is much upon the same lines.

THE GREATEST OF ALL.

Before the Pitzel murder, all these great cases fade into insignificance. In those which have been proved the plot of the crime has been comparatively simple, though the details have in some instances been hard to trace to a conclusion. But in this instance there is discovered a story of such infamy, such gross heartlessness, combined with an acuteness of intellect and a cold-blooded indifference to the commonest feelings of humanity, as has perhaps

NEVER BEEN EQUALLED.

The career of the prisoner is one to which history affords no parallel. His repeated swindlings might be understood. Such offences have been frequently known, and frequently punished. Swindling, both of insurance companies and in every other guise, is infinite in its variety and unending in its schemes, and a new method of acquiring one's neighbor's goods attracts hardly a passing comment. But when such a career is attached

A HISTORY OF MURDER.

running from chapter to chapter; when a man with a university education, refined in manner and clear from other vice, having no motive such as ordinarily precedes the execution of a murder, because a man of his intelligence could have found other means of escape from the position in which he found himself; when such a man brings all his intelligence to bear in order to commit a murder in such a manner as to evade its consequences and baffle the pursuit of the law, he weaves such a network of infamy as can only be unravelled by the most elaborate research. Of this nature is the case now before the public. Its history reads like the wildest dream of the romancer, and its sequel promises to be equally dramatic. Its chief actor has shown a character such as has been rarely met with, and he has gone through a career such as could hardly be described. What further will be drawn to light concerning him, time alone can tell. Toronto may yet play a larger part in the terrible drama, and it is possible that a few more of the threads surrounding the mystery connected with the case may yet be untangled.

The Ant Doctor.

Mrs. A. E. C. Maskell, who probably knows more about the habits of ants than any other living person, unless it should be Sir John Lubbock, relates the following curious story of how she observed a number of sick ants visiting their "doctor":—

"They were each accompanied by several attendants, and I knew that they were sick by their emaciated appearance—indeed, we first imagined that the ant hospital had turned out for an airing, but they appeared to have another object in view. A grave, strong-looking ant was sitting on a brick wall, about a foot above the ground, and imagine our surprise when an invalid crept slowly up the wall to the seat of the 'physician.' Immediately the 'doctor' began to make passes over the afflicted one's head, as though he were trying to effect a cure by the electrical qualities or some other properties in his antennae or feelers. During all this time the sick ant remained perfectly motionless, with bowed head, while going through the operation.

"And so one after another came up for treatment, the stream of invalids continuing from sunrise until sunset, when I ceased to make observations."

Conscientious.

Wife—If I thought a thing was wicked, I'd die before I'd do it.

Husband—So would I.

Wife—Huh! I think smoking cigars is a wicked waste; an impious defilement, in fact.

Husband—Then you should not smoke. Hand me a match, please.

More Philanthropy.

Mother—What did you do with the medicine the doctor left for you?

Small Boy—I heard there was a poor boy ill in the back street, an' I took it round and left it for him.

MARINE MONSTERS FIGHT.

CREW OF THE NORTHERN LIGHT WATCH A GREAT BATTLE.

The Sea Lashed into a Wild Fury—The Engineer Made a Soul-Thrilling Sketch and the Vessel Left Them Fighting.

This is a plain, unvarnished yarn of the deep, salt sea, a narrative set forth by eye-witnesses and backed up by an impassioned entry in the log of the oil-tank steamer Northern Light. Both log and oil-tank arrived at New York together none the worse for wear, but upon the brows of the seamen who had seen the sight at sea the memory of the wonder rested like the shadow of some great trouble. And this—as far as it is possible to spin this yarn in the laggard English tongue—is what befell these seamen:

High and light in ballast, the Northern Light put out from Rotterdam June 21, bound for New York by way of Shields, in England. After replenishing her bunkers at the English port, the oil-tank turned her stubby nose to the westward, and before the day was done was out of sight of land. Overhead the skies stayed fair; below, the seas heaved listlessly, and until July 1 it was a voyage without sight of sail or sign of incident.

July 1 dawned fair and fine. Light skies and weather clear as a bell held through the day, and at four o'clock p. m. Capt. Parton came on deck with his officers to

ENJOY THE BALMY AIR

and smoke their long pipes. The ship was then 250 miles west of Rock Hall. Astern the steamer's screw was kicking pleasantly, and she was rapidly reeling off the knots between her and America.

Suddenly the officer on watch started with an ejaculation of surprise, grabbed his binoculars and drew a careful bead upon the distant horizon.

"Great Scott!" he said, only it sounded different at sea, "look at there!"

Nine knots ahead over the weather bow the sea was in a great commotion. Columns of spray dashed high in the air and two great forms, writhing like giant snails, played upon the bosom of the deep. But as the ship drew nearer they saw it was not all play. A battery of binoculars bore upon the two great creatures, and when they were still miles away the seamen gradually made out their true form.

One of the two was a whale, and a monster of all monsters at that. The crew didn't stop to measure it, but they said as one man that it was full 120 feet in length. In this there was safety in numbers. It was writhing furiously, beating the sea into acres of creamy foam. Leaping lightly to and fro across its back the other creature gambolled in its terrific sport. For some time the seamen could not tell what it was. Then, as it threw itself clear from the sea, they saw it was a thrasher, ordinarily known as a grampus. The thrasher is a monster of the seas who commonly has sport with the whale. It is great sport for the grampus, but it is death for the whale.

In the log of the Northern Light they describe the grampus as being

EIGHTY FEET IN LENGTH.

This is about fifty feet longer than the limit given to the grampus in the encyclopedia, but, then this was a record-breaking grampus.

With all this show at hand and not a cent to pay for admission, the officers were justified in changing the steamer's course. And as the Northern Light drew nigh, the grampus kept on slugging. With its two horny pectoral fins it hit the whale right and left, and then lashing its whole length from the sea, it delivered thumping blows on the back of its groggy combatant. Even the ship's boy cried "Foul!"

Time and again the whale rushed to the surface and threw itself aloft in its agony, striving fiercely to shake off its assailant. But the grampus kept on, and when the steamer was hove to hard by claimed first blood.

When the whale threw itself in the air, the grampus darted aside and waited until the whale came down. Then it sailed in, delivered a body blow and backed off before the whale could counter. Cataracts of water were tossed into the air, and the sea boiled far and near with the conflict. Time and again the combatants were hidden by the clouds of spray, a picturesque yet terrible sight, which brought the chief engineer almost to the verge of tears in sorrow that there was no photographic camera aboard. But in place of that he drew a sketch of the affray.

It represents the thrasher in its unsportsmanlike act of thumping the whale in the back. They say aboard the Northern Light that the thrasher, with his enormous fins, would rise vertically twenty feet or more above the surface, and then fall full force upon the other's back.

All the seamen felt sorry for the whale, but time is coal and coal is money at sea, so the Northern Light bore away on her course, and left the two to fight it out. They may be fighting yet for all any one knows, for they were still at it when the steamer left them far astern.

A Wise Choice.

Mother—I am very glad to learn that the young lady you are engaged to is deeply religious. You have made a wise choice.

Son—Yes, we go to all the prayer meetings, church societies, and revivals that come along. It's a heap cheaper than theaters, balls, and operas.

A Fair Partnership.

Stranger—Boy, there's a dime museum somewhere around here, I understand. Do you know where it is?

Boy—Yessir. I wish I had a dime to get in.

Stranger—Well, you conduct me to the place, and I'll give you the dime.

Boy—All right. That's a fair partnership. You furnish th' capital, an' I furnish th' brains.

Where He Was.

Guest (angrily)—What has become of that waiter I gave my order to 'most an hour ago?

Head Waiter—I don't know, sah, but most likely he's waitin' on some gent who tipped him, sah.