IN THE FOYER.

ACTORS AND PLAYWRITERS IN FRANCE.

SARDOU'S ANDREA—THE AUTHOR'S SUCCESSES AT THE GYMNASE, IN PARIS—OCTAVE FEUILLET AT THE FRANCAIS—HIS ACROBAT.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

PARIS, April 29.—The piece which was served up in the Union Square Theater under the title of "Agnes," is now represented at the Gymnase under the name of "Andréa." It is only moderately successful, and is regarded as one of Sardou's poorest productions. It was evidently made to order, and quickly. The characters—a series of lay figures—are not studied, but are handled with that dexterity for which their author is famous. The scenes follow each other with rapidity, and their piquant words and dialogue, for the time, render the public almost blind to the defects of the play. But between the acts the public recovers itself, and discovers the sterility of all the agitation and the weakness of the plot—in a word, that there is but little heart or brain in the movement. In the promenade-room of the Gymnase, the loungers inform each other that the actress who played the character of *Agnes* in America ordered the piece for $10,000, coupled with the request that Mr. Sardou would make her die in the last act, she believing that she possessed a special fitness for the moribund business; in rehearsing the play at New-York she changed her mind and concluded to live, when the ending was tinkered by another hand according to her new idea. When Sardou made the play it is probable that he had a poor idea of American delicacy and penetration, which he still entertains, as revealed in "Uncle Sam." With that vanity common to Frenchmen he doubtless supposes that Parisian civilization enjoys a monopoly of these qualities; hence the crude material thrown together in "Andréa"—the dressing-room of a vulgar dancing-woman, who inspires extraordinary passions; the apartment of a prefect of police with door opening into a library and a chimney whence issue police agents; a lunatic asylum with cold water douches through the key-hole.

The play has been a little retouched here, which makes it somewhat more presentable than it was in Union-square; besides the acting is better here. The role best rendered in America was *Agnes*, superior here in the person of Mme. Pierson, a handsome and thoroughly trained actress. The Gymnase, in giving her the character, did not employ the talent of its best actress, Mme. Declès, Mme. Pierson being considered equal to anything the author had put into it. In popular estimation, Sardou reached his apotheosis in *Rabagas*, his last play at the Gymnase, Lafont in the principal character contributing much thereto. The death of this excellent actor the other day has been the theme of general conversation. He was a kind of French Charles Matthews, but of a higher type. He died at the age of 75, although he passed for a younger man. He was handsome, tall, and distinguished. In early life and middle age he played Lovelace characters, and then for several years retired from the stage. At a ripe age he returned to it, a much better actor. It is a standing reproach, in the opinion of many, that he was not engaged at the Français, the national theater, the entrance to which is every French player's baton of marshal. On the other hand, most critics, while according to him the qualities of taste, elegance, and simplicity, think that his diction was a little faulty, his breath too short, and his gesture a trifle too much by rule. He also had a slight lisp, which was doubtless objectionable to the inexorable judges of Richelieu st. His admirers say that his loss to the Gymnase is irreparable; that no other can be found to replace him in vigor, finesse, and sentiment, which is probably true. In all the successes of Sardou he has been the right-hand man, and they have this in common, that neither of them has been invited to enter the National Theater, notwithstanding their respective merits; the classic doors of the establishment of Richelieu-st. have always been closed to the author as well as to the actor. In the language of Bohemia, Mr. Sardou does not write up to the Français, although he has been for the last ten years the presiding genius of the Gymnase. During this decade Lafont has been identified with a group of favorites, such as Rose Cheri, Madame Pasca, Mlle. Delaporte, and Madame Pierson, Messieurs Landrol, Lesueur, and others, in plays like "Après le Bal," "Les Ganaches," "Nos Bons Villageois," "Vieux Garçons," and "Montjoye. He finished his long career, in the drama of the "Centenaire," in which he made himself look forty years older, which, according to Parisian opinion, was a great act of courage in such a fine old gentleman, whose success in the boudoir was not much behind that athwart the footlights.

The relations of Octave Feuillet, as author, are much the same with the National Theatre as those of Sardou with the Gymnase. Almost all his work goes to this theater, which entertains the most critical audience in the world. Feuillet is known in America as a novelist, especially as the author of "The Romance of a Poor Young Man." His influence both as a novelist and a playwright is healthy, although not very active. Reformers are now in demand from all sides for the regeneration of France, and Mr. Feuillet is one of them—of the rose-water school. He was a favorite with the Empress, and it is said he partly owes to her his place in the French Academy, the proudest position to which French ambition attains. He has written a comedy called the "Acrobat," which was represented for the first time a day or two ago at the National Theatre. It deals with a subject which has already been handled with rigor by Alexandre Dumas, in the "Supplice d'une Femme." It turns on that well-worn pivot—marital infidelity. The husband discovers what he conceives to be culpable relations between his wife and her handsome cousin, whom it is now the fashion to call a *gommeux*, formerly known as a *gandin*. The only new feature is that the author raises a smile at the expense of the gay deceiver, instead of the husband, as has been heretofore the custom. The husband opens the door and sees his wife's head reclining on the shoulder of the cousin; he makes a step forward, and then retires without saying a word. The wife veils her face with her hand in confusion, and the cousin girds himself for an encounter with an explosive husband. But the husband does not appear, and the silent suspense of the couple is their first punishment. The anguish of perplexity and the unknown is written on the face of the waiting man and woman. At length the cousin lifts up his voice and says: "It is not right to leave a gallant gentleman in such a situation." This speech gives birth to a smile in the audience. The husband, after deliberating what course to pursue, returns. He requests the cousin to retire to the next room, and then makes known his decision to his wife, which is this: She shall quit France, without noise or scandal; at this price she may remain the voluntary companion of the cousin, and she is at liberty to inform him of it at once, after which her dowry will be returned to her. The cousin, at the invitation of the husband, reënters, when he is made acquainted with the decision; his too complete success as a seducer embarasses him, and he is not equal to the requirements of his conquest—in short, he has a suspicion that he has drawn an elephant in a lottery. He deliberates and reasons—of course in the interest of his victim, for himself he cares nothing; he cannot be the cause of her loss of reputation, and counsels her to return to the house of her mother. Here is where Feuillet does service to society in putting the deceiver into a ridiculous position, as France has laughed only too long at the deceived. It would be well for the nation if others would follow his example, but with more vigor, for the author of the "Acrobat" does his work in a too finical manner to do much good. This play possibly indicates a reaction in popular sentiment as to the treatment which lovers and faithless wives should receive at the hands of the husband. It is possible also that the people are beginning to learn that a nation cannot be truly great and strong which does not regard the family tie as something sacred. One cannot enter a theater in Paris without meeting this conjugal victim draped in yellow, wearing horns on his head or their semblance in two standing locks of hair or two corners of a kerchief; or in having some one hold two outstretched fingers behind his head. The public invariably "twigs" the condition of the unfortunate and gives itself over to Homeric laughter. It may be irresistibly comic, but it is also very sad.

M. Feuillet's play turns out to be a comedy; the wife never went any further on the road to ruin than to put her head on the cousin's shoulder, which act she deplores in tears of remorse, and promises never to do it again, whereupon she is taken back to the husband's bosom, and "all is forgotten." It would probably have been more effective as regards public morality, if the author had turned it into a drama with a generous provision of blood and powder, for when the destroyer of family repose encounters these he is more apt to conclude that the game is not worth the candle. If he is killed, the smile soon disappears in the tragedy. In the "Supplice d'une Femme," a highly wrought effort was made to punish this wrong-doer by heaping on his head the burning coals of kindness, which was Christ-like, but in the present state of society it will hardly be found to answer. This quixotic effort at reform came from the joint pens of Girardin and Dumas the Younger, and it shows what a queer compound the French mind is, as exhibited by these two writers. It was turning the cheek, and returning it, for additional slaps, in a way that had never been done before. The mercurial audiences who saw said it was beautiful in its morality, and in half an hour forgot all about it, except so far as art was exhibited in the work, for that Frenchmen do not easily forget. It was the eternal history of Gavarni's Coquardeau, regarded from a lofty moral elevation, according to the French idea. As a rule, the Gaul is averse to weeping with the unfortunate husband, finding it more interesting to laugh at him, and in the domestic breach he sees one man who is obtuse and good-natured, and another adroit and winning, whom he calls the "knave of hearts;" one excites him to laughter, the other to admiration. With this pronounced tendency in the French mind, it is singular that a burlesque on "Othello" has not yet been made for the theater—a Moorish Coquardeau with the traditional horns and yellow garments. Want of familiarity with the subject is probably the only reason why it has not been done. It is certainly not through veneration of the character or the play.

MLLE. DESCLEE IN ENGLAND.

HER HIGH PLACE ON THE FRENCH STAGE—HER APPEARANCE BEFORE A LONDON AUDIENCE—SUCCESSFUL PERFORMANCE.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

LONDON, May 16.—Not many events in the London theatrical world are comparable in importance to the appearance, this week, of Mlle. Aimée Desclée. Americans who have seen anything of Paris during late years know that Mlle. Desclée has taken a very high place on the French stage—a place unlike that of any other actress, and with some elements of popularity and distinction to which neither Favart on the one hand, nor Fargueil on the other, could lay claim. Her history has been a singular one. When hardly more than a child, she came out in Paris at the old Vaudeville, about 1856, if I remember rightly. Tradition does not say what the piece was, nor is it of the least consequence, for she proved a complete failure. Theater-going Paris voted her a bore, and a *petite tête*, and no use. She quitted the city in disgust, but by no means in despair, conscious, perhaps, that it was in her, and sure it would come out some day. She led a roving life for many years, playing first in Italy, then in Brussels, in St. Petersburg, and many another capital, and then back again to Brussels, which seems to have been a sort of headquarters for her. At any rate, she was much liked there. Paris alone she did not revisit. In 1867, or thereabout, Dumas, fils, being in Brussels (which is to many Frenchmen only an outlying suburb of Paris), bethought himself of going to the theater, and asked a friend where he had best go. "Go to see Desclée of course" was the answer. "She is playing one of your own pieces." "What, that little fool," retorted Dumas, yet went, and between the acts sought Mlle. Desclée in the greenroom, and said to her, "Ah, Mademoiselle, I saw you in Paris a little girl, I find you in Brussels a great actress." Like other play-writers, Dumas was on the lookout for some one capable of realizing his ideal and making audiences realize it in her own person. He urged Desclée to go to Paris. One account says she at first refused, having never forgiven the Parisians her first ill success. Another represents her—more naturally since Paris is all the world to a Frenchwoman, and to a French actress above all—as telling Dumas to prove his compliment something more than flattery by getting her an engagement there. Whichever be true, it is certain that Dumas did try, and for some time in vain. The Paris managers would have none of her, so long a memory had they of her old failure. They were convinced it was final. At last Dumas prevailed on Montigny, the Director of the Gymnase, to engage her. It is averred that her salary was at first fixed at 100 francs a month—$20—nor is that or any other story incredible in Paris. She came out in Dumas's "Demi-monde" and other pieces, but Paris was slow even then to believe in her. At last, in 1869, she appeared in Frou-Frou, and from that moment became the rage. She has since been the leading actress of the Gymnase, and in the "Visite de Noces," the "Princesse Georges," and the "Femme de Claude," earned for Dumas a success which would have been without her, to say the least, problematical. Not even Desclée's genius could give to the last-named performance more than a doubtful popularity. The "Femme de Claude" is, in plain words, great rubbish, but Desclée created in Césarine a character of which the skeleton only can be found in Dumas's text. Spite of its repulsiveness and spite of the wearisomeness and absurdity of the piece as a whole, I know of no modern play better worth seeing provided you can see Desclée in it. Neither in the "Princesse Georges" nor in "Frou-Frou" has the actress shown equal power.

Dumas has twice undertaken to express his appreciation of Mlle. Desclée. The first time was after the long run of the "Visite de Noces," a run which was due to Desclée, and which put some $8,000, not into her pocket, but into his. He sent her thereupon the photographs of two of his children as being "what he had most precious in the world." After the "Princesse Georges" he presented her with a bound copy of the printed play with this inscription: "*A Mlle. Aimée Desclée, la plus grande comédienne de son temps, et la plus honnête femme de son monde.*" The impertinence of the latter clause, though certainly unconscious, had better be left untranslated. Nor did Mlle. Desclée see its brutality. She did not look beyond the compliment on the surface, and showed the book, inscription and all, to the friend who tells me the story with delight and pride.

London is slow in importing French notions, and it was not till this year that arrangements were made for Mlle. Desclée's appearance on an English stage. French plays we have had at intervals during the past few years, generally during the fashionable season, when alone it was supposed such an enterprise could prove profitable, since it was thought it must depend largely on the support of Society, where the speaking of French is assumed to be a common accomplishment. But last year the little theater in Dean-st., Soho, was opened in the Autumn and kept open through the Winter, and this Spring the managers of it moved to the Princess's, in Oxford-st., a larger and better house, and have brought over Plessy from the Français, Laurent from the Odéon, and Desclée.

The latter opened on Monday in Frou-Frou, by no means, I think, the part most likely to win the favor of an English audience. So well had she become known by reputation that it was thought safe to double the prices. Seats went off a week in advance, and some days before the début the managers announced that no more were to be had. Nor was this announcement a device to stimulate public curiosity. I tried on Monday to get a place, sending to every agency in London, but not a seat of any kind was for sale at any price. At the last moment, a stall which had been returned fell into my hands. The prices are those of the opera, a little over $5 for an orchestra stall, and no seat is to be had for less than $2. Desclée, it is true, divides the interest of fashionable talk with Patti and Nilsson.

I had twice in Paris seen Desclée play Gilberte in "Frou-Frou." But it is one thing to play to a French audience, and another to play to an English; one thing to play with the support of a good company, another to play with but a single good actor's help. M. Ravel, who plays Brigand in London as in Paris, is the only actor whose presence on the stage of the Princess's can be anything but a hinderance and exasperation to Mlle. Desclée. As for the audience, it was, after its kind—critical. It was also talkative during two acts, and captious between the two. Ominous remarks about Desclée's being an overrated celebrity began to circulate. The riding habit in which she first appears was not approved. She talked too rapidly. She acted too rapidly, without doubt, for an English audience seeing her for the first time; that is, her acting was a study far too complete, too subtle, too finely shaded, to be appreciated all at once. Even the inimitable scenes of the second act between Gilberte and her amusingly dissolute father, and the rehearsal of the private theatricals, failed to conciliate the house completely. People were looking for something more, for passion not less than delicate grace. In the third act it came, and when the curtain fell on the tremendous scene between the two sisters, in which Gilberte proclaims her jealousy and her love for Valléas, there was no longer a question of la Desclée's success. But it is a mark of the difference between Paris and London that it was precisely the first two acts in which Desclée was most admired in Paris. The French critics said it was all tragedy after that. As Frou-Frou is, if I mistake not, well known in New-York, through a translation, Americans may decide for themselves which is right. Certainly the last two are somber to a degree—all shade and no light. The tempest that comes in the third is what best shows Desclée's marvelous rapidity of translation through all the records of domestic life. The wife doubting her husband, suspecting her own love for another; suspecting her sister's for her husband, and finally resolving on the elopement which shatters her happiness and her life. Mlle. Desclée's face is not perhaps what is called mobile, but its capacity of expression is unlike any other. You may watch it as you watch a landscape. It is one thing now; your eyes are never off it, you detect no process of change, but in another moment it has become something totally different.

Mlle. Desclée is to play in London for a month. I suppose we shall have to give up the hope of seeing her in some of her best parts, the censor adhering to his refusal to permit the most celebrated pieces of the modern French stage to be performed. Next Winter she is to come out at the Gymnase in a new play by Meilhac and Halévy, the authors of Frou-Frou, entitled "La Veuve." The question of her engagement for the Comédie Française is still pending, but the jealousy of Mlle. Favart and Madame Arsène Plessy is said to be too strong to be overcome. So much the worse for the Comédie Française.

G. W. S.

A FOSSIL MAN.

DISCOVERY OF A PALEOLITHIC SKELETON.

RESEARCHES IN THE CAVERNS OF MENTONE AND THEIR RESULTS—DESCRIPTION OF THE SKELETON—THE PROBABLE PERIOD OF HIS LIFE.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

PARIS, March 31.—In July, 1871, Mons. Emile Rivière was directed by the French Minister of Public Instruction to examine the caverns at Mentone, Italy, in the interests of archæology. While prosecuting this work in March, 1872, a prehistoric human skeleton was found, and a pamphlet, descriptive of the same and of the researches prior to its discovery, has been placed in my hands. It is entitled, *Découverte d'un Squelette Humain de L'Epoque Paléolithique, dans les cavernes des Baoussé-Roussé, dites Grottes de Menton, par Emile Rivière, Officier D'Académie, etc. Paris*, 1873. I purpose giving a brief account of this discovery for the information of those interested in prehistoric studies.

Nine caverns at Mentone have been explored, and all have furnished interesting antiquities. They are situated in the province of Porto-Maurizio, and the Commune of Ventimiglia, along the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, about 88 feet above its level. Two of the nine have been discovered recently. Those numbered two, six, and eight, are rather rock shelters than caverns. All are situated on the same plane, and are formed by great natural rifts in the mountain of Roches-Rouges, or Red Rocks, over which the Corniche road passes. A plateau, 50 to 150 feet in width, extends from the caverns to the sea-shore, and is traversed by the ancient Roman Via Aurelia.

RESEARCHES IN THE CAVERNS.

The caverns have been frequently examined, and much interest has attached to the discoveries made. As early as 1845, Mons. Grand of Lyons gathered a quantity of cut flints, several fragments of hematite, and some sulphuret of antimony. He concluded that the cut flints were rudimentary, coarse, and belonged to the earliest period of art. In 1858, Mons. Forel of Switzerland found more flints, and numerous bones belonging to animals of living species; also some assigned to the primitive ox. Later, Mons. Geny and Dr. Pére renewed the investigations, collecting cut flints, shells, bones, teeth, and implements of stone, as well as a few articles of pottery. All indicated for the grottoes of Mentone two epochs—the paleolithic, or that of cut stone, and the neolithic, more recent, the age of polished stone. The excavations made were, however, of slight depth, and it was not until the construction of the railroad from Genoa to Mentone, the route of which passed in front of some of the caverns, that sufficient earth was removed to disclose any fossil human remains. The trench for the railway in front of the third cavern, and 16 feet below its present level, has exposed a layer 15 to 19 inches thick, composed of bones, some of which are charred, of teeth, of flints, and traces of charcoal, indicating the site of an ancient hearth. Similarly, in front of the seventh cavern, 45 feet below the surface, two molar teeth belonging to the rhinoceros tishorhinus were found; also some bones from the stag, broken by man. The ninth cavern has shown no traces of human occupation, but has furnished bones of a fauna embracing nine carnivores, two pachyderms, four ruminants, three rodents, two birds. The seventh and eighth have not been thoroughly examined. From the sixth a number of flint instruments, pins and arrows of bone, a canine tooth of the cave bear, and some coprolites of the cave hyena, have been gathered. The fifth cavern is the deepest of all, measuring 91 feet. It is 21 feet broad at its entrance, contracts rapidly to eight feet, and enlarges so as to form a second chamber. It is covered with stalactites and stalagmites, and its soil, composed of black earth and broken stone, contains a number of flint arrows, points, lances, scrapers, and chips, showing that flint instruments had been made in the cave. On the other hand, only two bone implements were found, while the debris of teeth and bone existed in great quantity. The fauna of this cavern is composed of the cave hyena, fox, horse, wild boar, primitive ox, common stag, roe-buck, primitive goat, rabbit, and a few mollusks.

THE CAVERN OF THE FOSSIL MAN.

Passing by the first, second, and third caverns, we come to the fourth, in which the fossil man was found, the most important of all, by reason of the depth of the excavations, and the numerous objects brought to light. It is 23 feet broad at its entrance, 62 feet deep, and 50 feet high. Its soil is formed principally of ashes and kitchen debris. The small size of many articles of bone and flint contained in it has made it necessary to sift all the mass forming the hearth as fast as it could be separated by a pick. Three months were thus spent, digging each day a little deeper, and removing layers 10 inches thick. A depth of 21½ feet below the first level was reached, when, on March 26, 1872, there was discovered, for the first time in the caverns of Mentone, a fossil human skeleton of the paleolithic epoch. Its complete disengagement from the ashes and debris covering it required eight days of uninterrupted work. It lay on its left side, in the longitudinal direction of the cavern, about 23 feet from the entrance. The attitude was one of repose, as if death had overtaken a man during sleep. The head, slightly raised, faced the bottom of the cavern, resting upon the soil by its left side. The forearms were flexed on the arms and drawn up toward the neck. The right hand rested naturally upon the left forearm, while the left hand appeared to be supporting the head. The lower extremities, partly flexed, were lightly crossed. The skull was ornamented with a number of perforated Mediterranean shells of the genus *Nassa*, and by 22 canine teeth of the stag, also perforated. The whole formed a sort of network about the head. Near by was a bone pomard, about seven inches long, cut from the radius of a stag. Against the back of the head two triangular flint flakes were placed, and finally, to complete the decoration, 41 perforated shells were found in the region of the waist of the left leg, and probably formed a bracelet about the limb. About two inches from the mouth and nasal fossule was a furrow seven inches long, and of a breadth and depth of one and one-half inches. It was filled with a specular iron powder. The surface of the bones and teeth, the arms, and the ornaments covering the body, were reddened by this substance, and of a metallic luster. This may be considered an evidence of the inhumation of the fossil man, without any displacement of the body, for the natural attitude of the skeleton is a strong proof that the man died where he was discovered, on a hearth of ashes, charcoal, and calcined stones, surrounded by the refuse from the life of each day.

This skeleton, the most perfect and well-preserved of the paleolithic age thus far known, lacks only an ungual phalanx of the right hand, small portions of the left tibia and fibula, and a few of the bones of the feet. The cranium is fractured behind and in front, so as to prevent exact measurements. The thorax is completely crushed in, and the ribs more or less broken. The vertebræ are well preserved. An astragalus of a stag adheres to the spine in the lumbar region. The pelvic bones are fractured. There is a united fracture of the left radius at its lowest third, with deformity, and the osseous deposit about the fracture is evidence that it happened during life. All of the teeth (which should appear, are present and without any caries. It is noticeable that their triturating surfaces are perfectly smooth-plane, and without any obliquity. Can the age not advanced explain this? Is it a characteristic of race? That it is not due to a vegetable diet exclusively is proved by the great quantity of bones in the cavern which have been split by man for their marrow.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SKELETON.

The cranium is elongated or dolicocephalic, arched at the summit, and of less capacity than cranium No. 1 found at Cro-Magnon in Perigord, in 1868, which, however, it much resembles. It is smaller in the occipital region, and the forehead is a little narrower. The sutures are all consolidated. There is no prognathism. The facial angle is fine, almost 85 degrees. The orbit is remarkable for its rectangular form, a noticeable feature in the cranium No. 1 from Cro-Magnon. The transverse diameter is increased and the vertical diameter contracted. The femurs are long and strong. The tibias are platycnemic; *i. e.*, they present the flattened form of a saber blade, a characteristic of some fossil human tibias. The bones of the lower extremities furnished attachments for muscles whose power must have been very great. The foot is large and well developed, measuring 13½ inches.

The length of the most important bones of this skeleton, compared with those of a modern, is shown in the following table of measurements:

Name of Bones.	*Fossil Skeleton.*	*Modern Skeleton.*
Humerus	13½ inches.	12⅞ inches.
Ulna	11 1-6 in.	10 1-6 in.
Radius	10½ inches.	9½ inches.
Clavicle	6½ inches.	5⅝ inches.
Femur	18½ inches.	17½ inches.
Tibia	16½ inches.	14 17-24 in.
Fibula	15½ inches.	14½ inches.
Os calcis	3 13-24 in.	3 inches.
Os calcis and astragalus	4 1-24 in.	3¾ inches.
Tarsus	5 11-24 in.	4½ inches.
First metatarsus	2 7-12 in.	2½ inches.
First phalanx of great toe	1 5-12 in.	1 1-24 in.

The following is a comparison of orbits of the different skeletons enumerated:

Skeleton.	*Transverse diameter.*	*Vertical diameter.*
Modern	1 11-24 inches	1 7-24 inches
Grenelle	1⅜ inches	1⅛ inches
Cro-Magnon	1⅜ inches	1 1-12 inches
Menton	1 17-24 inches	1 1-12 inches

The varying proportion, shown by Mons. Broca, to exist betwen the humerus, radius, and clavicle in different races, is exhibited in the following table—humerus represented by 100:

Race.	*Sex.*	*Radius.*	*Clavicle.*
Menton skeleton	Male	76.90	46.19
Negro	Male	79.43	45.89
	Female	79.35	47.40
European	Male	73.92	44.32
	Female	74.02	45.64
Modern skeleton, Laboratory Anthropology, Paris	Male	73.61	45.39

THE EPOCH IN WHICH HE LIVED.

From the foregoing measurements, it is believed that the stature of the fossil man can be estimated at the lowest at six feet. The skeleton, which no more resembles that of an ape than does a modern skeleton, presents some contradictory characteristics of inferiority and paleolithic antiquity, such as a marked dolicocephalic type, great stature, increased length of the radius relatively to the humerus (10½—13½ inches), a plotycnemic tibia; and, on the other hand, marks of superiority, viz., a forehead neither low, retreating, nor narrow; an absence of prognathism, and a facial angle of nearly 85 degrees. In view of these apparent contradictions, we could not then fix the age at which the "Man of Menton" lived, if the fauna found in his own hearth, and in superior and equally undisturbed hearths, had not furnished us the elements for this determination. In a layer of soil about six inches in depth, immediately above and below the skeleton, bones or teeth of the following animals were found—mammals:

1. Carnivores—The cave lion, cave bear, common bear, cave hyena, wolf, hedgehog.
2. Pachyderms—The rhinoceros, horse, wild boar.
3. Rodents—The rabbit.
4. Ruminants—The primitive ox, elk, common stag, Canada stag, Corsican stag, roebuck, primitive goat, chamois.

Mollusks—Six species.

The arms and instruments found near the fossil man include the bone pomard mentioned above, two pins of bone with points well preserved, and upward of 150 cut flints in the form of lance and arrow points, scrapers, flakes and nuclei. Four of the animals above enumerated, viz., the cave lion, cave bear, cave hyena, and rhinoceros, are assigned to extinct prehistoric species. Evidence of their presence near the skeleton proves its high antiquity. We may, therefore, consider the "Man of Menton" as the cotemporary of extinct animal species, and as belonging certainly to the paleolithic epoch.

During the researches prior to his discovery, the remains of a large fauna were unearthed, embracing 25 mammals, four birds, one fish, one crustacean, and 66 mollusks. Some of the shells of the latter are perforated to be worn as ornaments; others are peculiar in that they are from the ocean, and not found in the Mediterranean. How did they then get into the caves on its shore? Numerous shells from Cro-Magnon came from the ocean, and some from Laugerie-Basse are of Mediterranean origin. The inhabitants of these caves must have had communication with each other, and with the ocean. But few instruments of bone or horn were found, and none of them presented any traces of drawing or engraving. Stone arms and instruments are counted by thousands. They are of flint of various shades, generally rudely cut, and must be referred back to the most ancient stone epoch. All of the shafts of long bones are split lengthwise. There are only five exceptions to this rule in more than 10,000 instances. This was done in order to extract the marrow, which either served as nourishment, or to anoint the body. After the bones were split some of the pieces were sharpened for use as arrows, pins, needles, while of others chisels or smoothing instruments were made. But with few exceptions, all of these instruments are very rudely made. A single object of pottery was found in the early excavations, and near the surface. It is a fragment of a small disk, very thin, and of a black color.

The skeleton rests to-day in the anthropological gallery of the Museum of Natural History here, and we await the judgment of leading anthropologists as to the significance of the discovery.

Furious is the British woman of a certain class when aroused, and when seventeen furies, "some of them with babies," set upon two men with the purpose of coercing them to join in a laborers' strike, it is evident that the sterner sex must submit or else ignominiously invoke the aid of the police. At the Chadlington Petty Sessions, in England, last week, the above-mentioned number of women were lately sent to jail for ten days for this striking terror to the hearts of two men who wanted to work at a rate lower than that fixed by the strikers.

IRISH SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

"DEAR, DIRTY DUBLIN."

CAUSE OF THE WANT OF CLEANLINESS—OPPORTUNITY FOR THE CLERGY TO IMPROVE THE HABITS OF THE PEOPLE—DIRTY CABS.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

DUBLIN, April 5.—If it is good to have a sound mind in a sound body, and if a sound body implies a clean skin, I do not know any class of men who have done more harm to their fellow-creatures than unwashed Saints. Surely the idea of the sanctity of dirt must have been an invention of the devil, if there be a devil! What misery it has caused all over Christendom, east and west; how much discomfort, disease, and premature mortality; how much irritability, ill-temper, malice, strife, persecution! Who can tell how many bloody and desolating wars may be ascribed to a dirty skin causing dyspepsia and spleen! Had the monks and chiefs of the dark ages washed themselves well every morning, how much less dark, how much less miserable those ages would have been! John Wesley rendered a great service to his country by the currency he gave to the maxim that "cleanliness is next to godliness;" and by causing his preachers to set an example of it wherever they went as itinerant missionaries. Much disturbance of dust and cobwebs was caused in many a farmer's house by the visit of the Methodist preachers. I have often thought how deplorable it was that the Irish priests did not think with Wesley in this respect. But how could they? The examples they had before them in their breviary every day, in the most famous Saints, positively associated holiness with filth. The greatest miracle-worker, the greatest favorite with Heaven, was the anchorite that had remained unwashed and uncombed the greatest number of years, that had the greatest number of neglected ulcers on his body, and that supported with sublime resignation the greatest number of vigorous vermin.

The late Lord Palmerston, who was a sort of laughing philosopher, once said that dirt was nothing but matter out of its proper place. No doubt there is a place for dirt, as there is a place for everything in the world. Our philosophy may not enable us to find out the mission of frogs, toads, serpents, musketoes, fleas, bugs, &c. But we know that dead matter renews life. What is poison to human beings in and about their dwellings, is most wholesome sustenance to the crops that supply us with food. What a pity, then, that the dirt should be kept at home to generate disease, instead of being put out on the fields to produce wealth. The Arabs pollute the desert wherever they pitch their tents, by allowing filth to accumulate around them, exhaling its deadly miasma. The Irish prove their oriental origin in this respect, for they take kindly to dirt, the enemy of their health, and seem to cherish it as a bosom friend. The good woman of the house prefers to sweep the dirt into corners to carrying it out of doors; and when she does put it out, it is never beyond arms' length. Ashes, slops, decayed vegetables, and everything the pig leaves, are thrown into a sink-hole, right in front of the cottage door, and there the mass accumulates, producing typhus and other diseases. If the pig sleeps near the kitchen fire, of course matters are worse; and they are not mended if that cherished animal be a mother, and has a numerous progeny—an instance of which I once saw myself in the house of a well-to-do farmer on the bank of the Shannon. It is to be hoped that this nasty custom has disappeared, and that the pig has been removed from the kitchen to the stye. I shall see by and by how this is, and report to you the result of my observations.

What I want to say now is, that I often thought the Roman Catholic clergy, with their vast influence, could have done an immensity of good to the Irish peasantry, and the poor in the towns as well, if they had considered that they might have been sanitary reformers without endangering faith and morals. It would have been well if they could have conscientiously denounced a dirty habit as one of the "deadly sins," if one of the "commands of the Church" had been: "Thou shalt wash thyself with soap and water every morning; thou shalt remove the dung-heap from thy door, and thou shalt put thy pig to sleep in a house of his own." Instead of that I have seen the priest many a time pick his steps on stones through the mire and sink when entering a cabin to give the last consolations of his religion to persons dying of the fever which the sink produced. And as far as I could learn, no priest ever remonstrated about this nuisance, or seemed to regard it as a nuisance at all.

I do not say that the Irish peasantry, and others far above them, are not ashamed of dirt, for they make a great fuss in the effort to hide it when a respectable stranger enters the house; but they seem generally unconscious of it. When an Irish woman wishes to express the shortest measurement, she says: "It was no longer than the black of my nail." The said "black," being caused by dirt, seems to be regarded as part and parcel of the fingers. You will see a finely shaped hand with those black borders on the ends of the fingers, resting on a lovely face. Of course this is not peculiar to the Irish. I mean only that, in the matter of cleanliness, the Irish in general of both sexes suffer greatly in comparison with the English. The former are, however, becoming a little sore on the subject, and that is a good sign. The proprietor of a Dublin newspaper severely reprimanded one of his contributors because, in an article holding out inducements to Americans and tourists generally to visit the country, he exhorted provincial hotel-keepers to pay a little more attention to the cleanliness of their establishments, and also to their cooking. Such articles he vehemently declared would ruin his paper, and were quite contrary to its policy as a conservative and national journal, which policy was to laud everything Irish and abuse everything English. Making all allowance for the antagonism of Irish journalism, generally produced by the disparagement of this country in the English press, it must be admitted that the habit of flattering the Irish in their faults and failings is most injurious and most unpatriotic in the true sense of the word.

I was, therefore, much gratified to see an article on Dublin cabs and cabmen this week in *The Freeman's Journal*, which is the chief organ of the Irish Catholics, having as strong motives as any other journal to pander to popular prejudices. I was greatly struck, as every one must be, on coming to Dublin from England, with the state of the cabs and the appearance of their drivers. In London, and still more, perhaps, in the provincial towns, it is pleasant to see that the cabmen, as a rule, are clean, shaved, and decently dressed, with nothing ragged, patched, or dirty about their persons. The good condition and shining hair of their horses show how well they are taken care of. The harness is clean, the brass bright, and all in perfect order. Cabby will not rest at his stand while there is mud or rust to be rubbed off, and he sees that his cushions are well shaken, free from stains, and thoroughly ventilated. There are heavy sots, with beery faces, who neglect their duty in these respects, but they are exceptions, that do not affect the general impression received from these proofs of civilization. Every Irishman who has seen the world, and wishes that his countrymen should put forth their energies in the race of progress, must be pained with the contrast presented by the cabs in Dublin. I should have hesitated to describe them if it had not been so graphically and faithfully done by the writer in *The Freeman's Journal*, who has thereby rendered an important service to his fellow-citizens. The people have been so long encouraged to persist in deplorable illusions, chasing one phantom after another, to walk in "vain shadows," instead of manfully facing realities and making the best of them, that I gladly hail a writer of their own who dares to tell them unpleasant truths. He says:

> We have very bad cars, and there are horses in this city of Dublin which contrive to crawl where Mr. Pickwick's steed would have given up the ghost. But the east wind keeps our cars pretty pure and the sun keeps them pretty dry. But there are occasions and seasons when we cannot travel upon cars. It is one of our local prejudices that no lady should sit on the national vehicle. We do believe that in this matter of inside traveling car we are not less than 1,000 years behind the rest of civilized nations. The drivers of our cabs would seem to be content with the hebdomadal ablution which Sunday brings. Is there a cab traveler of experience who does not know the fumous atmosphere, the floor ventilated like the stage of a theater, with various traps, dressed with hay which is neither new mown nor sweet, the windows which have cracked from sheer feverishness of an eternal rattle, the straps that won't work, the cushions that won't stay quiet, the horse that won't go, and the man that won't be satisfied? Is this an exaggeration? Is there a citizen who will recklessly call a cab and thrust an English man or woman into the same with an easy mind? The bells of the tram horses, the thunderous clang of the coal cars, the lightning speed of the butchers' boys, the reckless gaiety of the homeward baker—what are these to the ear-splitting and maddening jangle of the cab-windows that never do fit? At night all these horrors are trebled ten times over. The man on the hazard tumble into one vehicle; keep themselves warm in an atmosphere which would poison a tinker; tumble out when you call the cab; and you have the full benefit and no extra charge. Tale delightful treat, not soon to fade from memory, may be had at any popular cab-stand any night after 12—price one shilling.

The cabs are directly regulated by the local authorities. There is an array of power in the city. It is amply supplied with excellent water from the Wicklow Mountains—a blessing in a great measure due to the exertions of Sir John Gray, M. P. Yet such cabs as these are tolerated. Is not this state of things suggestive? No city is better supplied with the means of education and the means of grace. Yet it is for the most criminal town in Ireland, and, according to the Lord Primate, in spite of the vicinity of [illegible] to the accessibility of the country, and the attractions of the finest park in Europe, the mortality of Dublin is the greatest in the United Kingdom in proportion to the population. How are we to account for all this? The English cabs have been in use for 20 years. There is no reason why they should not be nicely kept. Why are the owners and drivers so wanting in self-respect as to offer themselves and their conveyances to the public in such a filthy state? With all the teaching, catechizing, and religious drilling, is there not a want of true, practical, moral training to fit people for the real duties of life? In Parliament they fight about dogmas; in the streets the horses and cabs are allowed to go to the dogs.

The cabs, however, bad as they are, must be accepted as an immense improvement on the old "covered car" which preceded them. It was a two-wheeled vehicle, so "light on the back" that the shafts stood up in the air over the horses' shoulders, the giddy driver, not always sober, being perched so high in front, and belaboring his galled jade so furiously, that every observer must have felt for the perilous position of the ladies inside, who nervously clung to the upper end of the car, fearing an upset. This sometimes happened, when the car went up a hill; if the horse was small he was almost lifted off the ground by the leather band that held the shafts. If that gave way, out went the fare through the ill-fastened door, which was in the back. In Cork they have similar covered cars, without