

same results. He afterwards showed on the open stage that all was done with one of his hands, and proved by experiment with a blind-folded gentleman, a Spiritualist, that it was impossible for persons placed as the witness had been to detect this movement of the hand. The last test was a grave one, which was suggested by the Committee and long objected to by the "medium." The Committee bound his thumbs together with a small cord and sealed the knot with wax. He went into his cabinet, and after some delay the usual manifestations were heard and hands were seen outside the cloth. The cabinet was opened and the seal was found unbroken. Mr. Waite at once repeated the trick on the open stage, with equal success, and showed that it was done by a peculiar formation of the bones of the thumb, which made it impossible to tie them. He then gave his thumbs to the "medium" and his aid, who exerted their whole strength in tying them. At the moment when the greatest strain was on them, he instantly withdrew one hand and presented it free to the "medium."

DUFFY ON M'GEE.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, who, after his adventures in Ireland, went to Australia and achieved greatness, has just published a book entitled "Young Ireland." He has the following in reference to D'Arcy McGee:

THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.

The young man was not prepossessing. He had a face of almost African type, his dress was slovenly even for the careless class to which he belonged, he looked unformed and had a manner which struck me as too deferential for self-respect. But he had not spoken three sentences in a singularly sweet and flexible voice till it was plain that he was a man of fertile brains and great originality: a man in whom one might dimly discover rudiments of the orator, poet, and statesman hidden under this ungainly disguise. This was Thomas D'Arcy McGee. I asked him to breakfast on some early day at his convenience, and as he arrived one morning when I was engaged to breakfast with Davis, I took him with me, and he met for the first and last time a man destined to influence and control his whole life. When the Wicklow trip was projected, I told Davis I liked this newcomer and meant to invite him to accompany me. "Well," he said, "your new friend has an Irish nature certainly, but spoiled, I fear, by the Yankees. He has read and thought a good deal, and I might have liked him better if he had not obviously determined to transact an acquaintance with me."

QUEEN'S HALL.

The Carreno concert on Thursday evening attracted a choice audience, though not so numerous as the event deserved, but, musically, it was a decided success. Of Madame Carreno, too much praise cannot be given, that lady being now at the top of the tree, and the manner in which she played the magnificent Weber piano was something exquisite: the playing was faultless, and about the same can be said of the instrument. Miss Annie E. Beere shows cultivation in her singing, but is the weakest part of the Company. The selection by Roedel was not very suitable, either to the lady's voice or to the audience. M. Adolphe Fischer is undoubtedly a success, and ranks among the best violinists that has visited Montreal. The marked and artistic rendering of Chopin's nocturne brought down the house. M. Fischer and Mme Carreno shared the honours of the evening, both artists having to respond to repeated encores. Mr. Theo. J. Toedt sings very well, and his voice is soft and sympathetic. He is one of the rare tenors who do not shout on their top notes. He was encored for Rabenstein's songs and kindly responded. A select and appreciative audience was present at the matinee on Saturday, being the second and last concert, where a fresh programme had been provided, Mme. Carreno and M. Fischer having again played their parts with all the care of true artists. Miss Beere appeared to more advantage than at the previous concert. Mr. Toedt's rendering of "Maid of Athens" being exceedingly fine.

AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The Soldene Opera Company has given great treats during the past week in opera bouffe. The programme was headed with the *Naval Cadets*, which went off in a good style, but *Genevieve de Brabant*, *La Fille de Madame Angot*, and *Chilperic* were simply perfect. The gendarme chorus in the first named opera was telling in point of joke and singing, and Miss Soldene's singing of "Marriage Bells," will not soon be forgotten. Miss Rose Stella did not appear to advantage in this opera, but as "Chairette Angot," however, she was at perfect ease, and gave the best representation of that character we have yet seen, singing and acting the part to perfection. Miss Soldene was at home in her personation of "Mlle. Lange," and as usual her sympathetic lower notes being used with telling effect. Mr. Campbell also found his proper place as "Ange Pitou," and sang beautifully. *Chilperic* drew a crowded house on Friday and was repeated on Saturday evening, which was the closing performance of this company. Messrs. Edward Marshall and Clive

Hersee sustained the respective characters of "Dr. Sena" and "Fatout," and were very amusing, bringing round after round of laughter, especially Mr. Marshall's rendering of the sneezing song, for which he was warmly encored. Miss Soldene appears to have selected her company with great care, and her costumes are about the best we have yet seen with any travelling troupe.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

A NEW phase has presented itself in regard to a proposed marriage which has been more or less occupying public attention for the last three months. An application will very shortly be made to the Lord Chancellor to decide the question whether the intended bridegroom is an alien or not. The applicants rely upon its being decided that he is not on the ground of a precedent which they affirm to be precisely analogous—namely, that of Comte d'Harcourt, who succeeded many years ago to a portion of the estates of Field Marshal the late Earl Harcourt. Should the question be so decided the rest will be very plain sailing, and the marriage may be expected to take place forthwith.

THE excellent drill in which the Roman Catholic hierarchy contrive to keep "the faithful" may be gathered from Cardinal Manning's recent order to the clergy of London. Every priest is to return within a certain number of days a list of every member of his flock who sends his children to a non-Catholic school, together with the number of children so sent. The object is to ascertain the degree of support which might be expected to be extended to Middle-class Roman Catholic Schools in the Metropolis. The priests entertain the belief that large numbers of young people are lost to the Roman Church through the influence of education in Protestant day and boarding schools.

A BAPTIST is to play the part of forerunner, and "to prepare the way" for the forthcoming revised New Testament. Dr. Angus, a member of the Revision Committee and President of the Baptist College, known to the public chiefly as the author of several very useful "Handbooks"—rather oddly so named, for the Doctor possesses only one hand, the other having been lost by an accident—is about to publish a "Digest of Revised Readings of the New Testament." Thus the public, or that part of it which reads its Bible, will be familiarized with the alterations in the version before it makes its appearance. What a shower of critical and polemical questions will be provoked by this great religious and literary event!

SEVERAL months ago a Jewish newspaper announced that the tomb of Lord Beaconsfield's grandfather and of other of his relatives in the deserted Jewish Burial Ground in the Mile End road were to be restored at his lordship's cost. A curious inquirer has just paid a visit to the place to ascertain what had been done, and has gathered from the inscriptions on the repaired stones many interesting items in the family history of the Disraelis. One of these on the tomb of Abigail Mendes Furtado, mother-in-law of Benjamin Disraeli the elder, records that after suffering the torture of the Inquisition in Portugal she fled to England, where she educated her children in the Jewish faith. The tomb of her daughter Rebecca, wife of Benjamin Disraeli, records the connection of the family with important houses as the Laras and de Sylvas. David Lindo, who, the Jews persist in saying initiated the late Prime Minister into the Abrahamic covenant in 1805, here lies buried, and also Joshua Basevi, Lord Beaconsfield's grandfather on the mother's side. The pilgrimage which the publication of these facts will assuredly cause to the East End burial ground will be rewarded by traces of many other noted Jewish families. Among them curiously enough are the Menasseli Lopez, the ancestors of Sir Massey Lopez, one of Lord Beaconsfield's colleagues in the late Conservative Ministry.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE Government decided that the Monks of Chartreux, famous for their liqueur, which adds so much to the Excise Revenue of the country, shall be left unmolested. Business is business; in France more than anywhere.

STATUES of the French Republic are going up all over the country, and it can only be hoped that the Government itself will be as stable as the stone representatives of liberty. A popular subscription has lately been opened for yet another "Republic," this one to be in bronze and to stand on the central square of Saint-Denis.

TWO reporters exchanged notes: "And so we are going to have the 10th of October, the inauguration of a statue of Jeanne d'Arc, at Compeigne?" "What a nuisance!" "Yes, Jeanne d'Arc delivered France, but who will deliver us of Jeanne d'Arc?"

THE beautiful Comtesse de V. is so much habituated to flattery, so accustomed to having everybody speak of "your beautiful arms," "your superb arms," "your exquisite shoulders,"

that she yesterday said, in the most unconscious manner:—"Mon Dieu! how the dust flies into my beautiful eyes!"

THE collectionneurs are a curious race. Of all the objects of Art ever brought together, the most singular are culinary utensils. Yet Mlle. Dosne, the sister-in-law of the late M. Tuilers, is devoting the remainder of her days, and her large fortune, to collecting all that is modern in the way of pots, pans, kettles, and kitchen ware in general. She is building a wing to a house in which to place the jewels. She has a rival, a duchess, who has the whim to secure all that is ancient in the way of culinary apparatus, while a third lady has the intermediate weakness of fitting up her kitchen like a boudoir. The walls are in fancy tiles, and gas jets spring out from behind old china plates, &c. She has her coat-of-arms engraved on all the copper utensils, and nothing affords her greater pleasure than when visitors leave to mistake their way out, and stray into the kitchen. Gentlemen never fail to do so, but then she has a very pretty cook, and that might make the dullest of museums attractive.

FRENCH esprit is losing much of its salt. The jokes perpetrated by the scribblers in the Boulevard journals wax fainter and more feeble every day—so utterly pointless and contemptible that it is marvellous that any one should have the courage to penetrate them in conversation or on paper. The daily attempts at humour in the *Figaro* are like the forced gait of a shuffling nag, and since they fail to amuse the public, the journal has hit upon another device. It makes some emphatic statements, tells some story with much solemnity, and with a mass of descriptive details, and turns round next morning to laugh at those of its readers who believe the story. M. Millaud inaugurated this system a month past, by describing how a lady had hurled a bottle of vitriol in the face of the popular writer, M. Francisque Sarcey. M. Millaud had been to visit the victim, and gave a harrowing description of the ravages made by the corrosive liquid; how one of M. Sarcey's eyes had been destroyed; how the other was seriously injured. Troops of friends flocked to M. Sarcey's abode; the post brought him myriads of letters teeming with sympathy. On the morrow it proved to be one of M. Millaud's jokes. Do you see any wit in these devices?

"CROWDING OUT" OF SOCIETY.

The person that would not be crowded out of society must make himself needed by society. By every legitimate effort he should strive so to improve the measure of ability entrusted to him, be it great or small or moderate, that, whatever be his position, his worth must sooner or later be recognized, and room made for him amidst the throng of eager competitors. Impudent, blustering, hectoring self-assertion may shoulder its way through any crowd by the sheer force of its own strong will, and for a time thrust out of its path less obtrusive spirits of more solid worth. But the cheat is often discovered. The jay in borrowed plumes is at length summarily ejected. Honest, intelligent, persevering labour does tell in the long run. The stone fit for the wall is not always left on the ground. Some niche is found for it in the vast edifice of human society, if not in the temple of fame. Although a man may not have the disposition or energy to elbow his way through the crowd, he may evince such capacity in his own department that the crowd may leave room for him, and the call may reach him in some unexpected moment, "Friend, come up higher." Meanwhile let his motto be "Learn to labour and to wait." Still, it cannot be denied that this result does not always follow. The most unwearied exertion may end in disappointment. Very frequently this may be traced to a mistaken choice of his vocation. Round pegs will not fit into square holes, nor will the square settle comfortably into the round. A man's estimate of his own powers, and indeed that of his friends, may be very fallacious, and he may vainly endeavour to fill a position for which he is not qualified or wanted. All the time other spheres may lie open to him, where his talents would find ample scope, and the greatest usefulness await him. Should there be substantial reason to suspect this, and he have made fair trial of his powers in his present line without success, it may be well for him to seek some other avenue. One end of the crowded concert-room may be packed to suffocation, but a man of sense will try another. This has often proved to be the wisest and best course in the business of life. The briefless barrister has become the successful writer. The artist who has competed year after year in vain for a place in the exhibition of the Royal Academy may do well as a portrait painter, or in some humbler department of his profession. Many an ill-paid mercantile clerk might make his way better as a shopman. The unsuccessful schoolmaster might relinquish the ferule, and take up the yard measure with great advantage to himself and others. The man that fails to obtain employment as a skilled mechanic, if he would put his pride into his pocket, and take a labourer's position, might ensure himself a more certain, though less remunerative, means of livelihood. Nor is it always necessary to take a lower position in order to obtain success. The youth brought up for the bar, or as a solicitor, may lack the ready tact, or business capacity, which would carry him through the labyrinth of legal practice; and

yet, if his heart so inclined him he may, as did the venerated Edward Bickersteth, devote himself to the ministry of the Church, and become an eminently useful and successful clergyman. In short, it is the part of wisdom to ascertain as far as possible, and perhaps after much painful experience, the measure of our powers, and bow submissively to the leadings of Providence and the requirements of society.

MISCELLANY.

THE painter Gustave Jacquet is at work on a picture called "La France legitime," the idea of which seems to have been inspired to the artist by Zazel, *la femme-annon*. It represents a female figure emerging from the mouth of a cannon and holding a white flag with *fleurs de lys* in her hand.

ON the Jour des Morts a pasty was found on the tomb of Brillot-Savarin at Pere Lachaise. It had been placed there instead of a wreath of immortelles by the pious hand of some charcutier fanatical in his art. We consider this tribute of honour to the memory of the author of the *Physiologie du Gout* both respectable and touching.

HERE are two hats that were ordered by Mme. Sara Bernhardt to astonish Jonathan: A Raphael toque in sealskin, resembling the *Jeune d'Albert* beret in form, trimmed with a roll of *bise* lace embroidered with gold and caught on one side by a large bow. The Rubens hat in long-haired silk felt, with black feathers, turned down on one side over the brow. A bunch of small black feathers as aigrettes. Mme. Edmond Adam wore a hat of this kind at the first gala representation of the centenary of Moliere at the Comedie Francaise.

It is stated that at the National Exhibition to be opened at Milan next year there will be a captive balloon, on the model of the one which was so successful in Paris in 1878. It will measure not less than 180 feet in circumference, 84 feet in height, and contain 15,000 cubic feet of gas. To it will be attached a safe and solid car, capable of containing seats for at least eight persons. A steam engine is to regulate the ascent and descent, and it will rise to a height of about 600 feet, affording a splendid view of Milan and the plains of Lombardy.

WE are promised a highly interesting exhibition of monstrosities in Piccadilly. At the Egyptian Hall we are to have the "Pygopagi Twins," named Rosalie and Josepha Blazet. They are a female child, or rather it is a female child. It is difficult to know whether they represent one or two persons. There are two heads, four arms, and four legs, but only one body. The "Pygopagi Twins" are nearly three years old, alive, healthy, and happy. At the Piccadilly Hall the exhibition will consist of Miss Lucia Zaratia, the smallest woman in the world, eighteen years of age, twenty inches in height, and actual present weight four pounds and three-quarters. General Mite, the smallest man in the world, sixteen years of age, twenty-one inches in height, and actual present weight nine pounds.

A WOMAN'S advice is generally worth having; so, if you are in any trouble, tell your mother, or your wife, or sister, all about it. Be assured that light will dash upon your darkness. Women are too commonly adjudged verlan in all but purely womanish affairs. No philosophical students of the sex thus judge them. Their intuitions, or insights, are the most subtle, and if they cannot see a cat in the meal, there is no cat there. A man, therefore, should keep none of his affairs a secret from his wife. Many a home has been happily saved, and many a fortune retrieved, by a man's full confidence in his wife. Woman is far more a seer and a prophet than man, if she be given a fair chance. As a general rule, the wives confide the minutest of their plans and thoughts to their husbands. Why not reciprocate, if but for the pleasure of meeting confidence with confidence? The men who succeed best in life are those who make *confidants* of their wives.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

SIGNOR SALVINI began his five months' American tour in Philadelphia on the 29th ult. He will travel with an American company but he has resolutely refused to abandon the use of his mother tongue. It is his intention to play only four times a week, his lungs and voice being weak.

MORA, the famous New York photographer, is said to have 251 distinct negatives of Miss Claud Bracombe. The face of the fair actress is evidently a more marketable one than the amateur English "beauties." This lady was the daughter of a late lay vicar of Exeter Cathedral.

BOOTH'S make-up as *Richardieu* is thought by the English to give him a striking resemblance to Browning, the poet. Most of the critical weeklies, including the *Athenaeum* and even the *Saturday Review*, cordially praise the *Richardieu*, the latter saying that "Mr. Booth's American reputation is now first comprehensible."

MR. SIMS KEEVES has made a very artistic announcement to the public. In 1882 he intends to retire from the lyric stage, and his beautiful voice will be heard no more at concerts. But, with feelings worthy of a true artist, he is anxious still to devote his life to the art which he has served so long, and to make evident his gratitude to the public who have so much admired him. He declares himself ready to devote three or four hours daily to the work of vocal instruction in the new Royal College of Music.

IT is a curious fact, and one that no critic has as yet pointed out, that the leading situation of M. D'Elv's melodrama, *Le Diamant*, now being played at the Ambigu, is a direct plagiarism from that of the *Moonstone*, one of Wilkie Collins' most successful novels. In both drama and romance the plot turns on the commission of a deed by the hero during a fit of somnambulism. In the play he commits a murder, in the story he steals a diamond, but the situations are identical.