DEAD.

Theodore B. Weber's Life Ended at 2 O'Clock Yesterday Afternoon.

Mrs. Robert Receives the News with the Greatest Calmness.

Her Transfer from the Armory to the County Jail.

The Complications Between the Deceased and Mr. Henry Greenebaum.

The Inquest to Be Held To-Day—Charley Reed Retained.

Mrs. Harris Does Not Have the Kindest Feelings for Mrs. Robert.

MR. WEBER'S DEATH.

Mr. T. B. Weber, who was shot Thursday afternoon by Mrs. Adelaide Robert, died at a quarter of 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, passing quietly away, apparently without pain. He had been constantly under the influence of opiates for twenty hours. Occasionally, as their effects wore off, he would inquire when the end was to come. His physician had told him that he was dangerously injured, and, while recovery was possible, the chances were decidedly against it. He realized fully that death was near. When sensible, he would talk to his attendants, and once he said, "I didn't deserve this. It is hard to die in this way." He did not, however, make the remark attributed to him by an afternoon paper,—that Henry Greenebaum was really responsible for the shooting. Along about 10 o'clock in the morning, he added a codicil to his will, which had been prepared at his request by Mr. Juessen, and his signature was witnessed by the physicians and lawyers.

About half-past 1 Dr. Miller, who had been with him all night, was called away. He was then sinking, though, when conscious, he talked rationally. At a quarter of 2, when Dr. Woodworth and Mr. George Weber were in the room, he closed his eyes as if going to sleep, and died without a struggle, so peacefully that the two gentlemen were not aware of the fact until they noticed that he had ceased breathing. He made no ante-mortem statement, none being essential, since there were so many witnesses of the affair.

The funeral will take place to-morrow.

A cablegram was yesterday sent to Mrs. Weber, who is at Kaiserslautern, Baden, telling her that her husband was very ill. To-day she will be informed of his death. She will know nothing of the cause until letters or newspapers reach her,—two or three weeks hence.

The inquest will be held this morning at 10 o'clock at Mr. Weber's house, No. 274 LaSalle street, although the chances are that, after getting under way, it will be adjourned to the Chicago Avenue Station. As an evidence that Mr. Weber's family and friends propose to see this thing to the bitter end, it may be stated that Mr. George Weber yesterday retained Charles H. Reed, ex-State's Attorney, to represent the prosecution from this time on. Mr. Reed had a consultation with State's Attorney Mills yesterday, in which he informed the latter of his position in the case, and was gladly received as a special counsel to assist the prosecution.

There was little to be gleaned yesterday from Col. Juessen, or his partner, Mr. Anderson, concerning the long and painful history of this painful case. What was said was mainly by way of reiteration of previous statements, especial prominence being paid to the reason why Mr. Weber, refusing longer to be blackmailed, discontinued his payments. He had paid this woman money, as before explained, simply to protect his good name from scandal. But her greed for money seemed to be insatiate. With the persistency of the horse-leech's daughter, she was continually crying "Give, give"; and on the very day when he had complied with another demand she began the $50,000 suit against him for rape. Then he determined to be blackmailed no longer, and his decision was what in the end resulted in his taking-off.

It is stated that Mr. Weber had told his friends long ago that he had an appointment to meet Mrs. Robert in a wood, and that, just as he got there, four men, relatives of hers, rushed out upon him, and that this furnished a pretext for her blackmailing operations.

MRS. ROBERT.

While yet it was a matter of doubt as to whether the object of Mrs. Robert's wrath and revenge would linger along and possibly recover, or whether, before the sun had gone down, the breath would have left his body, a TRIBUNE reporter visited the shooter in her cell at the Armory and found her with three more moral supports of her own sex chatting as if nothing had happened. She looked a little haggard about the eyes, and it was evident, viewing the rather tangled and disordered condition of her hair, and the uncertain relation sustained thereto by her front "puffs," that her toilet had not been performed with that closeness to detail and that resultant feeling of self-satisfaction which comes over a woman when she enlists in the process the aid of a mirror and the other appurtenances to the morning's make-up. She sat on the rude bed with which her cell was furnished forth, and her three companions were close beside her. The reporter inserted as much of his person through the bars as was consistent with his comfort, and tried to talk with her.

"How did you rest last night?" he asked.

"Oh, not very good," was the reply.

"And how do you feel this morning?"

"Well, pretty tired."

"She hasn't eaten anything yet, and she won't eat," put in one of the three companions.

"You are not so excited as you were last night, I judge?" observed the reporter.

"No," was the answer delivered, with a dull stare at her dress.

"Mr. Weber is still living."

"Is he?" she replied, with an evident increase of interest.

"Yes, but the chances are against him."

No reply, but another long stare.

"Do you still regret what occurred yesterday?"

There was no reply to this, either, for the moment. Thinking she might not have heard it distinctly, the reporter repeated the question.

"My lawyer was here this morning," she said, after a long pause, "and told me I mustn't talk."

"You mean Mr. Shaffner."

"Yes."

"Well, leaving the regrets, do you recollect saying to Mr. Weber in Juessen's office just before you shot him that you didn't intend to harm him; that you had had plenty of chances to do so if you had wanted to; and that you had no intention to injure him?"

"I don't remember," she broke in, "anything about it. I only know I went up there from the Bryan Block, and was all excited by what Juessen had said when my testimony was taken, and I don't know what happened. I can't remember at all."

"Do you recollect going to the *Times* Building Wednesday, and hunting for Juessen's office?"

"I don't remember if it was Wednesday."

"Well, any day?"

"Yes, one day this week. Maybe it was Tuesday."

"And when you came down in the elevator, did you tell the boy you'd be around there Thursday, and there would be trouble?"

"No; that's a lie—one of Juessen's lies, I guess."

"Did you tell that to anybody else, if not to the elevator boy?"

"No, to nobody. I didn't know till Thursday afternoon that Weber's testimony was to be taken in his office, so how could I have said before that that I would be there. It's all a lie. I tell you that Weber and Juessen—they are bad men. Juessen is about as bad as Weber. Don't you think so?"

The reporter declined to express any opinion on that subject, and, after several vain attempts to elicit any further information from the expert in target-practice, left her to her comforters and came away.

IN COURT.

In the course of time it became known that she would be called up before Justice Foote at 2 o'clock. An officer had been sent up to Mr. Weber's house during the morning, and returned with the following certificate:

CHICAGO, Ill., May 2, 1879.—I hereby certify that T. B. Weber, residing at 274 North LaSalle street, Chicago, is suffering from a gunshot wound of the abdomen, which will undoubtedly cause his death. T. W. MILLER, M. D.

There was, of course, only one thing to do, and that was to arraign the assassin and continue the case until the result of her attempt on Mr. Weber's life should be made known. This intention was communicated to her, but she received it without any evidence of concern. The three comforters, woman-like, officiously set about to rig her up for her appearance up-stairs.

She was brought up from her cell shortly after 2 o'clock, dressed, as on the afternoon of the shooting, in dull, dead black, black crape bonnet, and long, flowing veil to match. A couple of officers attended her, and the three ministering spirits followed. She took a chair just beside the door entering the prisoners' room, and her keepers sat down on the bench at her left, her three friends occupying a bench still farther removed. The news of Mr. Weber's death came over the wires a little after 2, but, as nobody was anxious to witness a fainting scene, it was mercifully withheld from her. The Court was late in showing up and organizing, and the monotony of the interim was varied only by the entrance of a drunken and depraved specimen of femininity, followed shortly afterwards by the grand entree of one of the sons of Adam in a state of confirmed swagger and glorious and rollicking uncertainty. As each in turn rolled past the assassin in black, the latter involuntarily shrunk away from contact with depravity in its more condensed and decided form, while she hugged the garments of her superior virtue closer around her.

It was 3 o'clock when the Court appeared on deck, followed a moment afterwards by Station-Keeper Sanders, from Chicago avenue, and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Vogel. The former stepped up to the prisoner and shook hands with her, while his sister-in-law, with true feminine demonstrativeness, printed a kiss on her cheeks. One of the officers sternly reprobated any farther advances, and the visitors were content to withdraw to the bench on which the three aforesaid comforters maintained themselves.

The proceedings were as brief as they were formal. The Clerk simply called Ada Robert, and one of the officers led her up in front of the throne. She was no paler, no weaker, and apparently no more concerned than ever.

Prosecuting-Attorney Linscott stated in his sepulchral way that the People in this case would ask for a continuance without bail until Tuesday, the 6th inst.

The Court ordered the continuance until that date at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. By that time the inquest will have been held, the verdict rendered, and the assassin, of course, held to the Criminal Court, when the proceedings in the Police Court will be dismissed.

OVER THE RIVER.

Mrs. Robert was led down-stairs, while the papers were being made out for her transfer to jail. Once down-stairs, the kind-hearted Sanders told her, as gently as possible, that Mr. Weber had breathed his last. His caution and his delicacy proved unnecessary. The woman in black simply shrugged her shoulders, as much as to say, "Well, I expected it," and began to peel an orange,—one of a lot which Mrs. Vogel had brought her. Her appetite seemed to have been whetted by her fast, and she ate the fruit with apparent relish, not stopping with one orange, either, but making an inroad on the bag. By-and-by the officer came down and directed her to get ready to go over the river. There was a doing-up of parcels, a last look around the cell to see that nothing was forgotten, and the little procession, formed of the assassin, the officer, Sanders, and Mrs. Vogel, started up-stairs. A brief delay in the office was taken advantage of by the attendant reporter, who stepped up to the future inhabitant of the jail, and, for the purpose of drawing her out, if possible, asked casually if she had heard the news of Mr. Weber's death, knowing all the time that she had.

"He killed me, too," was her significant response. Having said this, her lips closed as tight as an oyster.

The procession jailwards was then resumed, the two ladies and the Chicago Avenue Station-Keeper walking on ahead, and the officer bringing up the rear. The appearances of the party was so entirely natural—so free from anything to indicate restraint, or the fact that one of the number was a murderess—that it attracted no attention from the passing crowd, and the journey to the jail was performed quietly, leisurely, and without an incident of any sort.

Mrs. Robert reached the County Jail about half-past 3, and was put into the women's department,—not assigned to a cell, but allowed to roam around the corridor. She had with her the photograph of her dead son in a frame, and this she hung up at the head of the cot which had been made up for her to sleep on. She was not feeling very well last night, complaining of pains in the back of her head, and fearing that he would have another spell of sickness. She talked rationally enough, but now and then would not answer a question. A reporter had a long talk with her, using an interpreter, but what she said was the same as her testimony printed in yesterday's TRIBUNE, with one exception, and this was that, in Burlington, before her husband knew anything, Weber proposed that she desert him (he would leave his wife), and that they go East and live together. She declined to do so.

WEBER AND THE GERMAN NATIONAL.

During the day a reporter for this paper ran across a gentleman who enjoyed Mr. Weber's confidence in no small degree, particularly in his business matters, and, more latterly, in regard to the examination of the German National's books.

"There is one thing," said this gentleman, "about which some misunderstanding has arisen in the public mind. The idea has gone abroad, in some way or other, that Mr. Weber went into this examination purely of his own notion and on his own account,—an idea which is thoroughly erroneous."

The reporter intimated to the gentleman that a correct statement of the facts would be in order, and the gentleman proceeded to say:

"The facts are simply these: Henry Greenebaum, in his confident way, had always told the stockholders of the German National that there would be sufficient money to pay the depositors and still leave them—the stockholders—a surplus. In this, as in some other things, he was in error, to put it mildly. Some time ago the stockholders received a notice from Mr. Knox, Comptroller of the Currency, that they would have to pay 20 per cent on their stock liability in addition to the stock they had already paid up. Naturally, the stockholders got together and talked the matter over, and finally Conrad Seipp, Peter Schuttler, F. Madlener, Louis Suess, F. & E. Jaeger, and George W. Weber & Co. came to the conclusion that they would send Mr. Weber to Washington to see the Comptroller, explain the situation to him, state what they already feared,—that all had not been right in the management of the bank,—and ask for an order to make a thorough examination of the books. Before this, perhaps I should say, in letters to Mr. Weber, even while he was in Europe, Greenebaum had represented that everything was all right,—had, in fact, deceived him as to the real condition of the bank. When he returned, after the smash-up, Greenebaum tried to gloss it over, told him everything was all right, and that he (Weber) could be Receiver if he wanted the position. Mr. Weber said, 'I only want to see the books, and if the thing is clear, all right; if it isn't, I shall go to the bottom. I want to see justice done. I want to know who took that money.' Well, as I said, he went to Washington at the solicitation of, and in behalf of, the stockholders. He saw Mr. Knox, told him what he knew and what he suspected, and asked for an order to examine the books. Mr. Knox hesitated about doing anything, because—I might as well state it—there were political influences brought to bear to prevent anything of this sort. There was a good deal of plain, square talk between the two, but it was not until Mr. Weber had gotten a strong letter to Mr. Knox from Gov. Claflin, member of Congress,—an old friend of his,—urging the justice of Mr. Weber's request, that he got the Comptroller's consent to make a thorough examination of the books. It was at first Mr. Weber's intention to get Charlie Feldkamp to assist him, but Feldkamp was in poor health and he secured the services of another gentleman. Mr. Weber went on and made his examination. Whether you may call it a presentiment or not, he has said to me that he knew there was some trouble brewing; that if he went on and made a report, showing how the money of the bank was invested and used, something would happen to him. The thought seemed to be on his mind. What it was that he feared he did not and could not say; but there was a general, undefined notion in his mind that something would follow the making of such a report.

"You don't mean to say," queried the reporter, "that the assassination had anything to do with it—that it was a consequence?"

"I don't say that *now*," was the reply, with a peculiar emphasis on the last word, "but you wait."

This was a hint, and a rather dark one, but all efforts to get at a solution of the enigma were unavailing.

"What do you know about a warning which Mr. Weber is said to have received Thursday?" queried the reporter, trying a new tack, and well aware that the gentleman being interviewed was in a position to answer the inquiry if any one was.

"I understand that a woman went to George Weber's store Thursday and told George that Theodore should not go to Juessen's office; that Mrs. Robert would shoot him if he did. George told his brother about it and advised him not to go, but Theodore said, 'Why, I have had nothing to do with that woman: I am innocent of everything. She is nothing but a blackmailer.' And in the end he went, in spite of the warning."

HENRY GREENEBAUM.

"Do you know whether he made any statements to George after being shot?"

"I have it on the best of authority that he told George Weber, while waiting for death, 'George, the murderer is Greenebaum. Avenge me.'"

"What?" cried the reporter in undisguised astonishment.

The gentleman repeated his declaration, and topped it off with the significant addendum, "And we don't intend to let this thing rest here either."

It may be set down as certain that the souls of Mr. Weber's friends are stirred to the depths. The fact that Henry Greenebaum should call upon two newspaper men Thursday afternoon about 2 o'clock, tell them that something sensational was coming up, and advise them to go to Room 39 Bryan Block, doesn't set well, to use a mild expression, with any of Mr. Weber's friends, and there are prophesies that before this case passes into history some things will be made known which will not redound to the credit of the alleged "Napoleon of Finance." No one, so far as heard from, pretends to accuse *him* of instigating this woman to violence; but his alleged acquaintance with every step in the progress of her and Mr. Weber's affairs,—an acquaintance which must have been derived from some one on her side of the case; if not from the woman herself, then in all probability from Shaffner, who is said to be a relative of Herman Shaffner, once an officer in the German National,—together with the fact that he took pains to spread the information, or such part at least as would presumably injure Mr. Weber's standing, shows, to their minds, that Henry was taking a very peculiar interest in the turn of events. Not to put too fine a point on it, the German population is not a little stirred up on this subject, and not a few incline to the theory that the Robert-Weber troubles were kindly fostered with the intent of making them serve as a sort of boil or counter-irritant on the public mind to the Greenebaum-Weber unpleasantness. Whatever the facts may be, one thing may be set down as certain: that some considerable bad blood has been stirred up, and that the ensanguined pool is not quiet yet.

It is intimated that at the inquest this morning an effort will be made to involve Mr. Greenebaum in the affair as a sort of a passive accomplice,—as a man who had a very clear idea of what was going to happen, although he did not egg on Mrs. Robert. If any such attempt is made, which yesterday appeared not unlikely, it will be due more to the strong feeling entertained by the dead man's relatives and friends than to the actual testimony in the case. Mrs. Robert herself has stated repeatedly and positively that she had nothing to do with Mr. Greenebaum, and he himself has also made the same declaration, and he must also be credited with the possession of a certain amount of common-sense. That the relations of the two parties, Mr. Weber and Mr. Greenebaum, were unfriendly everybody knows and that Mr. Greenebaum, still smarting from the publication of Mr. Weber's recent report to the Comptroller of the Currency regarding the German National Bank, would give circulation to anything in the story which would hit at Mr. Weber is undoubtedly true. No one, however, who is disinterested has any idea that he went any further than this.

MRS. HARRIS.

Upon a slip of paper found upon Mrs. Robert when examined soon after the shooting was written: "In Union Cemetery, New York, there is a small gravestone bearing this inscription: 'Theodore B. Weber, born Oct. 26, 1863, died June 25, 1864.'" Mrs. Robert explained the paper by saying that the child there buried was the child of Paulina Heidel, now Mrs. Harris, living at No. 214 West Lake street, by Mr. Weber. In another letter found upon her person, which was an open letter from Mrs. Robert to deceased, was the sentence: "Paulina Heidel, whom you destroyed in New York, making her believe you were an unmarried man." In reply to these writings THE TRIBUNE has received the following letter:

CHICAGO, May 2.—I read in the Chicago papers of to-day that the Mrs. Robert who shot Mr. Weber made the statement that "In the Union Cemetery, New York, there is a gravestone marked Theodore Weber, born 26th October, 1863, died June 25, 1864, and that the mother of this child was Pauline Heidle, now Mrs. Harris, of No. 214 West Lake street."

I am the Mrs. Pauline Heidle mentioned, and if Mrs. Robert wants to insinuate that Mr. Theodore B. Weber was the father of the child whose name appears on the gravestone, I have to say only, that this is a falsehood and a lie. My first husband's name was Weber, and he was a remote relation of Mr. Theodore B. Weber, and he named my child after him. That is all there is of this matter, and all other statements are lies. PAULINE HARRIS.

A reporter called last night at No. 214 West Lake street and inquired of Mrs. Harris whether she had anything further to say regarding the insinuations thrown out about her by Mrs. Robert, and whether she knew aught of the murderess. Mrs. Harris was found in not a peaceable state of mind. The cause of her mental tempestuousness was soon learned. It appeared in her conversation. An overzealous and reckless reporter of one of the very sensational twilight sheets had called in the afternoon and, finding her away from home, had taken the liberty of inquiring of her children as to their parentage,—had they a father, and, if so, who was he, and, chiefest of all, where was he? The same officious and news-hungry individual, unsatisfied with the replies made by the doubtless terrified little ones, had made a grand tour of the neighborhood and prosecuted diligent inquiry of the neighbors as to Mrs. Harris' occupation, character, and family relations. While this inquiry and impromptu investigation revealed nothing derogatory to the woman's name and repute, it served to incite the righteous indignation of the dame to an extent that alarmed THE TRIBUNE man when he called last night. A woman does not get out of bed and dress herself hastily and presentably unless she has some object for so doing. Therefore, when Mrs. Harris made known that she had risen from her couch of repose to admit him, and when she started upon her verbal tirade against the audacious newsmonger who had called during the afternoon, the aforesaid TRIBUNE man, bearing these things in mind, began to calculate the distance to the sidewalk and the velocity of falling bodies. Mrs. Harris lives up-stairs over a store. A few soft words of explanation served to pacify the to-be-interviewed, and then she said that she had nothing to add to the letter which she had written, and that she knew nothing whatever about Mrs. Robert. The statements made as to her criminal relation with the deceased T. B. Weber were all false. She had once been married to a Mr. Weber, cousin to Mrs. Robert's victim, and her child that died was his child. It was named Theodore B. Weber, after deceased. That was all there was to the story. She could not see why "that bad woman" sought to drag her into disrepute and cast a suspicion about her. Such writings as Mrs. Robert had been found to be the possessor of were "just what she imagines, to make people believe that I am as bad as she is," said Mrs. Harris. "It will make trouble with the neighbors, and I will have trouble with my husband about it," she added.

A few questions put by the now self-composed reporter brought out the statement that Mrs. Robert had, about six weeks ago, called upon Mrs. Harris and told her a tale of shame and sorrow. "Her eyes blazed like a maniac," said Mrs. Harris, "and she said that if Theodore did not give her what she wanted she would kill him, and Col. Juessen too." Mrs. Harris indulged in a great deal of unnecessary verbiage about the circumstances of the case, and remarked that she thought that Mrs. Robert had for a long time been feigning symptoms of mental disorder to the end that she might be safe from terrestrial punishment for her crime upon a plea of insanity. She thought that the jumping from the second story window of a house on LaSalle street; the long night-walks in midwinter in a dress that afforded about as much protection as would a necklace and a pair of spurs; the strange scenes enacted about the grave of the dead boy, etc., etc., were all feints assumed by the woman for her ultimate protection. Mrs. Harris was puzzled to know how Mrs. Robert had found her out. "Why, she came here and told me the name of my father and all about myself. How do you suppose she found that out?" The reporter gave it up. "And how do you suppose she learned that Mr. Weber had gone from Wiesbaden to Vienna when he was in Europe?" The reporter again announced his natural inaptitude for the rapid and correct solution of conundrums. Mrs. Harris spoke with the greatest freedom about Mr. George Weber as "George," and of the deceased as "Theodore," and notwithstanding her previously-given statement that she knew nothing about Mrs. Robert, it was evident from her conversation that she had a deep-seated hatred for the woman in jail, and regarded her as a bad woman, who thought everybody like herself in looseness of principle and laxity of morals. She thought that Mrs. Robert was more to blame for her own condition than was Mr. Weber, and so she once told the woman herself. Mrs. Robert had once told her that she loved Mr. Weber, but she had imparted to her no confidences as to her manner of living. And further than that Mrs. Harris knew nothing, except that Mrs. Robert had on several occasions gone to Mrs. Weber, the wife of the deceased, and made threats, combined with supplications for money and support.

THREATS.

Yesterday afternoon, while the temperance missionary of THE TRIBUNE was wandering around in search of material for the daily temperance sermon, he spied a couple of the brethren going into Schwengel's beer mill on Washington street, near Dearborn. He followed, and saw them safely dispose of three or four schooners. Just then a man with an afternoon paper entered, and to him the proprietor propounded the conundrum, "What's the news?"

"Weber's dead."

"Too bad, too bad," muttered Mr. Schwengel, and then he continued: "I have known that Mrs. Robert for a long time; she used to board where I did on Erie street; she acted quite crazy."

"How so?"

"She was always talking about her boy who was drowned, and Weber and Juessen."

"What did she say about the boy?"

"She said he was made away with at the instigation of Weber,—he put up money to have it done. She used to get up nights, and, clad only in her night-dress, walk out to Graceland and cry and moan over the little boy's grave. At the boarding-house it created a good deal of talk, and we always thought she was crazy."

"How did she speak of Weber and Juessen?"

"She said they had injured her, and she would get even sometime or another. Several times I heard her say that she would shoot both gentlemen. She was particularly hostile to Juessen, and blamed him for much of her trouble."

"Did she have vengeful feelings towards any one else?"

"I once heard her say that if she could find the two boys who were instrumental in causing the death of her child she would throw vitriol in their faces."

A customer (wiping the foam from his mustache)—"She is evidently crazy, and ought to be locked up for good."

Mr. Schwengel—"Yes; she always acted to me like a crazy woman, and, if I were to be called upon as a witness, that is all I could say about her."

The brethren indulged in another beer, the missionary sampled some seltzer-water, and the conversation terminated.

THAT DETECTIVE.

A TRIBUNE reporter found Mr. Warner, Superintendent of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, at his desk yesterday. The object of his visit was to discover the whereabouts of Detective Cleary, who was detailed to watch Mrs. Robert. Whether he was in or out was the first question.

"He is not here," said Mr. Warner.

"Will he be in to-day?"

"No, sir."

"Is he in town?"

"He has left to avoid the bother of interviewing, and also to prevent the possibility of his identity becoming known."

"Why?"

"Because the moment his name is known I will have to drop him. He would be of no more use to me. He is a valuable man, and we don't want to lose him. It is merely from the fact that our detectives are unknown in the city that we have the advantage over those in the employ of the city."

"And you distinguish your men by——"

"Numbers. The one in the Robert case is known as 1,001."

"Well, what has 1,001 to say upon the assassination?" the reporter added.

"I compared his statement with that of Col. Juessen, published in THE TRIBUNE this morning, and it agrees substantially."

"What was the detective's duty on Thursday?"

"To watch Mrs. Robert and see that she committed no mischief. The officer suggested early in the day that she should be searched; but his suggestion was not entertained. She pulled out her handkerchief twice so as to ward off suspicion, and wiped her face. She made a similar movement the third time, and then the shot was fired. The pistol must have been cocked before it was brought from the pocket, because the click of a trigger was not heard. When the pistol was discharged the detective grabbed her, and he says she was the strongest woman he ever handled."

"What does he think of the emotional insanity scheme?"

"No. 1,001 believes it was a case of pure premeditation, and I think it has grown out of the Stevens and other cases we have had. Get Trude and Storrs and certain of our Judges to try her and I bet she is acquitted."

CENTRAL PARK.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

CHICAGO, May 2.—There is something wrong in the management of Central Park. Within the past ten months this park has changed from one of the handsomest in or about Chicago to a very commonplace affair. Messrs. S. H. McCrea and S. N. Wilcox, of the West Chicago Board, have recently been appointed the Committee on Central Park, and it is hoped that the many visitors to this park will soon witness a change for the better in its appearance.

TWELFTH WARD.

Miss Julia Smith's "Courtin'."

The "courtin'" of Miss Julia Smith, of Glastonbury, began in a literary correspondence. "Last summer," said the venerable bridegroom at the wedding reception, "when I read that her sister had departed, I wanted to express my sympathy in some way, but knew not how to do it exactly, but finally sent her a volume of my poems, having written on the margin, 'With deep sympathies of the author.' Thereupon she sent me a pamphlet, entitled 'Abby Smith and Her Cows.' On the cover of that pamphlet I saw an advertisement saying that Miss Julia Smith, unaided, had translated the entire Bible, and that it was for sale at Hartford. I immediately sent for it, and found that it was unlike the usual version, or King James' Bible, as it is called. I then began reviewing the Bible, and the first thing that I noticed was the tenses—how different they were from those in the common version. I then wrote to the translator, and she replied. Then I wrote again and got another reply; and finally I wrote to her that such a large book as the Bible could not be gone over by correspondence, and said I would like to visit her. She then cordially and frankly invited me to come. I came, and we chatted together. I think on the first visit we chatted three hours at one sitting. I did not expect to call again. And, at last, when I got ready with satchel in my hand to walk down to take the stage, I found a carriage at the door. I asked her who was to drive? She said, 'I must, as you would not know where to go.' From that time I found her acquaintance so pleasant that I asked leave to call again. She thought it not advisable to marry at all; that she had better wend her way through the remainder of her life alone. But at last I convinced her that I was a man of honor, and somewhat of a scholar, and not a tramp; and so she finally said: 'Upon the whole, if we can live happier together, I don't know why we should not. The house is large enough for both of us.' And so she put the case into my hands, and, by the help of Dr. Scudder, she is my wife." An enormous cake was presented to the married pair by divers friends, who ornamented it with this genial inscription:

"*Good wishes and joy to the new married pair, Miss Julia the brave and A. Parker, Esq.*"

Traveling with a Madman.

London Times.

A correspondent describes a scene he witnessed on Friday morning last in one of the carriages of the mail train from Calais to Paris: "At Calais, a madman, accompanied by an attendant, was thrust into a compartment of which I was, unfortunately, an occupant. He behaved somewhat boisterously before reaching Boulogne, but it was only after leaving that place that he proved to be a maniac, as he suddenly seized the gentleman sitting next to him by the throat, and kicked violently at the face of the man opposite. The attendant was too scared to exert any influence, and it was only after a severe struggle that our combined efforts overpowered the maniac,—a heavily-built, powerful man,—but not until he had greatly disfigured two of the passengers. He was ultimately taken out at Abbeville, but we had to guard him for more than half an hour, having securely fastened him with cords and bag-straps. I wish to bring to notice the fact that the cord, which one fondly imagines will bring instantaneous aid in case of danger, was used in vain, and one of the passengers had finally to grope his way to the guard's van for assistance. Had we not been fortunate enough to have at least one powerful passenger, I am convinced the maniac would have strangled the first object of attack before assistance could have arrived."

PARIS.

The Death of a Veteran Journalist—M. de Villemessant.

The Story of the "Figaro"—A Great Press-Triumph Obtained by Doubtful Means.

The Resurrection of a Famous Conspirator—Blanqui, the Socialist—Forty Years of Prison.

Lecocq's New Operetta—Emile Zola on Contemporary Poets—The Spring Fashions.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

PARIS, April 14.—The Paris *Figaro*, which professes (with what amount of reason I will not stay to inquire) to be well informed above all other journals, was on Saturday involuntarily guilty of misinforming those of its many readers who, chancing to glance at the legend on the outer page therein, learnt that M. H. de Villemessant was still one of its managing editors. On Saturday morning, while the printers in the Rue Drouot were setting up the type, M. de Villemessant was paying his last natural debt—to the Being that created him—at Monte Carlo, on the sunny coast of the Mediterranean. He died quietly, and, they say, cheerfully, surrounded by his family, and consoled, as the *Figaro* tells us with much gravity, by the edifying discourse of the priests.

Everybody who has ever had to do with journalism and journalists will feel a passing interest in the fate of this unscrupulous, but generous and clever man. He has, in one way and another, been

A PROMINENT FIGURE

in the Paris world—a world embracing many doubtful celebrities—for at least forty years; and though that would perhaps be the most fitting way, it is impossible to dismiss the subject of his death in one of those "faits-divers"—Anglice, paragraphs—he himself invented.

M. de Villemessont, as he styled himself,—for I believe that was not his real name,—began life at 28 as the editor of a magasin de modes called the *Sylphide*, which he managed to make a considerable success. Before long, however, he threw dressmaking over, and founded the paper with which his name and his fame—such as they are—are inseparably connected. The *Figaro* at the outset was a very humble print indeed,—four small pages, appearing once a week. In those days it was thought wonderful to see a thousand copies of the paper. After going through various transformations, being published semi-weekly and oftener, under the name of the *Figaro* and the *Evenement*, in 1865 it took the form and title which it still possesses, and became

THE DAILY FIGARO.

M. de Villemessant from the first had the keenness of judgment, the liberality, the assurance, the adroitness, and the inventive spirit which make the successful journalist. He was singularly happy in the choice of his staff. All the leading contributors to the new venture were for many years taken from the cleverest and most brilliant writers of the time. Henri Rochefort, Jouvin, Albert Wolff, to mention three only, are still living; the list of the remainder would include nearly half the litterateurs who shone in the corrupt Imperial society during the decade which preceded Sedan. The *Figaro* made its mark (for good or evil) at once. It was started on entirely new principles, and with entirely new aims. The chief principle was, that it should carefully avoid having any. The chief and almost only aim, at the beginning, was to amuse. At the time, Paris asked for nothing better than not to be bored. The *Constitutionne'*, the *Debats*, and other graybeards of the press bored it, despite the immense edifice of tion they afforded; so the *Figaro* succeeded, and soon attained

AN IMMENSE CIRCULATION.

Its programme has been slightly modified of late years, and now goes in for instructing as well as amusing; and, in a sense, succeeds again, for I know few things more amusing than its attempts at instruction. However, we never took the last move of M. de Villemessant au serieux. The late editor of the *Figaro* may be said to be the father of light French journalism. The fait-divers, the chronique, the causerie dramatique et musicale in its modern form as distinguished from that affected by the weekly feuilletons of the *Debats*, *Temps*, and other serious but old-fashioned publications, were his inventions. To skim the surface of politics, to give the latest gossip from the theatres, or the newest bit of scandal from the clubs,—these were the great achievements of his witty, frivolous, and unscrupulous fellow-workers. Seeing the triumph of the *Figaro*, a host of other papers attempted to imitate it,—most failed: but four remain, and at this moment do pretty well: the *Evenement*, the Paris *Journal*, the *Voltaire*, and the *Gaulois*. they all differ from their model, however, in this: They all profess to have a political faith. The first is Republican, the second Orleanist, the third Radical, and the last Bonapartist.

IT WOULD BE INVIDIOUS

to inquire closely into the means employed by M. de Villemessant in building up the colossal fortune of the *Figaro*, and incidentally, of course, of himself. Certainly he did not always hesitate to extort money from timid people by threats of publishing family or political scandals; and as certainly he cared little for the truth of a story, provided it made a good paragraph. But much may be pardoned by his contemporaries to the man who catered so well for their—alas—depraved and sensational taste. Much, too, may be found to admire in the journalists who, by sheer hard work and talent, turned the insignificant *Figaro* into a wealthy, influential, and widely-read newspaper, boasting a daily circulation of over 70,000, and claiming to be read by upwards of a million people, in every French-speaking corner of the earth. It should also, in simple justice, be acknowledged that, when M. de Villemessant saw a way of doing a charitable action,—I mean, of course, charitable in the purely pecuniary sense of the word,—he willingly did it. The columns of his paper were always open to the appeals of deserving institutions and distressed individuals; and, if his friends' testimony may be believed, the good he did in private went far to atone for the evil he did in public.

After all, though, gloss over his faults and vices as we will, he will be remembered best as a

LUCKY AND CLEVER CHARLATAN.

He spent his last day on earth in the company of Lachaud, the great barrister, and M. Rodays, his manager, who does the law-news for the *Figaro*. To cheer him, both endeavored to persuade him that he was not so bad as he thought; but he jokingly silenced them by saying that "Lachaud only wanted to win a case, and Rodays to report it,"—so they need not spare their breath. To the priest who came to confess him and to administer the extreme unction, he remarked, "I am still a villager, you see. I have always loved the priests. You can do as you like with me." These two speeches are eminently characteristic of M. de Villemessant, who was lately a not uncelebrated journalist, and whose body was yesterday morning borne to the little church at Monaco, accompanied by a simple escort of white-robed children, singing hymns and carrying wreaths of flowers in their innocent hands wherewith to honor him. Better and nobler men might envy him his burial.

Well—he is dead, and yet, as he would regretfully exclaim could he see what is going on in our world at this moment, the *Figaro* still exists, and no change is perceptible in the aspect of the great city. The Easter-Monday races came off in the Bois this afternoon, as usual; and though, perhaps, the attendance on the pretty Longchamps course was less brilliant and numerous than usual. I am afraid the heavy clouds had more to do with it than anything else. I noticed a large number of

ENGLISH HOLIDAY-VISITORS

in the crowd. But, indeed, I had remarked the Anglo-Saxon invasion several times already within the last day or two,—not, I confess, with unmixed feelings of satisfaction. On Saturday, for instance, on turning into my favorite afternoon cafe,—the Cafe de la Paris (for the evenings I prefer the Voltaire),—I found my usual seat in the comfortable corner next the Grand Hotel entrance (profane it not, reader, if haply thou comest to Lutetia!) occupied by an obnoxious person in a gray tweed suit. He was very fat, very stupid, and very ugly; and he was snoring heartily. A cigar projected from his mouth; a glass of brandy-and-water stood upon the table before him. He snored on for about two hours, after which he woke, pulled himself together, and went off to see what a woman of his party described to him in English as the "False Good Men,"—otherwise Theodore Barriere's charming "Faux Bonshommes," now being played at the Vaudeville.

To-morrow Emile Zola is to commence a series of articles in the *Voltaire* devoted to the denunciation and annihilation of the contemporary French poets. His criticisms on contemporary novelists have made such a stir that the fact is worth mentioning. The author of "L'Assommoir" is happier in his slashing attacks on the novelists, by-the-by, than in his dramatic criticism, which is often perfectly inane. He drivels when he ventures to discuss music.

TWO INTERESTING ATTEMPTS

at improving the tone of Anglo-American journalism in Paris are being made just now. A capital weekly paper, called the *Parisian*—founded on the lines of the *American Register*, but vastly superior in every way to that publication—appeared a fortnight ago. Next week we are to have the first number of a new weekly called the *Boulevard*. It is to appeal to the wealthier and higher classes chiefly, and will be not unlike Edmund Yates' *World* and similar journals, in some respects,—though, as I see George Augustus Sala, Grenville Murray, etc., etc., are to contribute, it will probably be lighter and more literary in style.

The latest at the Palais Royal is a farce entitled "Bas de Laine," from the pens of MM. Busnach (dramatist of "l'Assommoir") and Duru. This reminds me that "L'Assommoir" is being played to-day for the 100th time. To celebrate the occasion, M. Chabrillat gives a free performance at the Ambigu,—rather a costly freak of liberality, for, when the Ambigu is full, he nets about 6,000fr.

BLANQUI.

PARIS, April 16.—A strange piece of news came to Paris the other day. Blanqui—a man unknown to the rising generation—had been put up as a candidate for a vacant seat in the Chamber of Deputies, and the populace of Bordeaux had given him 3,000 votes. The Republican who stood in the Government interest had 4,000; the other candidates a great many less. By the Electoral law of France a new ballot was necessary. Blanqui was not elected yet,—he had not even secured the highest number of suffrages,—and yet those 3,000 votes recorded in his favor startled our worthy rulers and our worthy bourgeois like a moral thunder-clap.

Why all this ado about nothing? you may ask. Who is Blanqui? What is Blanqui? Is he at all? Or have the Bordelais unearthed a skeleton candidate, which they have set up as a scarecrow to terrify the timorous shopkeepers of the "Capital of Civilization" with? Natural questions all of them; for, as I said just now, Blanqui is unknown to this generation.

If my readers were old enough and curious enough about foreign affairs at the time to watch the fantastic course of the events which preceded the bloody outbreak of the Communists, they may remember seeing a passing mention in the papers of a futile rehearsal of the coming tragedy, attempted by three men, on the 31st of October, 1870. One of the three was Blanqui. The others were Flourens and Milliere. This triumvirate played the Marats for an instant; but their triumph was dearly bought. Blanqui was arrested, thrown into prison, and there was an end of him for a season, as there had been on four previous occasions. But the Bordeaux election proves we had not done with him by any means. In 1872 they dragged him out of prison, before the court-martial sitting at Versailles. Accused of conspiracy, he was found guilty, and sent off to prison again. He was then 67 years of age. He is now 73,—a white-haired, infirm, stooping old man.

In his way, Blanqui is one of the

MOST EXTRAORDINARY FIGURES

of the Nineteenth Century. His life has been a long conspiracy; but his conspiracies have all failed, and he has paid the penalty of each failure by long years of confinement. The oddest point in him is, that he has plotted against all the French Governments of his time indifferently. Under Charles X., he was implicated in the affair of 1827. In 1839, he plotted against the Republic. Later, he made war on the Empire. Finally, there came the affair of 1870, since which he has had no chance of giving effect to the rebellious designs of his brain. The Republicans dread him; the Monarchists hate him; every quiet citizen loathes him; but with the mob his name is a power. Witness the curious demonstration of the Bordelais. Blanqui is the incarnation of Impenitent Revolution. He has the mania of destruction, and, if he could, would overthrow all existing religions and societies. What he would set up in their place, no one knows,—perhaps not even himself; but of this we may be tolerably sure; his work would no sooner be accomplished than he would be found busily plotting to undo it. Some people are afflicted with the belief that they must be wrong if anyone agrees with them. It is pretty generally agreed that Blanqui is

A LITTLE MAD.

Who but a madman would pass his life in organizing hopeless conspiracies against Society, when, by swimming quickly with the stream, he might avoid perpetual imprisonment, and perhaps rise to political and literary honor? Nobody, however, can reasonably deny that he is an honest enthusiast. Forty years of imprisonment are registered to prove it. When he was undergoing trial for the 31st of October revolt, the Judges asked him the usual question: "Where do you live?" "In prison," replied Blanqui, not without a touch of pride. He has been condemned to death, too; but Fate has spared him hitherto.

He has been accused of cowardice and reason by many. Barbes, of 1839 and 1848 revolutionary fame, taxed him with betraying a plot, in which he was implicated, to the authorities, and, on the strength of Barbes' denunciation, the world at large has added a feeling of contempt to its hatred of the fierce and obstinate old Socialist. I, for my part, find it hard to believe the accusation. He is an irrational, savage, mistaken lunatic, very likely; but how can he be a coward and a traitor, having risked his life and liberty so often and so recklessly?

Since 1872 he had been

UTTERLY FORGOTTEN.

Most of us had a vague idea that he was dead; and the few who remembered that Blanqui was languishing in a provincial prison did not think it prudent to remind other people of the fact. Suddenly Bordeaux takes it into its head to pity the septuagenarian offender. An election comes. Some one, on the eve of the voting day, pronounces his name, Blanqui! And a wave of sympathy rises in a moment. Three thousand voices protest against his cruel punishment. The rulers of the nation get alarmed. Barodet's election at Lyons in 1873 led to the downfall of M. Thiers. Blanqui's return at Bordeaux might, as some absurdly fancy, be followed by the downfall of the Moderate Republic. Whether the popular wave will carry him to the head of the polls remains to be seen. [On the 20th of April—as has been announced by telegraph—Blanqui was elected to the Chamber of Deputies by a vote of 6,801, against 5,330 for a Moderate Republican.—ED. TRIBUNE.] One thing is certain: Even if Blanqui should be elected, he will have

NO LEGAL RIGHT

to sit at Versailles; for he has forfeited his political rights. O'Donovan Rossa did not destroy the British Monarchy; and I do not understand why Blanqui should—were he younger and a hundred times more influential—do great injury to the French Republic, even though the political rights he has lost were to be generously restored him, and his white head and bowed form were to be seen in the Versailles Chamber beside the Radical figures of Louis Blanc and Madier de Montjau.

If I have lingered long over this curious matter, it is because for a week past Paris has been full of it. With the edifying death of M. de Villemessant and "Ruy Blas" at the Francais, it has been the subject of conversation at innumerable gatherings. But it is time I said something of a few of the thousand trifles which make up the daily life of Paris.

CHARLES LECOCQ'S "PETITE DEMOISELLE"

has just been produced at the Renaissance, and, by all accounts I have had, is not a great success. Nor is this very surprising. Lecocq composes too much and too quickly for his own reputation. His operettas se suivent et se ressemblent, but not a single one has had the success of "La Fille de Madame Angot," by which we first learned to know him. For a year or two after that was produced it was the fashion to talk of the elegance and refinement of his music, which we contrasted in a pitying manner with the vulgar compositions of Jacques Offenbach and Herve. No doubt the authors of "L'Œil Creve" and "La Grande Duchesse" are vulgar too often—far too often; but I cannot see that Lecocq, with all his refinement, has yet given us anything worthy to be compared to the half-forgotten operas of Adolphe Adam and Boieldieu, or even (if "La Fille Angot" is excepted) to that prettiest of musical nothings, "Orphee aux Enfers." There are two or three pages in "Orphee" any musician might be proud of. Think of *Pluto's* air in the first act, and of the Ballet of the Hours.

All is small in Lecocq's operettas, including the titles. "The Little Bride" was followed by "The Little Duke," and now we have "The Little Young Lady,"—a degree of littleness that, I should think, could only be surpassed by a "Little Infant" or a "Little Tom Thumb." Perhaps they are to come yet. Faire grand is the usual device of artists. M. Lecocq prefers to faire petit; and, as the pecuniary gain is in the inverse ratio of the greatness, he does wisely. Only let us hope his admirers will leave off telling all the world that his proper place is at the Opera Comique.

EMILE ZOLA'S

first article on the Contemporary Poets (reprinted from a Russian review) has appeared in the *Voltaire*. It does not convey any very novel or remarkable ideas on the subject to us. Zola informs us that Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and Alfred de Musset are the three great French poets of the century; which we most of us knew already. He laments the want of originality of their successors, and regrets that Lamartine should be so little read nowadays. The only point in the article worth mentioning is that in which he points out the singular fact that Beranger, once the idol of his countrymen, is utterly neglected and forgotten. They are going to erect a monument to him in the Place du Chateau d'Eau soon; but the monument that was built up in the hearts of the French people has crumbled into ruins. Zola probably gives us the right explanation of this when he observes that the popularity of his joyous songs was due chiefly to the close connection they had with the events and sentiments of his own generation. When that passed away, Beranger ceased to be a charm and a social power.

My fair readers will be interested by the information that tight-fitting dresses are

GOING OUT OF FASHION.

We are to have a revival of the old-fashioned paniers this summer, according to the oracles of the Rue de la Paix. At present, however, the weather is too unsettled and the season is too little advanced for ladies to discard their winter-costumes. Will the spring never come? The trees on the boulevards are almost green again, the tourists are once more thronging the cafes and museums, and the open-air concerts are beginning at the Tuileries and the Champs Elysees; but the cold is still bitter, the skies gray, and we cannot—if we would not risk catching a bronchitis—stir abroad without our wraps and mantles.

HARRY MELTZER.

VACCINATION.

A Grand Assault upon the Practice.

Moncure D. Conway's Letter to Cincinnati Commercial.

LONDON, April 17.—There is steadily arising in this country a rebellion against the compulsory Vaccination law, which is not unlikely to seriously involve the general faith in Jenner's discovery. By prosecutions and punishments of some respectable and intelligent families, the authorities have been the means of constituting an Anti-Vaccination Society, with two newspapers (*Inquirer* and *Anti-Vaccinator*), and the country is flooded with facts resting on high authority which cannot fail presently to produce a panic. Peter Taylor, M. P., who was one of the Parliamentary Commission which nine years ago considered the subject and signed the unanimous report in favor of compulsory vaccination, has been convinced that he was in error, and, on a bill just brought in by the Government to extend compulsion to Ireland, made a statement which convinced others of the impolicy of the law,—notably Prof. Fawcett. John Bright has already opposed compulsion, and Gladstone has expressed himself as suspicious of the law. Since Mr. Taylor made his speech on the subject, I have had an opportunity of conversing with him. He informed me that the bill will be strenuously fought on going into Committee, and he was good enough to let me freely examine the facts and evidences on which he means to resist the new law and urge repeal of that existing. It is hardly possible that such facts as the subjoined, selected from a larger mass, can fail to excite alarm:

Dr. W. J. Collins, for twenty years vaccine physician in Edinburg and London, writes: "If I had the desire to describe one-third of the victims ruined by vaccination, the blood would stand still in your viens." Dr. Stowell, with still longer experience, declares vaccination "not only an illusion, but a curse to humanity." Dr. Hitchman, of Liverpool, says: "I have seen hundreds of children killed by vaccination." The physician of the great London Cancer Hospital declares that many of the cases of cancer which have come under treatment in that institution have originated with vaccination. Dr. Ricord, a distinguished French surgeon, says: "At first I repelled the idea that syphilis could be transmitted by vaccination. The appearance of facts appearing more and more confirmative, I accepted the possibility of this mode of transmission,—I ought to say with reserve, even with repugnance. But to-day I hesitate no more to proclaim this reality." Dr. Hutchinson has testified before a Parliamentary Commission that out of thirteen children whom he vaccinated with lymph from a public vaccination institution, eleven exhibited the primary sore of syphilitic contagion two months after. Dr. Brudenell Carter declares that "a large proportion of the cases of apparently inherited syphilis are in reality vaccinal," and that "the syphilis in these cases does not show itself until the age of from 8 to 10 years." Dr. Thomas Wilson, Officer of Health to the Akton Union, writes to the *Lancet* (and it is significant that so conservative an organ should have printed his communication): "It is useless to deny that vaccination by human lymph involves danger of scrofulous, syphilitic, and erysipelatous inoculation." Dr. Edward Ballard, Medical Inspector of the Local Government Board, one of the most important medical offices of the country, wrote a pamphlet of the utmost importance on vaccination. The Government, when appointing him, may not have known of his pamphlet, and since he was made inspector his essay has suddenly disappeared from all book-shops. Diligent search for a copy failed to find one except in the British Museum. Speaking of some case at Acqui, Italy, Dr. Ballard says: "Put the case how we will, we cannot escape the inference that the child of Chiabera had become constitutionally syphilitic at the time when his vaccination was performed. Forty-six other children were vaccinated from him. Of these, thirty-nine became affected with syphilis. Among these thirty-nine was Louisa Manzone; from her seventeen other children were vaccinated, of whom seven became syphilitic. She died; the nurse who suckled her got ulcers in the breast, and from the various other children who were syphilized the disease spread by contagion to eighteen mothers and nurses and to their other children." In October, 1856, M. Marone got some lymph in tubes from Campobasso. A large number were vaccinated, of whom twenty-three, whose parents were known to be healthy, were infected with syphilis. "The nurses," says Dr. Ballard, "were infected in their turn with indurated chancres on the breast. . . . The mothers imparted the disease to the fathers. One of the twenty-three infected served for new vaccination; eleven infants were contaminated, and they infected others. Several of the children died. Eleven nurses infected by the vaccinated children infected in their turn other children which had not been vaccinated. Several of the contaminated women were confined either prematurely or at full term, of children dead or living, but in every case bearing marks of congenital syphilis." Dr. Ballard further says that a latent syphilitic taint may be roused into activity by vaccination. The effort to suppress this pamphlet will be vain. When the bill to extend compulsory vaccination to Ireland is fought, the Government will have to meet these statements, made by one of its own chief medical officers.

One of the most remarkable facts is that, since vaccination was made compulsory, the death-rate by small-pox in London has increased; in 1849, 53, before compulsion, and when only 10 per cent were vaccinated, the death-rate from small-pox was 292; but since compulsion, 1869, 75, the death-rate from this disease was 679. Since the agitation began, the support which it has received from eminent authorities abroad has been remarkable. Dr. Josef Hermann, head physician of the Imperial Hospital, Vienna, writes:

My experience of small-pox during these six years of bedside attendance has given me the right, or rather has imposed on me the duty, of taking part in the bold and spirited onslaught on vaccination, which is now being carried on in Switzerland, Germany, England, and other countries. . . . I am convinced that vaccination is the greatest mistake and delusion in the science of medicine; a fanciful illusion in the mind of the discoverer; a phenomenal apparition, devoid of scientific foundation, and wanting in all the conditions of scientific possibility.

At Leeds a surgeon named Carrie certified that a child had died from vaccination. The Coroner refused to accept the certificate, saying, "Vaccination is not a legal cause of death." He therefore ordered the jury to return a verdict of "Died by the visitation of God." But illegal and improper as it may be for a baby to die of vaccination, the cases are now so numerous that the false returns which have been made so as not to alarm parents are no longer possible. And this especially as it is conceded that vaccination does not entirely protect.

Between 1870 and 1878 the number of small-pox patients in the great hospitals of Liverpool, Glasgow, Hamerton, Dublin, and Metropolitan (London), aggregated 22,465; of these the number that had been vaccinated was 17,056. These figures are startling enough if read beside the life of Jenner. According to the statements of Jenner, and of many medical authorities in his time, persons who had been vaccinated were again and again inoculated with the small-pox and without any effect whatever. These experiments led to the belief that vaccination was a preventive. That has been proved a fiction, and the plea for compulsion now is that the vaccinated suffer more lightly when attacked. But since this medical tenet follows an ancient orthodoxy of inoculation (now penal) and a modern orthodoxy of complete immunity, no new theory has any right to claim infallibility. This latest theory appears also to be mistaken. The London death-rate has increased since compulsion. But, even were it otherwise, the policy of coercion cannot be sustained in the absence of any possible security (the matter being unanalyzable) from the accompanying perils. But it is an interesting question—even a puzzle—how Jenner's reports can be made consistent with contemporary facts.