GOSSIP FROM PARIS.

Spring in the Capital—Art, Fashion, and Finance—Baron Rothschild and the Institute.

PARIS, April 20.—The thermometer marks 75° in the shade. The sky is cloudless, the sun brilliant, the streets of Paris are radiant with flowers piled up for sale on innumerable handcarts, the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne are full of dashing equipages, the Circus and the Hippodrome are crowded on fashionable nights, and with the return of spring, or rather of summer, the open-air diners have taken their tables at the Ambassadeurs, at Ledoyen's, and at Laurent's, where elegant Paris delights to eat under the trees and *coram populo*. Never has Paris seemed gayer; the rich people are giving fêtes, garden parties, powder balls, and what not; the invitations to dinner are so numerous that social duties become a burden; all the ladies are decked in new rose, azure, lilac, or moss-green dresses, and wear hats adorned with roses and bouquets of wild flowers, poppies, daisies, and sprigs of wild grasses; everybody you see appears to be happy and prosperous, and to have no end of loafing time. And yet, strange to say, the Israelite son-in-law of two mighty Israelite bankers, MM. Abraham and Nissim Camondo, disappeared the other day leaving a deficit of three million dollars on the Bourse. Tempted by the fall of the Ferry Cabinet, many gentlemen and swells who had carefully kept away from the Stock Exchange ever since the disaster of the Union Générale, have returned during the past fortnight, and nearly all of them have been spoiled by the Israelites. In the clubs, too, there have been some heavy gambling losses, while, owing to stagnation in the picture business, the painters have had to appeal to the auctioneers to keep their houses going. The consequence is that the walls of Paris are covered with innumerable gay colored posters announcing the liquidation at the Hôtel Drouot of half a dozen famous demi-mondaines, of a dozen clubmen and aristocrats, including the noble Prince Caraman-Chimay, and of a score of painters and sculptors. The auctioneers are having a very busy time, and until the end of May the Hôtel Drouot will be the scene of the exchange of millions of francs, for the strange thing is that, in spite of wars and financial disasters, there is always somebody ready to buy, and to pay prices superior to former prices.

The critics and specialists, and, above all, the writers of the reports of the recent parliamentary inquiry into the state of Parisian art industries, have been endeavoring of late—I must say with small success—to start a reaction in favor of modern work and to divert fashion from its disastrous passion for old objects, old furniture, and *bibelots*. The Parliamentary Commissioners attribute the present crisis in Parisian art industries almost entirely to this fashion, and from their report I could quote a score of anecdotes which might be pondered over with profit by collectors of all nations. M. Fourdinois, for instance, states categorically that French copies of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI. furniture are constantly sold by English dealers as authentic old furniture after due treatment. Furthermore, enormous quantities of poor copies are made for the Paris market. Another important furniture maker regrets that the biennial exhibitions at the Union Centrale encourage the public to admire exclusively old objects, and, consequently, the modern cabinet makers are reduced to mere copyists. M. Falize, who is at the head of one of the oldest and most important houses in Paris, said, with tears in his jewelry and diamonds, his work, that the public taste for old bibelots, had left the best modern chiselers, enamellers, and engravers without employment, and obliged them, in order to live, to reproduce ancient pieces which are sold as authentic by unscrupulous dealers. M. Soyer, a manufacturer of enamels, related to the commissioners wonderful stories about the falsification of old enamels. He constantly receives orders for reproductions of old enamels, or for new designs in old style. M. Soyer makes his enamels and signs them frankly T. S. They are then sent to Amsterdam and Frankfort and finally, and come back to the Hotel Drouot as genuine and dirty old enamels.

"One Amsterdam collector," said M. Soyer, "has spent some $400,000 on enamels. Last year he paid $600 for a plate by Pierre Raymond, and asked an antiquary to complete his collection, because he had already one, it was I who had sold this plate originally for $30, and I proved to this collector the truth of my statement by showing him my signature T. S. in one corner."

M. Moreau-Vauthier, statuary and ivory sculptor, said that during the past twenty-five years four workers have been asked to make copies of Gothic and Renaissance statuettes, diptychs, coffers, and so forth, and to cover them with a patine giving them the appearance of old objects. These articles, generally very coarsely made, bring no profit to the workman and are sold by dealers as old ivories, and figure as such in the collections of many amateurs. The consequences of this craze for old things are, according to the Parliamentary Commissioners, economical and artistic. Counterfeiting ancient objects paralyzes serious production, which has no longer a sufficient number of adequate remunerations, for the high retail price is of benefit only to the obligatory intermediary, and of detriment to the counterfeiter, who is constrained to submit to the cruel exigencies of a necessarily discreet and unavowable trade. Owing to the fashion for old furniture works professed by amateurs and by the immense army of silly people who follow fashion, the workmen and artists in all the industries where counterfeiting can be done, no longer find anything to do, and have to take up some other trade. Hence, it is to be feared that, unless fashion changes, and turns the current of public taste, for the benefit of the modern industrial arts, it should be, to the organizers of museums, Paris will soon see the disappearance of those art industries which have hitherto been her glory and her fortune. Hence the patriotic appeal of the Commissioners. Create a fashion of modern work, they say. The craze for old things is already old enough; it dates back to the Romantic movement more than fifty years ago, and what more cutting criticism of a fashion can be made than that it is old?

Picture exhibitions become more numerous in Paris every year, and during the months of April, May, and June, I suppose more art jargon is heard at Parisian dinner tables than in any other city in the world. Among the most interesting of the new exhibitions are those of the "Portraits of the Century" and of "Woman in Paris," by James Tissot. The portraits of the century, numbering 400, are exhibited at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, where, in 1882, we already saw a first instalment of modern effigies, painted by all sorts of artists, from Ingres down to Bonnat and Manet. This second exhibition is most interesting, and shows once more how terribly the national museum of the Louvre has neglected this splendid and fascinating branch of art, and how far the English are ahead of us in this respect. In their National Portrait Gallery at South Kensington, the heroes of the present exhibition are David, with his portraits of Mlle. Mars, the famous actress, of Mme. Chalgrin, whom he tried in vain to save from the scaffold, of Barbaroux, and of Marat in his bath. Gérard is represented by ten portraits, including one of Mme. de Staël, by the Duc de Broglie. Gros is largely represented, as is Greuze, by whom we see curious portraits of Beaumarchais and of Talleyrand as a young man. Mme. Vigée-Lebrun is represented by thirteen portraits, Prudhon by sixteen, Ingres by fifteen. The exhibition includes also two Gainsboroughs, seven Goyas, and several portraits by Reynolds, Lawrence, and Pickersgill. The modern French painters are all represented. Meissonier, Bonnat, Paulin, Duran, Chaplin, Baudry, Henner, P. Masson who exhibits a portrait of Corot, clad in a blue blouse, shoes, and a red skull cap, smoking his pipe and working away in his modest studio at Ville d'Avray. One of the sensational pictures is the head of Fieschi, painted by Bras Cassat the day after his execution, all livid, bloodstained, and horrible. The head rests on a bloody cloth, and in the background is the sinister silhouette of the guillotine.

Mr. James Tissot, who after the Franco-German war spent twelve years in London and almost became an Englishman, has on exhibition at the bedelmeyer gallery, a collection of his etchings, pastels and oil paintings, and notably a series of fifteen compositions in oil, representing "The Diverse Manifestations of the Parisienne." The title is ambitious, and the Parisians will certainly not accept these fifteen Parisiennes as a complete history of their womankind. M. Tissot has chosen exceptional Parisiennes rather than typical ones. However, his compositions are interesting and full of clever observation, but his painting is rather heavy, and not so well suited to rendering the grace and elegance of the Parisienne as was the painting of the late J. De Nittis. The ballroom scenes, the Cirque Molière, the breakfast at Ledoyen's on the salon varnishing day, the "Mondaine" putting on her cloak in the vestibule of a princely mansion, "The Prettiest Woman in Paris" entering a salon under the admiring fire of a hundred eyes, are interesting as documents and ingenious in detail. Indeed, from this point of view the series may be compared to a famous series of the eighteenth century, "Moreau's Monument of Costume." These fifteen pictures are to be exhibited in the different capitals of Europe, and perhaps in New York. M. Tissot will reproduce them in etching, and each etching will be accompanied by a short article by eminent authors, such as Daudet, Claretie, Droz, Coppée, Wolff, Paul Bourget, and so on. The whole portfolio of fifteen etchings and text, handsomely gotten up, is to be sold for $240 a copy. M. Tissot's effort is curious. He is certainly a man of most versatile talent, painstaking, conscientious, and minute in his observation, as witness both his paintings and etchings. M. Tissot exhibits a number of cloisonné enamels, which he has designed and had executed in his studio. Many of his designs are very exquisite in taste, and his enamel colors are brilliant, and often equal to those of the Chinese—praise which one can rarely give to European cloisonné.

Adverse criticism, smart depreciation, and evil-speaking are currently employed by the Parisians instead of pepsin. As Ximenes Doudan used to say: "We devour our friends at dessert." The candidature of the Baron Alphonse de Rothschild in the Fine Arts section of the Institute has called forth a singular amount of abuse and backbiting, first, because M. de Rothschild is a millionaire and the tendency is to call all millionaires imbeciles; and secondly, because M. de Rothschild is a Jew, and at the present time social feeling in Paris runs high against the Jews. And yet behold the inconsistency of the Parisians! The Hirschs and the Rothschilds give splendid fêtes, and number among their guests the élite of intellectual and fashionable Paris. Only when the fête is over these "dogs of Christians" avenge themselves by speaking evil of the Hebrews. When M. de Rothschild first came forward as a candidate, M. Alexandre Dumas explained in his brusque way: "Ah! no! Let M. de Rothschild content himself with being a millionaire, especially as he is an imbecile." And M. Meissonier, chiming in with his friend Dumas, began a propaganda against M. de Rothschild with so much energy and singleness of purpose that during the past fortnight he has broken in a perpetual rage, and now he is sick from worry and over-fatigue. In reality, there is in this matter much ado about nothing. M. de Rothschild wishes to become what is called a free or unattached Academician. Each section of the Fine Arts Department of the Institute has members of this kind, who acquire neither glory nor profit from their position; they are, as it were, Academicians *in partibus*, whom the high pontiffs admit near them and consider as gentlemen of taste more than anything else. Hitherto these free members have been chosen among aristocrats who used their credit or fortune in favor of art and letters. Nowadays, it appears, the aristocrats are mainly engaged in gambling on the Stock Exchange or losing their money on the race course, so that the only grand seigneurs left to play the rôle of Mæcenas are financiers like the Rothschilds. I admit that M. de Rothschild knows nothing about art; that he has quantities of false pictures and spurious objects in his collections; that he is not entitled to any credit for ordering his steward to pay large sums for such and such a picture, guaranteed according to invoice, but he is certainly just as worthy of the Academy as Baron Haussmann or Prince Napoleon. He will have this advantage, too, over Prince Napoleon, namely, that he will be able to be present at all the sittings, whereas Prince Napoleon never goes when the Duc d'Aumale is present. It is strange how politics penetrates everywhere in French life.

A still queerer instance of the infiltration of political and personal dissensions is to be noticed in the managing committee of the Paris Museum of Decorative Art. These gentlemen, who are aristocrats, Government officials, amateurs, art critics, and so on, are divided into parties just like the Chamber of Deputies, and whenever there is a question of buying any object, a sword, a piece of furniture, an ivory triptych, or what not, the seller must needs intrigue with the Bonapartists or the royalists or the Republicans, and when the vote is taken it is generally more a political manifestation than a decision as regards the work of art under consideration.

THEODORE CHILD.

JUBILATION IN ST. PETERSBURG.

The Outcome of the Afghan Quarrel Regarded as a Victory—The Strelok's Mission.

ST. PETERSBURG, April 24.—Victory! That is the keynote of all discussion here on the Anglo-Russian controversy. Both Russian diplomats and Russian military men firmly believe not only that England will yield to the Czar's demands, but that in her present circumstances it is the wisest policy for her to back down. If it is not a very honorable peace for England, at any rate it is the most profitable of all the treaties of peace that England has ever concluded with any great power. That is what the Russians say, and they stoutly defend Mr. Gladstone against all English attacks. They call him the "savior of England," because, as they believe, he alone of all English statesmen clearly foresees the disastrous that would befall his country should she plunge into war. In case of an Anglo-Russian duel the issue would be, not the status of Afghanistan, but that of India. That is why it is believed here that after they have cooled down a little the English will, instead of abusing, bless their Premier.

The Russians have come to this pleasant conclusion apparently after a mature consideration of the forces of the two opposing countries. They have also attentively compared English and the German views on the subject. The position of the contending forces is, in their opinion, as follows: On the Afghan frontier Russia is perfectly able to put forward an army ten times as strong as any England can muster. So, on that field, victory for Russia is guaranteed. The English war fleet, though far surpassing the Russian, could not affect the situation on the Afghan frontier, for the Russian coast defences, both on the Baltic and the Black Sea, are so formidable that there could be no serious question of an English descent on Russian soil. And in those seas the English would surely meet a far superior force.

Then the Russian men-of-war in other waters must not be overlooked. They are excellently armed, and many of them are very fast. Once on the high sea every one of them would give work to at least half a dozen of the English war ships. And in case of need, they say here, privateering would be sanctioned, as Prussia sanctioned it in 1870-71, in spite of the Paris treaty. Moreover, the Russian Government is confident that the principal powers of Europe at present are for localizing the war at the Afghan frontier.

Here comes once more, like a shining star, the memory of the famous Gen. Skobeleff. In his memoirs, written in 1881 and now republished, and widely read and commented on here, Gen. Skobeleff clearly foretold the pending Anglo-Russian difficulties. He said that after the Akhal-Teke oasis was annexed to Russia, the Merv oasis was doomed, and as soon as the latter was in Russian hands, Herat would be the next Russian prize. That was the natural progress of Russia in central Asia. Standing firmly at Herat, the gate of India, Russia could advantageously treat with England. Threatening English rule in India, the Czar could demand the Bosporus, and thus England would be forced to accept the Russian terms. Such is the policy outlined by the late General. And now the Russians, emboldened by their luck and by the "White General's" prophecy, are shaping their demands upon England into this form: "The Bosporus or the Persian Sea."

The Czar is said to be determined to settle with England, if not to-day, then to-morrow, and for the present he sees no serious impediments before him. Of his neighbors, Germany alone is dangerous, and to obtain her good will he is ready to give her, at least for a time, a good slice of Poland.

News has reached here that the Russian man-of-war Strelok has arrived at Norfolk, Va., with the English war ship Garnet on her heels. As to the mission of the Strelok's commander, it is said here that in case of war he will buy and arm cruisers, and perhaps privateers, in America. At the Navy Department they say that a number of the English war ships have been ordered home to look after the Strelok, and that these will under orders to annihilate, or, at least, disable the Russian vessel at the least provocation, be it on the high sea or even in American waters. Here as well as in England it is understood that if two or three English merchant vessels should be captured by Russian cruisers London would be shaken by a panic in comparison with which the Vienna panic would be a bagatelle.

NOTES FROM ROME.

The Seizure of an Anti-Clerical Newspaper at the Request of Roman Ladies.

ROME, April 6.—The benediction of the palm trees in the Vatican was performed by Leo XIII. this year in a private manner in the Sixtine Chapel. This ceremony used to be held in grand style in St. Peter, and the Ambassadors used to take part in the procession with the Sacred College and all the members of the Pontifical court. In the Basilicas this procession is still performed, and the ceremony is also attended with some splendor in the French national Church of St. Louis. On Holy Tuesday the Pope and the Sacred College assisted at the last sermon of the Lenten series delivered by the Rev. F. Francis from Loreto, the Capuchin who is the preacher of the Pope. By 4 o'clock P. M. in all the Basilicas of Rome the office of the Tenebre began. The crowd after the first day was immense in every Basilica, especially in St. Peter's. The Pope on Thursday morning celebrated mass in presence of many prelates.

The Romans crowded the churches, and a large crowd of strangers from every part of Italy at that moment crowded the streets, accompanying the funeral of Gen. Fabrizi, one of the stanchest Garibaldians, and a personal friend of the Tribuna.

On Friday afternoon the three hours' devotion called many people to San Marcello, in the Corso. The anti-clericals on this day had a banquet offered to unbelievers under the Pope's nose, as they said, very near to the Vatican. This provocation was embittered by the most violent articles printed in the *Capitale*.

These articles offended the people of Rome so much that the Roman ladies of the aristocracy held a meeting and wrote a letter to the magistrate, requesting that he should, according to existing laws which forbid attacks upon religion, prosecute and seize the paper and confiscate it. This letter had its effect. The Procurator, who had been deaf to previous insults, was not deaf to the request of the ladies, and issued orders that the *Capitale* should be seized at once.

The Cardinal Vicar of Rome, in the mean time, had ordered special prayers, after instructions received from the Pope, for the afternoon, and invited all the citizens of Rome to illuminate their houses in honor of the Virgin, as a sign of their protest and reparation for the offence. The invitation of the Cardinal Vicar was readily answered by every party, and that night evening the fronts of every house and building in Rome was blazing with fire.

MAYNOOTH'S GREAT SCHOOL.

The Rev. Bernard O'Reilly Describes the Growth and Work of a Famous College.

MAYNOOTH, April 20.—This is the anniversary of the foundation of this noble institution, "the first seminary in the Christian world," as Bishop Dupanloup of Orleans was wont to call it. To the many distinguished clergymen in the United States who claim St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, as their alma mater, no description that I could give would bring those dear halls and the lovely neighborhood home to faithful memories and grateful hearts. In a future letter I hope to give a correct idea of the place, with its splendid architectural piles, its literary and scientific treasures, and an account of some of the illustrious men who have taught there or gone forth from it to shine in both hemispheres.

At present I must confine myself to two things—a brief glance at the memorable historical events connected with Maynooth and the foremost place the college occupies in superior education and the struggle going on to obtain for the Catholics of Ireland an equitable share of the sums devoted by Parliaments past and present to public instruction.

Maynooth is situated on a level plain, which careful husbandry, under a wise and liberal Government, could easily render as fruitful as the plain of Lombardy, for the climate of this part of Ireland is incomparably milder in winter than that of any part of northern Italy, and its soil by intelligent culture could be made as productive as any portion of the broad lands watered by the Po, the Ticino, and the Adige. As it is, the traveller between Dublin and Maynooth is saddened by the perspective of green fields lying fallow or converted into pastures, of rare villages stunted in their growth, with many a roofless cottage on their outskirts or along the roadside, denoting where the evictor and exterminator had been at work. You also pass tall chimneys rising up here and there in the landscape, from which neither smoke nor steam has issued for years; bearing witness to recent attempts to establish home industries and manufactures, which English monopolists rendered abortive. Discouragement, I had almost said destruction, seems to hang like an Apocalyptic chasm over the land, withering useless the vital warmth of the sun and blighting every germ of fertility in the teeming soil.

A glance at the magnificence and loveliness of the Duke of Leinster's great park at Carlow, and at the spacious grounds of the college itself, tells most eloquently what are the capabilities of this region—capabilities which must lie dormant till Home Rule enables the Irish people to develop all the splendid resources of their soil, climate, and position.

This town, sadly dwindled in importance as it is now, was, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, the great stronghold of the Geraldines of the Fitz-Gerald family of the Earl of Kildare, and the centre of their power. Here, when in 1534 Henry VIII. openly broke with the Pope and proclaimed his own supremacy in spirituals, began and was decided, practically, the question of the ascendancy of the State religion. Here, on March 26, 1535, the royal troops under Sir William Skeffington, after a siege of twelve days, and through the treason of the Geraldine commander, captured the castle of Maynooth, considered impregnable till then. This crushed the rebellion of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, and hastened his death in the Tower of London, of his father, the great Earl of Kildare. It led to the surrender of Lord Thomas himself and to the treacherous apprehension of his five uncles. All of them were sent to London, where, a twelvemonth later, they were executed as traitors at Tyburn. Many more of the clerical and noble retainers were cut off by the sword in Ireland, the Butlers, who had turned Protestants in 1534, thenceforward directing all their energy and influence to the ruining of the houses of Kildare and Desmond.

The entrance gate to Maynooth College is flanked on the outside by the lofty square masses of ivied ruins, the only remaining portions of the impregnable fortress which fell by treason just 350 years ago; and on the other by the tower of the ancient abbey Church of St. Mary's, one of the many foundations of the princely and munificent Geraldines.

Having been recently studying these annals of civil and religious strife, I found myself this morning with no little emotion passing through the silent streets of this little country town, where the neighborhood of the noble proprietors is attested by "The Leinster Arms" on a shabby-looking inn; and then I paused beneath the shadow of the great ivy-hung ruins, around which daws innumerable were wheeling filling the air with their "caw! caw!" In battering down the power of the Fitz-Geralds both Henry and his allies, the Butlers, knew well that they were battering down the supports of the ancient faith. Indeed, the ruin of this mighty Anglo-Irish family, and the wars of extermination by which it was effected, prepared the way to the plantations of Elizabeth and James and Cromwell. But it was singular that this very spot should have been selected for the erection of a great Catholic school that was to be a fruitful nursery of missionaries not only for Ireland and every part of the British empire, but also for the United States. And yet the ivy-clad tower of St. Mary's belongs to the Protestant Episcopal Church, the place, and the majestic square keep of the Geraldine fortress is an eloquent witness of the beginning of that obstinate, bloody, and bootless endeavor to impose on a whole people by sheer force a creed which they detested.

Our war of independence had, at least indirectly, not a little to do with that change in feeling and in policy which led to a modification of the penal laws in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, and to the legislative enactments which culminated in the founding and endowment of a seminary for educating the Catholic youth of Ireland. The Irish Parliament of 1793, wishing to prevent the spread in Ireland of the principles of the French revolution, and to secure to candidates for the Irish priesthood facilities for being educated at home, admitted Catholic youth to the University of Dublin, a concession to which they did not, of themselves, dare aspire, and empowered them to found colleges to be affiliated to that university. The Protestant ascendancy moved heaven and earth in opposition. But the Catholics did not show themselves very grateful for favors so bitterly denounced by their adversaries. At length, in 1795, a special bill was passed founding the College of Maynooth and granting £8,000 yearly for its support. This very Parliament accompanied this tardy and very limited measure of relief with a threefold coercion act, whose horrors continued till Ireland had lost her native Legislature. Still, in 1797 and 1798, the Irish Parliament voted two further grants of £10,000 each. From 1801 to 1845 the Imperial Parliament yearly voted to the establishment an average sum of £8,500. In 1817 the lay college attached to the ecclesiastical seminary was done away with. In 1845 the annual grant was raised to £26,360, and provision was made for the education of 500 clerical students, at a cost of £30,000, being vested in the Board of Works for the enlargement of the buildings. At the time of the disestablishment of the Irish Church, in 1869, the College of Maynooth was disendowed, a flagrant injustice, since Trinity College and all the other endowed Protestant schools were allowed to remain untouched, their enormous revenues, derived from the lands and the labor of the Irish people. A round sum, however, was assigned to Maynooth, on the interest of which, together with the pension paid by the boarders and the matriculation fees, the college now depends for its support.

At the present moment there are 526 students on the college rolls. Of these twenty belong to what is known as the Dunboyne Establishment, a foundation made by Lord Dunboyne for the encouragement of students who, having completed with distinction the ordinary college curriculum, are desirous of cultivating more carefully the sacred sciences.

The course of study is completed in seven years, the four last being exclusively devoted to theology and its kindred sciences, the three first years embracing a thorough course in arts, mental and natural philosophy, elementary and higher mathematics, and all the matters comprised in the university examinations for arts and science. Indeed, the students are allowed to select, as an equivalent for the very complete examination papers required semi-annually during the three first years, those given to Intermediate University grades by the Board of Intermediate Education; and these would try the mettle of the very best students of Yale and Harvard.

In fact, as I shall have again an opportunity of giving more satisfactorily, Maynooth is, in all but in name, the great theological university school of Ireland. Let the Government only give it its well-deserved charter, together with the means of adding to what exists, a Law School, a School of Medicine, a School of Applied Mathematics and Science, and a well-equipped astronomical observatory, and the College of Maynooth will become the centre around which will spring up the much-needed establishments for Catholic university education in Ireland.

BERNARD O'REILLY.

An Old Suspicion Verified.

From the Utica Observer.

A rather singular legal point arose in the case of Cloyes and Cloyes, which was among the cases decided by the last General Term held in Utica. The parties resided in Herkimer county. The case is a sequel to proceedings for divorce between the same parties. It seems that when the parties were married Mr. Cloyes gave as his present to his bride a check for $3,000, but which, on presentation at the bank some months afterward, was refused payment on the ground that the bank had no funds to meet it. After the divorce suit was decided in her favor she brought an action on the note, but was non-suited on the ground that the note was without consideration. This decision of the lower court was affirmed by the General Term.

Alligators Becoming Useful.

From the New Orleans City Item.

The alligator destroys great numbers of the muskrat, the stomach of one lately killed containing fourteen opossum. As musk rats are exceedingly destructive of levees, it is proposed to protect the alligator from summer slaughter by punishing it as a misdemeanor.

NAPLES IN MOURNING.

The Public Affliction at the Death of the Famous Monk, Father Lodovico.

NAPLES, April 25.—Many visitors to Naples will remember the beautiful promenade to Posilippo and the pretty monument to St. Francis d'Assisi on the hill of Frisio, erected in front of a charitable institution, a home for old sailors and scrofulous children, by a humble monk, Padre Lodovico da Casoria. On Holy Tuesday visitors to Naples going on the horse cars to the promenade noticed an immense crowd before the gates of the little chapel behind the monument, and people going in and out evidently affected by some strange ceremony inside. It was there that the saintly man had just died on the previous day, in his 71st year. I entered the church and saw him stretched on the *bara* in a poor Franciscan dress, the head covered with a hood and resting on a stone, and his feet bare. The face was so calm that you would have thought he was resting in the same manner in which I used to see him either on the deck of some vessel on the Mediterranean or on the hard benches of a third class car on some of the Roman railways in one of his so numerous charity excursions.

Around the dead monk people of every condition, the prince next to the fisherman and the lemon woman crowding the prelate, were kissing his cold hand.

I saw him there last year in January in that very same church. I was with some Americans, and the good Padre Lodovico welcomed us cheerfully. Despite his age there was a lithe, active style in his movements that concealed the silent approach of death. From Africa to the north of Europe he had spread the works of his charity. He had been several times to Africa to buy little negroes. A wealthy canon of Florence, Monsignor Rossetti Del Turco, a descendant of the painter of the same name, had built for him a house at Capodimonte on the ground given by the King in the royal palaces, and Florentine Franciscan nuns educated the little negro girls rescued from death, misery, or vice. In one of his trips on the Nile he happened to have no money to pay a Portuguese gentleman, who coming down with his produce; his three assistants were with him. They were attacked; some saved themselves by jumping into the water, but one poor fellow was caught, killed, and eaten, and the produce robbed.

In the other case a trader named Yanga, a good, trustworthy man, employed by Messrs. Hatton and Cookson, was killed and eaten, one of his clerks escaping to a neighboring village of the same tribe to feast on. Both these horrible cases were immediately reported to the Government with the usual result—nothing was done, nor would there be if, to-morrow, I myself were hacked and eaten.

Such a thing is quite likely to occur at any time; in fact, the natives threaten it openly, and they will kill and eat the women because of the treacherous conduct of Lieut. Guibout, commander of the gunboat Marabout. This officer invited the chief of the village, Dongolla N'Gomo, aboard his vessel, and made him some small presents of tobacco, rum, &c. He told him to bring the chief of a neighboring village, Bumba. He accordingly set off and returned with him. The latter was treated in the same way, the love, who loved me then, and I.

For long years now my love and I
Tread severed paths to varied ends;
We sometimes meet, and sometimes say
The tries her fortune, I mine, I pray.
And meet as comrades, meet as friends,
My love, who loved me once, and I.

But never more my love and I
Will wander forth, as once, together,
Or sing the songs we used to sing
In springtime, in the cloudless weather.
Some chord is mute that used to ring,
Some word forgot we used to say
Among the May, before the hay,
My love, who loves me not, and I.

In May.

From the Argosy.

My best beloved, the spring is fair,
The woods are green and life is good;
Will you not come with me, my dear,
The tangle-covered paths and wood?
The wind flower blanches all the copse,
While hyacinths the hedges line,
And every weakened leaf seems fair,
But not so fair as you!

While blackbirds sing on hazel twigs,
Through the dim arches of the trees,
The cuckoo's distant cry is heard
Across the meadow by the breeze.
The thrush's song is sweetest far,
But saddens as the hours go by;
You hear—the nightingale's in love,
But not so much as I.

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By a hot ball, what of that?
I'll boldly stand, with blistered hand,
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The cyclist may ride his glittering wheel,
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And pugilistic cranks may feel
Great pride in the doughty John;
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Faces, faces, and faces! How it made my brain to spin!
Beautiful faces of women, and tiger souls therein!
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Over us, burning and cloudless, dazzled the blue sky's dome;
Far away to the eastward the white snow peaks of his home,
And in front the Prefect, purple-clad, in the deadly might of Rome.

And so, in the mid-arena, we stood there face to face,
And he looked me right in the eyes and said, "I ask thee one last grace:
Slay me, for *thee* I cannot." Then I held his hand a space,

But knew not what I answered: the heavens round and wide
Surged up and down—a flash of steel—my sword was through his side,
And I was down upon my knees, and held him as he died.

His blood was warm on my fingers, his eyes were merciless still,
When they tore him from me, and the blade that else had healed all ill,
And in one more day I am theirs, to work their horrible will.

No matter! the sand, and the sun, and the faces hateful to see,
They will be nothing—nothing! but I wonder who may be
The other man I have to fight—the man that shall kill me!

A. WERNER.

The Young Ladies of Modern Times.

From Harper's Weekly.

I know I'm an old-fashioned body, though not foolishly set in my ways,
And I'd like well to speak my mind about the young Their own grandmothers would not know them, and I'm lost in amazement myself;
But whether the old or the young ones are right, I wish some wise person would tell.

When I was a girl 'twas not esthetics, but fine housekeeping we won praise,
And she was counted a notable woman that a good pie-crust could raise,
Who could make a luscious cordial, studied seasonings and raisonés;
But the young ladies who manage the world to-day have very different views.

My granddaughter Polly says: "Yes, indeed: there are servants to bake and to fry;
Tart-crimals can now be bought in the stores, and doctors don't recommend pie;
That she knows better than waste her time distilling sweet waters and pomade,
When there are barbers and perfumers glad enough to follow the job for a trade."

And she plays Chopin and Beethoven; has a notion of Latin and Greek;
And German, French, and Italian, she says, every girl ought to speak.
She is writing a drama now; and she's written half a dozen romances;
And she'd think it "too shockingly slow" not to know all the new games and dances.

When I look at their "high art needlework," at the sunflowers, lilies, and cranes,
At the wonderful painted palettes and plaques, I think girls are nothing but brains.
When I look at them fluted and frilled, pinks, laces, feathers, and flowers in a mess,
All pictures of "epochs" and "styles" and "schools," I think girls are nothing but dress.

But in spite of the dressing and playing and painting, the truth must be told, and I'll say,
Never was young lady yet much better managed than just as it's managed to-day;
And others, instead of admonishing girls, praise and blame them early and late,
So maybe, I'm thinking, the young folks are right, and the old ones a bit out of date.

For the modern lover is just as bad; his mistress is all of a queen;
A more beautiful, brilliant, etherial type than the world has never seen.
He takes the housekeeping all on trust, while she sings him an exquisite song,
And though I don't understand it at all, the trust very nearly is wrong.

I was speaking about the girls of my time to a lover but yesterday;
And he said: "Ah, yes; very excellent, ma'am; quite nice, I should think, in their way.
The fact of the matter is, women are fair in every epoch and clime;
But we get the *crème de la crème* of the sex in the ladies of our own time!"

Then in came Polly, all frizzes and bangs, pale gold color, surah, and lace;
And he looked at her, and then at me, with a kind of triumphant face;
And I wonder at Polly, and think of the pay, till I'm lost in amazement myself;
But whether the old or new way is best, I wish some wise body would tell me.

POETRY OF THE PERIOD.

Elusion.

From the Home Journal.

A spirit stirs the summer grass,
And whispers to me as I pass;
I catch the gleam of flying feet,
I smell a perfume warm and sweet.

A sudden light, a nestling sound,
Fleet as fly or like the wy ground,
And fade in yonder copse away,
Where lurking shadows cheat the day.

What eye hath seen that dimpled face?
Who yet hath found the secret place,
That refuge in the dim, cool shade,
Where does and hides the laughing maid?

Ah, happy poet who may guess
The ever-changing loveliness,
The lightsome grace, the airy wiles
Where with coy nature masks her smiles,
And, stealing on her unaware,
Behold her when she is most fair!

JAMES B. KAYVER.

During Service.

From the Hartford Times.

The faces of his hearers all
Are turned toward the preacher's;
But I, indifferent to his call,
Am studying Mabel's features.

I fain would read in lip or eye
The nature of her musing,
And fathom my soul's mystery by
The depth of her accusing.

For, in my heart is consciousness
Of fault, though not intended,
And much deplored, a fault no less;
And she the maid offended.

Beyond the central aisle she sits,
A model of propriety:
And nothing in her look admits
The thought of my existence.

She, who was wont to recognize,
Through spaces intervening,
A friend in me, averts her eyes:
But I can guess their meaning.

And, while remorse augments my sin,
Loud o'er the paraphrase
Of pulpit dullness, trite and thin,
One word my sense amazes:

"Take!" as if in balance weighed,
The preacher voiced her sentence,
Who nevermore, trust once betrayed,
Renews the old acquaintance.

"Take!" and when their hymn of praise
Melodious tongues are chanting,
She slowly turns on me her gaze:
The friend weighed and found wanting.

She slowly turns her gaze on me;
Alas! in its expression
No dear encouragement I see
To urge my mute confession.

But, bitterer still, her glance declares,
With emphasis that curbs me,
How Mabel neither knows nor cares
If anything disturbs me.

E. H.

She Won't Love Him.

From the London World.

A little while my lover and I,
Before the mowing of the hay,
Twined daisy wreaths and cowslip balls,
And carolled ditties and madrigals,
Beneath the sycamore, one day,
My love, who loved me then, and I.

For long years now my love and I
Tread severed paths to varied ends;
We sometimes meet, and sometimes say
The tries her fortune, I mine, I pray.
And meet as comrades, meet as friends,
My love, who loved me once, and I.

But never more my love and I
Will wander forth, as once, together,
Or sing the songs we used to sing
In springtime, in the cloudless weather.
Some chord is mute that used to ring,
Some word forgot we used to say
Among the May, before the hay,
My love, who loves me not, and I.

In May.

From the Argosy.

My best beloved, the spring is fair,
The woods are green and life is good;
Will you not come with me, my dear,
The tangle-covered paths and wood?
The wind flower blanches all the copse,
While hyacinths the hedges line,
And every weakened leaf seems fair,
But not so fair as you!

While blackbirds sing on hazel twigs,
Through the dim arches of the trees,
The cuckoo's distant cry is heard
Across the meadow by the breeze.
The thrush's song is sweetest far,
But saddens as the hours go by;
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