THE COMING COSTUME.

BY MRS. GRUNDY.

[Punch.]

Dear *Mr. Punch*, do just look here. What's
this new-fangled caper,
Which, to my 'orror, meets my eye whilst
reading of my paper?
I don't precisely understand the way they're
putting forrid,
But I've my strong suspicion that its some-
think right down 'orrid.

Classic! O yes, I know that game as wants a
wigorous stopper;
Classic is the name for everythink owdacious
and improper.
The Poets and the Artises is always sweet
upon it,
But if they gammons Mrs. G. I'll bolt my
Sunday bonnet.

The costumes of the ancient Greeks! A pooty
prospect, truly.
They dressed in—well, not much, and went
about quite coolly.
I knew 'em from their stattys, which is things
I do not hold with,
Which their dress must have been awfull for
ketching deaths o' colds with.

I thought our gals had gone as fur as decency
permitted—
Perhaps a hitch or two beyond—but sense
they must have quitted
To talk about a style of dress which, even
seen in pictures,
Is open to my stern rebuke and most sewerest
strictures.

Our West-End semi-noodites is bad enough,
that's certain,
But winding of one's body in a sort of sheet
or curtain,
With no ancestras, 'cos 'twas worn by Pen-
nylope or Helen!—
Well, there, it is a thing on which it shames
one to be dwellin'.

That Helen, as I understand, was scarce the
style of lady
As we should copy dresses from, her morals
being shady:
And Pennylope—well she, let's hope, was all
Ulysses thought her,
But the westure of Ulysses' wife 's no rule
for John Bull's daughter!

Better for "dual garmenture" at once to go in
a cropper,
Than ape the old "asthetic," which seems
mostly the improper.
Besides, our climate—don't tell me; in spite
of Art's ecstatics,
'Tis my conwiction Attic tastes would end in
the rheumatics.

I h'a'nt no faith in Poets' plans, nor yet in
Artists' notions;
Your Swinburnejoueses, and that sort, to me
is pills and potions.
Scant classic westments ain't the cheese for
our young gals and fellas,
And if there's them as thinks they are, they'd
better go to—Hellas!

NEW ORLEANS FASHIONS

What a new impulse might be given to our Southern listless summer life if the ladies of this city were to imitate their Staten Island kinswomen in the formation of

A CLUB FOR "OUTDOOR SPORTS,"

and devote the broad pastures of the City Park, or other healthful green places, to the exercise of their skill at croquet, archery, and the like.

It is a well established fact that women in America do not exercise properly or sufficiently, and the members of the Staten Island Ladies' Club have determined to repair the evil at once. Their grounds are very beautiful; these look out upon the dancing waters of the bay and the distant cities of New York and Brooklyn, and at the second annual spring meeting were a broad mat of green and were dotted with tents. Many wickets for croquet were set up, four archery butts were planted, and lines for lawn tennis were mapped out with whitewash on the sward. There were no club matches and no prizes, the object of the meeting being to enable the visiting friends of the members to try their hands at the various sports, and if sufficient enthusiasm was aroused to eventually apply for admission to the club. The members number over a hundred, the club having been in existence a little over a year.

THE MEMBERS HAVE UNIFORMS,

each fashioned according to individual caprice, but attractive in appearance. They are short in skirt, light in color, and loosely fitted to allow freedom of action. Two handsome fancy costumes, with kilted skirts of cream colored bunting and hunter's green sashes of the same material, and green vests, were prominent on the grounds. One archer wore a black silk dress with girdle wrought in beads of dead gold color, with quiver attached, wrought to correspond and trimmed with bead fringe. Another archer wore white trimmed with black velvet, and skillfully wielded the bow with white kid-gloved hands. Almost without exception a knot of flowers—Jacqueminot and Marshal Neil roses—was worn, fastened at the waist in front.

A BAND OF YOUNG LADIES

might give croquet parties in their own uptown gardens, adopting uniforms and inaugurating occasional rival games. What a fine opportunity for displaying the short and pretty *"costumes Exposition,"* as the kilted skirts with sash drapery and belted waists are termed by French modistes! Bourrettes in olive and moss colors, with a damask silk vest in which beige or cream tints prevail, form suitable materials for such costumes; bunting is very serviceable and stylish. Sometimes, instead of the pleated basques, cutsway coats are used with the kilt suits; in that case, the English cloths called homespuns are preferred for traveling purposes. These coats are made so long as to serve as jackets with any dress, and they are often made to fasten straight down the front, or are cut double-breasted. The vest is seen only at the throat and below the waist. Such coats may be made of batiste or percale, with a suit to correspond; rows of machine stitching on the edge form the trimming.

FANCY VESTS WILL BE MUCH WORN

at seaside resorts to lighten up dinner toilets; the caprice is for silk vests in black, beige or cream, with satin stripes of the same color. When brocaded vests are used, some of the brocade appears as trimming for the sleeves, collar, and for the wide, turned up revers on the apron front of the washerwoman overskirt. Pique and white Turkish toweling vests are much worn with black dresses. A handsome short costume, worn at the Paris Exposition recently, was in pale olive-green Sicilienne. The tunic was edged with chenille fringe of the same color, in which gold strands were introduced. The skirt was bordered with a band embroidered in green chenille and gold.

THE WHITE CHIP BONNET

was ornamented with a myrtle green feather, dusted all over with gold, and upon the curtain only there was a small tuft of white roses. The shoes were made with straps across the instep, and between the straps the olive-green silk stockings, with gold clocks, were visible. The parasol was dark olive-green, with chenille feather fringe round the edge, and a single butterfly, embroidered in gold, on one of the quarters; the handle was of old Dresden china. Another was a costume *en traine*, and was of caroubier faille and striped pale blue and red silk; the caroubier train opened over a plaited striped tablier, which was so managed that only the blue stripes were visible, except near the edge, when the red stripes were apparent. The caroubier coat bodice opened with revers over a striped waistcoat. A white lace necktie, and bonnet of red and white currants, with a pouf of pale blue feathers at the back, completed the toilet.

LARGER BONNETS ARE SEEN

among the novelties in summer millinery. These have flaring brims indented in Watteau style, and broad flat crowns. "Incroyable" is the name given to this shape, and the design is a copy of the bonnets worn during the French Revolution. The crown is square, the brim wide, and the strings cross the crown, pass over the brim, holding it down on the sides, and tie under the chin. The trimming consists of a bunch of flowers at the top of the crown, or else a panache of short feathers that curl toward the front. The stylish Jacqueminot red, darker than cardinal, is much used for trimmings of satin or of ribbon. The inside of the new bonnets is merely faced with velvet or satin, and has a classic fillet of velvet or of gilt, banding the hair close to the forehead.

Another novelty is that of having the flaring brim of doubled chip, making the inside precisely like the outside, and requiring no trimming. The Alsatian bow is now placed in the middle of the crown, where it is posed just above the curtain band. Another new fancy is that of putting a gilt ball ornament representing the top of a comb just inside the flaring front, and another at the end of the crown, above the curtain. Leghorn bonnets of deepest yellow tints are in regular Watteau shapes, with the brim indented on each side as well as in front and behind. The brim is faced with velvet, such as pale blue, or else olive bordered with a row of gilt beads, and the trimming is an Alsatian bow and strings of watered ribbon, either pale blue or cream color; a bunch of rosebuds is placed low down on the crown, and a stylish tuft of feathers on the top.

WALKING HATS FOR THE CITY,

or for traveling, are of black chip, with the sides turned up slightly all around, and bound with velvet. These have round crowns, and are very handsome when trimmed with satin and gauze together, and some feathers. A new ornament for such hats is a whip of cut steel and gilt.

ITEMS.

A novelty in white torchon lace is called double-meshed torchon, and is without a fancy design, resembling eyelet holes, with a scallop to finish the edge. This forms a stylish trimming for cambric dresses.

Neck-ties of white muslin, laid in long, close folds, are made very slender, and are crossed on the bosom, or else they are long enough to reach straight down to the edge of the basque. They are edged with lace and have insertion to match.

Princesse dresses are shirred in the front, and trimmed with passementeries.

Guipure sacques are fashionable.

Thick fringes of buds falling from under the straw curtains of bonnets are Paris caprices.

Grenadine bunting is new and handsome. Children's dresses are being made longer by an inch or two.

Silver buttons ornament street suits.

Duchesse is the most popular of the white laces for trimming evening dresses of silk or of gauze. It is also used for parasol covers, handkerchiefs and mitts.

Young Ladies in France.

[Paris Correspondence of the Baltimore Sun.]

Figure is supreme to face in Paris. A girl minus the one and plus the other is lost to all hopes of a *bon parti*, be her *dot* ever so great. No, I withdraw the *dot*, for a modern Frenchman will marry even a face with a *dot*, and throw in his coronet as a make-weight for his absence of financial figure. The young ladies are not pert or self-asserting, as I know them to be in other places outside of France. They are not bred to a clutching wildly at every straw on the whirlpool of admiration. If they are, they hide it admirably. She makes her character and person to be sought. She does not boldly go into the matrimonial market seeking whom she may devour. The mothers do all this, good dears that they are. You dance with a young lady at a ball and find her companionable. She is not a walking-match, muscular contestant in beefy, boisterous health, like your young English girl—I mean the twenty-four-year olders of Britain—for under that age they are suggestive only of the nursery and bread-and-butter odors. To go to a ball simply to dance and indulge in motion is reducing it to a mere gymnasium. Interchange of ideas and waltzes obtain with the Parisian young lady, and you may talk by the hour without fear of being referred to mamma or summoned for a breach of promise, as you are in England now-a-days. The Paris young lady not only talks, but does so well. She dances divinely, and is not found spending most of her time in the supper-room cramming herself with cutlets and sherry, and in a perpetual defense of her hunger, with thousands of excuses from a tight shoe to the "lancers." I have known more English girls driven into starvation by the "lancers" than by total abstinence for a day. Why not be honest, and, as Dean Swift said about the brandy and water, say you "like it."

Weighty Brides.

Throughout the empire of Morocco there are villages where the elder members of the adult population follow professionally the pursuit of fattening young ladies for the matrimonial market of Barbary. The Moors, like the Turks and most other Orientals, give a decided preference for "moonfaced" wives over lean ones, and are more solicitous as to the number of pounds which their wives weigh than about the stock of accomplishments which they possess. A girl is put under the process of fattening when she is about twelve years of age. Her hands are tied behind her, and she is seated on a carpet during so many hours every day, while her papa stands over her with a *mauruque*, or big stick, and her mother at times pops into her mouth a ball of *couscoussou*, or stiff maize porridge, kneaded up with grease, and just large enough to be swallowed without the patient choking. If the unfortunate girl declines to be crammed she is compelled, so that ere long the poor girl resigns herself to the torture and gulps down the boluses lest she should be beaten.

"Isn't It Lovely?"

[Keokuk Constitution.]

A dry goods clerk on Main street was showing a lady some parasols yesterday. This clerk has a good command of language, and knows how to expatiate on the good qualities and show the best point of goods. As he picked up a parasol from the lot on the counter and opened it, he struck an attitude of admiration, and, holding it up so the best light would be had, said:

"Now, there. Isn't it lovely? Look at that silk! Particularly observe the quality, the finish, the general effect. Feel of it. Pass your hand over it. No foolishness about that parasol, is there!" he said as he handed it over to the lady; "ain't it a beauty?"

"Yes," said the lady, "yes, that's my old one. I just laid it down there."

The clerk was immediately seized with a severe attack of quickened conscience, and passed right off from the subject of parasols on to the weather.

There are several thousand large parks in the world. There are twenty near Paris, varying from the 1000 acres of St. Cloud to the 41,000 acres of Fontainebleau. In or near London there is the Victoria Park, 300 acres; Finsbury Park, 115 acres; Greenwich Park, 174 acres; Southwark Park, 63 acres; several commons and parks varying from 50 to 628 acres (the latter Wimbledon Common); Richmond Park, 2253 acres; Windsor, 3800 acres; Hampton Court and Bushy Parks, 1842 acres; Kew Park and Gardens, 684 acres. Liverpool and Birkenhead have six parks, from Sefton, 387 acres, to Birkenhead, 130 acres. Leeds has a park of 800 acres. Phœnix Park at Dublin has 1752 acres. Central Park, New York, had 843 acres, including the reservoirs, etc., and Manhattan Square, 24 acres, has since been added. Brooklyn Park, with the parade ground, has 550 acres. Fairmount Park at Philadelphia has 2740 acres.

An Iowa paper speaks of a man having been lynched "for burning the barn and contents of his son-in-law." Any man who will burn the contents of his son-in-law ought to be lynched.—[Norwich Bulletin.

It may be true that 100 canceled postage stamps will buy a Chinese baby, but the fellow who had an American baby left on his door-steps for nothing wants to know what's the use of gathering stamps?

The New York *Tribune* says, referring to Senator Edmunds' resolution to secure an appropriation of $20,000 to investigate the presidential election, that "the Republicans mean war." Here is a bold Mexican declaration from the very paper which has been howling loudest about "Democratic revolution" and "Mexicanization."

IRELAND.

THE BAGOT WILL CASE—THE AUDACITY AND SUCCESS OF THE FAIR PLAINTIFF.

Terrible Developments Concerning High Life in London—How the Miss Verners Enjoyed Themselves.

[Special Correspondence of the Democrat.]

DUBLIN, May 23, 1878.

The interest displayed in a consideration of the varying aspects of the great Eastern question has, during the past twenty-two days, paled before the eager avidity with which each new and sensational phase of the extraordinary case known as

BAGOT VS. BAGOT

was devoured by the scandal-loving public. This *cause celebre* has been discussed with far keener zest than ever was the fate of nations. Never did the most varied experience compass, or the most fertile imagination conceive of greater variety of character than has been paraded within the past three weeks before the Probate Court, Dublin, Hon. Judge Warren in the chair.

The Solicitor General, Mr. Samuel Walker, Q. C., Mr. Monroe, Q. C., and Mr. William Anderson, instructed by Messrs. Kelly and Lloyd, appeared for the plaintiff, Mrs. Bagot; Mr. McDonogh, Q. C., Right Hon. Hugh Law, Q. C., M. P., Mr. James Murphy, Q. C., Mr. A. M. Porter, Q. C., Mr. T. P. Law and Mr. T. L. O'Shaughnessy, instructed by Mr. William Fry and Sons, for the defendants; Mr. William D. Andrews, Q. C., and Mr. Dames, Q. C., instructed by Messrs. Tisdale and Turbitt, appeared for the intervenient, William Hugh Nevill Bagot.

The affair is one of

A CONTESTED WILL.

The story is this: Younger sons in Ireland or England have but poor prospects compared with their more fortunate elder brothers. They are brought up in precisely the same manner, receive the same education, indulge in the same luxurious tastes, and in the end have nothing to support this. A rich marriage, or, in former times, political preferment, were their only resources. Christopher Neville Bagot, the owner of the contested property, was a younger son of a respectable Irish family of the County Galway. Instead of trusting to "luck" he carried his younger son's portion of £1000 to Australia. He was nineteen when he left Ireland, the owner of £1000; he was forty-seven when he returned, the owner of many thousands. He purchased an estate, "Aughrane," in his native county, for the sum of £109,000. At this time he appears to have intended his brother Bernard Bagot as his heir. On one hand enough cannot be said of C. N. Bagot's character for intelligence, perseverance and industry. On the other he was calculating, worldly and loose principled. He played his part in London high life. Whatever of amusement or luxury could be purchased he procured. Sport, travel and excitement were his pastime until the check came. While hunting he was thrown from his horse. The accident, in time, rendered him a cripple. He was a sufferer from locomotor ataxie, or paralysis, from that time forward. Before the disease had rendered him completely helpless he met, at a London dinner party, a Miss Verner, granddaughter of Lady Pakenham.

She was assigned to a deaf old gentleman as his partner for the hour. She avoided this disagreeable position by requesting Mr. Bagot

"THE NUGGET,"

as he was called, to take her down to dinner. The lady was young and beautiful and exercised her powers of fascination so well that the gentleman, C. N. Bagot, offered her the same evening a superb horse which she accepted and lodged in her brother's stables. Her brother is William Verner, at present twenty-two years old. Within a week Mr. Bagot had proposed to Miss A. E. Verner. The marriage, however, did not take place, because he asked her "to wait until he should get better."

Now follows a typical description of

LONDON LIFE.

The young lady has no father. Her brother is represented in the evidence as a Bacchanal of devoted caste, always bottle and corkscrew in hand, besides being young and inexperienced. Her mother, because of frequent naps after dinner and going to bed with the Frenchman (a bottle of eau de vie)—the joke is her daughter's—perceived not that Miss A. E. Verner and her sister, Miss Eddie, were playing pranks that would freeze the bones of the dead-and-gone Pakenhams still harder and colder in their graves were they permitted a knowledge of them.

These dutiful daughters would deceive the old lady into believing them ready to retire by slipping on a dressing gown, kissing her good-night and apparently going to their bedroom. Mamma safely tucked away, it was the work of only a few moments to don a necessary outfit, call a cab, and off for a midnight frolic. Being provided with latchkeys they let themselves in some time during the small hours of morning. One of these harmless escapades was to repair to Christopher Neville Bagot's Hotel, the Alexandra, and carouse there till morning. Miss Alice E. Verner, writing of the circumstance the next morning, says: "And what with the smoke and champagne I was perfectly addled."

Miss Verner met Mr. Bagot for the first time in July, 1873, and she says a marriage at the registry office was gone through shortly afterwards, and that too without the knowledge of the young lady's mother, brother or sisters. The Verner family go on a continental tour, but Miss Alice Emily remains behind in London. She spends her whole time at the "Alexandra," with Mr. Bagot—sups with him after the theatre, etc., although her mother does not even suspect her marriage. All the world thinks "they are engaged." After awhile Miss Alice follows her family to Nice, and Mr. Bagot soon follows her. Then a queer scene is enacted. Mr. Bagot takes his wife and her young sister to the crowded gambling rooms at Monaco, supplies them with money to participate in the play, counsels them not to stop until they have won more than they stake, and goes off and leaves the two ladies. The sisters become separated in some inexplicable way, and return, at different hours, long after midnight, having had to drive from Monaco to Nice, utterly alone, in order to reach their hotel. In due time

A MARRIAGE NOTICE

appears in the *Pall Mall Gazette* to the effect that Christopher Neville Bagot and Miss A. E. Verner were married on the eighth of August, 1875. Three months afterwards, on the twenty-second of October, William Hugh Neville Bagot was born.

Before this young gentleman's advent a will was made recognizing him heir to "Aughrane." On the seventeenth of March the will was changed—young William Hugh Neville being no longer recognized as heir to "Aughrane." A small annual sum for his support is allowed up to his twentieth year; then he was to receive £10,000.

The evidence just here consists for the most part in a recital of mutual shortcomings. Mrs. Bagot taxes Bernard Bagot with maliciously slandering her to her husband, of opening his will and using undue influence. She was charged with neglect of all wifely duties, and a willfulness in seeking her own pleasure quite startling; races, theatres and dinner parties with the army officers in Chester were her usual amusements, which she varied by rolling on the floor in hysterics, when debarred from the poor cripple's room by order of the physician. On one occasion her admirable energy frustrated their plans. Being denied entrance, she placed a ladder, mounted to the window, smashed the glass, and stood before her husband in triumph, giving him a piece of her mind in language not the most select. She was removed by Bernard Bagot and a physician, but retaliated by swearing that "they beat her black and blue." Mrs. Maher, the sister of the sick man, was sent for to take care of him. Her reception by Mrs. Bagot was not very gracious. The beautiful fury dashed out her effects and said she looked like a cook.

THE LAST WILL OF THE TESTATOR

left the estate of Aughrane to Bernard Bagot with only a comparatively small provision for wife and child. He assigned as a reason that he did not believe the child was his, but the son of a doctor at Nice, Dr. Crosbie; that he married the lady "for protection." He utterly denied that a "false" marriage ever took place. He must have meant a registry marriage in this denial, for no trace of its record could be found, although sworn to by the lady and diligently sought for by the counsel on both sides. The only marriage appears to have been the one of August 8, 1875. By the conditions of the will William Hugh Neville Bagot could never protest, because if he disputed the will he was to lose his share of the property. Therefore his mother battled for him. The testimony of her struggle will be found in the pages of almost every prominent English journal of the day.

The case has been remarkable in many points: First and foremost as exposing the slimy depths of London high life; secondly, for the number and variety of witnesses examined; and thirdly, the amount of forensic talent displayed in the conduct of the case. Mr. Macdonogh opened for the defendants. The mantle of poor Armstrong seems to have fallen on the able counsel—such powers of abuse does he possess. He handled Mrs. Bagot without gloves—such a portrait did he paint of this lady—so convincing proofs did he bring to bear on his statements that, after his speech, she seemed to have no hope of success. Then the Solicitor General took up her battered reputation and talked two days to patch its shattered fragments. Talked so well, too, in so pathetic a strain, of Mrs. Bagot's wifely devotion, in so indignant a tone of her husband's brutality, with such enthusiasm of her motherly courage in facing the public to maintain her golden-haired baby boys' rights—that in the end he succeeded in convincing every one—the lady herself included—that she was altogether in the right, a loyal, abused, noble, much-enduring woman. In accomplishing this he did not disdain to use small circumstances. He spoke of the wife sitting on the arm of her husband's chair, calling him dear "Nevie," etc.

The most telling evidence on both sides was given by servants—the lady's maid and the gentleman's valet, the waiters at the hotel, and there were thirty-five witnesses examined for the defendants. Eleven of these, on oath, were contradicted point blank by Mrs. Bagot. Yet she acknowledged "in an emergency" she would "lie." Seventeen physicians gave evidence for and against the physical capacity of C. N. Bagot to be the parent of the child, William Hugh Neville Bagot. The doctors only differed. Their testimony proved nothing.

Mr. Porter conclusively proved that she perjured herself, yet the judge's charge to the jury was, to any unprejudiced mind, nothing more than an able and eloquent plea for the lady, forcible indeed, but decidedly one-sided.

The jury, contrary to expectation, gave

A VERDICT IN FAVOR OF MRS. BAGOT,

on the ground of an insane delusion on the part of her husband. When it was pronounced she entered her carriage, and was driven of amid uproarious applause from a crowd wrought up alike by her grace and audacity.

A CUBAN BULL FIGHT.

Horrors of the Savage Sport Described—Men More Brutal than the Brutes they Torture.

A citizen of Georgia has written from Cuba a private letter, from which is taken the following extract, published in the Augusta *Chronicle*:

Mr. Springer called for me last Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, in the consul's carriage, and insisted that I should drive with them to the large amphitheatre known as "Polar Quadrados," for bull fighting. I went; but I do assure you it is my last time. At 4 o'clock a horseman, well mounted, rode into the arena, saluted the Governor, who tossed him the keys to open the gates, after which eight or ten "teasers" with red flags marched into the ring, followed by two men on horseback with long spears. It was not long before the bull himself, already greatly infuriated, cavorted before us, dashing about from side to side after the fiery ensigns, and plunging at the nearest horseman. The story is one long and sickening, so in summing up the affair I have only to say that one man was killed. I didn't care a fig for the man nor his relations and friends, for such gladiators deserve no pity; my sympathies were with the horses and bulls. Two steeds were killed by the first and third bull, and one so lacerated by the fifth animal that it had to be driven from the ring, almost torn open. Then I was wrought up. I was mad with the Governor, Spain, the Spaniards, and even Christopher Columbus did not escape my ill wishes. Weak though I was, I wanted to fight about three Spaniards—though I was still weak from malarial fever. Seven bulls were tortured to desperation and then butchered. After the horsemen were through with worrying them, two angling Spaniards on foot, with barbed reeds gayly decorated and brightly polished, would dance around the enraged bull, stick him in the tender parts of the shoulders, inflicting horrible agony into the poor beast's exhausted body. But the diabolical sport did not end until another relay of fiends would dance around and thrust into the quivering, dying animal sharp darts loaded with a torpedo at the end, which would explode directly under the skin, causing the most excruciating agony. The poor bulls, now unable to defend themselves against every form of attack which ingenuity could devise or human wickedness employ, would dash themselves wildly against the wall, endeavoring to wreck their miserable existences, or, failing in this, would run around the ring, looking piteously into the faces of the multitudes above them, appealing in their mute misery to the stony-hearted spectators. It was simply terrible. By the time the bloody sport was over I was nearly dead myself, and, although the day was very warm, drops of cold perspiration beaded upon my brow and chilled my forehead. Men, women and ministers of religion would first cheer the men and then the bull, and each unfortunate rider as he was dethroned by the bull would be frightfully hissed by the spectators. I haven't eaten a beefsteak since my visit to the bull fight.

Garibaldi.

Garibaldi's home at Caprera is the simplest of habitations, and the life he leads therein is as simple. He has but few attendants, and it is told that guests are required to make their own beds. The General's days are uneventful. He rises in the morning at 4 o'clock, and without taking anything to eat goes off to look after some pets who inhabit the border and surface of a small pond not far from the house—a flock of geese. He feeds them, and then, having gone back to the house to get his cup of black coffee, he sets to work in his fields until about an hour before midday, when he returns home and looks over and signs letters which Bassi, his secretary, has written according to his instructions. Some twelve or thirteen years ago he used to employ this hour before dinner in teaching a little shepherd lad named Luca Spano. The boy was little more than a cretin; but by dint of steady, quiet perseverance and kindness Garibaldi succeeded in making something of him. He had learned to read well, write a good hand, and was progressing well, when, on the twenty-fourth of July, 1866, he fell by the General's side, fighting like a hero, at Monte Suello, in the Tyrol. Of this brave death, and other incidents connected with his adventurous life, the General freely discourses as he sits at the head of the board, his son Menotti and his friends on the one side and the other, and the servants "below the salt." Dinner at Caprera is always a simple meal; minestra, i. e. soup with Italian paste or vegetables in it, followed by two dishes at the most, and no wine on the table. At the end of about an hour the General leaves the table, and going to his room throws himself dressed upon the bed, sleeps for awhile, and then reads the papers or any book he is interested in. At 4 o'clock he goes back to his work in the field until 6 or 6:30, when he returns home again to sup. After supper he returns to his room, never neglects to write a page in his journal and note the meteorological changes of the day, and is generally in bed at the time when a great part of the world are beginning to turn night into day.

Dances.

Waltzing was invented so far back as 1400, although it did not actually become fashionable in Paris until 1810, when it was imported from Germany in honor of the Empress Marie Louise. Dancing is one of the oldest of recreations. Homer speaks of a new dance invented by Dædalus for Ariadne; Theseus was immoderately fond of the reel or fandango, in which the arms move with the legs. The Normans revived rather than invented round dances in the twelfth century; the Bohemians invented the redowa; the Poles the polka, first danced in England in 1840; the Hungarians the mazurka and galop. The cotillion owes its origin to the courtly Duc de Lauzun, who, for his audacity in contracting a clandestine marriage with the "Grande Mademoiselle," was imprisoned for ten years by Louis XIV. To this now popular and long-winded dance many figures were added by Marie Antoinette, and some more by the Empress Eugenie. Under the Second Empire the post of conductor of cotillions at the Tuileries balls was one of considerable social importance, and was long held by one of the Emperor's equerries, the Marquis de Caux.

A Descending Chorus.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

Yesterday forenoon while 200 of the ladies for the choir for "Elijah" were rehearsing for its presentation last night, the scantling supporting the temporary amphitheatre of seats erected in the rear of the Grand Opera House stage, and upon which they were sitting, unexpectedly and instantly collapsed. There was a terific crash of the seats to the stage, and a combined shriek that might have been heard as far as North Beach. With a singular unanimity the head of ever lady went down first, and by a law of mechanics well known among engineers, of course her feet went down last. For a brief moment the sight was startling in an even painful degree. It was a convulsively kicking forest of reversed little bettines. It was like a prodigious shoal of the playful porpoises when they turn a half somersault on the suface of the sea. There were complete sets of bewitching little gaiters, running all the way from number ones to twoes and a half, with occasionally the plump little dumpling of a foot of a heavy weight running as high as even number sixes. There were slippers and sandals and shoes, kid and cloth and prunella, sewed and pegged, and high heels and flat heels, and round toes and square toes, but all lovely, lovely. And make what haste even the urgency of the calamity required, the male eye could not turn so hastily away that it did not unintentionally catch a glimpse of innumerable red stockings, with white clocks; blue stockings, with red clocks; black stockings, with scarlet clocks; lambs' wool, cotton, lisle thread and silk stockings, lawn white and lavender-colored stockings, embroidered in all the wonderful devices and twinkling colors in the world. The ladies were rapidly extricated, and it was found that fortunately no one was hurt. The staging was rebuilt, but any one going there at night, if any such one there was, with the malignant desire that the tableau should be repeated, was justly disappointed, for, by particular request of the ladies, stout timbers were used in the re-erection.

Vegetable Modesty.

[N. Y. Times.]

The poets are primarily responsible for the delusion that flowers are pre-eminently modest. They perpetually tell us of the modest lily and the timid, bashful violet, and have firmly convinced the public that with the possible exception of the peony, which in New England is considered to wear an indelicately healthy look, such a thing as an immodest flower does not exist. A very little unprejudiced observation will show that this is a gross delusion. Flowers, as a rule, have no sense of modesty whatever. The lily arrays itself in simple white and stands on the top of a tall stalk to solicit public attention. Would we consider a lady particularly modest who should dress herself in the simplest possible white garment and stand on the top of a barrel in the front yard to challenge the admiration of passers-by? The violet is compelled, by circumstances over which it has no control, to reside very near the surface of the ground, where it is frequently hid behind bold and forward blades of grass. That the violet is not of a bashful and retiring disposition is, however, proved by the fact that it is always ready to display itself in the button-holes of brokers and men-about-town, in whose society a really modest flower would blush to be found. As for the morning-glory, the shameless way in which it climbs to the windows of second-story bedrooms, and peers into privacy as if it were a disreputable elevated railroad, is utterly incompatible, not merely with modesty, but with common decency. In short, the average flower does not know the meaning of modesty, and although it may be ill-scented, crippled, and contaminated by intimate association with depraved worms, it will rear its head and mutely ask to be plucked and laid on the bosom of beauty.

A Female Husband.

Tuscarora, in the State of Nevada, has lately been the scene of a most remarkable occurrence. A person known as Samuel M. Pollard courted and married a young woman of good family and reputation named Marancy Hughes. Marancy, after living with Pollard for six months, went back to her parents. She stated that Pollard was a woman, who, from motives connected with her previous career, had assumed male attire, and had married her partly as a cruel jest, and partly in order to better maintain her assumed character. Marancy also said that Pollard had deterred her by threats from previously making known the facts; and when some doubt was expressed as to the truth of her astonishing story, Marancy went before a justice of the peace and made affidavit to it. She also urged the authorities to prosecute Pollard. Meanwhile Pollard stoutly asserted that he (or she) belonged to the male sex, and averred that his wife had left him for other reasons than those put forward by her. The public, at first incredulous, gradually became convinced that Marancy's statement was correct. In order to settle the question, Pollard was arrested on a charge of perjury in having sworn falsely when the marriage license was obtained. Tuscarora was in a fever of excitement, as women are scarce in that mining town, and the prospect of an addition to the ranks of the favored sex was anticipated with anxiety. But whatever hopes existed were dashed by the reconciliation of Marancy and her husband. They met in court, they embraced, Marancy wept, and they walked off arm in arm without a word of explanation to the wondering officers. But still the Tuscarorans believe that Pollard is a woman.

Cats.

[N. Y. Time.]

Cats may be divided into two great classes—limp and stiff cats. The limp cat is distinguished by a peculiar looseness of muscle and want of rigidity of tail and backbone. Cats of this species when handled are found to be very soft and pliable, almost as much so in fact as is the ordinary wet rag. If a limp cat is lifted by one hand placed under her midship section, she will suffer each of her ends to droop, and will purr softly, with half-closed eyes. Limp cats are well suited for nursery purposes, since they can be used as necklaces by the children, and when taken up by one hind leg can be carried around the room without making the slightest disturbance. The stiff cat, on the other hand, never droops, and cannot be bent. She objects to be handled except with the greatest care, and insists on being kept right side up. Stiff cats detest children, and are about as fit for the nursery as is a can of nitro-glycerine. Inasmuch as limpness is generally but erroneously regarded as synonymous with tameness, certain geologists have refused to regard the limp cat as a separate species, and insist that it is merely an unusually tame cat. Every child knows that this is not true. Limp cats are born, not made, and are limp from their earliest kittenhood, while no amount of taming can render a stiff cat soft and pliable.

This distinction, however, is purely physical. Morally, there is very little difference between cats. They all possess about the same degree of intelligence and the same want of principle. All cats will steal, swear, and fight, and there is not one who can be thoroughly trusted. It is for this reason that scientific persons view with doubt the tales that are occasionally told of cats who evince a superfeline intelligence or a purely doglike sense of duty.

A man reading that the Paris Exhibition requires an area of 642,000 metres exclaimed: "What a gas bill they must have to pay!"—[Cincinnati Saturday Night.

Beaconsfield, seventy-four years old; Gladstone, seventy; Bright, sixty-seven; Granville, sixty-three; Gortschakoff, eighty; Bismarck, sixty-three; Von Moltke, seventy-eight; MacMahon, seventy-two; Dufaure, seventy-six.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the New Orleans Postoffice at 11 a. m., June 15, 1878.

LADIES' LIST.

Adams P miss
Alfred mrs
Arundell M J mrs
Baptiste E miss
Bebee Belle mrs
Bringiers M L mrs
Byrnes Ellen mrs
Bremer Jane mrs
Brown Rachel mrs
Brown Annie miss
Brook Annie miss
Brennan L mrs
Childs Jennie mrs
Crabtree C miss
Case Kate B mrs
Canenburg S A miss
Canvon Bell
Franchi Vinenza miss
Fremont Laura mrs
Francis Maria miss
Gardiner Harriet
Galbreath Duncan mrs
Grabbe F mrs
Gilluly Annie miss
Hands J mrs
Hedges F F mrs
Haward Dihana mrs
Hutson Josephine mrs
Jenkins Louisa mrs
Jones Susan mrs
John Louisa mrs
Kernochan J J mrs
Kirkpatrick M mrs
Ledowx A mrs
Linvill Florence mrs
Locket Mary Jane
Loyd Ann mrs
Marcotte Nathalie miss
Massounier Aline
Myatt Clara miss
Martin Mary A mrs
Maxwell Mattie mrs
Martin Ann miss
Mason Virginia
Macting D D mrs
McPherson M L mrs
McKever Kate mrs
Noyse Mary A mrs
Nicand Valentin mrs
Obeman Virginia
Parker Lucy miss
Percie Mary A mrs
Phillips Louisa mrs
Probst Rosina miss
Rull J M mrs
Rotz Elizabeth mrs
Robinson Martha
Sauline Mary A mrs
Sheen Aurora mrs
St Clair J C mrs
Stafford Florence mrs
Smith Julia miss
Stickney R J mrs
Ward J P mrs
Walton Emma mrs
Williams Emma mrs
Allen M D mrs
Adams C miss
Behan Maggie miss
Breeden R R mrs
Bowling Mary mrs
Bye Adel mrs
Bremer Eugenia miss
Brown C F mrs
Brutney Alice miss
Bond M E mrs
Chatman M E mrs
Cage Antoinette miss
Clermonet Mary miss
Chase Laura C miss
Clark Annie mrs
Franklin R mrs
Fields Betsy miss
Fannan Lucinda
Gary Julia miss
Gibbons Kate miss
Gordon Sue miss
Haynes F N miss
Harved Mary M mrs
Houeson Lucsendy mrs
Horly Lizzie
Joerdan Lucinda
Johnson Sarah mrs
King George mrs
Kelling Genevefa miss
Leulenina M mrs
Lyons Louise mrs
Louis Clementine miss
Ludium Ellen mrs
Marshall Nancy miss
Merlowney mrs
Mayer J J mrs
Maher Mary mrs
Maxey Julia miss
Molegun Mary mrs
Millinbern A mrs
McCerney N A mrs
McLean B mrs 2
Nelson Virginia
Otis Zille mrs
Patterson Victoria mrs
Purs mrs
Perry Mary mrs
Rector Mary mrs
Riley Catharine miss
Sweeney Kittie miss
Signor Lizzie miss
Schaeffer Henry mrs
Smith C miss
Singer Sue
Sulaman Dilla miss
Washington mrs
Wilson Elizabeth mrs
Woods J B mrs

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Adams Robt M
Adams R L
Allen L J capt
Allison J W
Avis James H
Atocha A A
Arnholt George
Arnbrister E A
Angelsbick C F
Allen P C
Breden G & H M
Babtiste Jean J
Bacave H
Brandin Albert
Bell W M A
Breslin Patrick
Bogal Julius
Bolly B
Boland H
Bobb Chas P
Boykins Henry
Burke H D
Buchanan Horton &co
Buckner H C
Burke Peter
Barker A A
Captinlle Jno J
Carter J D
Canover Descon
Conde Swits
Coulter James
Curtis Charlie
Clarke T S
Davidson J
Davis Theo
Delter Geo
Delmas J T
Dress Herman
DeBlanc Aristide
Dierks J
Dorsey Orlando judge
Dunlap A M
Dureamhl P C
Duer B
Eastman E W
Ecerling Geo
Edrington Wm L
Franquiz H
Fencis John W
Fife B F
Fowler & Smith
Forster dr
Finlen Pat
Gardner H L
Gaiger Geo
George M &co
Gidson E C
Goillothe J V
Groves Edward
Gillam Francois B
Henry J C
Heyman S
Henshaw John M
Haggans Joseph
Halpin W
Harris Edward
Harris Joseph
Hampton Wade hon
Hay Walter
Hinman M H
Hill Robert M
Hollman &co
Hopkins John P
Howe James
Huger Wm M
Ireland J R
Jennet Joseph
Johnston John A
Jones A
Kahn Adolphus E
Kenney A M
Keonig Julius
Kopeck Joseph
Layte Adrien
Lafrance Anatole
Lanier B H
Leefe J
Lindfors & Schultz
Mathieux J
Marshall P G L dr
Marks Simon
Meringer Geo
Miller James C
Mitchell Joseph
Muriz John P
Murphy Daniel
Mulrooney P
McKee J M
McDonald Wm
McVeigh A
Nash Tony
Nordlinger J D
O'Fallon & Hatch
O'Hara Tom
Patterson J M
Parker Levy
Parker T T
Parker Walter
Perez Blas L
Pomarede Wm O
Pico