

EUGENIE'S HOUSE NEAR ISMALIA.

To the *Pall Mall Budget* "L.J.M." contributes "A Remembrance" in the following sketch, a very good one of its kind:

To me there is no other inanimate thing in all this world so pathetic as Eugenie's house near Ismailia. I know nothing else that is so mutely eloquent of human change, of human sorrow. It stands upon the flat, sandy bank of the Suez Canal—a thing alone, a thing deserted, a thing decaying. Less than thirty years ago it was built for the most beautiful woman in Europe, and the most happy; built for the Empress of the French, who was coming to open the Canal which her persistent advocacy had, in part at least, enabled her kinsman, Ferdinand de Lesseps, to construct. To-day this house is a crumbling shanty. Ill-conditioned cacti grow about its threshold. Gaunt camels sprawl before it. Dirty, ragged Arabs sun themselves in the warm surrounding sand. But nor man nor beast passes through that kingless door. The very lizards shun the open portal. Pelicans, flamingoes, and sandpipers creak dismally in the dull, dusty dawn. And Eugenie! She, widowed, childless, throneless, is the guest of England, and the victim of broken-hearted old age. I know nothing sadder than the story of that woman. I know nothing gloomier than the sight of the tumbling little house.

We owe the Suez Canal to Ferdinand de Lesseps. After him, we owe it to Eugenie. The debt is not a slight one though we, after our nice nineteenth century fashion, wear it lightly.

To Isabella of Spain, after Columbus, we owe the discovery of America. She was fired with enthusiastic belief in his plans. She pledged her jewels in his aid, and lo! a fair new world was secured to Europe, a green place of rest and hope for all who had grown footsore and creed-hurt in the old world.

Eugenie believed in De Lesseps. To his aid he pledged all her immense influence with the Emperor. And lo! distance is annihilated, time is circumvented, and Bombay is almost next door to Naples. Commerce is enriched, civilization is increased, and the highway from Europe to Asia is simplified to all men, and for all times. Ferdinand of Spain stands in the background of one picture, as Napoleon III. stands in the background of the other. They two were passive rather than active supporters of their wives' enthusiasms. But Isabella and Eugenie: we must remember them, as we remember Columbus and De Lesseps. Is the woman who ponders man's genius in her heart, and smiles it into life, less than the man-genius? No. Love is more than intellect.

Canals are as old as civilization, but the greatest of all canals—the triumph of canals—that belongs to Ferdinand de Lesseps.

Ferdinand de Lesseps said to the first Directors of the Canal: "Vous envisagez les immenses services que le rapprochement de l'Occident et de l'Orient doit rendre à la civilisation et au développement de la richesse générale." I wonder if they did! I question if they foresaw—those men of business—a tithe of the service that was to be rendered by the Suez Canal to civilization. I doubt if they dreamed of how it was to increase the general wealth. I doubt not that they had visions and to spare of the immense increase it was to bestow upon their wealths individual. But Ferdinand de Lesseps, the man who had dreamed of it, the man who had worked for it, the man who had schemed for it, the man who had accomplished it—ah! Yes, I dare say he knew. That is one of the rewards of genius, to know when one has done well.

In these after-days of his misfortune, I would not strip the white-hair crowned brow of Ferdinand de Lesseps of one laurel leaf. But I would

emphasize what never can detract from the prowess of man. I would recall how he was helped by a woman. *La belle Imperatrice* is most remembered for her beauty, her toilettes and her fetes. Let us remember her better—for her beauty, ah! yes—for her charm, for the story of her life—and of her love and for her wise championage of the Suez Canal. Eugenie made mistakes, perhaps, as a woman must when she meddles in big impersonal affairs. For a woman is, necessarily, so personal! But, however she may have blundered in big international questions, she was imperially right in her potent loyalty to her cousin, De Lesseps. Every big enterprise has its bad days. When Europe cried "Halt!" Eugenie cried "Go on!" De Lesseps went on, and carried on the Suez Canal. Probably he would have triumphed without the encouragement of his Imperial cousin. For love and genius triumph over everything. But the delay might have been serious. The favour of the Empress Eugenie secured the earlier bestowal upon the world of Ferdinand de Lesseps's bounty.

Napoleon I. intended to canal the barren neck of land that stretched between the intellectual head of Christian Europe and the gross body of heathen Asia. Napoleon failed. But the wife of his indirect successor succeeded. And that success caused the deterioration of many an island that used to importantly punctuate the wet highway between Marseilles and Madras. No place suffered more than St Helena, where the first Napoleon died. Napoleon! Ferdinand de Lesseps! Eugenie!

The Empress Eugenie, of course, took precedence at the ceremonies inaugurative of the Suez Canal. The ships that first passed through that long still line of clear green water *l'Aigle*, the Imperial yacht. In front of *l'Aigle* floated a golden bee. Behind Eugenie's yacht followed a fleet—a fleet which carried almost all the known flags of all the nations. From boat to boat, from shore to shore, the cry rang out, "Vive l'Imperatrice!" That was twenty-four years ago, almost to a day!

Mahommed Said gave a great ball. Probably so many nationalities of the earth had never before been gathered together. The Empress Eugenie entered that packed assembly, leaning upon the arm of the Emperor of Austria, followed by the representative of the Sultan. Never in imperial Paris had she looked more lovely, nor been more exceptionally well-attired. Her women had robed her in one of the few rooms contained in the house you see in this picture. Up those broken steps the Emperor of Austria went to pay homage to the beautiful Empress. M. de Lesseps followed him, no less proudly, no less welcomed. Imperial soldiers mounted guard where the rotting door guards impotently the threshold none seek to pass. The Arabs sang (in hope of *bukhsish*) "Vive le petit caporal!" And Eugenie, coming forth into the moonlight, shamed the beauty of the Eastern night.

Now—how changed! The Emperor of Austria—De Lesseps—Mahommed Said—Eugenie! Time and change have spared no one of them. And the house built for Eugenie! It is rotting away, surrounded by a silence that is broken by the hissing of the electric light as some great ship slips slowly through the canal, or by the strange noise of the peculiar fish that cry when the natives catch them. Since the days of Cleopatra no vessel dedicated to a woman's use has been so luxurious in its fittings as was *l'Aigle*, the yacht in which Eugenie led the way through the Suez Canal. A few weeks ago, at Marseilles, *l'Aigle* was broken up and sold for firewood. Could analogy go further? Could shipwreck be more complete?

Literature and Science.

The University of Notre Dame, South Bend, Indiana, is one of the best known institutions of the United States. One is amazed to find that in the country, far away from the great metropolitan centres, an institution so large, so thoroughly equipped and doing such thorough work. But the management of Notre Dame has always been guided by wisdom and no point or expense has been spared to bring into its service whatever of talent the country affords.

The distinguished scholar, poet and critic, Maurice Francis Egan, L. L. D., is the professor of literature. Let those who think the Catholic novel cannot be made interesting, read one of the books from his gifted pen. Dr. Egan's gift is peculiar and his individuality very marked. His plots are interesting, his language "English pure and undefiled," so much so as to win the praise of the best of all judges, the late Cardinal Newman, and every page, every line of his books is pervaded by a spirit of purity of thought and delicacy of feeling that cannot but elevate and refine the reader. As a poet, Dr. Egan is in the first rank, and it has been said by competent critics that no living author is able so well to manage that most difficult of all poetic compositions, the sonnet. In this Dr. Egan is Danteque.

What Dr. Egan is doing for literature, Father Zahm is doing for science. Father Zahm is only now giving to the world the results of long years of study and profound meditation. All the troubles which vex the modern mind, he treats with scientific precision and wonderful lucidity. Those who think the Church is opposite to science and scientific investigation ought to read Father Zahm. For he fully refutes this absurd charge, and if his work lacked originality, which is not the case, it would be invaluable for the amount of research it shows and the number of authors quoted. In the March number of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, Father Zahm begins an extremely interesting series of articles on the Mosaic Cosmogony, which, as he says, is perhaps the most interesting question discussed to-day.

We wish a certain lecturer who recently entertained his audience at John Hopkins by abusing St. Thomas and St. Augustine and all the mediaeval and Apostolic fathers for their dreadful ignorance, might profit by such articles as the one in question. The lecturer gave to Giordano Bruno—who by the way, is the god of his idolatry—the credit of enunciating the principle that "the Bible does not teach science."

This principle settles at once and forever, the so-called question and controversy between religion and science, and this principle Father Zahm finds in St. Augustine and succeeding authors down to the present time. "The Gospels," says St. Augustine, "do not tell us that our Lord said He would send us the Holy Ghost to teach us the course of the sun and moon, we should endeavor to become Christians, and not astronomers." Or, as Cardinal Baronius says: "The Bible teaches us how to go to Heaven, and not how the heavens go."

This principle was, as is well known clearly enunciated by the Vatican Council. Father Zahm draws a sharp distinction between the theological and scientific methods, and shows how both may proceed harmoniously to their respective goals. We look forward with great interest to the succeeding articles.—*X. Y. Z. in Catholic Mirror.*

Our Girls.

We observe that numerous people are at present much troubled over the question: What shall we do with our girls? Hard as the question is, a majority of mankind will agree that it is much easier to say what we should do with our girls than what we should do without them. One gentleman with old-

fashioned ideas suggests that after completing their education, at an age which he puts at eighteen years, girls should be sent into domestic training for one year, each superintending a house all by herself, attending to its details as though she were the actual mistress of it, and responsible for its expenses. He quotes with approval the example of a mother of six daughters who trained them every one in that way! But would it not be absurd to train all girls exactly alike, as if they were leaden bullets to be run in the same mould? Would it not, on the contrary, be the part of wisdom to ask the girls what they want to do and encourage them to do it? At eighteen a girl's education is only begun. If a young woman were born to be a singer, an artist, or a teacher, would it not be manifest foolishness to have her throw away a whole year on housekeeping when she should be spending it gaining her profession? The one essential thing in the training of a girl is that she should be educated to do some good, earnest work—no matter what—whatever she likes best, but something. Idleness, novel-reading, day dreaming, and a narrow, humdrum home life will fritter away and ruin soon the brightest, most vigorous mind.

From Hand to Mouth.

It is coming to be pretty well understood principle of the city housekeeping that to buy in quantities does not pay. It is a system of old-time living that is not in accord with modern conditions. When supplies were difficult to get, it was a necessary arrangement that quantities should be kept on hand, and the housewife of a generation or two ago regarded a well stocked storeroom as one of the patents of her profession, without which she had no claim to superiority. The tradition still clings to provincial housekeeping, but the city provider finds it undesirable in every way.

Her residence is built without proper storerooms, she has no conveniences for accumulating provender. The corner grocery is her pantry, its ice box is hers, from which she can draw at five minutes' notice for fresh supplies. The tradesmen keep every reasonable and unseasonable delicacy in condition for her, and they, not she, bear any loss and waste that may result from the process.

That this is not only a great relief from care, but a positive economy, she soon finds. A pound of coffee ground fresh at the store for her order she discovers lasts so many days, and the cock becomes aware of the same truth. So with the four-pound roll of butter, the twenty-five cents' worth of eggs. Without effort the system creates itself, and small wastes and leakages are done away with.—*New York Times.*

First Woman Physician in Turkey.

Miss Mary Eddy is the first woman admitted to the practice of medicine in Turkey. She was born in Syria twenty-five years ago, is the daughter of Rev. Dr. W. W. Eddy, a missionary at Beirut.

She is a graduate of the University of the State of New York, and was a registered surgeon and physician in New York City. She passed her examination in the medical military school in Constantinople, and later before a board of 13 physicians, mostly pashas of high rank.

Miss Eddy was careful not to be admitted by special favor, in order that her admission might be a test case and open the way for other women after her.

ALWAYSON HAND.—Mr. Thomas H. Porter Lower Ireland, P. Q., writes: "My son 18 months old, had croup so bad that nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of Dr. Thomas' Eucalyptic Oil, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used, and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."