JULES GREVY.

HIS CHARACTERISTICS AS A LAWYER AND STATESMAN.

Paris, Sept. 11.

The death of M. Grevy, though long apprehended by his intimate circle of friends and relatives, has taken the world by surprise. When it was announced, all the best writers in the Paris press were on holiday tours, or in the country or at the seaside. This may account for the extremely commonplace biographical notices which have appeared of him in the newspapers. M. Grevy was considerably older than Vapereau in his dictionary of contemporary men of note made him out. That work states that his birth took place in 1813, and in an edition on the press rectifies the date, giving it as 1807. It was neither one nor the other. M. Grevy was born in 1805. But at that time birth registrations were not regularly kept, and the fathers of boys had a strong interest in making them out younger than their age. Napoleon was then sweeping the youth of France into the army by means of a conscription decree. A boy born in 1805, and set down as coming into the world much later, did not run the danger of having to shoulder a musket before he was fully grown. He had also a longer time before him to prepare for scholarships in State schools.

M. Grevy's father had known the hardships of war. Originally a ranger in a State forest, he in 1792 volunteered to serve in the army, and was elected by his comrades chef de battalion or major. He was in all the wars of the Republic and under the Consulate married, bought a lot of confiscated ground which he added to an inn, his own paternal property. It was on the coach road to Genoa and was the halting place of Madame de Stael and her father; of Voltaire, Prince Henry of Prussia (the brother of Frederick the Great), Madame Recamier and other old-time celebrities. Post horses were kept and the neighborhood abounded in fresh-water fish and game. Later the innkeeper was made postmaster of the village. He had five children—three sons, Jules, who has just died; Albert, also an advocate, who was Governor-General of Algeria under his brother's Presidency, and Paul, who is a retired General of Engineers. There were two daughters who never emerged from obscurity. They were sacrificed to the brothers, and brought up rather as inn-servants and country housekeepers. They married in the neighborhood of Mont Sous Vaudrey. The three sons were placed early at a preparatory school kept by an ex-priest, and Jules entered, on leaving him, on a scholarship at the State school at Poligny. He obtained there another scholarship for the Lyceum of Besancon, where he distinguished himself. His brothers followed in his wake. Albert devoted himself to the classics, Paul showed capacity for mathematics and determined to compete for a scholarship at the Polytechnic with a view to the army. He carried out this plan of life and became a distinguished officer of engineers.

M. Grevy must have been a rather mature law student when he was admitted to the Paris bar in 1837. He is said by Vapereau to have been only seventeen when, in the days of July, 1830, he fought behind a barricade with Littre and helped to take by assault the barrack of the Rue de Babylone. He was in the full manhood of twenty-three.

Jules Grevy never seems to have been in haste to get on. Patience was one of his virtues and he believed that patient pegging away would in good time bring its reward. He also believed in being true to himself, and was true to his principles and a sure friend. He was easy-going in his family relations and kindly. He always felt that his sisters had been sacrificed to their brothers and was forward to help their children and grandchildren. He had also an innate respect for law and acted on it, but was tolerant of lapses in others from his standard. There was every temptation for him to be penurious, his family being in cramped circumstances, and he being obliged by the regulations of the Paris bar to live in circumstances of external dignity.

M. Grevy first pleaded in a great case in 1839—the year in which Gambetta was born. He was then counsel for two accomplices of the now forgotten but once famous revolutionist Barbes. He belonged to the group of Republicans of which "Le National"—a journal that served as intellectual pabulum to Gambetta in his boyhood—was the centre. A strong polemist—Armand Carrel—who wrote up to a high standard of journalism and was eventually shot in a duel by Emile de Girardin, was the chief. Grevy was persuaded that the July monarchy could not live long. He differed from his friends in not getting angry because it was then living and went on believing that he would see it end. Berryer, Louis Blanc, Barbes and Blanqui placed their hearts and souls and minds at the service of the causes they defended, and Ledru Rollin and Garnier Pages their nervous energy. But Grevy merely served Republicanism with his reason. He had everything that a rational mind and delicate perceptions gave and in his early days all the firmness of a reasonable man. He had also capacity for growth. It may be said that he grew rather than raised himself by striving. At any rate his onward course was noiseless and gradual. His life was methodic and studious. He spent his evenings often in studying classic French literature, Horace, Virgil's Georgics and in playing chess. Epic poetry had not much charm for him and struck him as false. He fully understood that the only way to be a good speaker was to be a close thinker and observer and to feed the mind with the best kind of food. Form should not be much thought about. If the ideas were good, the best words were sure to present themselves. When Grevy had lived long enough to see electric light, he compared modern oratory to it and the copious phraseology of the ancients to flaring torches. His favorite master was Voltaire, who he said would if a public speaker have brought in a conversational and natural style of oratory, charming in manner because the subject had been well elaborated by previous study and the words neatly fitted to the thoughts which suggested themselves.

No member of the Paris bar when Grevy was a practising lawyer had more of the attention of whatever court before which he pleaded. There was nothing striking at the outset in any of his speeches, either in the man or in what he said. But he grew upon one as he went on. The voice was clear and the enunciation distinct, though the tone was rather low. His emphasis was faultless. One saw that he thought less of coaxing round than of convincing; yet he ended by charming, he was so simple, lucid and humorously sly. This quality gave a peculiar savor to his speeches and familiar conversation. I forget who it was that called him a cross between Phocion and Franklin. Nevertheless, he rose to a great height of eloquence, as batonnier of the Paris bar, in delivering the funeral oration beside the coffin of Berryer, the illustrious Legitimist orator.

M. Grevy was a highly successful chamber lawyer. He preferred chamber business to any other. He was a sagacious and discreet adviser and differed from most of his colleagues when he had a great political case to plead in not sacrificing the client to show off himself or to catch the ear of the electors. When the Revolution of 1848 burst on France he had a well-merited reputation. He then declared himself a "Liberal first and a Republican after," and was for the Republic because it seemed to him the best guarantee for a full meed of liberty as well as the necessary form for the government of a modern democracy. Ledru Rollin, then the leader of Republican France, sent him to his native department as Government Commissioner to prepare for the election of members for a Constituent Assembly. M. Grevy's rule of conduct was to bring round people by suasion and to keep them from fearing the Republic. Not being an idealist, he spoke in his addresses of politics being "a pure matter of business." Yet the country longed for something more than that, and the cause of Louis Philippe's downfall was that there was no idealism in his reign.

In the Constituante M. Grevy stood out against the validation of the Prince Louis Napoleon's election on two grounds. There was an unrepealed law to proscribe him, and the heads of dynastic families could not help being pretenders and enemies of the Republic. Louis Blanc took what was then regarded as the generous side, and, indeed, so did most of the leading members of the Constituante, the Royalists seeing in the violation of the law a means for enabling the Orleans Princes and the Comte de Chambord to return. M. Grevy also stood out against the article of the Constitution placing the executive power and the army and navy under the orders of a President elected by universal suffrage, and therefore the direct representative of all France. His idea was to give the headship to a Prime Minister named by the Legislature, making the appointment revocable at its pleasure. The Coup d'Etat won a name for extraordinary sagacity for M. Grevy, who was sent to Mazas Prison. He was a struggling advocate up to that time, but in the eighteen years of the Empire he saved a fortune large enough to bring him an income of 50,000 francs a year, and might have been much richer had he not been always satisfied until he went to the Elysee to invest in the 3 per cents.

He became batonnier of the Paris bar in 1868 and advocate for Queen Isabella. He advised her not to quarrel publicly with her husband, and defended her when her extradition was required by Prim for carrying away with her the crown jewels. This was treated by Prim's Government as felony. The friendship thus begun was kept up both when M. Grevy was President and since his retirement. The Queen gave him a superb Velasquez, one of the few works of art of the private collection made by her ancestors which she reserved for herself when making over the Royal Gallery to the Spanish nation. It was owing to his relations with Queen Isabella that King Alphonso sent him the Order of the Golden Fleece. The two godfathers at the investiture were the Duc de Noailles and the Duc d'Aumale.

M. Grevy was elected a member of the Corps Legislatif during the Empire, and conceived there an aversion for Gambetta which he never got over. He spoke and voted against the petition of the Orleans Princes to be allowed to return to France, saying that he would never be either their dupe or accomplice. After war was declared in 1870 and disaster overtook the Emperor M. Grevy stood out against a revolutionary change of government. He endeavored to persuade Gambetta that the best course was for an executive committee of the Corps Legislatif to be named by that body and the Empress. While talking in the lobby on the subject, he pointed to a painting of the burgesses of Calais with halters round their necks coming into the presence of Edward III. to give him the keys of the town, and he said: "I tell you what it is. If you get up a republic, its situation in suing for peace will be similar to that of the Calais burgesses." Gambetta was not to be persuaded. Grevy on the morrow of the Fourth of September went to Chenonceaux with his family, and was at that historical place the guest for three months of Madame Pelouze, sister of M. Wilson. Grevy was against continuing the defence, and with Thiers demanded the convocation of an assembly to make peace and to decide on the form of government. He and Gambetta were in conflict and Grevy and Thiers agreed with the Orleanists on electoral lists which were promulgated in the following January. He was a permanent thorn in Gambetta's side. Wilson was his active agent and became the intimate friend of all the Grevy family—an intimacy which years later brought about his marriage with Alice Grevy. The attitude of M. Grevy at Tours led to his being elected by an overwhelming majority President of the Bordeaux Assembly, a post which he resigned, to the despair of M. Thiers, on the first of April, 1873. He knew that the Legitimists and Orleanists had fused and that they meant to turn him out. Yet, when he resigned, he was again elected by a large majority over M. Buffet, M. Grevy would not return to the chair, and Buffet was then brought into the office. The former used to wear in the exercise of his functions an ordinary morning suit. Buffet was always in evening dress.

The rest of M. Grevy's public life is so well-known that I need not dwell upon it. He was appointed by Thiers, should he himself die in the struggle against Marshal MacMahon, to succeed him as Republican candidate for the Presidency of the Republic. Gambetta tried hard to bring Dufaure to supplant him, but he was unambitious and said "new stations require new men."

M. Grevy came into MacMahon's place by an almost unanimous vote of the Republican party in the Congress that elected him. He took his election easily, refusing to get up before 9 o'clock on the morning of the eventful day, or to go to Versailles until after he had luncheon.

It was his way to take things easily. I knew him in one of the most terrible storms that ever swept over the Mediterranean, feeling that it was no use to worry, turn into his berth and sleep as sound as though wind and waves did not threaten the ship with destruction. When he was elected, he stole off to dine with his two brothers at the Hotel des Reservoirs at Versailles and got quietly into town by train instead of riding back in a carriage-and-four with an escort of lancers. A week later he took up his abode at the Elysee. Mme. Grevy, it was noticed, did not accompany him to a fete given at the German Embassy, but Mlle. Grevy did. The former was a person of humble birth who had never bloomed out into a woman of society. She never stood side by side with her husband at the entrance to the State apartments of the Elysee to receive company on grand occasions, but sat on a sofa not far from him and always wore a cap. She was homely and unaffected and looked kindly, but was avaricious and had no sense of the dignity of her position. Her husband had, but bore his honors with a charming grace and remained affable and easy.

He had a delightful manner of accosting at the grand receptions guests known to him. On these occasions he wore across his breast the broad red ribbon of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. He was extremely amiable in his family and never gainsaid his wife, daughter or son-in-law, of whom he was the guardian when he was a minor.

He bore his disgrace with gentle stoicism and found a compensation in the graces and affection of his little granddaughter. E. C.

TEMPERANCE LAWS IN GERMANY.

From The London Times.

The "Reichsanzeiger" publishes the text of a bill for the repression of drunkenness, which will be laid before the Reichstag on its meeting in November next. Even in a State so essentially police-ridden as Germany, the measure is a drastic one, much more so than any corresponding legislation in England. The bill is accompanied by a long and exhaustive expose des motifs, containing such statistics as the Government believe justifies its introduction. The bill consists of twenty-three clauses. The first clause defines the position of a class of licensed dealers somewhat similar to the licensed grocers in England. Such dealers may not sell spirits in less quantities than half a litre. Succeeding clauses deal with the retail dealers. It is proposed that, so far as possible, these dealers shall be under obligation to supply food as well as spirituous refreshment, and, further, that they shall not be permitted to sell liquor before 8 o'clock in the morning. They shall furthermore do all in their power to hinder the abuse of spirituous liquors. By clause 9 no spirit dealer shall be permitted to sell spirits to any person below the age of sixteen years. They are forbidden to sell liquor to any visibly drunken person or to any person who within three years has been punished as a confirmed drunkard. The spirit dealer is bound to see that drunken persons are conducted to their dwellings or handed over to the care of the police. He is further forbidden to supply liquor on credit.

One of the most drastic clauses of the bill is that which lays down that people who, on account of their drunken habits, are unable to manage their affairs, or who by their conduct threaten to bring their families into want or to endanger the safety of others, may be placed under a guardian, and this person, with the consent of court, may place his ward in an asylum for inebriates. Even in cases where the guardian does not exercise his rights in this respect, the court may intervene and order his committal to such an asylum. The remaining clauses are taken up with the specification of the punishments to be inflicted for a breach of the foregoing clauses.

This bill is not the first of the kind which has been laid before the Reichstag. In 1881 a bill for the repression of drunkenness was introduced, but failed to survive the committee stage. The present bill is largely modelled on that of 1881. It has received the earnest consideration of the Emperor, and will undoubtedly in the Reichstag have the support of the Government. The Radical party, however, declare that the present legislation is amply sufficient to combat the tendency to drunkenness, and announce their intention of opposing the new bill.

TOPICS AT STAMBOUL.

A GHASTLY FUNERAL, AN ILLUMINATION, AND A CHANGE OF MINISTRY.

Constantinople, September 4.

If the Constantinopolitans are ever seeking to see or to hear some new thing, they have had a full gratification during the last eight hours. The funeral of a Greek Patriarch, the illumination in honor of the Sultan's accession anniversary, and the ousting of the Ministry, ought to be sufficient, following in quick succession, to satisfy the wildest craving for sensational novelties.

The death of the man who calls himself the rightful head of the Christian church universal is rare, because advancing age commonly gives the incumbent of the Greek Patriarchal chair time to resign before the fatal hour. Hence the funeral of the Patriarch Dionysius, on Thursday, August 27, called together an enormous concourse of people. Along the whole line of four or five miles traversed by the procession the streets were packed with men, women and children who might never have an opportunity to see this pageant again. But no feeling of veneration for the deceased Primate or of regret at the loss sustained by his church could possibly maintain a place in the mind of the spectator present at that funeral. Indignation at the incompetence displayed by the managers of the function, and disgust at their changing what might have been a solemn and affecting homage to the dead into a subject for the ribald jests of the living, drove away every other thought. Turkish troops formed the escort of the procession, but were not used to protect it from the mob of Greek sight-seers. It had hardly left the Patriarchal Church at the Fanar, when its orderly structure was annihilated by the rush of the rabble bent on seeing the awful thing which the priests had brought out of the church. It was nothing that prince and shoemaker bishop and boatman, diplomat in cocked hat and pacha in massive gold embroidery struggled together and with the pall-bearers for the right of way. The awful thing, the haunting horror of the spectacle, was the ostentatious parade of the decaying corpse of the white-haired old man, crowned with gold, bedecked with ecclesiastical finery, tied, like a criminal who has been executed by electricity, into a chair, with head left to hang nodding on one side, with one hand held aloft by strings in grim caricature of the attitude of benediction, and with attendants spraying perfumery over the ghastly thing in order to conceal its odor. As if this was not enough, when after several hours of such exposure in the streets the corpse reached the place of sepulture, proceedings were stopped in order that the robes of the defunct might be saved. The poor dead Patriarch was thoroughly stripped of his garments. Dressed in a bare white shroud he was seated on a stone in the corner of his last resting place and the place was closed up. Then at length the men who had taken such liberties with his body retired, satisfied with their last homage to their spiritual head. With all the progressive and praiseworthy qualities of the Greeks, their clergy have clearly yet to emerge from the atmosphere of the Dark Ages, being ignorant that the world has learned anything since such ritual of burial was first devised.

The illumination of the city on the occasion of the anniversary of the accession of the Sultan is of an entirely spontaneous character. No one is compelled to illuminate. Yet the newspapers furnish a careful list of those who make such display as becomes high loyal feeling and the tenure of marked position in office or in trade. Moreover, zealous police officials inquire in advance, note book in hand, the number of lanterns to be used by given individuals and express their candid views as to whether the number equals their idea of the demands of propriety. That the result of this spontaneous expression of loyalty is entrancingly beautiful goes without saying, for not even Venice so lends itself to the organization of fairy-like decoration by night. As one looks up the Bosphorus, masses of fire mark the water line for ten miles, and send long streamers of wavy reflection across the placid surface of the stream. Steamers, caiques and boats of every description bear their quota of lamps along the water, each vessel thronged with pleasure seekers. Overhead the minarets of the mosques, the great towers of the Fire Department in Stamboul and Galata, are crusted with diminutive lamps, while the terraced gardens rising on either side of the Bosphorus have all their walks and walls marked out with lanterns until the fine tracery seems like fairy writing in the sky. The great hill of Chamlija, where one of the royal princes has his residence, is covered to its top with lanterns, 40,000 or 50,000 of them, so that the canical hill seems a snow-capped mountain when night has destroyed the sense of distance and perspective. A sail up the Bosphorus is an endless series of surprises as approach to fiery masses resolves them into endless variety of shapes and traceries. Each house on the shore has a framework set up in front upon which are arranged in such devices as please the taste of the owner thousands of candles or oil cups to delight the soul of the passer by.

On this occasion the Minister of the Marine had in front of his house close to the shore a huge frame representing a steamer, with hull, masts and cordage all lined in light against the black background of the night. The gardens of this house, comprising an acre or two of land, slope sharply up the hill from the shore, and had lanterns placed close together along all the paths, so that the figures of the gardener's plan formed the figures of an enormous decoration which could be seen for miles in every direction. The palace of the ex-Khedive of Egypt, poor old Ismail Pacha, was perhaps the most superb in its tasteful arabesques of fire, and its forest of trees in which every branch was hung with tiny lanterns until the very leaves seemed to be ablaze. In Pera, in Galata, in Stamboul, the same style of decoration was repeated in the streets. The vicinity of the Sultan's palace on the heights of Yildiz was splendid with electric lights, and the Ministers of the Government had made their residences on the neighboring hill blaze in a way that felt no doubt of their readiness to sacrifice all for their sovereign. Twenty thousand lamps was a common figure for the decorations of the palace of a prince, 5,000 or 10,000 for the houses of the Ministers and the higher Government functionaries. About 7,000 rockets and other fireworks were used by the Government departments alone.

This was on Monday. The illumination could not but leave in the hearts of the Ministers a certain satisfaction as for duty well done. There was not the least hint of any dissatisfaction with the management of affairs on the part of His Majesty. On Thursday morning, however, the Grand Vizier and nearly all of the Ministers were informed that other men had been put in possession of their portfolios. The unexpectedness of the blow seemed to show that it was a sudden decision on the part of the Sultan, while the completeness of the sweeping change and the selection of several men who are new to such responsibility seemed to point to a thoughtful preparation for the measure. The Sultan is not given to Ministerial changes, and his Government has gained in stability through this fact. The news of the removal of all of the principal Ministers therefore startled the city like a revolution.

The new Grand Vizier is a comparatively young man, who has been Governor of Crete since the last insurrectionary movement there. He is a soldier, is well educated, and is a writer of marked ability. The cause of the removal of the sturdy old Turk Kiamil Pacha from the head of affairs is not clearly known. It seems that for some time there has been a steady effort on the part of the Russian Government to destroy his influence with the Sultan. The Sultan, also, has at times been dissatisfied with him because he has urged upon His Majesty the necessity of greater freedom for the Ministers in managing details of their respective departments. Affairs have not been going well in Yemen, where the descendants of Job's Sabeans have been for some time in open insurrection. On Wednesday there was sharp discussion in the Cabinet Council upon this subject and the Grand Vizier was charged with maintaining his friendship for England notwithstanding evidence furnished by Russian agents that British influence was supporting the Sabean rebels. All of these influences together probably had effect in the ousting of the Ministry. The measure was devised in secrecy and effected with as little ceremony as the discharge of a kitchenmaid. The prevailing impression is that the choice of new and younger men for office shows that His Majesty intends to direct affairs himself. The change of Ministry implies a step forward in the direction of absolute and personal Government so far as internal affairs are concerned, and a step toward coalition with Russia in the foreign policy of the Empire.

THE PRINCE AT HOMBURG.

A TARGET FOR CAMERAS—FREDERICKSHOF—A DISTINGUISHED CONCERT.

Homburg, September 4.

Many as are the attractions of this most charming of German resorts, that which most strongly appeals to the multitude at present is a single member of that great army of visitors. Nor is he by any means a strange figure here. On the contrary, he is one of the most familiar of the regular annual frequenters of the place. Yet the divinity that doth hedge the Prince of Wales possesses such a strong magnetic quality that nearly every one else in Homburg is irresistibly drawn into his train. Nor does his magnetism appear to possess any negative quality whatever. No one could mingle with the throng more unrestrainedly than he does, or show himself more approachable. At half past seven every morning he strolls toward the Elizabethan Brunnen for his morning drink. Generally the crowd parts admiringly at his approach. If not, he does not hesitate to jostle elbows with the others in the most unconventional manner imaginable. There is absolutely nothing about him to distinguish him from any fat and good-natured English gentleman but one thing, and that is, that the waiter hands him his glass of water on a little silver tray.

After his morning drink the Prince joins company with two or three friends and strolls about listening to the music. His constant attendant on these occasions is a beautiful fox-terrier. The dog does not belong to the Prince and is not brought by him to the garden. But it meets him there every morning as regularly as clock-work, and keeps close to his heels all the time he is there. When he leaves the garden, the Prince stoops and strokes the dog on the head as a token of parting, and the terrier then trots away contented and is seen there no more until the next morning. On his part, the Prince then goes to his villa for breakfast, to return to the garden again in the evening. In the afternoon one may generally find him on the tennis ground, where he is far more apt to be a spectator than a player. He is fond of the game but seldom takes part in it. This is probably because he no longer possesses the agility of youth. Some have said it is because no one who played against him would seriously try to beat him, but such a reason is scarcely to be credited. The Prince's opponents in other games, at any rate, have not carried their respect for royalty so far. At baccarat they not only try to beat him, but very often do beat him, and make him pay over his stakes like the merest commoner. It must be said, however, that the Prince is not a good loser. When a game goes against him, he is very apt to lose his royal temper, which is not at all pleasant for those playing with him. It is an open question whether this irritation arises simply from the loss of the game or from the loss of the stakes.

In one respect Homburg might to advantage emulate the example of some American watering-places by excluding from its precincts the photograph fiend. As it is, that interesting personage has here a free hand, and he improves his opportunities with an assiduity that would make the proverbial little busy bee turn green with envy. The Prince, of course, is the chief target. The moment he appears in the garden in the morning a dozen photographers, each with a different style of detective instrument, strives to get in range and snap his machine at him. The Prince does not seem to object to it, though he certainly does not encourage it. No one has ever yet known him to pose for a moment for the benefit of these surreptitious artists. On the contrary, he seems to make it a point to keep moving about and so mingling with the crowd that an unobstructed view of him is almost impossible to secure. When he does stand still for a moment, or sit down, it is almost certain to be in some unconventional attitude and in close proximity to or actual contact with some other person.

Before the Prince came here it was said that he was out of health, out of spirits and out of temper, and that he would not be a particularly genial member of society. It is evident that this did him great injustice. He appears to be in his normal health. Certainly no one could be in better spirits or display a more amiable disposition than he. In the two weeks and more of his stay here no one has for even a moment seen a frown upon his face, or heard a cross word from his lips. Nor has he in the least sought to seclude himself from any of his numerous friends and acquaintances. Indeed, he never was more approachable, never more genial and never a more agreeable member of butterfly society than this year.

There are many other notable personages at Homburg, though none who attract attention comparable with that bestowed upon the Prince of Wales. The most important of them is the Prince's eldest sister, the Dowager German Empress Frederick. It has long been her favorite resort, ever since her long stay here during the Franco-German war. She is now building near here, at Kromberg, a splendid palace called Frederickshof. To the erection of this edifice she is paying close and constant attention, visiting it every day and personally directing many of the details of the work. It will be a year more before the castle is finished and furnished, and Her Majesty is sparing neither expense nor pains in the gratification of her artistic tastes. The spacious grounds are being laid out in the style of an English park. The Empress personally purchased these lands from the peasants who formerly owned and farmed them, paying them their own prices, although these were in many cases exorbitantly high. There are rumors that she intends to make this place a second Weimar, and to gather about her here a circle of the choicest minds in literature, music and art. Her Majesty drives back and forth between Homburg and Frederickshof every day, and is often seen driving elsewhere in the vicinity of these places. There are many peasants' cottages where she has stopped more than once on some kindly errand of charity. But she is never seen in the gay throng at the Kursaal, or in the garden, and may be said to be a stranger in the fashionable society of Homburg.

Another distinguished guest is the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. For about a quarter of a century he has been an unfailing yearly visitor here. He is now quite blind, but is to be seen every day walking about the garden leaning on the arm of some relative or friend, and he is often a member of the Prince of Wales's party. The Duke of Cambridge has also been here, and so have the Dukes of Abercorn and Rutland, and other members of the Peerage "too numerous to mention." One other highly distinguished guest deserves mention. This is Professor Esmarch of Kiel University. This celebrated surgeon has been "taking the waters" this season, and has been much lionized here, partly on his own account and partly on account of his wife. The latter is Princess Henrietta of Schleswig-Holstein, a sister of Prince Christian and an aunt of the reigning German Empress.

Probably the most interesting social event of the season was the amateur concert held last week. It was organized to raise funds for the erection of a monument in the garden to the memory of the late Emperor Frederick, and was under the charge of an international committee of Germans and English. Two of the most conspicuous patrons were the Prince of Wales and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. One of the chief singers on the programme was Captain Fitzgeorge, son of the Duke of Cambridge. There was a great demand for tickets at fancy prices, and a handsome sum was netted for the monument.

CONVEYING ELECTRIC POWER

A SUCCESSFUL CIRCUIT OF A HUNDRED MILES.

Frankfort, September 9.

Probably the most interesting and important feature of the Electrical Exhibition here is the great experiment in transmitting power over a long distance. No other feature has attracted so much attention. It is said that never before was so striking an attempt made in this department of electric engineering. Not only all those directly concerned in it, but electricians and mechanical engineers all over the world have watched the progress of the work with intense solicitude. The result of the great experiment would, they believed, mark a new era in mechanical science.

What was the problem? To convey the water-power of the Neckar River at Lauffen, in Wurtemburg, over a wire to Frankfort and utilize it there. From Lauffen to Frankfort is something more than 100 miles. It was therefore as if one had proposed to gather power from the Hudson River at Albany, transmit it by telegraph to New-York, and there set it to running machinery, making a turbine wheel at Albany run an engine in New-York with only a telegraph wire connecting them. One would say this was a hard thing to achieve. But these German engineers went at it in earnest. So did the statesmen, for the line of transmission passed through the territory of three States—Wurtemburg, Baden and Hesse. But the three Governments not only gladly gave permission, but did all in their power to facilitate the work.

Lauffen is an interesting little town, on both sides of the Neckar. There is one picturesque but rather ruinous old bridge across the river there. The chief industry is the manufacture of cement, in which the place leads all other towns of Europe. A fine system of turbine wheels supplies the motive power for the works; or rather utilizes the power of the Neckar's current. They are placed in a raceway at the side of the river, a mile or so above the town, and have a head of water of twelve or thirteen feet. The water furnishes about 1,600 horse-power, of which only 900 horse-power is used. The cement works have two turbines of 300 horse-power each, making thirty revolutions a minute. A third turbine, of similar action and power, drives an electric dynamo at the rate of 150 revolutions per minute, and thus generates the energy that is to be transmitted to Frankfort. The dynamo is coupled directly with the water-motor and produces what is called a "multiple-phase" or "rotation" current. This is really a combination of alternating currents. Each of the three components—each of the three constituent currents which, blended together, form the current that is transmitted to Frankfort—has an electromotive energy of 50 volts and 1,400 amperes. The total force, therefore, is 150 volts and 4,200 amperes, or 200 kilowatts. No collector and no brushes are used. Cheapness and simplicity are attained in a remarkable degree. And the working of the whole apparatus is made as safe as that of an ordinary telegraphic battery.

The line of transmission begins at Lauffen, and passes through Heilbronn, Jagstfeld, Eberbach, Erbach, Babenhausen and Hanau, to Frankfort. It begins with the falls of the Neckar at Lauffen, and its energy is finally expended in the production of an artificial waterfall at Frankfort. From the dynamo the current is conveyed by means of two brass wire ropes to the transforming machine, passing on the way through a switchboard and automatic power-regulator. The transformer, for perfect insulation, is placed in a tank of oil. It has a capacity of 200 kilowatts, and it transforms the compound low-pressure current above described into a high-pressure current, having a force of 15,000 volts at twelve or thirteen amperes. And this is the current that is sent forth on the hundred-mile journey to Frankfort. It traverses this distance by way of three copper wires, each about four millimetres in thickness. These wires are not covered with any insulating sheath or coating, but are entirely bare. They are carried across the country like ordinary telegraph wires in America, strung along on poles twenty-five feet high and a hundred and twenty-five feet apart. The insulators by which the wires are fastened to the poles are, however, of a special kind. They are made of porcelain, in the usual manner. But on the surface of such insulators moisture is apt to be condensed, thus greatly impairing their efficiency. To prevent this, each insulator is provided with three troughs filled with oil, and thus no fraction of its usefulness is lost.

Thus the potent and mysterious fluid is conveyed from Lauffen to Frankfort. Here it is received by an oil transformer like that at Lauffen, and is turned into a low pressure current again, of about 100 volts. Then part of it goes to the electric lighting apparatus, and furnishes the current for 1,200 incandescent lamps. The rest of it goes to three motors and there takes the form of mechanical energy. The largest of the three motors drives a huge centrifugal pump, which supplies the stream for the waterfall above mentioned, some thirty-odd feet high. The actual loss of power in transmission is scarcely one-fourth. Therefore, for every 100 horse-power of energy sent out from the works at Lauffen, more than seventy-five horse-power is actually available for use here in Frankfort, a hundred miles and more away. This result has not only been attained, but it has been constantly maintained for the last two weeks. In view of this, it is not surprising that the projectors of the enterprise are more than satisfied, and are exulting in having accomplished the most remarkable feat on record in electric engineering.

MAGISTER SACRI PALATII.

THE DOMINICANS SOON TO CHOOSE A NEW GENERAL.

Paris, September 6.

An important ecclesiastical event will take place in Lyons next month, when representatives of the Dominican Order of monks from every quarter of the globe meet to elect a new General. The office is one of the highest in the Catholic Church. Besides exercising supreme power over the most powerful order of monks in the world, the General of the Dominicans holds the office of confidential adviser to the head of the Church. He lives in Rome and bears the title of maitre du sacre-palais, which office brings him into closest connection with the Pope.

It is not to be wondered at that such a powerful office should be coveted by nations almost as ardently as by the individual aspirants. The French candidate at the approaching election will be Pere Laboree, Father Provincial of Lyons, a man fifty years of age, brilliant, energetic, and rather progressive in his views. He has a fair chance of being elected, the fact that he has for nearly a year fulfilled the duties of the office giving him a peculiar advantage. He has lived in Rome for some time and is highly regarded by the Pope. Pere Laboree owes his present office almost to an accident. Every six years the Dominicans hold a general congress or chapter in one of their convents. Before adjournment they choose by ballot the next meeting-place, which immediately becomes the centre convent of the order. The Father Provincial of that district or province, in the event of the death of the General, assumes his duties until an election can be held. At the time of the last General's death, the appointed meeting-place for the next grand chapter was the College of Oullins, near Lyons, the convent at the latter city not being large enough to receive the delegates. Pere Laboree was Father Provincial at Lyons, and upon the death of the venerable Father Larocca became General pro tem of the order.

The Austrians have a strong candidate in the prior of Vienna. The eloquent Pere Didon has also been spoken of, but his decidedly aggressive individuality, it is feared, will lessen his chances.

The election is conducted in the following manner. The electors are the provincials of each district, of which France has three—Paris, Lyons and Toulouse; the socius of each provincial, and a delegate elected from each district by the friars. The preliminaries to an election usually occupy nearly twelve days. As soon as all the electors have arrived they hold an assembly called tractatus, in the course of which the names of all candidates are submitted and discussed; the actual candidates declared, and the day of the election decided upon. The electors then retire into their cells, where they remain in fasting, prayer and meditation. The election itself ordinarily takes an entire day. The ballot is secret, each voter depositing in an urn a folded paper bearing the name of his candidate. A two-thirds majority is necessary to an election. As soon as the result is proclaimed, the electors separate, returning to their convents. After receiving the ratification of the Pope, the new General addresses a circular to each convent informing the order of his election. The Popes have never yet refused their sanction, but should such an event occur, a second election would immediately be held at the same convent.

The Dominican order in France has two distinct branches: the grand order, priests and monks, and the third order, which is made up of teaching fathers. The grand order is divided into three provinces—Paris, Lyons and Toulouse; each one containing abotu ten convents. The monks follow the severest possible regime, rising many times through the night for penance and prayer, practising continual fasting—that is to say, taking only one meal a day with a light collation in the evening, etc. The third order is undivided, and is itself known as the "Province of the Third Order." Its superior is called simply, the Vicar General. The present head is Pere Ligonet, a profoundly learned man and a celebrated composer of religious music. The canticles sung throughout all the convents of the order were written by Pere Ligonet. The fathers of the third order are notably fine teachers and have charge of many of the best schools and colleges in France.

The traditional habit of the Dominicans is a picturesque robe of pure white wool, but of late years a black soutaine has been substituted. The aggressive Pere Didon, however, clings to his white vestment in spite of all example, but in public he covers it with a long black coat.

THE WORK OF THE CABOTS.

BRISTOL AND THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

Bristol, England, September 8.

This ancient city of Bristol is likely to send to the World's Fair at Chicago a most interesting exhibit relating to the part taken by its merchants and seamen in the fifteenth century in exploring the coasts of the present United States, Canada and Newfoundland, even before the Spaniards or Columbus had seen the mainland of America. These explorations, begun by John Cabot and his son Sebastian, who sailed along the coast of North America from Hudson's Bay to Cape Hatteras, were the means of arousing an interest in the newly discovered lands which ultimately led to their colonization by England and to the foundation of civilized government on these shores. The early voyagers from England were largely men from the western counties, and especially from Plymouth and other Devonshire ports, as well as from Bristol itself. It is therefore most appropriate that, as suggested by the United States Consul, Lorin A. Lathrop, Bristol should take the lead in making an exhibit showing the conditions under which these explorations were made. In his dispatch to the Department of State at Washington, he suggests that a special invitation should be sent to Bristol from the World's Fair authorities, asking the city to send a deputation to represent it at the opening functions, and also to exhibit whatever it can of memorials of antiquity, such as charters, municipal regalia, and other objects of antiquarian interest. The ancient insignia, plate, etc., belonging to the corporation are of exceptional interest, and if Bristol can be prevailed upon to loan them, they will certainly form a most notable feature in the English exhibit.

It is further suggested by Mr. and Mrs. John B. Shipley, who have devoted much time and attention to the subject, that for the purpose of containing and displaying these and other relics, a reproduction of an ancient English building should be specially erected at Chicago, and that the building to be copied should be Saint Peter's Hospital, one of the most beautiful examples of early domestic architecture that can be found. It is a house that has had an intimate connection with the public life of Bristol since before the time of Cabot, for the east end of the structure dates back to the end of the twelfth century. The larger portion of the front, however, was built in about 1612; that is, about the time of the settlement of Virginia, in the reign of James I. This part of the building contains the original hall of the mansion, the roof of which is still extant, though now concealed by a later ceiling, which is itself a very beautiful piece of workmanship of the Stuart period. In fact, the old hospital bears the impress of many hands and many ages; an old English exhibit could hardly have a more fitting case than this ancient building, which was already old in the times when America was first settled. Bristol is remarkable for the possession of a considerable number of smaller fragments of domestic architecture. Old rooms with splendid ceilings and elaborately carved fireplaces are still to be seen in many parts of the old city. Some of these are connected in the local traditions with the visit of Queen Elizabeth to the city in 1574, for in more than one of these old rooms she is said to have dined, and even danced.

One of the most interesting of these rooms is in the house formerly occupied by William Canynges, the great merchant of Bristol, who restored the Church of St. Mary Redclyffe, and who was probably the owner of the ship in which Columbus went to Iceland in 1477. The house in which this old merchant lived is not at all so well preserved as St. Peter's Hospital; the only remains of it are the room referred to, which is filled with magnificent old oak furniture, perfectly black with age, and a hall or chapel, with a fine open roof. These now form part of the establishment of a large firm of booksellers, the Messrs. Jefferies, of Redcliff-st. As Canynges was in some sense the father of Bristol shipping adventure, it would be both appropriate and interesting to have some portion of these rooms also reproduced at the Fair.

Every visitor to Bristol goes to see Redcliff Church, and probably admires it even more than the Cathedral of Bristol. It is interesting for its fine architecture, for its connection with poor Chatterton, and with Canynges, as above-mentioned; but for our present purpose it has a special interest in that it contains a large bone, probably belonging to a whale, which is authentically reported to have been brought home by the Cabots from their first voyage, and set up in the church by the corporation in 1497, as appears from the records.

A manuscript discovered by Mr. W. George, of Bristol, among the books belonging to an ancient family of the neighborhood, fixes the exact date of the sailing of John and Sebastian Cabot as being the second of May, 1497, in a ship called the Matthew; it is well known that they discovered Newfoundland on the 24th of June in that year. The same manuscript gives the 10th of August as the date of their return. In the following year a longer voyage was undertaken by Sebastian Cabot, in the course of which he explored the greater portion of the Atlantic coast of North America.

It would of course be of the highest interest to show any maps, charts or writings left by Cabot himself. It is known that such were in existence at the time of his death, and that indefatigable compiler of records of voyages, Richard Hakluyt, exerted himself to the utmost to get them published. He was unable even to see them, and it is suspected that they were bought and taken to Spain by Philip II, the husband of Queen Mary of England, (in whose reign Cabot died)—for Philip was an enthusiastic collector of all such matters, and Cabot had been Pilot-Major of Spain, and was moreover a pensioner of the English Crown. His co-pensioner, William Worthington, is supposed to have been Philip's instrument in this matter, for, after having promised to let the maps be published after Cabot's death, he never redeemed this promise, nor could the maps and writings ever be found.

From this brief sketch will be seen that, though the direct memorials of these discoverers are neither numerous nor extensive, much can be shown which will throw light on the commercial and domestic life of the period, and for this Bristol has probably facilities that do not exist in such completeness in any other city; and it must not be forgotten that Bristol was at that time the second seaport in the Kingdom, if not in the world.