OUR PARIS LETTER.

THEATRICAL NOTES AT THE FRENCH METROPOLIS.

Grand Opening of the Theatre Italien—A Glance at the Audience—Beautiful Toilets—Letters—Etc.

PARIS, December 15, 1883.

Despite the quarrels between the Ministry and the Radicals, the disastrous state of things under the Republican Administration, the Tonquin trouble and a serious prospect of war, Paris is never too preoccupied to feel the most profound interest in the publication of a new book, the success of a talented debutante or the opening of a new theater. Since the prosaic transformation of the old Ventadour Theater, of glorious memory, into a banking-house, the Parisians had lost hope of a resurrection of the Theatre Italien, and when it was understood that Victor Maurel, a baritone of great talent, was going to reinstate, under exceptionally favorable conditions, the beautiful representations of "the good old times," the news was received with unbounded enthusiasm. This

MAGNIFICENT PROSPECT WAS REALIZED

A few evenings since. Maurel and the Corti Brothers, for many years directors of their own theater at Milan, obtained absolute control of the old Nations Theater, for years under the direction of M. Ballande, an actor of rare ability, formerly connected with the Theatre Francais, the originator of the "matinee," and father of the gifted painter, Louis Ballande. For nearly four months the old Nations Theater has been in the hands of the painters and decorators, and will be known henceforth as the Theatre Italien, the most fashionable and elegant theater of Paris; indeed, the only theater at present where full dress will be severely insisted upon. All the boxes and the greater part of the best seats were engaged months ago for the entire year by the leaders of society and distinguished foreigners visiting or residing at Paris, and the opening night was the most brilliant in the recollection of the oldest theater-goers. The President of the Republic occupied the most conspicuous box. He was accompanied by his daughter, Mme. Wilson. The box next to the President's was occupied by Victor Hugo and his daughter, Mme. Lockray, and her beautiful children. In the boxes nearer the orchestra were the Princesse Mathilde, M. and Mme. Ferdinand de Lesseps, Jules Ferry, Mrs. Mackay of California, Alexander Dumas, the Duke de Morny, Gordon Bennett, Sarah Bernhardt, Marie Van Zandt; the singers Faure and Duprez; the painters Meissonnier, Dupre and Ballande; the favorite singer, Gabrielle Krauss, and a hundred other celebrities of Paris.

AMONG MANY BEAUTIFUL TOILETTES

That of Mrs. Mackay was, perhaps, the most remarkable—a heavy silk of the fashionable color, "crushed strawberries," embroidered profusely with anemones of all colors and very fine pearls. Mrs. Mackay's diamonds were the largest and rarest seen that evening. Mme. Alexandre Dumas' dress of rare Chantilly lace, trimmed with black velvet, was very elegant, and that of Jeanne Garnier, the beautiful singer of the opera, was noticeable for its extreme simplicity and good taste. The material was of softest batiste, trimmed profusely with old Valenciennes lace. The heavy, blonde hair of the delicately pretty singer was worn high, in a single coil, and fastened with a golden comb, the only ornament.

THE THEATRE ITALIEN

Will be devoted to representations of Italian opera, and the artists will always be the best that Italy can provide, but at present Maurel is the chief attraction. He is a brilliant singer, and enjoys a good position in the best Parisian society. His intimate friend is the Prince de Sagan, who has been the soul of the enterprise, and this fact alone has had much to do with its success. Maurel sang formerly at the Ventadour Theater, with the Patti, Nicolini, Tamberlik and the Marquis de Candia, better known as Mario. The opening of the new Theatre Italien has interested the old associates of Maurel, and letters of congratulation received from them have been published in the Paris journals.

PATTI WRITES AS FOLLOWS:

"I made my debut at the Ventadour, commonly known as the Theatre Italien, in 'Sonnambula,' in 1862. I do not remember the name of the tenor who sang with me. I only remember that Tagliafico was the Count, and ever since that eventful debut he has been my most devoted friend. I shall never forget the emotion that I felt the first time I appeared before a Parisian public, but its reception was benevolent and quickly reassured me. I regard those 'seasons' at the Ventadour as the most glorious of my artistic career. I sang during those years with Mario, that incomparable artist; Nandin, Gardoni and others equally celebrated. The gracious souvenirs of my first triumphs were sometimes darkened by the shadows of envy and jealousy—the inevitable companions of youthful success. One evening during a performance of 'Linda' a great many bouquets were thrown upon the stage, and among them was one arranged in a singular manner. One of the flowers became detached and fell upon the floor of the stage with a formidable noise. It was an enormous ball of lead, which would have struck me on the head if it had not been badly attached to the bouquet, which was thrown with great skill, and just touched my shoulder. Another time, at the conclusion of a performance of 'Traviata,' returning to the stage to salute the public which had recalled me, the curtain descended suddenly, and before I could recover presence of mind had struck me. I lay unconscious for some time, but was not seriously wounded, which was owing to the high and heavy coiffure then worn. It was an everyday occurrence to find matches in the bottom of the water pitcher in my dressing-room, and to receive mysterious looking parcels of the finest gloves, inclosing a note from the maker, begging my acceptance, as a token of gratitude for the pleasure received from my rendering of some particular role. My father was advised to have these gloves examined by a chemist, and no one but myself seemed to be surprised when he declared them to be poisoned! I am sure these, and a hundred other petty intrigues, were resorted to in the hope of disabling me for the moment. It was at Paris that I sang for the first time in 'Trovatore,' and under circumstances which made it an event in my career. It was the occasion of a charitable benefit organized by the Countess de Beaumont, to which I gave my services gratuitously. For some unknown reason, at the last moment, the orchestra refused to play unless paid in advance. One can judge of the effect, and of my astonishment on entering the stage to hear the musicians tuning their instruments! I waited a moment, the 'tuning' ceased, but not a sound, not a tone, to accompany my voice! There was a dead silence in the whole theater—the audience seemed to take in the situation. I never felt such despair in all my life; but, unconsciously I began to sing, and after a few bars the orchestra joined me, and played exquisitely the whole evening. It was the most brilliant representation of that season, and a veritable triumph. It is not necessary for me to tell you how happy I should be to assist at the opening of the new Theater Italian, but I must cross the ocean again to see 'my dear Americans,' who lavish upon me their most touching evidences of love and esteem. I hear that the Prince Nariskine is one of your most enthusiastic supporters. During a season at the Ventadour the Prince sent every evening a bouquet to my dressing-room, and every evening this bouquet contained a jewel, a medallion, a bracelet or a necklace; but to the medallions, to the bracelet, or to the necklace was attached the portrait of the Prince, with these words: 'It is I, it is still I, it is always I, and to send you these proofs, all too material, of my undying passion, is a great joy.' Paris need not employ similar means to be forever remembered. The marvels of Niagara will not prevent my thinking of the beauties of the little lake of the Bois de Boulogne, and I will, therefore, not say adieu, but only au revoir, to the Parisians, from whom all true artists are too wise to remain away for any great length of time."

THE LETTER OF MARIO

Is full of interesting details of his career, but we will confine ourselves to his amusing account of an interview between the poet Henri Heine and Meyerbeer. "I often went to see Meyerbeer," he says, "who interested me for various reasons. I invariably found him deeply absorbed in the Parisian newspapers, which he read solely to see what they said of him, for he had great veneration for the press and was even afraid of it. 'It is,' said he, 'the great power of the age!' Meyerbeer was known to be very rich, and he received innumerable letters from Germans established at Paris, which always ended with a request for money. The author of 'Robert le Diable,' who was not extraordinarily generous, defended with all his might his door and his purse, but there were some who would not be denied. The poet Heine was of this number. Extravagant, always in need, but determined to give some honest return for his demand for money, the author of the 'Reisebilder' always came to Meyerbeer with his pockets full of 'lieder' and ballads. To refuse as sweetly as possible was a rule with Meyerbeer, and he almost invariably told Heine that his poems were too perfect, too sublime to be set to music; but the poet needed something more substantial than mere flattering words, and when the musician began the usual strain he rushed frantically into the street. I met Heine one day at Meyerbeer's house and 'assisted' at a very curious scene. I had been talking with the musician about the music of the day. Nursed in the cradle of the Italian school I remarked that nowadays the music was full enough of discord to shock the most refined taste. It is like the kitchen, I said familiarly, where one puts in the stews and soups a quantity of strange ingredients, which only the strongest stomachs can support. My culinary comparisons did not please Meyerbeer's taste. He rose and said, with great dignity, 'I believe, however, that I am not a cook,' bowed coldly and left the room. I was amazed, for I had not thought of Meyerbeer's productions in making my remarks, and turned toward Heine, who was convulsed with restrained laughter. He tapped me on the shoulder affectionately, and cried, 'Thank you, Mario, thank you with all my heart! You have done well to put this pround miser in his proper place, for you hit it exactly. That is just it! He is nothing but a musical cook?' And perfectly enchanted with the word, Heine left the room screaming at the top of his voice, 'Cook! cook! cook!' The door by which Meyerbeer had made his exit was half open, and he certainly heard the irreverent words of Heine, who ceased from this day to trouble Meyerbeer with his lieder and ballads." O.

TEMPERANCE SENTIMENT IN OHIO.

Governor Foster, in his final message to the Legislature of Ohio, delivered on the 6th instant, says, under the heading of "Temperance:"

The receipts from the sale at retail in Ohio of wine, beer and intoxicating liquors probably amounts to the enormous sum of $70,000,000. That it entails upon the general public an enormous outlay of money, which is raised by general taxation, no one pretends to deny, while the annual profits of those engaged in the business is more than $40,000,000, yet, until recently, this traffic contributed nothing to the burdens it imposes upon the taxpayers of the State.

And now, because the General Assembly has, in obedience to the demand of an overwhelming public sentiment, undertaken, in a conservative way, to impose restraints upon it, and to require it to contribute something to the cost it imposes upon the people, this interest recently, through its delegates gathered in Convention, formally demanded the repeal of the law. The law passed by the last General Assembly, entitled "An Act to provide against the evils resulting from the traffic in intoxicating liquors," is the first, seeking to impose restraint upon the liquor traffic, ever passed in this State that has been successfully put into practical execution. Under its provisions more than 4,500 saloons and places where the traffic has been carried on have gone out of existence, and, if the law is permitted to stand, the number retiring from the business will be materially increased.

A revenue of nearly $1,000,000 has been received from the operation of the law and paid into the various county, city and village tresuries of the State. Under the "local option" feature of the law a number of villages have, by ordinance, prohibited the traffic within their corporate limits, but because of the phraseology relating to tippling houses, the sale of spirituous liquors cannot be prohibited, unless sold in tippling houses. The law should be amended so as to include spirituous liquors, the sale of which, as well as wine and beer, may be prohibited by ordinance, and the provisions of local option should be extended to townships so that, when by village ordinance the traffic is prohibited, the people of the townships may prohibit also if they choose, thus preventing the traffic upon the border line of the village.

The General Assembly may rest assured that there is an overwhelming public sentiment opposed to the demands of the liquor dealers, and in favor of giving the Scott law a full and fair trial before any serious interference with its provisions is attempted.

The fact that 323,000 votes were returned for the prohibition of the liquor traffic is evidence of the strong feeling of our people upon this subject. If this is done the law will be found in principle the best ever passed upon this subject in this country. With perfect ease, without cost, without friction, without lawsuits, it silently and swiftly put out of sight more than 4,500 saloon signs, and poured into the treasuries of the State a revenue of nearly two millions of dollars with which to mitigate the sufferings and evils due to the business.

HOW A STATE BECAME RICH.

In Dr. Eggleston's illustrated paper in the January *Century*, on "Husbandry in Colony Times," he says: "The destiny of South Carolina was changed by a single lucky experiment. In 1696, when the colony was more than thirty years old, the pioneers were still engaged in buying furs from the Indians, extracting resin, tar and turpentine from the pines, cutting timber for shipment and growing slender harvests of grain on the light soil along the coast. Attempts had already been made to grow indigo, ginger and cotton, but these had not answered expectation. A small and unprofitable kind of rice had also been tried in 1688. But one Thomas Smith thought that a patch of wet land at the back of his garden in Charleston resembled the soil he had seen bearing rice in Madagascar. It chanced in 1696 that a brigantine from that island anchored in distress near Sullivan's Island, and the Captain, an old friend of this enterprising Thomas Smith, was able to furnish him with a bag of Madagascar rice suitable for seed. It grew luxuriantly in the wet corner of the garden, and the seed from this little harvest was widely distributed. In three or four years the art of husking the rice was learned. African slaves were easily procured in the West Indies, and the face of society in the young State was presently changed; South Carolina became a land of great planters and a multitude of toiling negroes. Smith was raised to the rank of Landgrave, and made Governor of the colony three years after the success of his rice-patch. The new grain was at first grown on uplands, but the planters discovered that the neglected swamps were more congenial and less exhaustible. The cruelly hard labor of separating the grains from the adhering husks crippled the strength and even checked the increase of the negroes; but in the year just preceding the Revolution this task came to be performed with mills driven by the force of the incoming and outgoing tides, or turned by horses or oxen. One hundred and forty thousand barrels of Carolina rice, of 400 or 500 weight apiece, were annually exported before the War of Independence. Through the example of a Governor of Georgia, the culture of rice spread into that colony, and completed the ruin of the silk business.

HEGEMAN'S GASTRICINE.

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GOOD NEWS.—It is now entirely unnecessary to purchase any imported perfumes, as the very best are Peck's Premium Perfumes and Elite Bouquet, home manufacture.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

THE MYSTERIOUS MAN WITH A MYSTERIOUS NAME AND BOX.

Direct Methods of English Courts—Demoralizing Effects of American Air—High Prices for Divorces.

LONDON, December 29, 1883.

Is he a lunatic, or is he a dynamite fiend feigning lunacy? We refer to Noah Webster King, whose other title is "H. M. Rex, the King of Apothecaries and Astrologists and Bible Oracle Maker, of New York." These are suspicious times—times when it is dangerous to feel safe. If a man cannot take a clock concealed in a box into a railway carriage without its muffled ticking suggesting an infernal machine and causing his fellow passengers to give him into custody, how could it be expected for a moment that a fellow with such an awfully mysterious double-barreled name as the above would be allowed to roam at his sweet will through the land? It looked very suspicious, too, that this man should hail from New York; and another very suspicious circumstance was that he carried about a small chest, which he was particularly anxious to introduce to the personal notice of her Majesty, Queen Victoria. The inscription on this box only

INTENSIFIED THE MYSTERY,

For what blackness of diabolism might not be concealed in the announcement that the mystic receptacle contained "a key to the secrets of the occult science of witchcraft, being a familiar and historical elucidation of the theory and practice of magic, alchemy, necromancy, astrology, customancy, chiromancy, etc, together with directions for the making of gold, the raising of the dead, and calling up of spirits and evocation of ghosts, and laying bare the operations of modern spiritualism, for healing the sick like magic, answering all manner of scientific questions on difficult and unknown matters, and for controlling the elements of nature." Such was the inscription on the box—or, rather, such was a part of it. Is it surprising such a discovery should throw 5,000,000 people into a state of alarm, and raise to the

TIP-TOE OF CURIOSITY,

Not to say indignation, the 13,000 members of the metropolitan police force? But the man is not hanged yet, nor condemned to penal servitude for life. He is, however, deprived of his liberty, and I am expecting every day to hear that suitable action has been taken in the premises by sympathizing members of Congress. Meanwhile, sad to say, the people here, true to their tyrannical instincts, seem perfectly content that the man should remain in durance, caring no more, apparently, for the rights of suspected American lunatics than of those of our fellow-citizens who come over to try experiments in advanced chemistry. Speaking of dynamite, what a dose those Glasgow scoundrels got. Between the dynamite charges of the Fenians and those which come back in response from the batteries of the British Courts, there is this important difference—that the former frequently miscarry, while the latter never do. British law

HITS THE NAIL ON THE HEAD

Every time, and the blow is deprived of none of its force, nor are any of the solemn consequences averted, even when the head of the spike is greased, so to speak, with foreign gold. Our Irish-American fellow-citizens are probably convinced by this time that money subscribed for defense funds might as well be kept in their pockets, for it is not a question here who defends a man, or how he does it, or the financial backing he may have. The Judges have a habit of sticking pins into the sophistries of counsel, and of shutting up the jury to a simple consideration of the facts in evidence, and the latter somehow do not seem to know any better than to proceed on these antiquated lines in the making up of their verdict. It can be safely said that the English have much to learn in matters of this kind, but they are a stubborn,

ALMOST FOSSILIZED RACE,

Who catch on to modern ideas very reluctantly, and I am afraid there is not much hope for them, and in consequence there is not much hope, when they happen to be caught, for those who seek amusement in the taking off of informers or in the blowing up of public buildings. I do not think either that British Judges are very easily intimidated by threats of personal violence. I have not heard that Judge Denman, the "armined assassin" who sentenced the slayer of Carey, has lost any sleep over the news that some parties in America have put a high price upon his head. He remembers, no doubt, that Chief Justice Coleridge was singled out for similar distinction just prior to his late successful great American

HASH-EATING EXPEDITION,

And it is whispered that he rather chuckles over the event, believing it to be, as in his learned brother's case, an omen of coming greatness. All this is very exasperating, though with reference to Coleridge, the Irish have at least the comfort of knowing that his American trip made him dyspeptic; and dyspepsia being the root of so many evils, no one can tell, of course, what this attack may lead to. It has already caused the Chief Justice to render decisions which have created wide dissatisfaction. Notably was this so in the Belt case, and his Lordship, our Irish friends will be pleased to hear, is being severely hauled over the coals. The London *Figaro* says: "It is to be feared that the air of America, or the flattery administered to him in such large doses, has turned the head of Lord Coleridge. The judgment delivered on Saturday will largely detract from his reputation, weaken his influence on the Bench, and suggest doubts of his capacity for the high office he holds." Who knows but that these complaints may presage the coming of an earthquake of public disfavor which will compel Lord Coleridge to

STEP DOWN AND OUT,

And, should this occur, what is to prevent patriotic Irishmen from ascribing to their adopted country the glory of this great tyrant's discomfiture? It has always been understood that there were more ways of killing a dog than by hanging him; and, if given its time, an attack of American dyspepsia may settle the hash of an odious representative of British despotism just as effectually as a pistol shot or a cup of cold poison. Referring again to the conviction of the ten conspirators at Glasgow, the most important feature of the evidence adduced at the trial was the clear proof it afforded that the explosions in that city were connected with the attempts to injure public buildings in other parts of the country. Featherstone, convicted at Liverpool some time ago, who was introduced to the Glasgow society as a gentleman from America, under the name of Johnstone, was identified by the witnesses as

THE DYNAMITE INSTRUCTOR.

He had made six visits to Glasgow between June, 1882, and February of this year. Dalton—also convicted at Liverpool—had likewise been in frequent communication with the Glasgow prisoners and had only left them six days before the London explosions took place. The probability, therefore, seems to be that the occurrences of last March in this city were closely connected with those in Glasgow; while it is more than likely that the outrages on the Metropolitan Railway proceeded from a kindred organization. In Glasgow, as in London, explosions were planned to take place at different spots on the same evening. There were three outrages in the latter place—the blowing up of a gasometer, the attempt to destroy a railway shed, and the frustrated design to injure a canal bridge. It is worth noting that in this case eleven months elapsed between the crime and the conviction of its perpetrators, and that for a long time every effort to discover them seemed to be baffled. This raises the hope that the London police may yet succeed in bringing to justice those whose acts have spread terror throughout the metropolis. The criticisms passed upon the London force in consequence of their failure up to the present

TO DISCOVER ANY CLUE,

Are not fair; nor is it just to hold them on this account in unfavorable contrast with the more successful officers of Birmingham and Liverpool and Glasgow; for London is a place which, from its immense size and heterogeneous population, must necessarily afford extraordinary facilities both for the concealment of criminals of this class and for their escape in the event of the place becoming too warm for them. Charles Russell, who defended O'Donnell, is in clover just now. Besides the 2,000 guineas he got with his brief in that case, he received 750 guineas each, about the same time, in two other cases. This aggregates something like $18,000, a sugar-plum such as is not often picked up for two or three weeks' work; and this does not include refreshers. But lawyers' fees are climbing up here at an amazing rate. Three hundred guineas used to be considered the outside figure for the very best man at the bar; now the big-bugs

WOULD TURN UP THEIR NOSES

At that sum. The other expenses connected with litigation in England are equally high. Justice may be had here, unquestionably, and it is not to be bought. Nevertheless, in many cases it takes an awful pile of money to secure it. A stranger is struck with the small number of divorce suits that come before the English Courts, but he will make a great mistake if he infers from this that connubial infidelity is uncommon. The real reason is,

DIVORCES COME SO HIGH

That none but the wealthy care aspire to them. Apropos of this, I recall what was perhaps one of the wittiest speeches ever delivered from the English bench. A poor man was convicted of bigamy, and on being asked why judgment should not be passed upon him according to law, he replied that his wife had eloped with a hawker five years before, and he had never seen her since, so last winter he had thought it quite possible to marry again. To this Mr. Justice Maule replied as follows: "I will tell you what you ought to have done, and if you say you did not know, I must tell you the law conclusively presumes you did. You ought to have instructed your attorney to bring an action against the hawker for criminal conversation with your wife. That would have cost you about £100 ($500). When you had recovered substantial damages against the hawker, you could have instructed your proctor to sue in the ecclesiastical Courts for a divorce *a mensa at que thoro*. That would have cost you two or three hundred pounds more. When you had obtained a divorce *a mensa at que thoro*, you would have had to appear by counsel before the House of Lords for a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*. The bill might have been opposed in all is stages in both Houses of Parliament, and although you would have had to spend about one thousand or twelve hundred pounds. You will probably tell me that you never had a thousand farthings of your own in the world; but, prisoner, that makes no difference. Sitting here as a British Judge, it is my duty to tell you that this is not a country in which there is one law for the rich and another for the poor." To mark his sense of the

HEINOUSNESS OF THE CRIME,

The learned Justice sentenced the economical prisoner to imprisonment for the term of one day! This was some years ago. The process of getting divorced is a little more simple now and a little less costly. Even yet, however, none venture to sue for this privilege but those having a long purse; and probably the fact that nearly all the divorces that are sought concern people in high life, is the reason why superficial observers rush to the mistaken conclusion that there is more immorality amongst this class than amongst the poor. Speaking of courts of justice, that was a rich scene over in Ireland the other day. Several men had been on trisl for a week charged with conspiracy to murder. The jury had not been out long before it became evident that something was troubling them, and that no verdict could be reached. The Crown Attorney and his assistant, Mr. O'Brien, got wind of the difficulty, and wanted Judge Johnson to give the jurymen further instructions. The

HITCH WAS UPON THE POINT

That the evidence of Coleman, one of the witnesses for the prosecution, upon whose testimony the case depended, had not been controverted, as the law required, by any independent testimony. The prosecution claimed that Coleman, having put himself in communication with the authorities at an early stage of the conspiracy, was not an informer, and that his evidence could, therefore, stand alone, and they wanted the Judge to so instruct the jury. "I will do nothing of the kind," said Judge Johnson. "I entirely decline to take the advice of coansel in the case," he said tartly at another stage of this war of words, and finally he ordered Mr. O'Brien to sit down. But counsel gave him as good as he gave them. Twice they flatly contradicted his statements, and when the jury, after five hours of deliberation, could not agree, and were discharged, the Crown attorneys capped the climax of their contempt for His Honor by announcing that they would defer the next trial of the prisoners until another Judge sat on the bench. Such scenes are of rare occurrence in British Courts, and you can imagine the sensation the affair has caused. The Fenians, I think, may be relied upon to espouse the cause of Judge Johnson. H. T.

MENTAL OVERWORK.

The suicide of Judge Colt, of Massachusetts, seems to be as fair a warning as can be of the dangers of mental overwork, worry and strain. He was not only the possessor of a strong frame and sound physical health, but of an abnormally happy and cheerful disposition when he entered upon his duties as a Judge. His circumstances were all fortunate, and no family affliction or business misfortune occurred to disturb his mental balance; and he was equally fortunate in escaping any attack of extraneous disease. But he was conscious of some deficiencies in legal learning, which he endeavored to make up by severe application; but more than this, he took his cases with him wherever he went, considering them at all times and hours in anxiety to fulfill his full duty and render exact justice. The result of this was to break down the fibres of his strong mind and all the symptoms of periodic depression, self-condemnation, and finally doubt and despair, indicated the exact course of mental disease produced by overwork. The man who cannot drop his work when it is done is the one who is in danger, and he who finds it filling all his waking hours has a warning which no strength of constitution or general good health should tempt him to disregard. Persons who have the fortunate faculty of dismissing their cares and taking healthy recreation, can do an immense amount of mental work without exhaustion, while stronger men are driven to insanity or suicide simply because their work rides them like a nightmare. The warning is individual, but the symptoms of the danger are such as every man can note and take warning from in himself, whatever the comparative quantity of his mental work with what he thinks he ought to do with safety, or has been done by more fortunately constituted persons.—[Providence Journal.

ARTIST BROWNING'S PYTHON.—A curious story is told of a statue of Dryope and Apollo, which Robert Barrett Browning has recently finished at Paris. In the studio, says the correspondent who tells the story, I saw the model who had stood for it, with the great live snake coiling around her, and her face was the statue's own. I asked if it was not almost cruel to make her pose thus, snake-embraced, but the sculptor assured me that she was very fond of the serpent. The snake himself was a veritable python from Senegal, and had been resident some time at the Antwerp Museum of Natural History. The embrace of this one might easily have been fatal, for he was ten feet long and very large. But he never so much as tightened his coils uncomfortably around the model during the weary hours and days in which she stood with him entwined about her, while the statue grew. Mr. Browning showed me the box which was the python's home when his working hours were over. I say was, for, alas for art! this good and kindly snake is dead. He died during the absence from Paris of Adele, the model.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

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TRY Dr. Sandford's Liver Invigorator and be convinced that it can cure all bilious disorders.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

SOME OF THE BOOKS RECENTLY OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

Productions From Known and Unknown Authors—Poetry and Prose—Recent Magazines—Etc.

The poems of Albert F. Kercheval, a well-known Californian, have been presented in a handsome royal octavo volume of over 500 pages, by A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, as publishers, under the title "Dolores and Other Poems." We have no hesitation whatever in pronouncing Mr. Kercheval's quality to be the truly poetic. His one fault is his kindly nature, or rather the generous disposition that has led him to bemean his genius by writing on all and for all occasions. One gifted with such a fertile imagination and so vivid a fancy does his genius an injury by making it the vehicle for ordinary carriage. But this testifies to versatility and to inexhaustible resources. It has been charged, and we believe unfairly, that Mr. Kercheval is an imitator. In the sense that nothing is original this allegation may have some foundation, but in the critical examination of his poems the unbiased judge will discover a distinctive originality, not only in thought but in style. In fact it is so marked as to mar, to some extent, his work, for the subtone in all his poems is the same. If we were to discriminate we should say that Kercheval's best effort is disclosed in his descriptive lines, and beside them his sentimental poems. He invests narrative with a poetic interest and charm not often attained by the modern poet, while his sentiments are pure, clearly expressed, appeal to the heart. Next we would place his humorous poems, and beside these his patriotic expressions. In sentiment and in patriotic power, he rises to an enviable plane and gives evidence of an ability to fathom the emotions that speaks of greater possibilities and of a courage born of the purest loyalty to liberty and the rights of men. There are stanzas numerous and in differing veins in the book that are fairly entitled to be ranked with the loftiest manifestations of the best poetic genius. There is energy, quickness and vigor in his productions, and equally gentleness, depth of feeling and the evidence of a warmly sympathetic nature. Unlike some of his eulogists, we do not place his "Dolores" first among his lines. It appears to us more labored than most of his shorter poems. Through all his work is to be noted a love for the pure, the gentle and kindly sentiment, the generous impulse, the kindly touch. We fail to discover any disposition to pick out the "thistles" in life. This home poet looks upon this, evidently, as a life really worth living, and the world as a thing of beauty, full of goodness and sweetness, despite evil and pain and toil and weariness. We append a few selections, typical of the style and thought of the "Granger poet," who we hold has contributed to the world's good by the labors of his pen, since his lines are uniformly pure, helpful, courageous, patriotic and "for the right" unwaveringly. From "Mutations" we quote:

I looked on life—a glorious plain outspread—
The winds blew soft, the blue sky overhead;
Calm slept the seas; "How sweet to live," I said.

I saw the tares the weary sowers reap,
Saw Hope's sweet flowers crushed by the tempest's sweep,
And said, "Oh death, how sweet thy dreamless sleep!
How vain, O man, thy spirit's worldly lust!
How vain, O soul, thy earthly hopes and trust"

From "The Vintage" we take the opening stanza:

Soft sighs and dreamy purple haze,
And lo! the mellow vintage days!
Low droop the cluster-laden vines,
Beneath their burden's common gleam,
Like shadowy glimpses of Bacchus' dream.
In glory stretch the serried lines,
From mount to sea; o'er hill and plain
They spread afar the queenly train;
And now anear and far around
The sun-browned laborers' joyous strain,
From vales to echoing hills resounds.

From the closing verses in a tribute to Jack Van Dusen, a heroic miner who braved the depths of the burning Alta mine to save the lives of comrades:

Out from depths of deepest pause,
From death's gaping, yawning jaws,
From a struggle deadlier far
Than the soldier ever braved;
Like a ghost, with clinging shroud,
Reeling, swooning, pallid-browed,
To the light's dim—beckoning star,
Came the hero—they were saved.

Write his name on glory's page,
Grandest hero of the age,
Blazoned bright on history's scroll,
Simple, stalwart, great, sublime!
"Jack Van Dusen!" let the name
Echo down the aisles of fame;
Let the whispers throb and roll,
Through the corridors of Time.

From "The River of Death:"

Far 'neath the haze dimly floweth a river,
Glassy and still with its murmuriess tide,
Awing the soul with a tremulous shiver,
Straining its gaze to the far hidden side;
Veiled in Oblivion's shadow forever,
Charmless as fathomless, soundless as wide.

From the poem "Illusion:"

I wandered by the ocean strand,
And wrote my name upon the sand
At early dawn;
When sunset died upon the main,
I sought my impress once again—
Lo! it was gone.
So Time's dark tides that heave and sway
Shall wash Life's footprints faint away,
Away, away.

From the glad song of "California Glories":

O, chosen spot of Nature's God!
Thy coming grandeur who shall tell?
Unsmitten by His chastening rod,
Here shall all grace and glory dwell;
And deathless minstrels yet to be,
Shall sing of thee, shall sing of thee.

From "Alkali Jim:"

"Died with his boots on—game to the last!"
That's what the telegraph said last night;
Yes, he was always mighty fast—
Always into a row or fight.
Alkali hung? Yes it's him—
Somewhere out there about Albuquerque;
Gamblin' and shootin?—That's just like Jim,
Anything else before honest work.
Son of a minister—knowd him well—
Always full of Old Nick, and wild;
Reckon he didn't believe in hell—
Got too much of it when a child.
Went to school with him many a day—
Swore like a parrot, and smoked and chawed;
Always dangerous—like at play—
Mad in a minute, and fit and clawed,
Ready of hand and free of heart,
True to his friendships, wrong or right.
Chivalrous? Always would take the part
Of the dog that was undermost in the fight.

The volume closes with a number of poems by Rosalie W. Kercheval, the poet's young daughter. They are characterized by sweetness, and a distinctively marked poetic sentiment of an order that gives promise of still better work. A few examples are given.

From "Dawning:"

Dimmer wane the tapers
O'er the Orient world;
Softer wreathe the vapors
Through the silence curled.
Distant, dim, uncertain,
Pale and gray and wan,
Lifts the musty curtain
O'er the rising dawn.
Far and faint and tender,
Tinged with golden light,
Breaks the tide of splendor
On the shores of night.

From "Weariness:"

By the stillness and shadow surrounded
I lie on the mystical light,
Where the limits of vision are bounded
Alone by the confines of night.

O'er the silence of city and river,
Night's scintillant splendors blaze still,
Like beacon fires kindled forever
O'er ramparts of mountain and hill.

Through the infinite spaces upleading,
Faint silvered and circled with light,
Still I watch the white pathways receding
That traverse the kingdom of night.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, we have of the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, Henry J. Wisner's "Manualfed Tourists in the Yellowstone National Park." It is freely illustrated and accompanied by a railroad map and an appendix of travel and land statistics and tables for the great Northwest. From the same firms we have also the "Guide to the Northern Pacific Railroad and Its Allied Lines," by Mr. Wisner. It is a guide-book and itinerary for the use of tourists and travelers, and appears to be very complete. More pretentious and full is the elaborate volume from the same sources, by Eugene V. Smalley, entitled "History of the Northern Pacific Railroad." It is a large octavo of 436 pages, accompanied by an elaborate map and profusely illustrated. It is a complete exposition of the resources and topography of the country traversed by the new line, together with a history of the Northern Pacific enterprise and the vicissitudes through which it has passed.

From Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, we have another of the Harper Bros. English Men of Letters series, being the life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, by Mrs. Oliphant. Moore's life of Sheridan, published in 1825, was the best work on the dramatist, and probably still is. Moore had the advantage of free access to Sheridan's papers, and the aid of his family, but his book had its chief value in its authoritative character. As a criticism it was not satisfactory to Sheridan's friends. The next most important contribution was the sketch by Professor Smyth. Since then several small works, reminiscences, anecdotal collections, etc., have appeared. Mrs. Oliphant's book, however, is the most orderly and exhaustive biography. Its authoritative character cannot rise above that of Moore's volume, but it is a better told tale of the dramatist's life, its conciseness, elegance of diction and historical arrangement making it especially readable, while its critical character is of a high order.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, we have a new and revised edition of Harper Bros.' issue of Nathaniel H. Egleston's admirable work on "The Home and Its Surroundings, or Villages and Village Life, with Hints for Their Improvement." It is one of the most practical and sensible of works on village improvement, trees and tree-planting, drainage, the care and fittings of the country dwelling-house; on water, fences, roads, hedges, woodlands, bridges, ventilation, sewage, care of the sick, sanitary aspects of country life, village improvement societies, school-houses and schools, the village library, the village church, etc. In fact, it is exceedingly broad in its scope, running from the details of house and town drainage to the preaching of the village pastor. But there are no suggestions in it that are not pure and justified by experience and human wisdom.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co. we have of the Harpers' Franklin Square Library Series the following: "All in a Garden Fair," by Walter Besant, price 20 cents; "Under the Red Flag," a novel by M. E. Braddon, 10 cents; "An April Day," a novel by P. P. Jephson, 15 cents; "A Noble Wife," a novel by John Saunders, 20 cents; "Maid of Athens," a novel by Justin McCarthy, 20 cents; "Jetlifer," a novel by Annie Thomas, 20 cents; "Adrian Bright," a novel by Mrs. Caddy, 20 cents; "Ione Stewart," a novel by E. L. Lenton, 20 cents; "A Great Heiress," by R. E. Francillon, 15 cents; "Life, Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer," by his son (Owen Meredith), published in two parts, 20 cents each; "Annan Water," a romance by Robert Buchanan, 20 cents; "Round the Galley Fire," by W. Clark Russell, price 15 cents.

"Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine" for January presents an extended article upon "Methodism in Canada," with portraits of ten distinguished pulpit orators of that denomination. Also of the contents are: "Her Valentine," by Elizabeth C. Winter; "Samson Agonistes," an analysis and critique; sermon, "A Tight Grip," by Dr. Talmage; a hunting story, "My first Bison;" "Zwingle, the Swiss Reformer;" interesting review of the "Life of Harold," etc. Published by Mrs. Frank Leslie, New York.

"The Hymns of Luther," as published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, are at hand in quarto form, bound in muslin, from C. S. Houghton, Sacramento, and sell at $2. The music and the German and English text are given in clear large type on heavy paper. The book has the earlier and later preface prepared by Luther, and also an introductory chapter by Leonard Woolsey Bacon, assisted by Nathan H. Allen, the two having edited the work and supplied the notes.

"The Fair Enchantress" is the name of a new novel by Miss M. C. Keller, and said to be of much power and interest. It is issued by the publishing house of T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, and for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco. Price, 75 cents in large 12mo. The same publishing firm has republished Sir Walter Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor," and "Waverly," both in "Peterson's cheap edition" style. Price, 15 cents each.

Grace Greenwood has added to the Exemplary Women series, from the press of John R. Anderson and Henry S. Allen, a work on Queen Victoria in girlhood and womanhood. It is a graceful tribute to a sovereign universally respected and widely beloved, and is a story of a royal life simply and sincerely told. It is by no means a great work, but it is very far from being commonplace. For sale by C. S. Houghton, Sacramento.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, have issued, in cheap form, a "Centennial Edition," complete in two parts, royal quarto, paper covers, Irving's "Life of Washington and the History of the American Revolution." It is printed in clear type, upon good paper, and contains portraits of the leading Generals and men of the times. Sold by A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco. Price, 60 cents.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, we have, of the Harpers' Franklin Square Library series, "The Millionaire," a novel, price 20 cents, and "Thirlby Hall," a novel, by W. E. Norris; price, 25 cents.

"The Hour," a weekly journal devoted to social interests, and published at New York, is one of the best papers received. It contains articles upon politics, finance, society, literature, art, drama, music, etc.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, have issued and C. S. Houghton, of Sacramento, has for sale a neat quarto volume at fifty cents, presenting George H. Calvert's poem "Sibyl."

"The Artist" is a new and bright fortnight