NOTES FROM LONDON.

LORD ROSEBERY—LORD TWEEDMOUTH—THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE—DR. TANNER AND LORD CLANRICARDE—"THE SATURDAY REVIEW" SOLD—MRS. FENWICK MILLER ON "RATIONAL" COSTUME.

London, August 18.

A word ought to be added on the debate in the House of Lords concerning the Tenants' Arbitration bill. Lord Rosebery's reply to the Duke of Argyll was a good specimen of good feeling as applied to political conflicts. I quoted the Duke's attack on him in a former letter. It began, indeed, a little bitterly, with a reference to "the admirable speech of the noble Duke which he had often heard before, and which after all only comes to this, 'Thank God, I am not as other men are.'" But to the taunt about his youth the Prime Minister replied handsomely: "All I can hope is that if I live to reach the years of the noble Duke, I shall have some share of the vigor and the eloquence with which he still addresses us." It might have been more graceful to omit the concluding phrase: "If not some share of that Christian charity which he exhibits to his opponents." In truth, there is little or no sympathy between the elder and the younger man—none of that friendship which still exists between the Duke of Argyll and Mr. Gladstone. If you call to mind the Duke's language of last year about his lifelong friend and present opponent, you will be aware what degree of hard hitting is here thought consistent with personal friendship. In the light of the Duke's tremendous invective against Mr. Gladstone, Lord Rosebery's moderation to the opponent of his great leader will seem all the more remarkable.

Very civil also is Lord Rosebery to the Duke of Devonshire. The two men have never, I think, been on the old terms since the break of 1886, or since the campaigns which early followed that disruption of the party. The political disagreement in too many cases severed personal friendships, or chilled them. It was so as between Lord Hartington and Lord Rosebery. But last night Lord Rosebery said this: "The noble Duke (of Devonshire), if he will allow me to say so, made the most powerful speech I have ever heard him make, a speech which I envied him for making, as regards its ability, only I wished I could have seen a little more consciousness that there was any interest but the landlord's to be consulted."

By common consent this praise is none too high. Orator the Duke of Devonshire is not. He has few of the fascinations or charms by which good speaking becomes a fine art. But he has a power of clear statement and a certain weight of argument in which nobody surpasses him. He takes immense pains. He does master his subject. He had mastered this bill. He knew it line by line and precept by precept, and he argued it as a question of law, of property, of individual rights, of justice, of fairness as between classes. His most convinced critic and opponent said of his speech that it had sensibly weakened the case for the bill. That is compliment enough, if the Duke cared for compliments. He is commonly thought rather insensible to such blandishments, especially in the press. A man who goes his own way without regard to good or evil speaking—such is his reputation. It is not a bad one to have in any country; not entirely uncommon here; not unknown elsewhere.

There was, I hear, a scene, or something which came near being a scene, after Tuesday's debate in the Lords. Among the listeners to the debate had been Dr. Tanner, the somewhat excitable member for Mid Cork. As ill-luck would have it, the doctor caught sight of Lord Clanricarde as he quitted what Mr. Gladstone calls the "Gilded Chamber." Lord Clanricarde enjoys the distinction of being the most hated man of a hated class, the Irish landlords, and his appearance was more than Dr. Tanner could stand. Probably his wrath blazed hotter than usual, as he had just been hearing the Prime Minister denounce Lord Clanricarde as one of the men whose dealings with his tenants had been among the direct causes of this bill. All things considered, Lord Rosebery might have left that unsaid. The Irish tenant needs no fuel to his fire of hate against the man whose land he covets. But, for that or another reason, the eminent Nationalist doctor flamed out at sight of the Galway landlord. He cried aloud in his rage, shook his fist at him, and denounced him in extremely vigorous language. Friends interposed and there was no actual violence. The London papers do not mention the incident. My authority was an eyewitness.

Dr. Tanner can do better than this. He has a pretty wit of his own and a sufficient command of words to do justice to his wit. There is a story of him and another Irishman to whom he is opposed in politics. The doctor went up to this man in the lobby of the House of Commons and called him, if the story may be believed, a damned fool. The man could think of no better retort than to tell his assailant that he was drunk, which, it may be assumed, he was not. But Dr. Tanner saw his chance and rejoined: "Maybe I am drunk, but to-morrow morning I shall be sober, and you will still be a damned fool." Upon which that dialogue came to an end, leaving Dr. Tanner in possession of the field and of the honors of war. Who says that Irish wit has decayed?

The sale of "The Saturday Review" is understood to be the result of a steady decay in its position and fortunes. The late owner became tired of it, and has, if all reports be true, parted with his property at a low price, or what would once have been thought low. No hint of the impending charge was allowed to become public. It is doubtful whether the editor, Mr. Walter Pollock, knew of what was hanging over his head. In one respect the suddenness of this little revolution reminds one of the much earlier days when "The Pall Mall Gazette" was sold over Mr. Frederick Greenwood's head, and the more recent period when the same operation was performed at the expense of Mr. E. T. Cook. But in neither of these two older instances did the transfer imply the least reflection on the capacity of either editor. Mr. Frederick Greenwood was, and happily still is, one of the ablest journalists of his time. He had created "The Pall Mall," and his supercession was always thought a hard and undeserved fate. Mr. Cook left the same paper in somewhat similar circumstances; there was a change of proprietorship, which involved a change of politics; Mr. Astor holding conservative views. Not for one moment did Mr. Cook dream of retaining his connection with a paper which had ceased to be Liberal. The parallel continued. Mr. Greenwood founded "The St. James's Gazette," and Mr. Cook founded, in conjunction with Mr. Newnes, "The Westminster Gazette." They were the same men, they took with them, in whole or in part, their own staffs. Yet neither of these new journals ever proved an equal success to the paper its editors quitted.

In Mr. Walter Pollock's case the parallel does not continue. It breaks off altogether. Whether he means to found a new "Saturday Review," I do not know, but I imagine not. A man who has edited one paper downhill may have difficulty in finding backers for a new venture. I have said before now what I thought of this amazing periodical in his hands. I don't care to repeat it, or to dwell on the matter at a moment which he may regard as one of disaster. I do not know whether it is or not. He is no friend of mine, but I hope not. The history of the last ten years or so is, at any rate, an open book in which the young journalists and the rest of the world may read if they care to. "The Saturday" once had a great name, and lost it—that is the summary and essence of the whole matter. How it dwindled intellectually, how it ceased to be a force, how its authority became a memory of the past—all these and other points are well worth the journalist's attentive consideration. Mr. Walter Pollock's mere personality need not affect the inquiry one way or the other. If the paper retained a certain hold on the public, it did so because some good men still wrote for it, and perhaps still more because in such matters the British public is curiously conservative and goes on taking a paper which it has long been in the habit of taking. It does not know how to stop. You might print an old periodical in Hebrew and the public not discover the change for a year or two. In the end they do discover it; circulation falls off and advertisements fall off; the advertiser has no prejudices and does not go to sleep, but knows to a score of copies what the circulation of his advertisement will be. That is what tells in the long run. Sixpence is a high price for a paper, even for a weekly paper, but it is not high enough to yield a large profit without a large advertising business. If Mr. Pollock had known how to keep his constituency and how to increase it, the outside world would probably have heard nothing of any change—a change which may very likely prove to be a revolution in the character and conduct of the periodical. Its old animosity to the United States and to all things American because they are American has survived all changes of editorship and proprietorship. Once it did us some harm; of late years little or none. If it show signs of amendment in this respect under the new régime, so much the better.

Female dress reform is a stock topic of the dull season; sometimes disrespectfully called the silly season. It is again a topic, with Mrs. Fenwick Miller writing letters to the public press over her own name—curiously plain-spoken letters. Mrs. Fenwick Miller is a well-known champion of what are called women's rights, or of some of them. She is against the present style, of course. Possibly she expects to convert the female world to knickerbockers, or did expect to, till another correspondent told her with bluntness that a woman in knickerbockers or any other sort of male attire is a hideous figure. Mrs. Miller may be a fanatic, but she must know her own sex too well to imagine that they will, for the sake of reform or health, or anything else except fashion, knowingly make themselves hideous. So the new gospel of "each leg in a separate cylinder"—this or something like it is Mrs. Miller's language—must wait awhile for general acceptance. If this one lady chooses to adopt it, that is her affair; or perhaps hers and the police court's. She wishes to defy the law—she declares she would wear any sort of dress she thought rational, in order to defy the law. But martyrdom does not take on a very dignified form when Bow Street is the scene of the martyr's sufferings. G. W. S.

HUMAN SACRIFICES IN RUSSIA.

VAIN ATTEMPTS TO ABOLISH THE PRACTICE—REVELATIONS OF A NEWSPAPER.

It is probably known to few people that the practice of sacrificing human lives under certain conditions still exists in parts of the Empire of Russia. The Government and the orthodox church have attempted in vain to stop the inhuman practice, but up to the present time they have been unsuccessful. Revelations regarding the custom were made in recent issues of the "Gazette" of Yakootsk, Siberia. It prevails among a sect known as the "Tshukshen," not far from that city. Old people, beyond the Biblical limit as to age, and sick ones, tired of life, offer themselves as the sacrifices. When a "Tshukshe" decides to "offer himself up," he sends word to all his relatives, friends and neighbors, who then visit him and try to persuade him to change his intentions.

But prayers, upbraidings, threats, are useless in such a case, and the fanatic prepares for his end. The friends and relatives leave his house and return in ten to fifteen days, bringing the death candidate white clothing and several weapons, with which he is supposed to defend himself in the other world against evil spirits and shoot reindeer.

After completing his death toilet the candidate takes his place in a corner of his house or hut. About him gather his relatives, who offer him the choice of three instruments of death, a knife, a spear and a rope. If he chooses the knife, two friends hold his arms while a third plunges the blade into his breast. Practically the same thing is done if he decide to die by the spear. When he prefers the rope, two of those present place it about his neck and strangle him to death. A cut is then made in the breast to let the blod flow out. All those present sprinkle their faces and hands with the blood, believing that it will preserve them from evil and bring them fortune.

The body, after this ceremony, is placed on a sled, which is drawn by a reindeer, to the "cremation hill" near the village. The neck of the animal is cut at once upon arrival at the place. The body is stripped of clothing, which is then cut in small pieces and placed on the altar with the dead man or woman. During the cremation the "mourners" utter prayers to the spirits, begging them to watch over those mortals still left on earth. This custom has been followed by the sect for centuries.

KNOW YE BY THESE PRESENTS.

"Say, gents, can't you give a poor fellow a few cents to get something to eat? Haven't had a bite all day. Can't you give a poor fellow a few cents to get something to eat?"

He was running alongside of them repeating his plea over and over again in a singsong voice. One of the men hesitated, and then put his hand in his pocket, but his companion took him by the arm and turned upon the beggar.

"Get out of this," he said in a tone which seemed almost brutal, and the beggar turned away abruptly.

"Don't you think you were pretty rough to him?" asked the man who had shown an inclination to give alms.

"Not at all," answered the other. "The only way to get rid of him."

"But he may be deserving. He may have been driven to it. He rather appealed to me. He may be desperately hungry."

"No," answered his friend unsympathetically, "he's a professional."

"How do you know?"

"Just keep your wits about you when a beggar approaches you. That fellow said 'gents.' That's professional. He called himself a poor fellow. That's professional. He asked for a few cents. That's professional. And what's more to my point, he kept repeating his sentences over and over again. He has learned to sing them over that way by repeating them a thousand times. When a man who is not used to begging asks you for help he doesn't do it that way. He just stumbles along, uttering any appeal that comes to his lips. He hasn't anything by heart. He doesn't sing it and it doesn't slip off his tongue so glibly. The professional beggar is like an actor. He has his lines, and he always reads them in the same way. Don't let one of those fellows fool you again."

A LITTLE LECTURE ON UMBRELLAS.

Passengers on board a Broadway cable-car were treated the other day to a lecture on the proper way to carry an umbrella on a moving car, which was spontaneous and evidently highly appreciated. The car was crowded, and at Bleecker-st. a well-dressed man got on by way of the front platform. In his left hand he carried a travelling bag and in his right an umbrella, the handle of which he held pointed downward. He stood in the front doorway, and a little man next to him whose eyes were on a line with the ferrule of the umbrella gently turned it aside.

"Does this bother you?" asked the owner of the umbrella.

"No, but the average man has only two eyes, and as anybody standing near you runs the risk of having one punched out, would it not be well to turn your umbrella ferrule down."

"You are afraid of your eyes, evidently, and have not been educated to carrying an umbrella this way," said the man, looking about the car for sympathy, but finding none.

"I suppose there is no law to compel you to reverse your umbrella," said the little man, "but it is a fact, nevertheless, that a man with the smallpox is only slightly more objectionable in a moving street car than the one who carries the point of his cane or umbrella on a line with other people's eyes. A sudden lurch of the car may do irreparable injury. The culprit would doubtless be sorry, but the eye would be gone. Now," continued the little man, while everybody smiled approval, "you know why I tapped your umbrella with the handle of mine."

"Good lesson for him," said a woman as the man, bag and umbrella vanished into the Sherman Bank building.

THE NEW GUNS ARE DANGEROUS.

From The London Daily News.

Some interesting articles have been published by the "Vossische Zeitung" on the small-calibre guns, and the researches of various professors as to the effect of wounds made by these guns at different distances—effects that are horrible. The conclusion is that in any future battles there will be incomparably more dead and severely wounded than ever before in the world's history. And, as the new guns shoot far, the treatment of the wounded on the battlefield and their transport to the hospitals will be much more slow, difficult and dangerous.

MAKING USE OF THEIR EXPERIENCE.

From The Cincinnati Tribune.

Smallwort—I wonder what the Chinese Government are calling home their men in America for. They surely have enough men at home.

Mrs. Smallwort—I guess they want the laundrymen as scouts to scour the country.

ITALIAN VILLAS.

NOTES ON THEIR BEAUTIES.

THE LOVELINESS OF TERRACE AND FOUNTAIN—SOME EXAMPLES OF THE BEST VILLA BUILDING OF ROME—THE PERFECT VILLA LANTE.

Viterbo, July 28.

To know Rome is to love all of her possessions, but to love Rome is not always to know her villas. They lie chiefly outside her walls—some of them are several miles distant from the city—and although they are not absolutely neglected by travellers, they form, on the whole, one of the least studied portions of the Roman domain. No one who has once become intimately acquainted with their beauties can refrain from revisiting them and idling whole days away in their enchanted labyrinths. The great villas of the Renaissance are the euphonistic, theatrical and spectacular decorations of Rome. They are monumental because nothing Roman could ever be otherwise, but they give to the surroundings of the great city, first of all, a kind of light, picturesque grace which is the one thing needed in the grand and heroic Italian panorama.

This letter is dated from Viterbo because, as will presently appear, it is in the vicinity of that little town that the Roman art of villa building culminated in an example which still exists and is in a perfect state of preservation. The general history of the art is written in and about Rome, and dates, roughly speaking, from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The d'Este, at Tivoli, one of the earliest and most magnificent villas near Rome, is ascribed to 1549, when Pirro Ligorio planned it for Cardinal Ippolito d'Este. The Falconieri, which is among the principal villas of Frascati, was also projected about the same time. In the eighteenth century practically nothing on the same scale or in the same style was accomplished. Outside the Porta Salaria the small Villa Albani, which belongs to this period, is a good specimen of the rigidly formal manner into which the landscape architecture of the time declined. It is well kept up, is delightful of its kind, and is really necessary to see as an illustration of one phase of the art it represents. Curiously enough, the style which would have been expected here—the decorative style of the eighteenth century—is absent. The palace in the Villa d'Este, by Ligorio, is one of the statellest mansions in Italy. But in the spirit of their work on the gardens the designers anticipated the finest spirit of the eighteenth century, giving their elegance a peculiarly dainty and even quaint accent; adorning their productions with the touches of ornate humor, of refined extravagance, which the famous Arcadia introduced into later Italian literature. Perhaps the best equivalent for their mood, in the sphere of pictorial art, is the mood of Watteau, of Fragonard, of Boucher. The reader who recalls the general effect of one of Watteau's fêtes champêtre will have the most suggestive sidelight on the Italian villas.

These villas, however, remain always Italian, and it is here that some of the most essential points in their construction have to be considered. They were built, as a rule, on the sumptuous Roman scale, without stint and without any thought of the difficulties nature might set in the builder's path. The patricians of the epoch were veritable profligates of land, and they were also the masters of it. The Villa d'Este, for instance, extends from the top to the bottom of a long and steep slope. On the apex of the hill is thrown the villa itself, or, as it may be called to avoid confusion, the palace. It is an immense structure, erected on the severest lines, and crowning the hill with a dignity and an austere beauty that suggest, in those relations, some of the celebrated palaces of Bramante. At its feet lies fairyland. Scorning all the irregularities of the site, the builder constructed the precipitous descent with grandiose ramps and staircases that lead from one majestic terrace to another, only to disclose the presence of a third further down. At every one of these pauses a fountain is encountered, and to the right and left paths placed at right angles to the central avenue lead through cypresses to other fountains, to little fish ponds inclosed in crumbling marble, or to a bosky exedra, where the sun only filters through the dense foliage above. Straight down from the platform before the portal in the centre of the palace the main descent falls, with the ramps and staircases just referred to marking its divisions from terrace to terrace in large lines. Superb cypresses line the walk, and from the fountains there gush forth innumerable streams, some of them flying to a height of fifteen or twenty feet. Everywhere, in the fountains and enormous basins, in the seats, urns and statues, the most lavish use of stone and marble is noticed. Some of the fountains—like one that plays at the side near the middle of the descent and is surrounded by a colonnade—must have exhausted material sufficient for the construction of a small house. Everywhere the stone is carved in artistic, decorative forms. This was building in the grand style. And what is most remarkable about it is the unity of the design. No matter how vast the estate might be, the designer seems to have conceived his plan with the same feeling for balance and symmetry that might have presided over the invention of a façade.

The Villa d'Este has been touched upon somewhat at length because it is one of the very finest villas extant; but in any of the erections of the time the aim is found to have the same character. Sometimes, as in the Villa Medici, on the Pincio, which Annibale Lippi constructed in 1540, a very convenient site was available. Here the land is in two distinct levels. On the lower of the two, where the admirable palace was built, the grounds had only to be laid out in formal style. In an early painting which hangs in the gallery at Naples it is shown that the arrangement was not materially different from what it is now, being principally a matter of flower beds, fountains, paths and hedges. The upper level was treated freely as a "bosco." Other villas, like the d'Este, and like the Conti and Aldobrandi at Frascati, were built upon decidedly uneven ground; and then, invariably, there were employed the masterly expedients which have just been pointed out. Some of the remaining villas, where the scale is large and where the site has necessitated especially interesting measures of terracing, may be named for the benefit of the traveller. At Frascati, flung on the side of the mountain as though by some gigantic whim, the Villa Mondragone possesses a terrace, with balustrades, fountains and gigantic flower pots, that is among the splendors of the old villa architecture. The Falconieri, Taverna and Ruffinella, all at Frascati, are also representatives; and nearer Rome, not far from the Porta San Pancrazio, the Doria Pamphili is the best of all the villas in the immediate neighborhood of the city. The extensive Villa Borghese has fine drives, but it was laid out more as a park than as a villa, and just now it is less interesting than it ever was, through the bad management of it as property in the hands of the Government.

There are two interesting villas near Viterbo. At Caprarola, some ten or twelve miles distant, is a palace which Vignola built for the Farnese in the middle of the sixteenth century. The drive over is a long one, the best carozza available in Viterbo is apt to be a vehicle of the most uncertain and uncomfortable habits, and Caprarola, a small, isolated town, is not especially amusing. But you have the Italian hills about you; you pass on the way the exquisitely blue little Lago di Vico, shining like a jewel in the valley, and when you reach the palazzo all your inconveniences are forgotten. The massive edifice overlooks the town, and between it and the latter there is a foretaste of the grandeur of the place, in a series of terraces and ramps that would do credit to an imperial city, to say nothing of a village like Caprarola. Behind the severe façade are spacious rooms embellished with frescoes, and beyond those lies a circular court with stone pillars and arches of impressive dimensions. Then quite at the other side comes the garden. It has been modified somewhat by the present keeper of the palace, and fruit trees abound where formerly there were only paths, hedges and flowers; but the broad lines remain, and a few minutes' walk from the palace, beyond a pretty bosco, there is a palazzina, a little casino also designed by Vignola, which is as fine as anything near Rome. The fact that it is now used as a cowshed does not rob it of its external beauty. The terracing is as fine, the row of fountains plays as picturesquely, the antique statues are as effective against their thick background of green, as they would be were the palazzina still the resort of bewitching Renaissance dames and gallants in the dress of Titian or Carpaccio. It is not easy to obtain access to this villa. It is necessary, I believe, to obtain a permit from the steward of the ex-King Francis of Naples, in Rome, and even that has not recently been instantly forthcoming. But no one bent on entering need despair of passing the gate; and once past, all the labor of the adventure is more than repaid. Even failure would be compensated by the drive back to Viterbo under the stars.

The Villa Lante is always accessible, and happily so, for this is the last, the most ravishing of Italian villas, the one in which all the best qualities of the others are united in a faultless whole. It lies about two miles to the northeast of Viterbo, on the edge of Bagnaia, an insignificant town of few inhabitants. The approach is up a narrow, dingy street, which ends at the entrance to the villa. The latter is comparatively small, and is built on an incline which is a continuation of the grade of the street. In the centre of the first level a bronze fountain with three upright male figures plays in the middle of a square marble basin. The garden surrounding it, which is itself inclosed by tall hedges, is of the same proportions as the basin. From this level two ramps, built in the approved Roman fashion, ascend to another on which stood the two little palaces of the estate, both alike and placed one at either side with, say, a hundred and fifty, perhaps two hundred, feet of ground between. On the terrace that occupies this central space a semi-circular fountain in three stages abuts, and on either side staircases lead higher up. Another fountain is discovered on this second terrace, another appears on the third, still another adorns the fourth, and finally, at the top, a wide basin with fountains above it reveals the source of the sparkling water that goes merrily down to the bronzes. It does not go through subterranean passages or through prosaic pipes. It flows from fountain to fountain through richly wrought stone channels; it falls from one basin to another, and what you see as you stand beside the highest of these many receptacles is a perfect arabesque of hoary stone with countless jets of silvery water gleaming in the sun. You see a succession of steps, inclines, balustrades and urns, all heavily decorated, all covered with flowers and vines, all shadowed in spite of the sun, by magnificent oaks, descending with indescribable pomp to the gateway far below. No words could picture the lovely scene. A photograph does it the scantiest justice, and a sketch from a photograph would be a positive misrepresentation. Lamb was the only man who ever knew how to reproduce the atmosphere of antique gardens. Sir Thomas Browne and Bacon wrote in a vein too detached and stately to quite catch the last fine shade of sentiment that broods over the dim, silent walks and the glittering terraces and fountains. It is largely a sentiment that creates their fascination, that dedicates them to a new god, half sylvan, half urban. Rich as they are in the purest architectural beauties, eloquent as they are in lessons as to how houses should be designed with relation to their gardens, and vice versa, it is still the harmonious working of art and nature, with time and the magic of historical association, that makes a villa like the Lante a source of unblemished happiness. There is nothing like it anywhere but in Italy. The beauty of Versailles is one thing, the beauty of Haddon Hall is another, and the beauty of the Alcazar at Seville is a third. The beauty of the villas of Italy is a fourth, and it is unique.

STOPPING A RUN ON A BANK.

SEVERAL SACKS OF WAGON-WASHERS PROVED VALUABLE PROPERTY.

A man whose hair is now snow-white, and whose activity long ago gave place to the slowness and feebleness of old age, tells a story of how, over thirty years, in fact nearly forty years ago, in the days of the gold fever on the Pacific coast, he stopped a run on a bank by quickwittedness, nerve and boldness.

"The bank was perfectly solvent," he says, "but one of those wild rumors that used to float over mining towns insisted that I had no gold, and that the deposits could never be made good. The run started one afternoon just before the hour for closing, and it was pretty exciting, I tell you. Those miners were all armed, and they swarmed around the house, swearing, shouting and howling desperately. We continued to pay out money up to the usual hour for closing, and then we stopped. It was just about time to stop, too, for our gold was nearly exhausted.

"We drove the people out of the bank and posted a big notice on the door:

"'This bank will open at the usual hour in the morning.'

"They cheered at that, but they did not disperse, and leaving an armed guard in the bank I went home to think over some possible way of avoiding a collapse. This was the plan I had to follow: It was a slim chance, but my only one. Over in S——, another town, I had another bank, no better off for ready gold than this one. I was interested in a stage line, and among the property which I had acquired in a 'dicker' once was a load of wagon-washers. They were stored over in S——. I set out on horseback at a gallop for S——, had four horses hitched to a stage-coach, filled several gunny-bags with washers and loaded them on the coach. The bluff did not stop there. Inside and on top of the coach I placed half a dozen men armed to the teeth, to guard the immense treasure.

"We went out of S—— at a sharp trot before daylight, and arrived at my besieged bank shortly before the time for opening. When the crowd saw the well-filled sacks they cheered like mad, but I did not say a word. I had half the guards clear a passageway, and then, while the armed men carefully watched the crowd, the sacks of washers were transferred to the vault—it was a brick and sheet-iron affair, on the same floor with the desks—while the crowd cheered and cheered.

"When it was time to throw open the doors for business I came out to the steps.

"'Boys!' I shouted, 'I don't know how much of a run you are going to make on this bank, so I have prepared for you. All I have to say is, start right in. There are plenty of full sacks in this bank, and we can get more if we need them. The bank is now open for business.'

"Well, those boys lifted the hair of my head with their yelling, and there was no run. A few cautious people withdrew their deposits, but we were able to pay them without having to open our sacks of washers—fortunately for us."

HE GOT CONNECTICUT RIVER OYSTERS.

A colonel from Kaintucky, sah, came to New-York last week. This happens nearly every day, but this particular colonel had never before been out of the State of Kaintucky, sah. At dinner, with his friend, in the café of a well-known hotel, he had little neck clams, deliciously cool and tempting. The colonel declared in favor of them right away. He thought that, next to real old Bourbon, they were about the best things he had ever tasted.

"And what do you call them?" he asked.

"Connecticut River oysters," said his friend, who never allows the truth to handicap a good story. "This hotel keeps them specially for its well-known patrons."

The colonel from Kaintucky wanted his friend to have a resolution passed in the State Legislature favoring the increased cultivation of Connecticut River oysters. He was deeply pleased to learn that the tariff on Connecticut River oysters had not been "monkeyed with" by Congressman Wilson and the Sugar Trust. He left his friend, delighted with his dinner.

The next day at noon the colonel from Kaintucky, sah, walked hastily into the same café. He picked up the menu card and ran his eye quickly over it. Then he looked at the waiter.

"Why don't you have those Connecticut River oysters on the bill of fare?" he asked.

"We haven't them, sir," said the waiter.

"Yes, you have," declared the colonel from Kaintuck, sah. "I ate them here myself last evening."

"We haven't Connecticut River oysters, sir," insisted the waiter respectfully but firmly.

The colonel glanced around the room and his eye fell upon a man who was having little neck clams with his luncheon. He got up and walked over to the other table, pointing dramatically at the clams.

"Bring me some Connecticut River oysters," he commanded, sternly.

The waiter hastened away and brought clams.

"And whenever I come here," said the colonel, "don't try to deceive me. I'm from Kaintucky and anything that's not too good for New-Yorkers is not too good for a gentleman from Kaintucky. I want the best in the house, even if you have to call on your private stock."

Then the colonel from Kaintucky, sah, proceeded to eat his Connecticut River oysters with a relish.

FOREIGN BLOOD IS USEFUL.

From The London Globe.

The conscripts who will take their places in the French Army this coming November are said to be much taller men than any batch of recruits during the last five years. The reason given for this increase in size is that by the new law all sons of a foreign father and of a French mother who are born in France are looked upon as Frenchmen, and liable to serve in the Army. Our authority for this statement is "Le Gaulois," but it cannot be very gratifying to French pride to have to acknowledge that the few hundred foreigners thus pressed into the French Army can so sensibly raise the standard of the recruits.

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TOPICS IN PARIS.

CARICATURE IN FRENCH POLITICS.

PICTURES OF THE PRESIDENT—HEALTH OF GAMBETTA'S SECRETARY—SHOOTING—DIPLOMATS—HONORS TO AN AMERICAN.

Paris, August 22.

In no country does caricature play a greater rôle in political life than in France. It was all very well for M. Casimir-Perier to devote a considerable portion of the first week of his tenure of the Presidency to the photographers, sculptors, portrait painters and artists of one kind and another, with the object of making his features known to the forty-odd million of Frenchmen whose destinies he is called upon to direct during the next seven years. This may be described as having been the fine side of the medal. But there is a reverse, and the latter may be found in the inevitable infliction of caricature to which every public man in France is exposed. For the cartoonist naturally looks for some physical defect or weakness at which he can aim his shaft of ridicule, and as a rule endeavors to discover any trace of resemblance that there may exist between his victim and some domestic animal or wild beast. When one remembers the clever, yet in every way despicable, analogies that were made by the cartoonists of a quarter of a century ago between the members of the Imperial family and the most disgusting animals in the brute creation—the kind-hearted Princess Mathilde was depicted as an unwieldy sow—the new Chief Magistrate of the Republic may indeed consider himself fortunate that his bulging eyes, his strongly developed jaw and aggressive rather than conciliatory appearance have caused him to be caricatured as a bull-terrier. And so popular has this caricature become that his name has been transformed into Casimir-Terrier, a sobriquet that has "caught on." Such a caricature as this, far from doing the President harm, is calculated, on the contrary, to increase his popularity and prestige, since the people come to look upon him as the uncompromisingly honest watchdog of the National Constitution. Indeed, it is a question whether this caricature of our new ruler is not destined to impress his features and his personality more firmly and lastingly upon the minds of his fellow-countrymen than any ordinary portrait or bust. Thiers, at any rate, was to a certain extent of this opinion. When, during his tenure of the Presidency, he once visited the Gingerbread Fair and saw displayed in the booths a number of cakes fashioned after his quaint features and figure, he turned with a smile of satisfaction to his companions and exclaimed in that peculiar, squeaky voice of his: "Now I see that I have really become popular!" It would be difficult for strangers to realize how intensely damaging is an unfriendly and offensive caricature. The cartoonists played an important part in educating the public mind up to that point where it became convinced of the superiority of a Republican Government to the Imperial régime. In the same way caricatures contributed no little to the overthrow of King Louis Philippe in 1848, and I cannot help thinking that President Grévy might have been able to withstand and live through the hurricane of opprobrium levelled at his head at the time of the discovery of the incrimination of his son-in-law, Daniel Wilson, in the disgraceful Legion of Honor scandal, had it not been that his own position had been irretrievably weakened by the ridicule with which he had been covered by the caricaturists.

Talking of the overthrow of the Empire, there has just passed over to the majority a man who had a modest yet important influence in bringing about that event. Many of Gambetta's American friends will remember the white-haired and white-bearded Père Dumangin, who sat in his anteroom with a velvet skullcap on his head, who spoke so reverently, admiringly and affectionately of the popular tribune as "le maître"—although Gambetta was his junior by some thirty years—and who acted as the great man's secretary from the date of the fall of the Empire until that mysterious shooting affair at Ville d'Avray which, in 1882, robbed France of its most notable and patriotic son. Dumangin was a man of remarkable attainments, of extensive knowledge, both as regards men and affairs, and was simply invaluable to his chief. Although of ancient family and possessing the title of Baron—which, however, he never made use of, and of which few people were aware—he established in the middle of the sixties a small restaurant in the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre, not so much with the idea of making money as to provide a meeting place for his political friends. It was there that Gambetta used to meet Ranc, Spuller, Hebrard and the other Republican and Opportunist leaders, and it was there alone that they were safe from the prying eyes of police spies and were able to take their meals together without the danger of having distorted versions of their conversation reported to the political department of the Ministry of the Interior. After the proclamation of the Republic, there was, of course, no longer any necessity for this restaurant, which Père Dumangin immediately closed up in order to devote himself to Gambetta. After the death of his patron and chief, the latter's friends, mindful of old Dumangin's services, secured for him the appointment of director of the State Lunatic Asylum at Charenton, where he spent the remainder of his days, far from the political world, his entire interest being absorbed by the study and contemplation of the strange mental freaks of the unfortunate creatures intrusted to his charge. I may add that he was a brother-in-law of the celebrated art collector, Baron Double.

As usual at this time of the year, the Prefect of the Seine has issued his customary decree announcing the opening of the shooting season and recapitulating the various laws and regulations for the guidance of the sportsman. I would not call attention to the matter were it not that the proclamation in question contains two or three new restrictions, which are worthy of being noted and which will give satisfaction to all those who have taken any interest in the movement against the indiscriminate slaughter of small birds. The shooting, the capture, the conveyance or the sale of birds inferior in size to the quail is strictly prohibited, exceptions being made in the case of the ortolan, larks and snipe. It is expressly forbidden likewise to destroy birds' nests or eggs on which the birds may be sitting, no matter whether on private or on public property, excepting when the nests happen to be under the eaves of houses, in the gutters, etc. From this it will be seen that birdnesting has become a penal offence, and that those of our Sunday sportsmen who, finding themselves unable to hit either rabbits or flying gamebirds, were accustomed to console themselves by shooting at sitting hedge-birds and poor little wrens and redbreasts, will be deprived henceforth of their privilege of pot-hunting. How great has been the slaughter of these birds in years past may be gathered from the official statistics, which show that in the Department of Meurthe-et Moselle alone 1,500,000 small birds of the kind I have just described have been killed each year, partly by amateur sportsmen and partly by those who earn their living in furnishing these birds to the modistes and milliners for the adornment of hats and even of dresses.

We have two new diplomats here, one of whom at any rate, Dom Tomas Souza Rosa, the Envoy of the King of Portugal, is well known in the United States, having represented his country for many years at Washington. The other is the successor of the lamented Baron de Beyens, who died the other day at the Chateau de Presles, the country seat of his married daughter. His name is Baron d'Anethan, and he is close upon seventy years of age, the greater part of his life having been spent in the diplomatic service of his country, chiefly as Minister to the Court of the Vatican and at The Hague. His father was one of the founders of the Belgian Kingdom as it now exists, and his son, who is as short and stocky as he himself is tall and distinguished looking, is Belgian chargé d'affaires at Berne, and is married to the sister of H. Rider Haggard, the English novelist.

For the first time since the foundation of the order, an American citizen has been appointed Member of that Council of Twelve which controls the affairs of the great and influential Catholic Fraternity of St. Sulpice, whose church is one of the most magnificent monuments of the metropolis. The new councillor is Father Rex, who, although only thirty-eight years of age, has for several years held the post of rector of the Sulpician seminary at Boston, an office which he will continue to hold concurrently with that of Member of the Council of Twelve. There is such an amount of jealousy against foreigners of every nationality that the election of an American to play a prominent part in the control of a religious order essentially French in its origin, its organization and its scope is a very unusual step, and one which has attracted a great deal of attention not only in Catholic circles, but also in those professing either a reformed creed or no creed at all.

This is vacation time in Paris, as everywhere else, and accordingly one has much more time than usual to take stock of what is going on around one and to mark the striking contrast that exists between the North and the South of France. The latter is given over to an era of festivity that can only be described as Tartarinesque. The whole of the Provençale portion of the country is in the midst of what are known as the Félibres Fêtes, a sort of Eisteddfod, and one-half the nation appears to be taking part in courts of love and to have given itself up to a glorification of poetry and art, literature, music and dance, and to a revival of the old Meridional provençaleism. In striking contrast thereto is the sober, grave and serious North, which bears the same relation to the South as the ant of the fable does to the grasshopper. The Frenchman of the North is an entirely different being from his fellow-countryman of the South. The former is cold, calculating and positive, whereas the latter is the contrary in every respect, the most imaginative individual under the sun, full of illusions and delighting in them. Here in Paris we hold a position midway between the two. We partake of both, and it is to this probably that is due the peculiar verve of the Parisian and the attractiveness of the Parisienne.

THE CARNOT WEDDING.

BRIDAL FLOWERS LAID AT THE TOMB OF THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT.

Paris, August 14.

M. Ernest Carnot's wedding, which was to have been celebrated in July, took place the day before yesterday. The guillotine and the Public Executioner arrived on the same day at Lyons, and this morning Caserio paid, as they say here, his debt to society. The wedding was a melancholy affair. Dr. Marmottan united the young couple according to the Civil Code at the Mayoralty of the Avenue Henry Martin. He felt that it would be in bad taste to speak much. What words of congratulation he uttered were spoken with tearful eyes, for he was an old friend of all the Carnot family. The bridegroom's witnesses were his brother and his brother-in-law, the father of the little girl whom President Carnot kissed as he halted a few moments at Dijon on his fateful journey to Lyons. Those of the bride were her uncle, M. Thome, and her brother, M. George Chiris. Mme. Ernest Carnot is the only daughter of Senator Chiris, who has made a great fortune in the manufacture of perfumes extracted from flowers, and in the increased value of his large real properties at Grasse and Cannet where he has his flower plantations and distilleries. It was she who furnished the immense wreath of marguerites that was borne before the hearse of the late President, at a cost of 5,000 francs. She has youth and beauty, as well as health, and is proud to belong to the Carnot family. The civil wedding was immediately followed by the religious, which took place at the Church of St. Pierre de Chaillot. It had been, before the assassination of M. Carnot, arranged that it was to come off in the Church of the Madeleine, which so well lends itself to spectacular ceremonies. But Mme. Carnot now living in the Parish of Chaillot, she was obliged to bring her son and his bride there. The Abbé Herzhog, the new curé of the Madeleine, was, however, asked to officiate. Flowers in abundance were ordered by the bride, of the pure white that beseems a nuptial ceremony. But they were sent to the crypt of the Panthéon as an offering of tender love and reverence to the victim of Anarchist fanaticism. There was no wedding déjeûner. Both families appointed to meet at the same time at the Passy Mayoralty. There were the grandmother, mother, uncle, brothers, sister and brother-in-law of the bridegroom. All were, on his side, in deep mourning, though it is not etiquette to attend a nuptial ceremony in the sable garments that proclaim the recent death of a near relative. However, as the circumstances were exceptional, the rule was infringed. There was much weeping also, notwithstanding the many happy and auspicious circumstances under which this union was arranged. After the religious ceremony the whole party went to visit the crypt at the Panthéon, where the bride laid the wreath of orange blossoms which she would have worn were M. Carnot still living. She merely wore a sprig in her plain white bonnet, and a small nosegay in her muslin corsage. White muslin is regarded as half mourning in France. It was the full mourning of the widows of French kings in the olden times.

E. C.

THE SWORD OF WOLFE.

From The London Chronicle.

Canada is congratulating herself upon having secured a relic of the glorious opening page in her history as a British colony, namely, the sword worn by General Wolfe at the capture of Quebec in 1759. For nearly a century the sword lay a few feet under the ground on the heights of Abraham, where Wolfe fell mortally wounded, and eventually found its way into the hands of a Toronto gentleman, Major Dunn, who used it in the charge of Balaclava. It has now been purchased in London from Major Dunn's descendants by the Hon. J. C. Patterson, Canadian Minister of Militia, in his private capacity, together with the medals which Major Dunn received for his services in the Crimea and elsewhere. It is significant of the change which times have brought in the relations between the French and English on the North American Continent that French-Canadian papers such as "La Minerve," of Montreal, are asking that the sword may be placed with honor in the Dominion Parliament at Ottawa, while English journals are reciprocating with the wish that the sword of the gallant French commander, Montcalm, should now be sought for and placed in the same casket as the sword of General Wolfe, to emphasize the union of two races under one flag.

UNWRITTEN "COPY."

From The London Chronicle.

The phonograph may have a useful and labor-saving career before it after all. It is stated that a firm of printers are introducing it into their office for purposes of "copy." You speak into it, and then the compositors set up your spoken words as the machine divulges them. The thing sounds as simple as possible, and it looks as if it might have the effect of creating a school of journalistic oratory, besides doing away with the troublesome process of writing. Whether the compositor would like it is not perhaps quite so certain. There is the difficulty of punctuation, for one thing. Might not the various voices and dialects be somewhat trying, too? It is disagreeable to have to decipher bad writing, but a room in which there is a battery of phonographs might be even more unpleasant. It raises visions of a noble craft in the grip of an Old Man of the Sea, holding his victims fast till he has told his story.

M. GREVY WAS TENDER-HEARTED.

From The London Daily News.

Some one has taken the trouble to draw up a list of condemnations to death in France and their results since 1865, in order to show the different ways in which successive rulers have exercised the prerogative of mercy. Under the second Empire, from 1865 to 1870, there were 193 condemnations and 85 commutations, or 44 per cent; under MacMahon, from 1873 to 1878, 179 condemnations and 112 commutations, or 62 per cent; under M. Grévy, from 1878 to 1886, 211 condemnations and 162 commutations, or 76 per cent; and under M. Carnot, 157 condemnations and 68 commutations, or 45 per cent. M. Grévy, it will be seen, was most merciful, and next to him Marshal MacMahon, who, although an old soldier, had great difficulty, it is said, in turning a deaf ear to the appeals of the relatives of condemned men.