UNDER ITALIAN SKIES.

WILL CARLETON'S LETTER FROM AMONG THE ALPS.

On a Metal Path Among the Mountains-A Place Where it is Spring, Autumn

And Winter at Once-An Italian Glad. stone And Bismarck-In the City of Turin-Nation's Antiquities-In Italian

Picture Galleries.

(Special Correspondence.) TURIN, ITALY, Nov. 10, 1887. - In Italy at last, and one of the dreams of a lifetime come true! We have threaded the eye of Mount Cenis, and are rushing along toward the plains of Turin, with snow-roofed mountains on every side. The race of engineers has toiled very hard and skilfully to give us the metal path among the Alps. The railroad corporation that takes passengers along the edge of Crawford Notch, in New Hampshire, and charges them the greater part of a dollar per mile for doing it, could here get some points in the running of mountain lines. There is out after out, bridge after bridge, and tunnel after tunnel to the number of two dozen, until we seem to be dashing from one dungeon to another, with bursts of free magnificent scenery between.

Now and then a village has cuddled itself down into one of the valleys-reminding us is a queer but forcible monument, and the of the pretty hamlets you see among the mountains of New England—only there are of Agassiz's granite bowlder-headstone at several centuries of difference between the | Mount Auburn. appearance of the two. Once in a while a good-sized toy-city has planted itself upon a hill-side digging into the rocky soil as it were with the toe nails of its foundations, while at the very foot of its streets descends a straight off precipice of half a mile or more. How a baby ever stops, after it once gets to rolling down one of these streets, cannot imagine. Life in such a village must be intensely exciting, and consist largely of people's heading off each other from the verge of destruction.

We pass in sight of three seasons. Around us in the crisp air and golden sunshine of autumn. Beneath us hundreds of feet, the rills of spring murmur their way toward the sea. Above us the frosts and snows of winter keep their cold and beautiful silence, except when they speak with the white Napoleon wore at Marengo. A lock of his tongue of an avalanche. Sometimes the hair rests upon it. Both are very ordinary delicate evergreen trees of an entire mountair-side have been covered with rain that froze as it fell, and the whole gigantic hill flashes in a corrugated cloak of silver. Away beyond and above this a higher mountain will hold up its mighty drifts to fraternize with the white clouds. We are rushing along among mansions fit for the gods.

The people that we see at stations, and in the coaches, are becoming more and more stubby and swarthy. The guard of the train, a kind of conductor and brakeman in one, looks exactly like the tourist from Italy who wanders along our street at home in the early morning, and explores the ashbarrel with an iron hook. Women doing their washing in the roadside streams are small and ill-favored. These mountains seem to have borne dwarfs. A few soldiers in shabby uniforms look too small to participate in a grown-up battle, and make us wonder at Magenta and Solferino. Beggars spring up out of the earth; undressed in the carefully arrayed rags of professional pover ty. An old gray-haired woman is ploughing them; and, after that, we plough through of all Persian women. Even the poorest will the yoke twined about their horns. People talk to each other in a queer dialect menageries. of French and Italian, broken and ground together.

But yonder upon one of the hills we caught a glimpse of an old triumphal arch of the Emperor Augustus, who in his rough way undertook to civilize the barbarous mountaineers of this region some eighteen hundred years ago. He found Rome brick, and left it marble; he found these people as savage as a lot of Sioux Indians and made them respect the forms of civilization. And he was really the father of this magnificent city of Turin into which we are now coming, or artificer at a generous price. a place as large as San Francisco, and the commercial centre of Piedmont.

have just been travelling, is the north-west- Italy. ern state of the kingdom of Italy. It is about as large as Maryland, and has four times as many inhabitants. It has Alps to the north and west, and Appenines to the south. Its name is a good description of its general characteristics, for "Piede" means | notes of the last twelve months' operations "foot" in French and Italian, and "mont" mountain, the whole signifying "at the foot | Pasteurian system. Five hundred and of mountains." Upon the half-sheltered | twenty-one patients, some of whom came highlands, grape vines and silk worms are from Turkey, were inoculated, and thirteen toiling away for their human masters; and | died. the low-lands of the Po yield good rops of rice and maize.

Hotel d'Europe, for Turin is laid out as re- dismissed as cured. In fifty-two cases the gularly as a chess-board. Hannibal, the existence of rabies in the animals by which Napoleon of Carthage, destroyed what there | the patients were bitten was proved by trewas of it two hundred years before Christ; panning. Of these patients one died. In and I should not have particularly cared at | twelve cases the rabid condition of the anithat time to arrive here in the night with mals was proved by the deaths of persons some ladies. But the plan which Augustus | bitten by the same animals, but who were made when he replatted it, has been adhered not brought to the station. Of these one also to and enlarged upon, until this is now a died. There were 255 cases in which the city with straight, broad streets, beautiful patients all bitten by presumably rabid ani-Parisian arcades, thrifty shops, and an am | mals had manifested signs of hydrophobia. bitious and powerful population. To use a Of these seven died. time-worn American figure, it is the Chicago | Sixteen persons were inoculated as a preof Italy.

Turin has the reputation of being the by animals, rabid or healthy, Dr. Gamalea, most warlike town in this country. It has the director of the Odessa station, and an enentitled to be by virtue of her former strug. gles. Within a stone's-throw from the hotel in which I write is the quaint old build. ing in which Victor Emmanuel II. was born; and faithful laity is the great attraction at but it is not so proud a place as the little; the pope's jubilee. It is made of hand emassembly room near by in which Cavour | broidered cloth of silver, on which rest the used to sit, Cavour whose brain did more triple crowns, composed of 600 jewels-emfor Italy than centucies full of soldiers and eralds, sapphires, Pubies and diamonds. The generals.

and Gladstone made into one. He was a golden tassels. The tiara is contained in a tion, and the inability of such vessels to comliberal to-day, a conservative to-morrow, gorgeous white leather casket, adorned with and a patriot all the time. He had not enamel plaques ornamented with the arms only to steer the country, but to make it as and seals of the givers. Gifts from the Orhe went along. He found Italy divided into leans family are especially handsome, the several pretty states, and some of it under | most interesting, however, being a silver Austrian dominion; when he died it was a statuette of Joan of Arc, the work of Princess united kingdom.

and knew Cavour personally. He showed ing contrast is afforded by the humble conme the stateman's chair in that little tributions from poor Catholics. Thus one amphi-theatre of a hall, shaped like medical sends a supply of night lights, and a poor old is also claimed that other economies in the rising sharply behind another. "On this arm-chair he did lean his elbow when he was speaking," said the old Italian. "He was slow in his talk, but every word, it did weigh a hundred kilogrammes! He would go among soldiers from the country districts and ask them what did peasants think of him, and what was their condition?" It reminded me of Gladstone driving through Ireland on a jaunting-car years ago, to get information from the natives at first hand.

Cavour's monument here is nearly fifty feet high, and represents Italy offering him a wreath. It is a beautiful and elaborate affair, and tells the principal parts of his history in marble and bronze images and sculptures. But Turin is a city of monuments, and this is one of them. Not alone

the kings and statesmen, but, if meritorious, the common soldiers, are pictured here upon the clear canvas of the air in marble and

In 1706 the French stood at the gates of the citadel of Turin and were about to enter the town. Pietro Micca, a common soldier, came running to the Italian commander. "They never shall enter Turin!" he shouted: "I will fire the powder magazine and blow them all up together !" "You will then commit suicide," said the commander, 'for you, too, will die among the ruins." "See that my family are provided for," shouted Micca, grasped the torch, and disappeared within the vast store house of of powder. An earthquake shook the place, the invading army went into the air, and the town was saved. The poor brave fellow was fished out of the ruins many years after, with pride and satisfaction resting upon his dead face. Now his monument stands in front of the reconstructed citadel, the bronze fingers grasping a torch, and the mustached lip closed down with grim determina-

Turin also honors the scientific brain that can conquer nature. She has brought many tons of coal from Mount Cenis, and piled them into a monument to the memory of the three engineers who constructed the tunnel. Scattered among these rocks are marble images representing the giants of the mountain, who are in the attitude of complete subjection, made so by the genius of science, who perches grandly at the top. rude part of it reminds one, in a grand way.

The king's palace is a melancholy testimonial to the expense of keeping a king. It is a collection of gilt and marble halls that must have cost millions of dollars. The monarch stays here, perhaps, two or three weeks in the year. He has another palace at Rome, another at Milan, another at Venice, and so on. Meanwhile the banks of the Po are lined with washerwomen who toil at a few centimes per day, and a small coin thrown into a crowd of Italian boys produces a hungry, desperate, murderous

"The armory" contains jewelled and filigreed specimens of all the weapons men have used to kill each other with, from Cain to the present time. Among its grim cutlery of the battle-field is the sword in appearance, and still the most impressive objects in the whole-vast collection.

The "Museum of Antiquities" has every thing that the establishment could steal, beg, or buy for centuries past. It is pro bably the best, or rather the worst, collection of Egyptian antiquities in Europe. sty worst, because I consider it a sin to desecrate the sacred graves upon the Nile, and mummies of dead men and women whose friends laid them away with all the bitter sorrow of bereavement, in white shrouds glistening with tears. A woman's head that I saw to-day had been detached from the body, and lay in the corner of a case, gray hairs creeping timidly down over the outraged brow. In what remained of the gentle though discolored features, rudely unswathed and torn from its casket of rest, are traces of a sweet and matronly woman. What an inconsistent, barbarous century this is in some respects! We make it a state prison crime to steal corpses as long as they have any friends living to protect them, build over them, rob them, burn them attend the hamman at least once a week. for fuel, and exhibit them in circuses and For the lady the bath is one of the serious

mostly not of paintings from the masters, than our idea of a bath. The victim is scraped but of more or less faithful copies of them, and dim reflections of their style. Those in feet are pumiced until they are as soft and in the city museum interest me most, for here are the efforts of local geniuses, whose work has been bought by the municipality, and placed where the people can see and study them. Every city of good size in America ought to have a local museum and gallery, in which its home talent could be paste of the consistency of gruel is produced,

Alps, and it is time for us to rest from our Piedmont, through a part of which we first day in the great north-western town of WILL CARLETON.

Pasteur's Cure in Russia.

The director of the Odessa Bacteriological station has favored me with the following for the prevention of hydrophobia under the

The director divides the patients into three groups, the better to explain the proportion It is no trouble to find our way to the of fatal cases to the total number of patients

ventive measure, never having been bitten

A Tiara for the Pope.

The famous tiara from the Parisian clergy pendants are jeweled and embroidered with He seems to have been a sort of Bismarck | the papal arms, each terminating with three Marie of Orleans, now Princess Waldemar. My guide to-day was an old man of sixty Among all these gorgeous offerings a touchwoman and her crippled daughter offer a woolen petticoat.—Chicago News.

Money Put Into Circulation.

fore a New York audience, and foots it up at | Monthly. about \$40,000. The receipts of the house were a little over \$13,000. Of the 2,500 people 700 came to the theatre in hired carriages at \$5 each, making \$3,500 additional. More than | ume of Shakespeare in their native language, half of these went to the Brunswick or Del- | endeavored to translate into English the well monico's afterward, at an expenditure of known opening to Hamlet's soliloguy, "To be \$7,500. Fully \$5,000 more, he thinks, were or not to be." The following was the result:

To-morrow will be third Sunday in Alvent

NOTHING NEW.

"There is nothing new!" to me said one, Gravely quoting threadbare Solomon-"There is nothing new beneath the sun!"

"Ah! what foolish wisdom this!" I cried. "Adages are pompous robes that hide The nothingness of that which goes inside.

"Nothing is new? No silver second falls Tinkling through creation's echoing halls, But something blooms; some voice awakes and

"Spring, when she floats across the hills and seas. Hangs not her last year's garlands on the trees. Last autumn's fruits were not the twins of these.

"Nothing is new? Ingenious sophist, go! Lift up your cradle's coverlet of snow-Is this the babe you lost so long ago?"

LIABILITY OF PHYSICIANS. What a Supreme Court Judge Said in

Charging a Jury-Common Law. In a recent case, involving a charge of malpractice, tried in the supreme court of Massachusetts, the presiding judge in charging the jury used the following language: "Whenever men are called upon to act with dangerous agencies, the law holds them to some degree of criminal responsibility. If they are grossly careless or reckless and presumptuous, they are guilty. The same general principle applies to medical treatment. The government must show not merely the absence of ordinary care, but gross carelessness, amounting to recklessness. A man is not to be convicted of manslaughter merely because of his ignorance. His ignorance is only important as bearing upon the question whether his conduct in the care and treatment of the patient was marked by foolhardy presumption

or gross and reckless carelessness. "The defendant is to be tried by no other or higher standard of skill or learning than that which he necessarily assumed in treating her-that is, that he was able to do so without gross recklessness or foolhardy presumption in undertaking it. It is not necessary to show an evil intent; if by gross and reckless negligence he caused the death, he is guilty of culpable homicide." Accordingly, it has been held that a dentist or surgeon using an anæsthetic is not bound to look for any but the probable and natural effects of the drug, and is not liable for results arising from the peculiar temperament or condition of the patient, of which he had no knowledge, although if this were discoverable upon such an examination of the patient as reasonable skill and diligence require, the dentist or surgeon would be responsible for negligently failing to inform himself.

The fundamental idea on the subject is, where honesty, average intelligence, skill and learning are possessed and are applied to the treatment of the case with ordinary diligence and caution, the physician is not liable for any mischance that may befall his patient. It is only where he has been culpable that he is liable in damages,

A physician treating a patient in good faith, to the best of his ability, is not criminally responsible for the patient's death, although caused by medicine administered by him, but a person ignorant of the uses and properties of a poisonous drug is criminally liable for the negligent use thereof. - Hall's Journal of Health.

Persian Ladies at the Bath.

The bath takes up a good deal of the time affairs of life and takes up daily from two to The picture-galleries of Turin consist four hours of her time. It is something more and rubbed and parboiled. The soles of the tender as those of a little child. The hair is thoroughly washed by means of hot water and the saponaceous clay for which Shiraz is celebrated. Then the attendants mix in a brazen bowl the aromatic henna with the requisite amount of lemon juice, till a brown exhibited, after having been bought of artist and several handfuls of the repulsive looking compound are smeared over the lady's head. But the sun is setting behind the Cottian | Then the hair, collected into a mass, is bound up in cabbage leaves. Small quantities of the dye are smeared over the eyebrows; the soles of the feet, the toes, the palm of the hands and the finger tips are also covered with it. And now the lady has to sit perfectly still for from one to three hours, till, like a meerschaum pipe, she colors; and it is exactly the color obtained on the best specimens of the pipes that is most fashionable among the Persian ladies. Day after day the bath is thronged with women, each sitting perfectly still for the color to "take." But they have their reward, for the henna dyes the hair a beautiful deep warm chestnut; hence gray hair is unknown among Persian ladies. -St. James' Gazette.

A Thunderstruck Huntsman.

Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, had a negro man named Henry, who was very fond of 'possum hunting-a perfect Nimrod in that line. Having, as usual, gone out for that purpose, it was not long before his dogs struck a track and soon treed. The hunter, having arrived at the tree, deliberately laid down his torch, and drawing his ax from his shoulder, eager for the game, began laying on to fell it. He had not given more than one or two cuts, when, to his consternation, he heard a voice from above, saying: "If you won't let the dogs bite me I'll come down and help you cut the tree down." Thunderstruck and the 'possum was treed in another about ten feet off; the runaway, seeing no other person but the hunter come up, volunteered his services to help him. But Nimrod thought the "varmint" was entirely too obliging, or "thar was a ghost somewhar about."-Ben: Perley Poore.

Large Vessels Better than Small Ones. The tendency to discontinue the building pete with vessels of larger tonnage, is shown by the statement that while a steamer of from 200 or 300 tons requires one sailor for every 19.8 tons, a steamer of from 800 to 1,000 tons requires but one sailor for every 41.5 tons. In like manner, while a sailing vessel. of from 200 to 300 tons requires one sailor for every 28.9 tons, a sailing vessel of five times the size, or from 1,000 to 1,600 tons, requires construction of the hull or the rigging, and in repairing, are concurrent with the reduction of crews, it is not difficult to understand why it is that large vessels are enabled to earn a The statistician has been figuring upon the percentage of profit with rates of freight probable amount of money put into circula- which, in the case of small vessels, would intion by Mrs. James Brown Potter's debut be- evitably entail losses.—Popular Science

Translating Shakespeare.

Three Frenchmen, who were studying a volspent by men between the acts.—Public First Frenchman: "To was, or to am." Second Frenchman: "To where, or is not." Third Frenchman: "To should, or not to will." -Exchange

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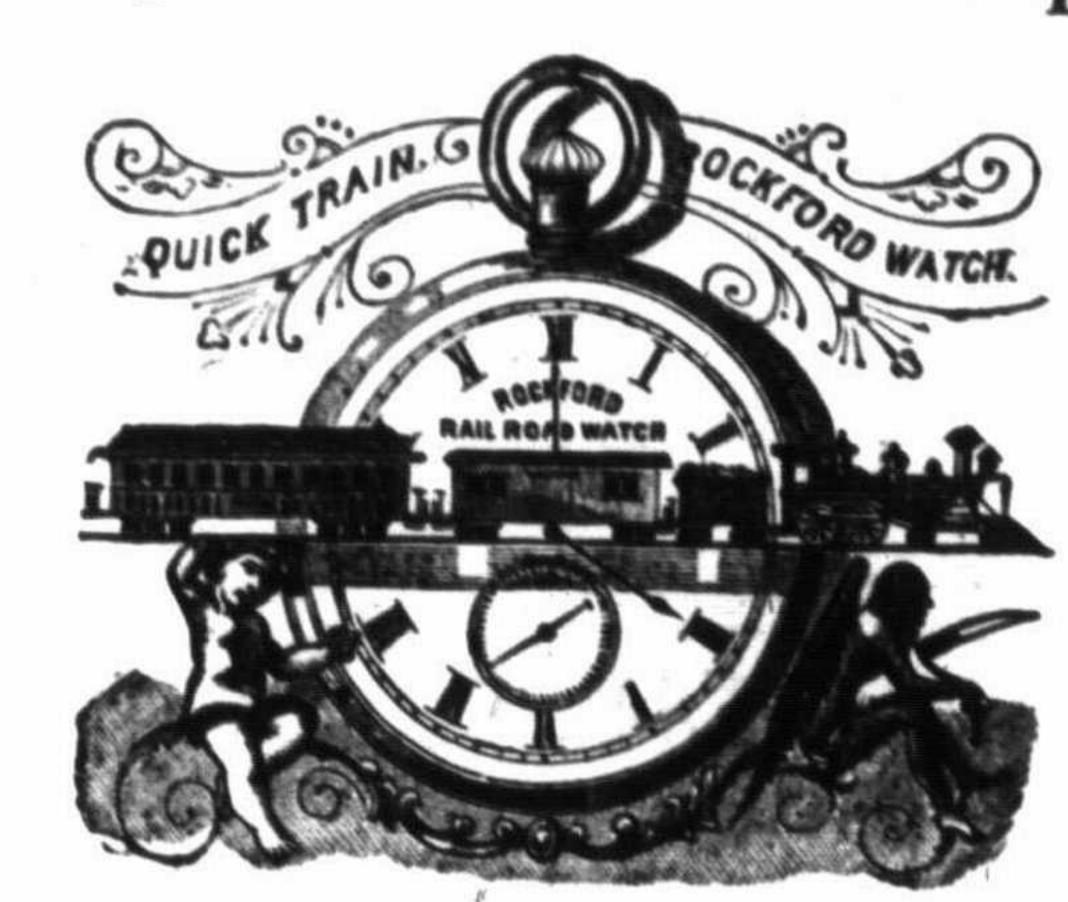
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