

THE CONGRESS.

The following Latin poem, from the pen of the well-known German poet, Gustave Schwetschke, was distributed by Prince Bismarck's special request amongst the Plenipotentiaries immediately after the last sitting, and published in the London Standard.

GAUDEAMUS CONGRESSIBLE.

Gaudeamus igitur
Socii congressus,
Post labores bellicosos
Nobis sit decessus.

Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
Quondam consedere,
Viennenses, Parisienses,
Tot per annos, tot per menses,
Frustra decedere.

Mundus heu! vult decipi,
Sed non decipiat,
Non plus ultra inter gentes
Litigantes et frementes
Manus conferat.

Vivat Pax! et comitent
Dii nunc congressum,
Ceu Deus ex machina
Ipsa venit Cypris
Roborans successum.

Pereat discordia!
Vineat semper litem
Proxenetae probitas.
Fides, spes, et obarias,
Gaudeamus item!

G. S.

* "Der ehrlicher Makler."

The Pall Mall Gazette says:—A correspondent informs us that the version given in *The Standard* of yesterday of the congratulatory ode ("Gaudeamus igitur," &c.) addressed to the Congress by the well-known German poet, Gustave Schwetschke, and "distributed by Prince Bismarck's request among the Plenipotentiaries," is incorrect. The true version, we are assured, is as follows:—

Rideamus igitur,
Socii Congressus;
Post labores bellicosos,
Post labores bumptiosos,
Fit mirandus messus.

Ubi sunt qui apud nos
Causas litigare,
Molde Wallachae frementes,
Graeculi esurientes?
Heu! absquatulare.

Ubi sunt provinciae
Quas est laus pacasse?
Totae, totae sunt partitae:
Has tulerunt Muscovitae,
Illas Count Andrassy.

Et quid est quod Angliae
Dedit hic Congressus?
Jus pro aliis pugnandi,
Mortuum vivificandi—
Splendidus successus!

Vult Joannes decipi
Et bamboozulatur,
Io Bacche! Quae majestas!
Ostreae reportans testas
Domum gloriatur!

This version, which from internal evidence will be seen to be the true one, may be roughly Englished thus:—

Let us have our hearty laugh,
Greatest of Congresses!
After days and weeks pugnacious,
After labours ostentatious,
See how big the mess is!

Where are those who at our bar
Their demands have stated;
Robbed Roumanians rampaging,
Greeklings with earth-bunger raging?
Where? Absquatulated!

Where the lands we've pacified,
With their rebel masses?
All are gone: yes, all up-gobbled;
These the Muscovite has nobbled,
Those are Count Andrassy's.

And what does England carry off
To add to her possessions?
The right to wage another's strife,
The right to raise the dead to life—
Glorious concessions.

Well, let John Bull bamboozled be
If he's so fond of sells!
Io Bacche! Hark the cheering!
See him home in triumph bearing
Both the oyster shells!

THE RADIATION OF HEAT FROM THE STARS.

EDISON AND LOCKYER.

To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS:—

DEAR SIR.—In my letter of the 22nd of July, published in your excellent paper of the 27th of the same month, the following paragraph occurs, viz.:—"that all the planets radiate outwards from them into space, a certain amount of heat, and that by this means, the temperature of each planet is affected by the others in proportion to their proximity."

In the New York Herald of the 1st instant, I find that Mr. Edison's proposed manner of discovering new stars is based upon the same reasoning. His plan, as the Herald inform us, is to at each his tasimeter to a large telescope, that whenever it points at a star, the tasimeter, in consequence of its extreme sensitiveness to heat, would give warning of the fact.

At the time of writing the letter referred to, I had not the remotest idea that any proof could be offered which would verify the statement which I hazarded to give to the public through your valuable journal; but the time is at hand which will fully establish the conjecture which I ventured to offer.

The conclusion which I arrived at was an obvious one—one that harmonizes with the operations of nature around us. No proportionate advancement, commensurate with the activity employed, can be made in the science of astronomy, until learned men recognise the fact that they should regard as a general law of nature that which comes under the observation of the senses on this terrestrial globe, and that they should not abandon principles which come under our observation every moment of our lives, unless the abandonment is forced upon them by evidence of the strongest character.

The celebrated astronomer Lockyer is stated to have said that "the Sun is the great prime mover of earth. Every cloud, every tide, every air current depends upon it." I am not prepared to vouch whether these are the identical words used by the learned astronomer, but I quote them as I find them in the New York Herald of the 1st instant. If these are Mr. Lockyer's words, I must confess that I cannot see how he can believe in the Newtonian theory, particularly that portion of it which deals with the motions of the planets in their respective orbits round the Sun. If the Sun is the "prime mover of earth," it would be interesting to those who study astronomy to know how Mr. Lockyer can possibly reconcile it with the Newtonian theory. Do tell us, Mr. Lockyer, how the Sun moves the earth. The Sun—I mean the heat of the Sun—is no doubt the prime mover, not only of the earth, but likewise of the planets of our system. I challenge the great astronomer to account for the motion of the earth, as caused by the Sun, by any manner except that which is mentioned in my pamphlet entitled "The Heavenly Bodies, How they move, and What moves them."

The reader will understand that according to the Newtonian doctrine a continued application of force is unnecessary to help the earth in motion. Newcomb, in his Astronomy, says that "the great misapprehension which possessed the minds of nearly all mankind till the time of Galileo was, that the continuous action of some force was necessary to keep a moving body in motion." Come, Mr. Lockyer, do tell us, if you can, how the Sun first moved the earth, and further if you are a disciple of Newton, do tell us by what miraculous mechanical law did the Sun withdraw his moving power from the earth, immediately after he caused it to move. You must, as an eminent man should, fully realize the absurdity of your position. It is impossible for you to ignore the fact that if the earth was in the beginning moved by the Sun, that the Sun still exercises a moving influence on the earth, and such being the case, how can you reconcile it with the Newtonian theory, and what will you say to Mr. Newcomb, who distinctly states that the idea that a continuous force is necessary to keep a body in motion is "entirely incorrect?"

I am not ignorant of the style of reasoning adopted by astronomers. In order to patch up the Newtonian theory you will probably tell us that a certain force, in the beginning, resided in the Sun; that its presence was no longer required; that it moved to some other Sun, performed the same functions there, and finally fled to some other system. You will probably answer that this reasoning is ridiculous. It cannot be more ridiculous than to state that a body can be kept moving for ever without the application of force. Well, Mr. Lockyer, if the Sun after having first moved the earth withdrew its power in some miraculous manner, and ceased to aid the motion of the earth, would it not follow as a logical sequence that the continued action of the Sun is unnecessary to cause "every cloud, every tide, every air current" to move? And to cap the climax you may with equal justice assert, inasmuch as the continuous force of the Sun is unnecessary to keep the earth in motion, that its continuous light is unnecessary to light the world, and its continuous heat unnecessary to heat the world, and finally, if you admit the name of "Sun" into your astronomical works, it is only for what he has done, and not for what he is doing. It is only a question of time when the followers of Newton will deny the existence of the Sun itself, notwithstanding that it may shine as brilliantly as it did when Adam and Eve first beheld that glorious orb shining in the firmament of heaven. I am borne out in this conclusion from the fact that to-day the major part of the so-called scientists of the world, not only deny the doctrine of the Divine Providential government of the world, but the existence of that Supreme Being who has called us into existence. I trust, Mr. Editor, that you will pardon me for trespassing so much on your space.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

DUGALD MACDONALD.

Montreal, August 5th, 1878.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE first six days' sale, at Paris, of the diamonds belonging to Queen Isabella of Spain, produced 1,592,290 francs (nearly £64,000).

AN immense lottery is to be organized at the end of the Exhibition containing two million tickets at fifty centimes. This sum will be devoted to the purchase of works of art in the Exhibition, which will be distributed by lot amongst the purchasers of the tickets.

BEING asked what was the most noticeable thing on exhibition at the Paris Show, an American replied: "The fact that the barmaid

in the English restaurant, whom I saw five years ago at the Vienna Exhibition, is not apparently a day older than she was then."

ANOTHER exhibition is already announced for 1879 at the Palais de l'Industrie. It is happily only on a small scale, and will form a mere corollary to the Grand World's Fair of the present year. It is to be called the Exhibition of Sciences applied to Industry.

THE operation of inflating the enormous captive balloon which is to make ascents from the court-yard of the Tuileries, has just commenced. The dimensions of this aerostat are such that when the car is on the ground the crown will rise forty feet above the Arc de Triomphe.

A SUM of sixty thousand francs has been voted by the French Government for International Trotting Races to take place at the Maison-Lafitte track, near Paris, in the early autumn. These measures have been rather too tardily made known to meet with complete success, but it is hoped that American trotters in particular, and Russian horses as well, will meet with French breeds in the various events.

THE following incident is reported to have occurred at the Exhibition:—One un-Frenchman like act of dishonour made a slight sensation—a boorish fellow seizing one of the Chinamen by the pigtail, asked why he wore that. This unwitting gross insult was readily avenged by the Chinese merchant catching the perpetrator by the beard, and saying in English, "What you wear that for?"

A TRIAL is now going on in the Gers of a peculiarly savage murderer named Courtade, who, having a dispute with his landlord, got the Juge de Paix to view the premises, and then shot dead the plaintiff, the judge, the registrar, and the clerk, besides grievously wounding a woman. The curious statement is made in the indictment that he was of choleric temperament, and being an old soldier was accustomed to bloodshed.

M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC, commenting on the Treaty of Peace, mentions with approval the remark of an Italian journalist that it was signed with the feathers of four vultures, one pigeon, and two geese. The two last-named, M. de Cassagnac points out, are those taken from the wings of M. Waddington and M. de St. Vallier. The conclusion of the writer is that Republican France has served as an accomplice and shameful associate in a terrible diplomatic situation.

THE swimming baths on the Seine have been extensively patronized during the warm days we have had lately, and are now beginning to recover some of the profits that were prevented by the cold backward spring from making earlier in the season. The principal establishments are crowded now of afternoons, and the attendance presents a curiously cosmopolitan character. Among the constant habitués of the swimming-baths on the Seine is a Chinaman who is often to be seen paddling through the water, with his pigtail floating out behind him.

It is not often that immortality can be purchased for so small a sum as one hundred francs. The opportunity to live for ever on a marble tablet, with the donor's name thereon in letters of gold, is offered to all Frenchmen by M. de Cassagnac. The tablet is to rest eternally in the Orleans Cathedral. The bishop's object is to raise 150,000fr. in order to defray the expense of ten painted windows illustrative of the life of Joan of Arc. The bishop addresses a most spirit-stirring appeal to the faithful, in which he terms Joan a warrior, a victim, and a saint.

SWEDEN, who for a second-rate nation, plays no small part at the great exhibition, has a most extraordinary exhibit in the shape of a new gymnastic or hygienic apparatus. It consists of a variety of chairs, stools, spindles, handles, stirrups, &c., which are put in motion by machinery. The person operated on goes the round of these different pieces of mechanism, which consist of about twenty distinct motions; in one he takes his seat with his arms pinned behind him, the machinery is then in motion, and the patient is jerked forwards and backwards from side to side, his arms and legs being twisted about in all directions. It is a most laughable thing to look at.

IN an age when most prestiges scarcely hold water, it is remarkable that the prestige of the dancing-gardens does not diminish. It must rain in torrents in order to make Mabilie empty, and even when the garden is uninhabitable the covered saloons are full. Mabilie is the first word strangers pronounce when they arrive in Paris. There or at the cafés chantants in the Champs Elysées you are sure to find your English, American and Russian friends. Similar gardens exist in their respective countries, but in their imagination the marvels of Mabilie are unequalled. It is the Paradise of the Prophet transported to the banks of the Seine. It is quite a sight for a philosopher of life to see them press open-eyed and open-mouthed around the quadrilles that are sheltered by the famous

zinc palm trees of Mabilie. They would not lose a single cavalier seul for the world. Ladies of the great world even do not dislike taking a turn at Mabilie behind their fan. With the hereditary curiosity of the daughters of Eve they take the liveliest pleasure in finding it abominable. Now one may find numbers of foreign ladies, some of them of high station in the world, visiting this abode of—lightness, on the arm of their husbands or brothers. It is strange, but if you go yourself you will find it to be true.

A CURIOUS and amusing incident happened at Brasseur's new theatre the other night. A foreigner, of what nationality matters not, paid his ten francs and installed himself comfortably, though not without difficulty, in his fauteuil d'orchestre, and placed his hat underneath his seat. The curtain rose, the stranger began to shake, for his laughter was Olympian and his body was colossal. The fauteuil creaked and groaned, but all was still well. At the second act the Olympian laughter redoubled, as also did the groans of the fauteuil. Finally the unfortunate chair gave way. It was inevitable. There was a terrible crash, the stranger sank for a moment, but soon rose again bearing the wreck of his hat. He at once rushed to the contrôle and demanded the price of his hat. The demand was refused and the stranger has entered an action against Brasseur for damages. Brasseur has replied by a counter action for the value of the broken fauteuil, which by the way struggled valiantly and deserves a reward. Brasseur argues that he is not bound to furnish fauteuils for people who weigh 400 pounds and whose laughter is Olympian. If people laugh à tout casser at the Nouveautés it is not the fault of the spectator. Brasseur is guilty to some extent, and his accomplices are named Christian, Céline Montaland, Silly and Dar-court.

HUMOROUS.

As a twig is bent the boy is inclined.

POLITENESS forbids looking a gift apple in the wormhole.

MISERY does not always love company, if the company happens to be mosquitoes.

WHEN a tooth begins to feel as if there was a chicken scratching at its root, it's time to pullet out.

IF there is any one who is anxious to know how to make a dollar, he is respectfully invited to visit the mint.

How to preserve the purity of the ballot-box—look the box up in a fire-proof safe and throw away the key.

PHILOSOPHY puts a tramp in the shade, and makes him think capitalists are growing bloated over the proceeds of his energy.

WHEN the office seeks the man it generally finds him. When the man seeks the office he has to find himself and pay the boys.

HENNEPIN County, Minn., has \$283,376 in its treasury, and owes nobody. What under the sun is the treasurer waiting for?

THE Coming Man is all very well, but it is the Coming Woman that excites the most interest when there is not a solitary seat left in the street.

THERE isn't much fuss made over the inauguration of a box's first pants' pockets as there is over the laying of a corner stone, but there are more things put in it.

THIS is just the kind of weather that puzzles a man as to the propriety of taking his umbrella. The propriety of taking somebody else's umbrella seems to be less puzzling.

TWO lawyers while bathing at Santa Cruz the other day were chased out of the water by a shark. This is the most flagrant case of want of professional courtesy on record.

PHILOSOPHERS say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. A wag says that this accounts for the many closed eyes that are seen in church.

IT is one thing to dare to do right, and another thing to refuse a dish of ice cream flavoured with brandy just after returning from a visit to a blast furnace in July.

WHEN a man reaches the top of a stairway and attempts to make one more step higher, the sensation is as perplexing as if he had attempted to kick a dog that wasn't there.

"DOESN'T Boston harbour remind you of the Bay of Naples?" asked an enthusiastic yachtsman. "Yes," was the answer, "at least in one respect. They are both full of water."

IT is very depressing to a summer congregation to see the minister, in the most eloquent and impassioned passage of his sermon, gesture with one hand and fight flies with the other.

"WE all know," said a cockney school committeeman to a new teacher he was examining for her position, "that A, B and C is vowels, but what we wants to know is vy they is so."

IT is not safe to argue that a revival of business is at hand just because your wife has succeeded in disposing of your second-best suit of clothes in exchange for a green plaster of Paris parrot with a tomato-coloured beak.

"JOHN," said a poverty-stricken man, "I've made my will to-day." "Ah!" replied John. "You were liberal to me no doubt." "Yes, John, I came down handsome. I've willed you the whole country to make a living in, with the privilege of going elsewhere if you can do better."

AN American tourist was visiting Naples and saw Vesuvius during an eruption. "Have you anything like that in the New World?" was the question of an Italian spectator. "No," replied Jonathan, "but I guess we have a mill-dam that would put it out in five minutes!"

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