

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

FROUDE, VOLTAIRE AND FREDERIC.

(Continued)

This is a sample of what was occurring in France at that period, and surely there was enough to rouse indignation to fever-heat.

We are not at all in the dark as to Voltaire. Two biographies, besides Mr. Morley's, have been published in late years, that of M. Gustavo Drenoissterres in 1867, and one by Mr. Parton, an American gentleman, the other day, which has been much read and praised in England. But we knew almost as much before these works were published, that is to say those who had studied Voltaire at all. Some have read only his more objectionable works. To such he represents mere indecency and infidelity—a term, however, in the mouth of the orthodox, which goes the length of abnegation of reason. But there was more in him than being a "horrid infidel." We are not much concerned to-day with his methods. Modern criticism has gone far beyond them. To the neophyte in thinking for himself, they are startling, and perhaps (if he have little reverence in his composition) attractive from their keen-edged wit and sarcasm. But I am not defending that aspect of him, or criticising his drama, poetry, or history. I only contend that he was not by any means a sham, but "a leader of thought; a destroyer of idols, many of which deserved destruction; a sharp keen man of the world; a courtier"—though he could not, after all, brook the sycophantic atmosphere of courts—somewhat of a "grand seigneur;" a kind landlord and master; a polished old French gentleman; courteous to guests and women; kind to young authors; charitable and helpful to all; and all this in his ordinary life, "apart from his sublime struggles for the victims of religious bigotry." Such a man was no sham. His name and memory may continue to be the by-word of theology and orthodoxy; but will, as men become better informed, and as their judgment grows clearer, be held in no inconsiderable degree of respect by humanity.

FREDERIC.

It is a little odd to find Frederic bracketed with Voltaire, as in their age one of "the bitterest and ablest opponents Christianity had." Bitter perhaps, because for want both of balance of mind, and of leisure, and perhaps inclination, for serious study, he was a very crude sceptic. But able! You might as well call Voltaire one of the ablest commanders of that age. Theological criticism requires true, not meretricious, literary acumen. Frederic, who ranks as a soldier with only some two dozen in the whole world's history, was in literature, but a poetaster. Had his penetrating mind taken a turn for serious study as a relaxation instead of poor rhymes, it is possible he might have been an adversary whom it would not be exaggeration to call able. But it was the age of Hume and Gibbon, and Frederic could not compare even with Bolingbroke. That both he and Voltaire were consummate scoundrels is a somewhat hasty generalization. Voltaire in no way deserves the term; Frederic, in virtue of his utter unscrupulousness, perhaps does. Yet it is a curious word to apply to a man of his calibre. It better suits King John or George the 4th.

FRANC-TREUR.

(To be Continued)

TAMING A TIGER.

AN OLD TRAINER TELLS HOW AND WHY IT CAN BE DONE.

(Interview with James Atherton of London.)

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Atherton, that if I were to bring you to-morrow a man-eating tiger just fresh from an Indian jungle, that you would undertake to train it to leap through hoops and over whips, and to kiss you, and all the rest of it, in two months?"

"In two months from the time that the animal was delivered to me I would be able to put it through the performance which you say. There is nothing which you cannot do with animals if they have got intellect and you have got patience."

"But is it not frightfully dangerous?"

"Dangerous! Yes, if you have not got nerve, and do not know how to handle an animal; but if you have nerve and keep your eye on his, and go the right way about it, you need never fear anything. I would not hesitate to enter the room in which the wildest animal ever brought to this country was at large. I have again and again entered a cage in which a lion or tiger has been unchained, which had never been broken in before. A wild animal that has not yet been broken for the show business never flies at you. When you enter the cage it will show its teeth and growl, and perhaps strike at you with its claws, but if you keep your eye upon it and take care that it does not attack you from behind, you are safe. No doubt it will claw you, as these cheetahs clawed me many times, but here is a wrinkle if ever you happen to be a tete-a-tete with a cheetah, or any animal of the cat tribe. When you are clawed and feel the animal's hooked talons enter your flesh, don't jump back, but go forward. If you jump back the claws tear away the flesh, whereas if you go forward the animal's claws only make a prick."

"How do you explain the fact that these ferocious carnivora do not spring at you in a room as they would spring at you in a jungle?"

"Well, in the first place, most wild animals are bred in captivity, and are as much accustomed to the sight of man as a dog or cat. But take the case of a wild tiger trapped in a jungle. Well, the tiger is ferocious chiefly when the tiger is hungry. If a man has got a full grown tiger and sends it home from India, he is not such a fool as to allow the tiger to go fasting all

the way. The tiger is a marketable commodity, and will fetch £150 in the market. If you have got £150 in an animal you take care it does not want its dinner. On the contrary, you give it as much as it will eat, in order to improve its condition so that it will fetch a better price. The consequence is that by the time the tiger has arrived in London from Calcutta he has got fat and lazy. He gets his meals regular, and has no disposition to make a meal off you, hence you can approach him, and if you are patient and study him and humor him and be firm with him, and never take your eyes off his, or let your back be turned, you can do what you like with him. Animals are all alike; there is no animal so ferocious but can be overcome by kindness and patience."—*Alta*.

OUR COSY CORNER.

Mexican crepe is the latest material for bonnets. The trimmings are of lace in pink opal, pearl, and turquoise colours. Bells to correspond are also used.

Gaily striped skirts and jersey bodices are seen on the Tennis grounds. Sailor hats and jockey caps are now trimmed with colors to match. No crinoline should be worn with Tennis dresses. Some ladies wear blouse waists, laced up the front with silk cords; these are becoming to slight figures.

Heliotrope, mauve, orange and butter colors, are the prevailing tints of the season.

Cotton fabrics are cheaper than ever, and come in very dainty designs and colors.

Sateens are so artistically designed that they can hardly be distinguished from foulard silks.

Seersuckers come in all colors, the pale pinks and blues being especially charming.

Jet dog-collars are once more in vogue.

Crazy quilts have given place to Noah's Ark quilts, made of serge-cloth, satin sheeting, or cream sheeting. The Ark is embroidered in the centre near the top, and the animals in couples march all round the border. The animals went in two by two. The monkey and the kangaroo. The animals are sometimes made very realistic by using fur, feathers, etc., as occasion requires; at other times they are outlined in red cotton, or worked in cross stitch.

A novelty in music holders is two embroidered rings connected by a ribbon on one ring, the owner's initials, are embroidered, and some small spray ornaments on the other; the rings are made of velvet plush or satin, lined with stiff paper and silk. Brass curtain rings look very effective for this purpose; they are also connected with ribbon, and have large bows on each ring.

The musk plant appears to be growing in favor. A large pot of it set in the grate gives a pleasant perfume to the room. The grate should be filled with moss, and the pot hidden.

The Spanish fashion of wearing black gloves with full evening dress is returning to favor.

A very pretty umbrella handle has a ring, in natural wood, at its extremity, and within the ring is a carved figure of a squirrel, sitting bolt upright, and gnawing a nut held between its forepaws. Probably Adam Forepaugh, jr., trained it to do so.

A good and tried recipe for ginger beer is the following:—2 ounces whole ginger, bruised and pounded, 2½ pounds loaf sugar, 5 ounces cream of tartar, 2 large lemons sliced very thin; over these ingredients pour twelve quarts of boiling water; when cool, add 2 ounces good yeast, let it stand until morning, then strain and bottle.

Raspberry Vinegar.—6 quarts raspberries, 3 pints good cider vinegar, let it stand several days, stirring every day. To each pint of juice allow 1 lb. of sugar; boil until quite thick.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

BADDECK IN THE HOLIDAYS.

Now that the hot days of summer are here, one of the first questions asked when friends meet is, "where are you going to spend your holidays?" Often the answer is, "I do not know; I have thought of several places, but am undecided as yet." If any of the readers of THE CRITIC are in such a frame of mind, allow me to address a few words to them, and for their own benefit turn the scale in favor of Baddeck.

This little town is not difficult of access, being only a day's journey from Halifax. It is generally acknowledged to be the most beautiful spot on the Island of Cape Breton. Situated on the margin of the Bras d'Or Lake, it affords grand salt water bathing, and has unlimited facilities for boating. With Baddeck as a starting point, some of the most delightful excursions