Richmond Dispatch.

SUNDAY.....JULY 1, 1883.

JUDITH GAUTIER.

The Poet-Novelist of the Orient—Her Tastes, Beliefs, and Personal Beauty.

[Paris letter.]

To speak of Judith Gautier, after speaking of Erckmann-Chatrian, is like leaving an old-fashioned garden filled with thyme and hollyhocks, and sweet with pansies and pinks and gillyflowers, to enter a conservatory rich in palms and rare exotics, and heavy with the drowsy perfume of magnolias and Nile lilies. I dare not myself describe her, but I borrow Frederec Bazin's words: "A princess, a Queen of the Orient, with the oval face of the moon, Hafiz would say; with the eyes of the lotus, Bhartrihari would say; with a brow of polished jasper, Li-Tai-pe would say—such she appears to us, in all the mysterious splendor of antique Oriental beauty, with her exquisite pallor, the calm royalty of her features, and the strange sweetness of her eyes."

He is enthusiastic, but it would be impossible not to be; she is not merely a modern rhymer, but another Sappho, tuning her lyre on the yellow sands and singing the white moonbeams of the opal skies. The daughter of Théophile Gautier, she has not only inherited her father's rare talent, but added to it the wonderful grace and beauty of her own. Gounod says: "There are three great priesthoods—that of the Good, that of the True, that of the Beautiful; saints, thinkers, artists are the three distinctive forms of this substantial unity, which is the Ideal." Madame Gautier is the priestess of this soul-worship, and a poet in so true and exalted a way that her very heartbeats seem a response to the rhythm of an all-surrounding poetry. She writes, however, only in prose—but such prose! Many authors have chosen for their themes times and deeds remote from the quiet, practical life of to-day. But Madame Gautier says: "The Orient remains still, with Persia, India, the splendors of Ramayana, and the sweet words of Buddha, him who thinks"; and these she has conquered for herself. The entire East is hers. Her works are all Chinese or Persian. "The Imperial Dragon" is a story of royal Chinese life. "The Usurper" is an episode in Japanese history. "Iskender" is a purely Persian poem, and the "Book of Jasper," dedicated to the great Chinese poet, Tin-Tun-Ling, is a collection of unique little poems in prose, after the manner of Henri Heine, as dainty and beautiful as Chinese embroideries in gay silks on creamy crape. There is about them the sweetness and charm of pink peach blossoms, or the pale leaves of willow-trees, which she sings.

All that Madame Gautier writes is touching and tender, and though there is no word of sorrow in it, sadness emanates from every line like perfume from a flower. Her poems are, in everything, flower-like, exotic, and they have the fragile delicacy of rare white bidons. Her oval-faced, almond-eyed heroines, with sweet names of Daughter of Sunlight, or Flower of Blooming Rice-fields, and her heroes with gleaming armor of bronze, move in their flowing robes of rose and azure satins or gorgeous silks, over the jasper floors of imperial palaces, among carving pillars of malachite and amethyst, and golden statues of writhing dragons or Hundred-Armed Vishnus. Her descriptions are so glowing in the riotous richness of color that they are dazzling and bewildering, but nothing but such scenes could serve as backgrounds to the exalted deeds of her people. Her heroes are heroes indeed—mighty in courage and valor; each, like Sir Galahad, whose

Strength was as the strength of ten,
Because his heart was pure.

She is a dweller on Olympus, and everything she writes is passionate, ennobling, high above the pettiness of everyday life, and broad as the free breath of mountain winds in the northern land of the Sagas. Her work is full of poetry—it is all poetry; and by that I do not mean only the songs or poet-thoughts which fleck its continuous flow like scattered rose petals on a running stream, but an all-pervading breadth of poetry, which is found in every line an elevation of soul and thought almost mystic in its intense idealty, and strong and pure as the epics of the Greeks.

One of the great beauties of Madame Gautier's novels to *savants* is their astonishing truth and accuracy of detail. No one but the author knows what a *tour de force* a novel like "Uarada," "Hypatia," or even Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii," is; and what deep study and minute research are necessary to make it chronologically correct. But Judith Gautier's studies of life in China and Japan are so perfect, that Chinese critics (for her name is well-known to the lettered of the Celestial Empire) cannot understand by what mysterious power of divination a Parisian could obtain so thorough a knowledge of their customs, manners, and literature. It seems truly divination, for Madame Gautier has never been in China; and yet she knows it so well that her description of it are flawless. I could not say absolutely flawless, for she told me that when "The Imperial Dragon" appeared, she received a letter from a Chinese writer, who informed her that the book was strictly accurate and perfect in every detail, save one. In the chapter in which the poet is separated from his friends, she says the unlocks a door, when she should have said unbolt; for there are no locks in China! This error, in a book of more than 300 pages, with all the quaintness of custom and manner of Chinese life so depicted that one seems on reading it transported to the shores of the Yellow sea, was very amusing to me; but Madame Gautier is so conscientious that she is going to have the mistake corrected in the next edition of the work.

She seems to think her knowledge of Chinese literature the most natural thing in the world. She has always liked the Chinese, whom she considers among the most poetic people of modern times, and she has always known them, for she has for years been the spoiled child of the Chinese Legation and Embassies in Paris. Her little lost parlor is completely filled with Oriental bric-a-brac; and screens, banners, lanterns, jars, vases, and dragon-wreathed mirrors, make it look as though it had been taken bodily from Pekin and dropped in her apartment on the Avenue des Champs Elysées.

Judith Gautier is one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen—singularly beautiful; queenly in stature, statuesque in repose, and so graceful in every movement that

When she has passed, it is like
The ceasing of exquisite music.

Her complexion is of creamy pallor; her eyes, dreamy and far-looking, are black with golden beams, and so deep as to be fathomless. There is about her the supple litheness of a panther, and the fascination of the magnificent wild beasts of Indian jungles. She is Oriental, passionate; and her genius is Oriental, passionate. Even as a child, she was not like other children; instead of playing with her doll she used to dress it like an Egyptian mummy and bury it with strange rites and weird incantations. One day, when she was twelve years old, her father sent her to her room to punish her for having been out during a storm, and to prevent his being displeased with her she spent the time of her confinement in writing a little poem in prose, "The Return of the Swallow." It was the first indication her father received of her wonderful talent, and he was so delighted with it that he immediately set about cultivating the admirable gifts of her mind. She was still quite young, too, when she published her article on Edgar Poe's "Eureka," which so surprised Baudelaire that he could not believe Gautier had not written it. She is purely imaginative and lives in a world of her own, above the common details of ordinary life. She cares for but three things: astronomy, everything Chinese and Oriental, and the works of Richard Wagner. She has given herself up to these wholly and exclusively, and she has become absorbed in her love for what is beautiful, mystically and supernaturally beautiful.

She says in her preface to her work on Wagner: "My only ambition is to be useful, as far as it lies in my power, to that intellectual minority which, to me, fills this world, and which I hope will be the only one to fill the next—if there be a next—for I am now convinced of the truth of what Charles Baudelaire says—that it is the fewness of the elect which makes heaven, Paradise." She is entirely indifferent to what the world may say of her works, and declares, to whomsoever wishes to listen to her, that she wrote but for three persons: her father, Gustave Flaubert, and Leconte de Lisle. There is now only one of the triumvirate left.

A Wonderful Cruise.

PARTICULARS OF THE VOYAGE A BUFFALO MAN TOOK ACROSS THE PACIFIC IN A DORY.

Bernard Gilfoy, of Buffalo, last year attempted the reckless feat of sailing across the Pacific ocean, from San Francisco to Australia, in a dory but eighteen feet long, six wide, and two and a half deep. *Forest and Stream* has condensed from various sources the following account of his wonderful voyage and the thrilling experiences incidental to it: "Gilfoy was the only passenger, and he started with the determination of performing the unparalleled feat of crossing the Pacific single-handed in a common sailing-boat. The cutter—for she was little more—was named the Pacific, and was covered in all over with the exception of a couple of hatches, one amidships and one aft. The fore part was used mostly for the water-casks, which were filled with salt water as the fresh was used up, and the after part was used as kitchen, cabin, and sleeping-room. Nothing was heard from Gilfoy until the arrival in San Francisco of the barkentine Tropic Vance, from Tahiti, whose captain reported that he had sighted the Pacific on November 10th. He had given Gilfoy his correct bearings and a quantity of fruit, and had learned that after a week of favoring weather the Pacific had encountered twenty-nine days of alternate calms and head winds, which had driven Gilfoy to shorten his allowance. He crossed the line in longitude 136° on Friday, September 29th, and then met with good winds, before which he ran south between latitudes 5° south and 15° south. His principal discomfort, he said, had been the too familiar habits of the sharks, which every night came thumping the boat with their ugly snouts. To rid himself of them he made a harpoon out of a boot-nook, and succeeded in rendering them so shy that by propping up his shirt at night in the place where he usually sat by day he was enabled to take his rest comparatively undisturbed. The conclusion of the Pacific's extraordinary voyage is gathered from a long account published in the Maryborough (Queensland) *Chronicle* of February 2d. It appears that after leaving the Tropic Vance things went badly with Gilfoy. On the 14th of December, being then to the south of the Friendly Isles, a heavy sea broke over the boat and capsized her. He went backwards into the water, and it was only by an hour's hard work, with the aid of a 'floating anchor,' that he was enabled to right the dory. No sooner was she righted than a heavy sea capsized her a second time. Again he righted her, and passed the night in bailing and the day in making things as shipshape as possible. By the 10th of December he had got things under weigh again, and was enjoying pleasant weather, when the boat was pierced by a sword-fish. On Christmas-day he found himself near Hunter Island, a barren rock, with all his instruments gone and nothing left of his provisions except twelve pounds of corn-meal, two quarts of alcohol, and fifteen gallons of water. He then tried to make for New Caledonia, but the wind and current were against him, and on the 14th of January he ate the last of his meal. Two days after he lost his rudder and had to rig up a makeshift, and from that time on he had to subsist on whatever fish he caught or birds he shot. On the 20th of January he ate his last cooked meal, a bird singed over a heap of broken matches, and after that he sucked the barnacles which valanced the boat. Then the days came when he knew nothing and cared nothing, steering aimlessly here and there. Just as the last hope had fled he sighted the Alfred Vittery, on Monday, January 29, bound for Maryborough. The Vittery saw him, and in a few minutes after Gilfoy was saved. He was then about 160 miles off Sandy Cape, and after being fed, told the singular story of an extraordinary feat so nearly accomplished. He was kindly cared for on his arrival at Maryborough, but the latest news reports him as being down with typhoid fever, the results of exposure and hardships."

Visits of the Dead.

[Notes and Queries.]

In 1871 I was at Naples, where an Italian corvette, the Amirale Caracciolo, was launched at Castellamare. The vessel was christened by the Countess Teresa Caracciolo, the daughter of the chief of the elder branch of the Caracciolo. I was staying at Naples as the guest of the young lady's father, and I heard from him a very remarkable story connected with the death of the unfortunate officer in honor of whose memory the vessel was named. The circumstances which led to the execution of Prince Francesco Caracciolo in 1799 are well known. I shall merely state, therefore, that he was condemned by a court-martial, composed of Sicilian officers, to be hanged at the yard-arm of the flag-ship for bearing arms against his lawful sovereign. When the official communication of the finding and sentence of the court was brought to the Prince he was explaining the names and uses of the various parts of the rigging to some young Neopolitan nobleman who happened to be on board the ship. A glance at the letter was sufficient to show him its contents. He showed no sign of emotion, but requested the officer who brought the dispatch to wait for a few minutes while he finished his explanations. This being done, he retired to his cabin; and after a vain attempt to get the sentence changed to a more honorable manner of death, he resigned himself to his fate, which he met with great fortitude. Some days after the event the King, who had been for an afternoon's cruise on a Sicilian ship-of-war outside the bay, was returning to Naples in the evening. It was a moonlight night, and the sea was perfectly calm. There was, indeed, so little wind that it was difficult to steer the vessel. The King was sitting in the balcony of the stern cabin, watching the sea, when suddenly he became aware that something was following the ship. As the object came nearer it was easy to distinguish that it was the body of a man in an upright attitude, as if treading water; and very soon the King was able to recognize the features of Admiral Caracciolo. His eyes were open, and seemed to be fixed on the King, and, except for its ghastly pallor, the face was unchanged. The explanation was simple. After being submerged for some days the body had become so buoyant that the weights attached to the feet were not sufficiently heavy to keep it under water; but they retained it in an upright position, and it was drawn along by the current created by the movement of the ship. It is easy to imagine the horror of Ferdinard at what he believed to be an apparition from another world. When at length it was explained to him what had happened, he gave orders that a boat should be lowered and that the corpse should be brought on board and taken to Naples for Christian burial. But the superstitious Sicilians dared not obey the royal command, and the ship, drawing in its wake the upright body of the Admiral, sailed slowly into the bay of Naples. Here a boat's crew was obtained from an English man-of-war, who took the Admiral's body ashore, where it was deposited in his own palace, and at length received the last rites of the Church.

Samuel Cousins, the veteran English mezzo-tint engraver, has presented £16,000 to the Royal Academy for two annuities for those who may desire and deserve them.

Fashions for Summer Resorts.

[Correspondence Cincinnati Enquirer.]

A dress of ecru batiste has a fitted basque elaborately trimmed with open machine-work, embroidered flounching, and brightened with knots and bows with long floating ends of cardinal satin ribbon. A drapery fastened on the back is trimmed with the flounching, and a large bow with long ends is placed on the right side. Crossing the front are seven flounces of the embroidery. Two plaited batiste ruffles extend around the bottom of the skirt. A princess of polonaise of flowered cotton sateen over a skirt of plain terra-cotta makes a handsome costume. The skirt-trimming is a narrow plaiting at the lower edge, over which falls a flounce three quarters of a yard deep, arranged in broad box plaits that are held in by gathering at one third their depth from the lower edge. The polonaise is buttoned diagonally, and is finished with a vest, cuffs, and edging of plain sateen. An India pongee has a basque front. The side pieces extend into a drapery that falls low at the back from a succession of plaitings confined in the centre by a large double bow and long sash ends of wide blue satin ribbon. The front of the skirt is crossed beneath the basque by a scant drapery, which is looped on one side with a flat bow of ribbon. A wide shirred piece placed beneath forms the heading on a loose puffing that is pressed into plaits; below a narrow puffing forms the heading of an embroidered flounce; beneath this, surrounding the skirt, are two knife-plaited flounces. The embroidery outlines a vest on the basque, forms a trimming on the sleeves, and wherever trimming can be placed, ornamented with knots, bows, and long loops of blue satin ribbon. The skirt of an India mull dress is trimmed across the front with seven lace flounces; a panel on each side has similar trimming of the lace laid flat; the slight drooping of the back drapery is held in place by wide white satin ribbons and long ends; there are also long looped bows on the sides of the skirt. The sleeves, simply made, are similarly trimmed with lace ruffings at the lower edge. The waist is

FULL AND BELTED

with a white-satin ribbon, finished behind with long-looped sashes and ends. A delicate French batiste takes the form of a polonaise, with Watteau-back draped at the sides and caught with long-looped bows and ends of pale wild-rose satin ribbon; the trimming on the edges of the basque front and back—in fact, wherever trimming is permitted—is of the same material embroidered in open work with floss silk corresponding in color with the ribbon. The front of the skirt is laid in nine upturned plaits across, finished with inserts of embroidery and a flounce; a long, loose puffing is placed beneath, completed with a narrow ruffle and wider flounce; a deeper puff finished the skirt at the bottom with the addition of the narrow ruffle. There are rose-colored ribbon bows and long ends on the sides, at the back, and on the scanty ruffle of embroidery that forms the cuff to the simple sleeve.

The fashion of travelling dresses is to braid them closely all over the waist, and to further ornament them with bits of leather and steel. A belt of leather is buckled at the point of the peaked bodice and small basques are buckled behind. Thus, pretty nearly the whole surface of a woman traveller is studded with decorative patterns in hard material. What is the consequence? Why, on disrobing, after a day's journey, during which the heat has made her more plastic than usual, and fatigue has caused her to press all sides in turn on the seat of the car, she finds that she is

ELABORATELY EMBOSSED

from neck to knees. The appearance is unique, but of course she can't exhibit it, and the operation really presents no advantages to compensate for the soreness.

In the way of what may be called curiosities of fashion are sleeveless jackets and bodices, open, square, or heart-shaped, and made of embroidered velvet, brocade, or of gros-grain silk in pale blue, mauve, or shrimp pink, hand-painted and edged with lace, will be very fashionably worn over evening dresses of white lace, embroidered muslin, veiling, batiste, and other light fabrics. There has suddenly developed a fancy for simple dresses of plain fabrics and a single color, by way of giving variety to the wardrobe, and prominent among these costumes is the use of plain grenandine with gros-grain, as opposed to the rich velvet-figured grenadine with satin. Pretty shoulder-capes for summer use, to be made of goods matching the dress, just cover the shoulders, come down in front to the belt, and from the. These sash-ends are carried to the back and tied or simply crossed. Girls with slender figures are wearing long pelisses and redingotes, or rather coats of masculine style, made of very coarse materials, the dress being short enough to show elegantly-worked stockings. A short jacket of somewhat finer stuff, cut by tailors, with breast- and side-pockets, in exact imitation of a gentleman's pea-jacket, completed by a high white collar, fastened with a pin, wide-awake trimmed as little as possible, and a large checked skirt takes the name of "Allright costume." Silk or lisle-thread mitts or gloves with long wrists are worn with summer toilets. The preferred color at the moment is yellow in the various shades of buff and old gold. Silk gloves are considered the correct wear for full dress; lisle thread for demi-toilet. White-kid gloves are not essential for white toilets. On the contrary, colored-silk mitts or black-lace mitts are in better taste. Kid gloves are not much worn in summer of late years. They are relegated to brides and full-dress ceremonious dinner or breakfast parties. It is as fashionable as ever to bang the front hair, but the bangs are shorter, showing more of the forehead, and are worn flatter on the forehead and temples. It is a matter left to the choice whether they are straight, curled, or waved. Curled or waved, however, is the more frequent style, and they are flattened under an invisible net when necessary. The most fashionable arrangement for the back hair is a small, close knot, low in the nape of the neck, but this is not at all arbitrary.

FANS AND PARASOLS

are, as usual, the summer embellishment. A woman may carry in her hands far more outlandish things than she would dare to put on her back. Let me tell you of one parasol out of a lot. It was big, and made of strawberry satin, trimmed to the depth of twelve inches with three rows of bright gold lace. The ferule was surrounded with a wreath of brilliant flowers, showing gold and dark red poppies, bright blue ragged sailors, and dark green leaves. The lining was of gold-colored satin, with a hand-painted Greenaway design executed on one of the panels. If some wondering astronomer chances to fix his glass on that thing at a distance he will think he has discovered a new sun of previously undreamed splendor. Fans are quite as frisky. Satin is the tissue chosen. The shapes have not varied considerably, and the size has not decreased. The novelty consists in the mountings and ornamentations. The frames are generally of tortoise shell, mother-of-pearl, black-carved or brown-polished wood, sometimes even varnished and ornamented with small pictures. Some very elegant fans are models of simplicity and finished taste, and I will particularize a few of these in preference to the loud ones. A black satin fan, lined with black satinette and decorated above with a large bouquet of myosotis and tuft of lilies of the valley, the flowers being embroidered below, and at points of the buds in the natural colors, the stems and flowers painted, was extremely tasteful. It is indeed impossible to describe the charming effect of embroidery and painting thus united. Another extremely simple fan had a frame of brown polished wood, lined above to correspond, the leaf mounted on colored cretonne, representing original-looking Kate Greenway figures, arranged between pretty foliated arabesques, standing out somewhat in relief. An elegant fan

FOR THE EVENING,

had a richly ornamented tortoise-shell frame trimmed with black ostrich feathers graduated in size; another model of black satin was gilt-painted and embroidered with a sprig of flowers, the principal contours of these being outlined with fine and fancy gold cord. A white fan had an ivory frame decorated with white satin embroidery in silk and a spray of half-open orange blossoms above, with the stalks and leaves painted with the palest possible tint of green.

But fans and parasols will not be foremost, as it looks now in the line of devices for bewitchery. You have seen the trick of the

OLD-FASHIONED ACTRESS,

and it is sometimes practiced by the young ones of the period, in producing a letter on the stage. She never takes it from a pocket, but always from her bosom. That is peculiarly seductive, she calculates. How the baldies must envy the inappreciative missive! Well, handkerchiefs are being used by fashionable New York girls on the same alluring principle. The dainty batiste article, trimmed with fine lace, instead of being consigned to a pocket, is thrust half-way into the bossom, a button of the bodice being left open for the purpose. Thence it is occasionally drawn out, warm, scented and sentimentalized, to be employed with tremendous effect in flirtation.

Felix Adler and Israelites.

A ST. LOUIS RABBI QUESTIONS THE PROFESSOR CONCERNING HIS FAITH.

The Rev. Dr. S. H. Sonneshein, pastor of the congregation "Gates of Truth," the most influential Jewish body in St. Louis, has addressed an open letter to Felix Adler, which he has sent to the *American Israelite*, of this city. He is moved to write the letter from the fact that societies for ethical culture, of which Professor Adler is the moving spirit, are being organized in the West, and they have raised the question, "Can a member of a Hebrew congregation consistently become a subscriber to such an organization?" Dr. Sonneschien is of the belief that they cannot, and in his letter to Professor Adler says: "To leave, by your utter silence on the subject, Jewish people under the impression that by joining your Ethical Culture Society they still may and can conscientiously and sincerely stay within the pale of their synagogue; to leave them really under such an impression, while their fellow-members in the new organization, the constituents of the Chicago Society, openly avow themselves as being unable to unite with any existing church or sect without doing violence to their moral convictions and sacrificing in some measure their intellectual honesty, such a reticence would be, to say the least, next to making dupes of these honest people." Continuing, Dr. Sonneschein says: "I am your sincere friend and admirer, and, as such, I have the right to demand of you, under the present circumstances, a plain answer to my plain question: Are you still an Israelite, a disciple of Moses and the prophets, a standard-bearer of God's love and truth as understood by reformed Judaism in its purest type and development, or have you hopelessly abandoned the faith in which you were born and bred? How shall a true Israelite reconcile your confession that Hebrew prophecy is the pure canon of moral principle and action with your declaration of war against all forms of dogmatic religion as having ceased to satisfy our highest needs? If you honestly believe that Judaism, pure and simple, is not obstructing the free development of mind and heart, why do you not openly say so, in order to do justice to the doctrines of the very prophets which you emulate and adore?" The reply of Professor Adler, if he decides to make one, and it is thought he will, will be awaited with much interest.

Quarrelling Over a Birthday.

[From the Pall-Mall Gazette.]

The birthday of the German Emperor was the cause of a curious outbreak of ill-will between the French and the Germans who were passing the winter in a hotel in a French town on the Mediterranean. Now that the company has dispersed I can do no harm by sending you an account of it. The Germans resolved to celebrate the day by inviting all their countrymen who were staying in the town to dine with them in the hotel; to dine, however, not apart, but at the usual tabled'hote. Among the Frenchmen whom they were likely to meet was the colonel of the garrison. They proposed to keep their champagne and their toasts till the rest of the company had dispersed. Though the town was French, the Germans in the hotel were in a majority. The landlord, who was a Swiss, had no objection to raise, and the waiters, who were mostly Germans, showed their loyalty by decorating the lamps with garlands and the table with flowers. Here, however, the French got wind of what was going on, and fired up. The landlord became alarmed, and had the garlands removed.

The dinner passed off without anything to mark it. The Germans stayed behind, drank their champagne in honor of their aged Emperor, and sent off to him a telegram of congratulations. But much ill-will was left. A young Prussian officer was indignant with the French. He and his friends, he said, could not have shown greater tact. I objected to the garlands. For them, he replied, they were not answerable. It was the waiters who had hung them up of their own accord. An old French gentleman of my acquaintance bitterly regretted that he was crippled with the gout. Had he been as he was fifty years ago, when he had served in the cavalry and had fought a dozen or so of duels, he would, he said, have soon picked a quarrel with a fair-haired German who sat opposite him at dinner-time, and kept his elbows on the table merely to insult the French. "Ah! if I had been younger," he sighed, "*je lui aurais craché au nez.* I always disliked the Prussians," he went on to say, "but till this winter I never detested them." The fair-haired German made some remark to the French colonel. The colonel turned his back on him. The end of the season came none too soon.

A Smoking Executioner.

HOW A GERMAN HEADSMAN GRACEFULLY SMOKES A CIGARETTE BEFORE HE DECAPITATES A FELON.

A correspondent of the Chicago *News*, writing from Berlin, says: You probably know that in Berlin, when they wish to deprive a criminal of his life, they cut him in two at the neck. The executioner that wields the sharp axe is called upon to exercise his functions on an average about once a month. His name is Krauts, a mild-faced old fellow, with a soft, gentle voice, a dandy manner, and white hands, and on these occasions he usually smokes a cigarette. He has four assistants—a quartette of cruel, hard-looking men—whose duty it is to strip the victim. In the case under notice the culprit was suffering the extreme penalty of the law for no less a crime than the murder of his wife and two children. When he had been stripped to the undershirt, the collar of which was cut down to the level of his shoulders, his feet pinioned, and his hands tied behind him, he was led out and his head placed upon the block.

In the mean time Krauts, the executioner, had stood among the spectators of the scene quietly puffing his cigarette, and without anything in his demeanor indicative of his office. When the platform was reached he threw aside his cigarette, grasped the axe in his white, sinewy hands, gave it a swing upward, and struck with a force sufficient to detach the head from the body instantly. The remains were covered with a black cloth, and the witnesses, having signed their names, were escorted out of the jail. I have seen many executions by hanging and a number by ball and shot, and have witnessed one or two poor victims keel-hauled, but it seems to me that decapitation must be the most brutal—certainly it is the most hideous—to contemplate.

Victor Hugo's Great Poem.

The last instalment, Volume V., of Victor Hugo's great poem, "La Légende des Siecles," which has just appeared in Paris, is variously appreciated by the French critics according to the political school to which they happen to belong. The *Rappel*, as a matter of course, and several other Republican papers, are loud in their praise of the power of conception and grandeur of style which mark the poet's latest work, which they profess to regard as not inferior to the production of his prime. The clerical and monarchical papers, on the other hand, detect everywhere unmistakable evidence of decadence and senility, though it is certain that many of the pieces were written years ago.

Didn't Know It was Poisonous.

AN AMATEUR SNAKE-CATCHER RECEIVES A SHOCK.

[Florida Times-Union.]

A new story comes to us from Gainesville of the experience of Judge James Bell, the Smithsonian Institution's agent, in his mission of gathering snakes. He is engaged at present in buying poisonous snakes for medical experiments, but an amateur snake-catcher of the neighborhood did not know this.

He was an Alachua county granger, and he met Judge Bell upon the street with a smile, indicating inward pleasure and calm peace of mind. He said:

"Hello, Jedge, I've got a snake for you, a very uncommon snake that I ketched yesterday. I don't do much snake-ketchin', but I come acrost this yere feller and I captured him jest for you."

"What kind of a snake is he?" the Judge inquired.

"It's one of these yere thunder snakes, or coral snakes, some folks call them."

"And where have you got him?"

"In my breeches-pocket yere."

"Why, my dear sir," said the Judge, "it is one of the most poisonous serpents that crawls; it's——"

But he stopped short, surprised at the effect his words were having upon the granger.

"Poison?" exclaimed that person in a hushed sort of way, and his eyes grew white and his face pale as death. "Poison? Well, by——jingo, I——" He began letting go his suspenders in a healthy sort of way, but with a rapidity that was startling. "Poison!"

And he shucked his nether garments upon the sidewalk and fled into a store, standing behind the door of which, with his neck craned around the edge of it, he remarked:

"Jedge, I wish you would poke them breeches into the gutter for me and step into Endel & Herman's clothing store, if you will, and tell one of them clerks to come yere."

[Published by request.]

The Writer of "Home, Sweet Home."

A stranger in London, all friendless, alone,
He walked through the city, unheeded, unknown,
The lights of the houses shone forth on his face,
There were thousands of homes, but for him was no place.
Aweary and hungry, disheartened and sad,
The time had been long since his spirit was glad.
And he sat on the steps at a nobleman's door,
And for solace he sang the refrain o'er and o'er.
"Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home,
Be it never so humble, there's no place like Home."

He had not a shilling to pay for a bed,
When he wrote what in luxury many have said,
"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it never so humble, there's no place like home."
The words full of cheer from his sorrows were wrung,
He sighed, what in thankfulness others have sung,
"A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek through the world is not met with elsewhere:
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home,
Be it never so humble, there's no place like Home."

Old London looked fair to his eyes growing dim,
But the lights of the city no welcome gave him,
"An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lowly-thatched cottage again,"
So sang the poor stranger, and went on his way,
But millions of times have sung since that day,
"The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
Give these and the peace of mind dearer than all,
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home,
Be it never so humble, there's no place like Home."

Did it need that one heart through deep anguish should learn
That others the truth might more swiftly discern?
A triumph of love by the singer was won,
Our homes are the dearer for him who had none!
We weep for the exile that longed for a home,
And yet was compelled as a wanderer to roam,
But he had some rapture to banish his pain,
As he heard in all lands the familiar refrain,
"Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home,
Be it never so humble, there's no place like Home."

But the toil and the sorrow are over at last,
And the journeys and loneliness things of the past;
America finds him with honor a grave,
And England above him the laurels would wave;
In all climes and countries the man has his fame,
And old men and children are speaking his name.
But the best of all is he no longer shall roam,
The homeless, tired wanderer at length is at Home,
"Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home,
Be it never so humble, there's no place like Home."

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

GROCERIES, LIQUORS, &c.

FOR SALE,
200 barrels CHOICE NEW EXTRA FLOUR,
in barrels and bags.
jy 1-3t WALKER & SAUNDERS.

I HAVE ANALYZED THE WHISKEY known under the brand of "B-SELECT," controlled by Messrs. WALTER D. BLAIR & CO., Richmond, Va., and find it FREE FROM FUSIL-OIL and other impurities, and recommend its use for medicinal and family purposes.
J. B. McCAW, M. D.,
late Professor of Chemistry,
Medical College of Virginia.
JANUARY 13, 1872. je 29-1w

OLD KENTUCKY WHISKEY, FOUR YEARS OLD, $2.50 per gallon;
WEST INDIA LIME-JUICE.
GOOD GREEN TEA at 25c. per pound, at
je 26 CHRISTIAN & WHITE'S.

IF YOU WANT A FINE COUNTRY "BEE-HIVE" OR "FERRIS" HAM
CALL AT
McCARTHY & HAYNES'S,
my 25 627 east Broad street.

100 HOGSHEADS EXTRA-HEAVY SYRUP, 50 BARRELS GLUCOSE, 50 BARRELS GRAPE SUGAR.
my 8 POTTS, STOKES & CO.

LICORICE.—100 CASES STICK- AND MASS-LICORICE.
my 8 POTTS, STOKES & CO.

DDD U U NN N L OO PPP
D D U U N N N L O O P P
D D U U N N N L O O PPP
D D U U N N N L O O P
DDD UU N NN LLLL OO P

PPP A TTTTEEE NN NTTTT
P P AA T E NNN T
PPP AA T EE NNN T
P AAA T E NNN T
P A A T EEE N NN T

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F AAA M M M II L Y
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FFFFL OOO U URRRR
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F L O OU UR R..
F LLLL OOO UUU R R..

MANUFACTURED OF
SELECTED VIRGINIA WHEAT
BY THE
COMPLETE ROLLER SYSTEM.

Of this brand we are now making a SPECIALTY and claim that it is at least
EQUAL, FOR FAMILY USE, TO ANY WINTER OR SPRING WHEAT FLOUR
to be had.

We are in position to furnish the Trade, upon the MOST REASONABLE TERMS, THROUGHOUT THE
ENTIRE SEASON.
Consumers can be supplied by their grocers.
je 10 DUNLOP & McCANCE.

BOOK AND JOB WORK NEATLY EXECUTED at the DISPATCH PRINTING-HOUSE.

RAILROAD TIMES.

THE POPULAR WATERING PLACE
CAPE MAY
IS REACHED BY THE
WEST JERSEY RAILROAD
IN TWO HOURS FROM PHILADELPHIA.

FAST EXPRESS TRAINS, with Parlor-Cars attached, are run during the season at convenient hours, and passengers will find on their arrival at the new Broad-Street station, Philadelphia, Union Transfer coaches and horse-cars ready to transfer direct to the station of the West Jersey railroad, at the foot of Market street.
For through tickets, baggage checks, and full information apply as follows: A. W. GARBER, 1000 Main street, and station Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac railroad, corner Eighth and Byrd streets, Richmond, Va.
J. R. WOOD,
General Passenger Agent.
CHARLES E. PUGH, General Manager.
je 8-tAu15

ATLANTIC CITY.
EXPRESS TRAINS ARE RUN THROUGH WITHOUT STOPS IN 90 MINUTES,
VIA
CAMDEN AND ATLANTIC RAILROAD, from station foot of Vine street;
WEST JERSEY RAILROAD, from station foot of Market street.
Passengers from Washington will take the through trains of the Baltimore and Potomac railroad to Philadelphia, and arrive at the new Broad-Street station of the Pennsylvania railroad, where street cars will convey passengers direct to the West Jersey Railroad station, and Union Transfer coaches connect direct to the station of the Camden and Atlantic railroad.
For through tickets, baggage-checks, and full information, apply as follows: A. W. GARBER, 1000 Main street, and station Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac railroad, corner Eighth and Byrd streets, Richmond, Va.
J. R. WOOD,
General Passenger Agent.
CHARLES E. PUGH, General Manager.
je 8-tAu15

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY
SCHEDULE IN EFFECT JUNE 10, 1883.
DEPART RICHMOND: Louisville and Cincinnati express, 4:30 P. M. daily; mail, 9:10 A. M. daily (except Sunday); Ashland, Ky., and Columbus, Ohio, night express, 10:40 P. M. daily (except Sunday); for Norfolk and Old Point, 4:10 P. M. daily (except Sunday), 8:55 A. M. daily (except Sunday).
SUNDAY SPECIAL (EXCURSION) 7:30 A. M. for Newport's News and Phœbus (Old Point) (does not connect for Norfolk.
THE 4:30 P. M. TRAIN STOPS FOR LOCAL BUSINESS between Richmond and Charlottesville.
ARRIVE RICHMOND: From the West, 8:45 A. M. (except Sunday), 4 P. M. daily, and 6:30 P. M. (except Sunday); from Norfolk and Old Point, 10:55 A. M. daily (except Sunday), and 10:30 P. M. daily from Old Point (except Sunday), from Norfolk.
Louisville and Cincinnati Fast-Line Pullman sleeping-cars and day coaches from Richmond to Cincinnati, and from Charlottesville at 9 P. M. to Louisville.
Ticket-Offices: 1000 Main street and Chesapeake and Ohio Railway depot.
H. W. FULLER,
General Passenger Agent.
C. W. SMITH, General Manager. je 9

DEPARTURE OF STEAMERS.

ONLY ONE DOLLAR
TO
OLD POINT COMFORT, NEWPORT'S NEWS, AND NORFOLK.
ONLY $2 TO WASHINGTON, D. C.
VIRGINIA STEAMBOAT COMPANY'S JAMES RIVER LINE FOR OLD POINT COMFORT, NEWPORT'S NEWS, NORFOLK, PORTSMOUTH, AND JAMES-RIVER LANDINGS DIRECT.
CONNECTS AT OLD POINT FOR WASHINGTON, D. C., BALTIMORE, AND THE NORTH SAME AFTERNOON.
AND AT NORFOLK WITH STEAMERS FOR HAMPTON, SMITHFIELD, AND EASTERN SHORE OF VIRGINIA.
ONLY ROUTE WITHOUT TRANSFER, AND ONLY ALL-WATER ROUTE.
JAMES RIVER BY DAYLIGHT.
CHEAPEST ROUTE.
RATES MUCH LESS THAN HALF CHARGED BY ANY OTHER ROUTE.
FARE TO NORFOLK, $1.00 } NO LIMIT.
FARE ROUND TRIP, $2.00 }
FARE TO WASHINGTON, D. C., $2.
FARE ROUND TRIP, $3.50.
WAY-LANDING FARES FROM 25c. TO 90c.
MEALS, 75c.
The elegantly rebuilt and fast steamer
ARIEL,
(carrying United States mail,)
Z. C. GIFFORD, Commander,
leaves Richmond every TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, at 7 A. M., for above-named places. Returning the steamer leaves Norfolk, Old Point, and Newport's News on alternate days, arriving at Richmond at about 4 P. M.
Through tickets on sale on steamer and at Garber's Agency, 1000 Main street. Baggage checked through.
STATEROOMS CAN BE ENGAGED FOR DAY OR NIGHT.
FREIGHT.
Freight received daily for Norfolk, Portsmouth, Smithfield, and Hampton; Washington, D. C.; Newbern, Washington, and Tarboro', N. C., and all points in Eastern North Carolina; also, for Eastern Shore of Virginia, Old Point, and all regular landings on James river, at LOWEST RATES, and through bills issued.
L. B. TATUM,
je 3 Superintendent.

OLD DOMINION STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
FOR NEW YORK.
This company will dispatch one of their splendid steamers—GUYANDOTTE, ROANOKE, MANHATTAN, OLD DOMINION, and RICHMOND—EVERY TUESDAY, FRIDAY, and SUNDAY [For hours of sailing, see advertisement below.]
Steamers leave New York TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS, and SATURDAYS at 3 P. M. from Pier 26 (new number), North river, foot of Beach street.
They have splendid saloons, state-rooms, and bath-rooms.
The fare, accommodations, and attentions are unsurpassed.
After-cabin fare to New York (including meals and berth), $10; round-trip tickets $18; steerage