

We, too, were arrested and bayoneted. We asked politely for an officer.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"To pay our money and go into the salon."

"Oh! is that all? You know the way. Go up the old staircase, and you will find it—all right."

So up the old staircase—which was wont to be lined with well set-up Cent-Gardes and drooping palms—we proceeded through what I am afraid I must describe as a deuced odd lot of sundries. We wished to pay those three francs. (We did not, in fact; for dear to the household was even that half-crown which a virtuous wife could, in those days, offer to her husband.)

"Allez donc!" said a cobbler. "Go in—but look after your citoyenne."

We went in. It was an old scene—a political orgy. A dense mass of men, women and children, in every costume that imagination can conceive. As in old times, at Almack's a bunch of patronesses, the ladies of the horse flesh market in the Place de St. Pierre. In one room, orators; in the Hall of Marshals—where the disciples of Poole, Smalpace, Cumberland, and Dusautory have "danced before the King," in the best-made clothes to be found in Europe—were National Guards in somebody else's uniform—in shirts and trousers, (I was almost going to say, without,) in cavalry cloaks, rags, and tatters. On one side they sang, on another they lectured; and every three minutes broke out the "Marseillaise."

"I shall sing a song next," says a charcoal-seller, with a very black face, very white teeth, and a capital expression of countenance. "I have not come all the way from Belleville to remain dumb as a coal. Allez!" "Silence à la mort!"

I hope that that is not a British diplomatist who is looking on. It would be such a blow to the Radicals, if they thought that one of that aristocratic class was "reading, marking, learning, and inwardly digesting," the intimate workings of this curious social eruption—looking on with sorrow and sympathy, too, in spite of the atrocious "Red" doctrine. Beer and the "Marseillaise;" a mother suckling her poor babe—whose child is that poor atom? Marriage is annulled—faith is ignored, and religion is a crime! Speeches from true patriots, spirits and pipes, a classical concert—private political lectures, and my friend the charcoal-seller intoning the "Ça Ira" (which he don't know)—all this at once! No wonder there was a dense, almost a dangerous crowd.

"Take care of Madame, and go away," said a voice.

I looked round, and found that two men—a blacksmith, who might have been, and a man in a blouse who evidently was, a gentleman—had formed a guard, for the lady who was on my arm. They cleared the way for us, and we went home.

We had no business in that galley; but I am not sorry to have rowed in it. And when, later, I saw the dead piled in heaps round my doors, and then buried in the gutter—when, after months and months, I see these ignorant misguided men judiciously murdered, I think of the behavior of these infatuated lunatics and of the calm, cold-blooded conduct of those whose indecision caused this "midsummer madness."

On the morning of 24th of May, 1871, I walked into the Place de la Madeleine: it was enveloped in a thick smoke. I had been blockaded for forty-eight hours and was ignorant of everything save the awful carnage before my eyes.

"What is it?" I asked.

"What?" said a dear siege-friend of mine who sold vegetables in the Rue Tronchet—"what, citoyen?—why all Paris is in flames, and the cloud you see there is the smoke from the expiring ashes of the Tuileries."—*London Society*.

DISCONTENT.

But are not people discontented already, from the lowest to the highest? And ought a man, in such a piecemeal, foolish, greedy, sinful world as this is, and always has been, to be anything but discontented? If he thinks that things are going all right, must he not have a most beggarly conception of what going right means? And if things are not going right, can it be anything but good for him to see that they are not going right? Can truth and fact harm any human being? I shall not believe so, as long as I have a Bible wherein to believe. For my part, I should like to make every man, woman and child whom I meet discontented with themselves, even as I am discontented with myself. I should like to awaken in them, about their physical, their intellectual, their moral condition, that divine discontent which is the parent, first of upward aspiration, and then of self-control, thought, effort, to fulfil that aspiration even in part. For to be discontented with the divine discontent, and to be ashamed with the noble shame, is the very germ and first upgrowth of all virtue. Men begin at first, as boys begin when they grumble at their school and their schoolmasters, to lay the blame on others; to be discontented with their circumstances—the things which stand around them—and to cry, "Oh that I had this!" "Oh that I had that!" But that way no deliverance lies. That discontent only ends in revolt and rebellion, social or political; and that, again, still in the same worship of circumstances—but this time desperate—which ends, let it disguise itself under what fine names it will, in what the old Greeks called a tyranny; in which—as in the Spanish Republics of America, and in France just now—all are the voluntary slaves of one man, because each man fancies that the one man can improve his circumstances for him.

But the wise man will learn, like Epictetus the heroic slave, the slave of Epaphroditus, Nero's minion—and in what baser and uglier circumstances could human being find himself?—to find out the secret of being truly free: namely, to be discontented with no man and no thing save himself. To say not, "Oh, that I had this and that!" but, "Oh, that I were this and that!" Then, by God's help, (and that heroic slave, heathen though he was, believed and trusted in God's help,) "I will make myself that which God has shown me that I ought to be and can be."

Ten thousand a year, or ten millions a year, as Epictetus saw full well, cannot mend that vulgar discontent with circumstances, which he had felt—and who with more right?—and conquered, and despised. For that is the discontent of children, wanting always more holidays and more sweets. But I wish my readers to have and to cherish the discontent of men and women.

Therefore I would make men and women discontented, with the divine and wholesome discontent, at their own physical frame, and at that of their children. I would accustom their eyes to those precious heirlooms of the human race, the statues of the old Greeks; to their tender grandeur, their

chaste healthfulness, their unconscious, because perfect might, and say—There; these are tokens to you, and to all generations yet unborn, of what man could be once; of what he can be again if he will obey those laws of nature which are the voice of God. I would make them discontented with the ugliness and closeness of their dwellings; I would make the men discontented with the fashion of their garments, and still more so just now the women, of all ranks, with the fashion of theirs; and with everything around them which they have the power of improving, if it be at all ungraceful, superfluous, tawdry, ridiculous, unwholesome. I would make them discontented with what they call their education, and say to them, "You call the three Royal R's education? They are not education; no more is the knowledge which would enable you to take the highest prize given by the Society of Arts, or any other body. They are not education; they are only instruction; a necessary ground-work in an age like this for making practical use of your education; but not the education itself."—*C. Kingsley*.

MODERN SMUGGLING.

Some time ago a large number of broomsticks were imported from New York. Such a consignment of course created no suspicion. As they were not owned they were stowed away in the Queen's warehouse, where they lay for six months, and they were then put up to auction and sold as turnery. Just as they were about to be cleared out, however, one of them was accidentally broken, and it was then discovered that they were hollow and were filled with cigars. Another very singular contrivance for cheating the revenue was in the form of a ship's pitch-pot. This was carried ashore again and again apparently empty, and again and again brought on board full of pitch. Suspicion was at length aroused, and the pot was examined, when it was found to be double—one pot within the other, and a sufficient space between them to carry a considerable quantity of spirit, which was poured in through a hole in the bottom of the outer one. In another instance a passenger came ashore carrying a neat little green box, constructed for the conveyance of live pigeons. Like the pitch-pot, however, the box has a double bottom, and three pounds and a half of tobacco is concealed in it. This little speculation cost the ingenious inventor his tobacco, his pigeon case, and three guineas. On another occasion a basket of live ducks was by a similar trick made to conceal contraband goods. False lids and bottoms, however, are among the clumsiest of smuggler's devices. A far more artistic and talented manoeuvre was one in which tobacco had been made up in excellent imitation of ropes. A quarter of a hundred-weight of it was found in this form, thrown carelessly down on the deck of a vessel. In another case the wheels inside a number of blocks—ship's pulleys—were found to be so many round cakes of tobacco. On one vessel a Custom House officer noticed something peculiar about the soles of a pair of boots. They also proved to be Cavendish tobacco, and 18 cwt. of it was discovered in this form. A cooper's "flogger"—an instrument like a policeman's staff, used to drive bungs into barrels—was found to be hollow, and was used for conveying spirits ashore. At one end was a little piece of leather tube, which was dipped into the spirit to be smuggled. The mouth was applied to an orifice at the other end, and the fluid drawn in. The "flogger" thus charged, was taken ashore and emptied. Among the most ingenious attempts to impose upon the lynx-eyed officers of the Customs was one in which some years ago cigars and tobacco were enclosed in what were ostensibly brown loaves. The contraband goods were first tied in a wrapping of newspaper, and then the whole was surrounded by dough modelled in the shape of a loaf and slightly baked. It appears, then, that it would be difficult to name an article of any description which an officer whose duty it is to search for smuggled goods might pass by without suspicion as to its genuineness. Logs of wood lying about deck or hanging over a ship's side as "fenders" are hollow and stuffed with lace or cigars. A bundle of willows, such as are used for basket making, contains 8 or 10 lbs. of tobacco in the centre of it. A man was found to have a kind of waistcoat padded with gold watches. A hundred and forty-six gold Geneva watches and one silver one were stitched into this garment. He was unsuspected, and would probably have disembarked in safety but for an uneasy conscience, which led him to imagine himself to be the subject of special attention on the part of the officials, and he gave himself up. It turned out that he was the agent of a man upon whose premises 800 watches were found, all of which had no doubt been smuggled, and all of which were seized. He himself, however, escaped by flight. A few years ago a lady was detected in the attempt to smuggle a handsome lace shawl. The fair impostor had a skirt on regularly constructed for the conveyance of contraband goods, and this shawl was part of her burden. She was taken into custody, but liberated next morning on payment of a fine of £100. The ladies must certainly be numbered amongst the most audacious of smugglers. Their dress appears to constitute a perpetual source of temptation. In one case a lady proved to be fairly surrounded by long bladders of spirit suspended from her waist. Another had 21 lbs. of tobacco concealed beneath her skirts, which were fitted with braces to enable her to support the weight, while a companion had 18 lbs. of cigars similarly stowed away.—*Globe*.

In high life in Madrid this season the fashion has been "carriages drawn by four and six white asses."

Prussia proposes to substitute for the jury system a mixed court consisting of three judges and four laymen.

The revised Census Returns show that the population of the United Kingdom in 1871 was 31,628,388, against 29,070,931 in 1861.

The rumour that the Royal Geographical Society intended to give £5,000 to a whaler to assist, in the absence of a Government expedition, in the work of exploration during one summer north of Baffin's Bay, is contradicted.

One of the great characteristics of the French army is on the eve of being abolished. The soldiers, according to the *Figaro*, will henceforward wear grey instead of the red trousers which have procured for the Gallic troops the universal sobriquet of *pantalons rouges*.

A gigantic patriarchal oak has lately been sold in Schaffhausen, Switzerland. The tree was 255 years old, and covered eight square perches of ground. The trunk was fifty-nine feet in length and twenty-seven and a half feet in diameter, and the total amount of timber yielded was 360 cubic feet.

Miscellaneous.

Madrid is to have an International Exhibition in 1875. The London Exhibition opened on the 15th ult.

The spring rage for exhibitions has already set in in Paris. In a few days there will be a gastronomic exhibition at the Palais de l'Industrie, including everything relative to the culinary science, wonderful dishes, cooking utensils, table-linen, desert services, &c. In conjunction with this will be a flower-show, while this will be followed by a canine, feline, and galline exhibition, with dog races, rat hunts for the terriers, and mouse hunts for the cats.

We have all heard of a man's character being correctly told by his handwriting; but in Paris "a wise man" has just died who used to unfold the vices and virtues of a man by the manner in which he walked down his boot. Another of his peculiar talents was an extraordinary faculty of foretelling the weather, which a highly-organized nervous system enabled him to do far in advance. Gardeners and florists would frequently come from a considerable distance to consult him, and rarely were his prognostications falsified. He was thus generally known by the sobriquet of *Père Baromètre*.

The *Medical Record* tells us of a man named José Martino Coutinho, living at Cape Frio, Rio de Janeiro, who was born on May 20, 1691, and is consequently 178 years old. He was in perfect possession of his mental faculties, and complained only of stiffness in his knee-joints. He is said to have fought when young against the Dutch at Pernambuco; and remembers the principal events of the reigns of John V., Joseph, and Maria I. (circa 1750—80). He is said to have been married six times, and to have had 42 children, and to be able to count in his descendants 123 grandchildren, 86 great-grandchildren, 23 great-great-grandchildren, and 20 children of the latter.

On the summit of the Sierra Nevada range a rare gem has been found, something in appearance like a ruby, and yet so differing that it is believed to be a stone unknown to lapidaries. The owner, a Mr. Stuart, picked it up from the surface gravel in a ravine. The stone is surrounded by a ring of white stone of peculiar formation. The gem, or central stone, is about the size of a ten-cent piece, while the whole specimen is about the size of a half-dollar. This stone, being viewed through a powerful glass, shows the most wonderful rays of light, with specks of gold and silver. It is said that three other stones of the same kind are in the possession of the Indians of that region, who regard them as talismans, and refuse to part with them for any price.

The special correspondent of the *Times* in Paris has now furnished his version of the intentions of the Bonapartist family. It has, at least, the merit of novelty. The "family council," he says, have decided that on the 20th of March the Prince Imperial (who will attain his 17th birthday on the 16th) will be emancipated from his minority. "This will enable the Prince," says the writer, "to present himself personally as Emperor to the French nation on any occasion which he may judge opportune after the month of March, and, considering the forces at work in the country, and the elements of confusion which it contains, he would be a sanguine man indeed who could feel sure that such an occasion would not arise before the Republic is very much older."

A select committee was some time since appointed by the British Parliament to inquire into the subject of drunkenness in the Kingdom, especially in its legal and sanitary bearings, and an elaborate report has been made. The committee argue that there is a difference between the paroxysm of intoxication and insanity proper, so distinct as to forbid the plea, in bar of punishment, that an offence was committed while drunk—but, at the same time, placing inebriates in insane asylums is improper, and should not be allowed. The committee also declare it as their judgment that, when acts of violence or other offences are superadded to the drunkenness, the ordinary punishment awarded by law to those offences should be carried out, and commitment to a reformatory may form part of a sentence, or it may be left to the discretion of a magistrate to send the offender at once to an inebriate reformatory.

In Paris they have already begun to worship the late poor Emperor. A story is told of one of the merchant women of the Central market who was condemned to prison for six days for some breach of rule. She appealed against the sentence to a higher tribunal, and engaged the famous advocate Lachaud to plead her cause. But M. Lachaud had been to the funeral at Chislehurst, and did not appear in court when the case was about to be called. The old woman was in despair, and going into one of the passages, she knelt down and devoutly prayed to the Emperor for his intercession, as follows:—"Oh! my Emperor, you who are in heaven, will you send M. Lachaud to me in time, and I promise to have a mass said every year in your memory." Half an hour after, as it happened, the desired advocate made his appearance, and, what is more, got his client off her imprisonment. She attributes all to Napoleon III. And yet people will tell us this is not a superstitious age!

The sudden death of Napoleon has been a sad blow to those ingenious gentlemen, the interpreters of the prophetic portions of Scripture. One of these modern seers is editor of a periodical called *Signs of the Times*. In an article on Napoleon shortly before the decease of the ex-Emperor, the writer says:—"Woe! is their ignorance of the prophetic truth that he, as Daniel's Wilful King, is yet to plume his wings, and soar to an elevation of imperial powers never yet attained by any mortal man, and entirely to eclipse the grandeur of all previous empires by a New Roman Empire which, as a modern Caesar, he is to rise from the dust of ages, and to re-establish for three and a half years in more than its pristine earthly splendour and predominance over all the nations, and kindreds, and tribes, and peoples, after his Sedan deadly wound shall be healed." Rev. xiii. 3, 5, 7. Again at page 718 in a note by the Editor. "The Imperial restoration of Napoleon III, from his present retirement at Chislehurst, is absolutely certain."

Some thirty odd years ago the secretary to St. Bartholomew's Hospital ran down to a watering-place in Wales for his vacation. While there he met accidentally with a very intelligent little boy who used to run about doing errands, and always turned up at the right moment, and when a penny was to be turned. Dr. ——— noticed the lad with interest, and soon, by chatting with him, found that he had the stuff in him to make his way in the world if he only got the chance. His passion for learning was very great. "Suppose I were to try to get you into the Blue-coat Boys' School in London," said Dr. ——— to his little man one day, "and suppose I were to succeed, would you do me credit, do you think? Would you work very hard?" "Would not I, though, Sir?" was the reply, and the boy's eyes actually danced in his head with delight. Dr. ——— tried and succeeded, and his protégé kept his word. He did him such credit that on leaving the school with his arms full of honours his patron was able to get him into St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where, in course of time, he succeeded to Dr. ———'s post of secretary. Years went on and brought new successes to the young doctor, till at last he became court physician, and is now Sir William Gull, the observed of all observers, and one of the most honourable notabilities of that most honourable of all professions.