

English Jottings.

So our French neighbors are emulating the example of perfidious Albion by seizing certain pictures in Paris; but not at the suggestion of Mrs. Grundy or the Vigilance Society. Oh, dear, no! The Vigilance Society, in the matter of morals, is an unknown quantity in the gay capital. The seizure of two pictures was ordered by the Government, because they were of such political significance, tending in the one case to offend the too delicate susceptibilities of the German Government; in the other, those of M. Jules Ferry.

As to the painting which gave, or might have given, umbrage to the Kaiser's people represented William I. of Germany on horseback, carrying off two fair women (Alsace and Lorraine) and trampling France under foot, I fail to see where the danger of diplomatic interference comes in, unless it be through the possibility of the flame of hatred felt by the French being fanned by the exhibition of such war-like paintings. But then, look at the way the Germans treat all things French in their own country. There is nothing sufficiently despicable or contemptible, that they do not show off in their galleries, theatres, circuses, or shop windows clothed in French garb. But then, you see, they are the victors, and poor froggie the vanquished.

Young Grant, now Major Grant, has not only received the Victoria Cross, the highest mark of distinction awarded to British valour, but has made a double leap into a captaincy, with rank of brevet-major. The young fellow certainly deserves all he can get, and will, no doubt, have a command before many years. It is certainly worth quoting here an extract from a letter to his mother, which might be headed, "A Spoilt Breakfast:

They opened a wild fire and bolted as we attacked their left flank, but then we found ourselves in a bit of a hole, for 30 or 40 were in a corner, behind a wall 6 ft. high, over which they were firing at us. I had my D. B. 16-bore shot gun and six buckshot and six ball cartridges, and as they showed their heads over the wall they got buckshot in their faces at 20 yards. When my 12 rounds were fired and the Goorkhas also doing considerable damage, we rushed the wall, and I dropped one through the head with my revolver, and hit some more as they bolted. Next day I had 30 minutes' leisure to go all round my fort, and found I had only 50 rounds per man, enough for one hour's hard fighting, and only 25 for Martini's. The men had orders not to fire a shot till the enemy were half way across the open adjoining compounds, but the enemy declined to cross the open. I picked off a few who showed their heads from the east corner, where I spent the rest of the day, the men smoking and chatting, and at last took no notice of the bullets cutting the trees a foot or six inches over their heads. Thus the day passed, the enemy retiring at dark, and we counted our loss—two men and one follower wounded, one by shell, one pony killed, two wounded, two elephants wounded, one severely, and my breakfast spoilt by a shell, which did not frighten my boy, who brought me the head of the shrapnel which did the mischief—I will send it home to be made into an inkpot, with inscription—and half my house knocked down.

If the gallant young Major were to come over now, I believe his reception by the people would equal any ever given to England's greatest heroes.

The death of Mr. Long, R. A., makes a vacancy amongst Academicians that will not easily be filled up. He was not a great artist, but he as a man of original conceptions, and what he did he did rather characteristically than well. He followed no traditions but his own. To me his work always seemed stilted and unreal. He was more of an antiquarian than an artist, and his pictures might be taken as undoubted authorities on the architecture and costumes of the places and periods with which he dealt. But in spite of the immense pains which he exercised in order to get his work correct, he never seemed to touch the secret of inspiration in his pictures. They lacked life and passion almost in proportion to their precise accuracy on all matters of form and detail.

Even though Mr. Edison has not yet, put his wonderful invention, the phonograph, into the markets of New York and London; here he is, startling the world with another, still more ingenious, more complex, and more delightful machine. It has been baptised by the name of the "Kinetograph." This is neither more nor less than a means of bringing before one, not only the reproduction of any sound (like the phonograph), but also actual reality before the eye. With the phonograph, we sit at home in our arm-chair and listen to the opera; with the kinetograph, we are practically present, as every movement and gesture of the artistes is seen. Most of the theatres in Paris will shortly be in communication, I hear, with not a few private-houses and various hotels and restaurants. Hostesses in London drawing-rooms will doubtless receive this as a boon in these days, when after-dinner singing, amateur theatricals, and *pas seuls* are nearly played out. They have only to ask their guests which play they would like to see, and Jeames will bring up with the coffee Mr. Irving, in *The Bells*, Mr. Charles Wyndham as David Garrick, &c. This, if only properly managed, pecuniarily, should be a good thing for the proprietors of theatres. Those people who, from motives of delicacy, do not like to appear at music-halls will now be able to thoroughly enjoy themselves.

A story which come from Constantinople reminds of a similar one in the life of Queen Elizabeth. The Sultan, it is said, was suffering much from toothache, and the dentist, having inspected the royal patient's teeth, declared that one of them must be drawn. In order to give the Sultan nerve, a negro was brought to his room and had a tooth extracted. Sambo bore the operation so very badly that it had just the opposite effect to that which was intended, and the Sultan, thinking the remedy worse than the disease, declined to submit himself to the forceps. A little later the faulty tooth again made itself felt. Again the Sultan sent for the dentist, and again he replied that the tooth must come out. So a second negro was summoned and underwent torture. He squalled louder than the first, and a second time Abdul Hamid declined to be relieved through such an ordeal. The attacks of toothache continued to recur, and the latest information is that eight negroes have been operated upon, but the Sultan has not.

MORE HINTS FOR ADVERTISERS.

THE LACONIC STYLE.

No more need
Your child to wallop,
It will cry for
JAMBEON'S JALAP!

THE TRUTHFUL STYLE.

Always have it safe to hand,
Dobbin's Soap—the donkey brand;
It washes everything on earth.
The chairs, the boots, the sailor's berth,
Your clothes, your jewels, your favorite plant.
There's hardly anything it can't,
Your lamps, your feet, your hair, your food,
In fact for everything it's good.
In one respect, alas! we're floored,
But still we don't wish to defraud,
And so we've written underneath
What pains us much—
It WON'T wash teeth!

THE GENEROUS STYLE.

To advertise our Castor Oil,
At the cost of much expense and toil,
We've decided to offer our patrons kind
Two cabinet photos—for nothing—mind!
Of our youngest offspring, Dot and May,
Who feed on Castor Oil each day.
Early application should be made
For the most astounding offer in the trade.