

by dogs can be treated. Here will be kept numbers of mad rabbits, so that there may be a constant supply of *virus rabique*. Further, that the mode of inoculation should be made generally known, and, as Monsieur Pasteur thinks dogs may eventually be inoculated as a preventive, a veterinary surgeon should be appointed per arrondissement to perform the operation.

THE assembly at Versailles last week to elect a President of the Republic was lacking in none of the features which might distinguish a meeting of Kilkenny cats. It is only to be regretted that some of the politicians did not meet the same fate as their feline prototypes.

PARIS, January 18, 1886.

"PARIS herself again!" The boulevards have assumed their normal aspect. There is a general selling-off in all the *grands magasins*, and the festive look has faded from all faces.

On Thursday last the Senate and Chambre des Députés re-opened their doors. In his address, the President of the Republic thanked the National Assembly for having re-elected him, assured the members that his devotion to France was unabated, and expressed his very natural opinion that a republic was the only form of government suited to the French. "Twice," he continued, "has a monarchy and twice an empire fallen within the century." He did not add that a republic had also met the same fate—some think the time not far distant when they may write a three instead of two. Alas! that the proverb should be so applicable to governments as well as to individuals—"On n'est bien que là où l'on n'est pas."

Poor M. Jules Grévy, they ridicule him unmercifully, though he has some decidedly laudable qualities. Thus he has pardoned all political offenders since 1870. Prince Krapotkine and Louise Michel are free, with several others. The former was sentenced on January 8, 1883, to five years' imprisonment, a fine of 2,000 francs, ten years' surveillance, and five years' deprivation of civic rights. Louise Michel was condemned to six years' imprisonment and ten years' surveillance.

PAUL BERT has been elected envoy extraordinary to the Court of Hue, with the functions of Resident General of Annam, Cambodia, and Tonquin. "The French Government," he says, "has asked me to try the system I precognized—to accept my own colonial doctrines. I accept, and I go." Monsieur Bert's said doctrines seem to be of the most peaceable nature—no military parade. He is not to tyrannize over the natives, but to convert them. Their hearts are to be won by clever play upon their intellects. In the Protectorate, the new envoy is going to attempt the realization of a dream similar to that of Buonaparte in Egypt, viz., the establishment of an institute, but an institute where he will reunite the appointed representatives of commerce, of industry, of the bank, and of the civil rights of the country. There they will study questions of economy, of reform, and indicate all new public works to be accomplished. This grand idea seems to draw forth M. Bert's warmest enthusiasm. It remains to be seen how docile the heathen Chinese may become under the rule of this erudite governor.

In a surprisingly illogical letter Madame Juliette Adam combats the scheme of producing "Lohengrin" at the Opera Comique. Unfortunately a little personal pique tarnishes the dazzling patriotism which this epistle is meant to express. Daniel Sterne's *salon*, where Wagner, Mme. Adam, and other artists and *littérateurs* were wont to reunite, and "to listen to those parts of the German master's operas which are supportable," was forgotten when he cried in 1870, "We must burn Paris!" Madame Adam acknowledges the consoling influences of art, so long as it does not awaken eternal souvenirs. This is all very well; but is Paris to be deprived of that glorious "Lohengrin" because the too vivid imagination of French matrons perceives the tramp of Prussian feet in that divine prelude to the first act? But do not imagine this foolish comprehension of patriotism exists among all the French. At the famous "Concerts l'Amoureux," the best in Paris, no works are more enthusiastically received than Wagner's. To hate the man who exults over our fallen country is one thing; but to close our eyes and ears to divinest works of art is another. In the latter case patriotism ceases to be anything but an absurdity.

It is a pleasure to see that it is at last dawning upon the Parisian mind that the "essentially Parisian," however essential it may be to the Parisian, ceases at a certain point to interest the stranger. A still greater step—this opinion coming from the most "essentially Parisian" of Parisian papers. The "e. p." novel-play mode of life may satisfy to all eternity the youthful boulevardier; but to gain the sympathy of foreign readers the heroine of modern French romance must sometimes put on a different guise to that of "Sappho" (Daudet), sometimes overstep the narrow limits of the essentially Parisian *quartres* of Paris.

BEFORE her departure for America Sara Bernhardt, it is said, will

create a new rôle—that of *Ophelia*—in a translation of "Hamlet" by MM. Samson and Cressonnois.

THE Count of Launespain has generously put 40,000 francs at the disposal of M. Pasteur, to be employed by him in his treatment of the poor attacked or threatened with hydrophobia. L. L.

THE CIGARETTE.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MRS. ARTHUR ARNOLD.

(Mrs. Arnold has written against ladies smoking.)

LET me unfold the awful fate
Of William and Matilda Walker.
He was a man of good estate,
And she a most delightful talker.
They had a house on Richmond Hill,
And lived—believe me, I'm not joking—
In love and harmony until
They learnt the vicious art of smoking.

No husband, since the world began,
Was more attentive and devoted:
His neighbours all admired the man:
Indeed, his character was noted.
No wife was ever more attached;
No mother ever kinder-hearted;
And yet the pair, so nicely matched,
Fell out, too soon, alas! and parted.

One day, when Thomas came from town
—It was his wont to go there weekly—
He laid a little packet down,
And thus addressed Matilda meekly:
"My love, to-day I met a friend
Who thinks that in my hours of leisure
I may consistently unbend
And give myself a harmless pleasure.

"Tobacco, he declares, corrects
Full many ills that flesh is heir to;
And he suggests that he suspects
That I can soothe them if I care to.
Upon the strength of this I bought
These cigarettes—I let him choose them—
And, at some inconvenience, taught
My unaccustomed self to use them."

"I cannot grudge," Matilda said,
"Such fragrant joys to you, my dearest;
The brains, as I have somewhere read,
Of those who smoke are best and clearest.
But would you leave me while you try
This blissful spell so sweetly scented?
Dear William, tell me, why should I
Not also smoke and be contented?"

"My love," quoth he, "I don't desire
To quit you for a single minute:
We'll sit beside the study fire,
And see what nicotine has in it."
And thus the poor misguided pair
Departed from the ways of virtue.
Take warning, friend, and never dare
To play with what is sure to hurt you.

They smoked, and liked the deadly weed;
They smoked again, and liked it better
Yet, while exulting in the deed,
They forged themselves a cruel fetter.
The cravings for tobacco grew
On both—the victims seldom lack it—
And after lunch next day the two
Went out and bought another packet.

If I could end the story here
I should be very glad to end it;
But I am bound to persevere,
And so I really can't suspend it.
The Walkers loved their vicious ways—
Such folly ought to make all men rise—
The husband took to Broseley Clays;
The wife became a slave to Henrys.

William, who previously had been
A cheery man and energetic,
Grew in a month extremely lean,
Imperious, and apathetic.
Matilda, whose voluptuous hair
Had once been long enough to stand on
One wretched day became aware
That she had none to put her hand on.

She smoked cigar upon cigar,
Scorning the outraged world's objection,
And gave herself a bad catarrh
And an indifferent complexion.
His indiscretions with his pipe
Led first to lingual inflammation,
And then to the severest type
Of cancer, and an operation.

William, who in his youth had used
No oath or vicious exclamation,
Now swore, and openly excused
Such words as d . . . l and d . . . n.
His wife who had been always mild
And little given to gusts of passion,
Tried to impale her youngest child
Quite in the good old Turkish fashion.

The house where peace of yore had reigned
Became a scene of daily quarrel:
Matilda would not be restrained,
And William's habits grew immoral.
It could not last: and I regret
To have to add the information
That William's harmless cigarette
Has brought about a separation.

—*St. James's Gazette.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK,
5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

SCHILLER'S NADOWESSIERS TOTDENLIED.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—In your last issue the translator of Schiller's *Nadowessiers Todtenlied* asks for the derivation of the name. I believe it is to be found in the Odjibwa (Chippewa) term for a Sioux, *Nadowasoo*. And this word is derived from *Nadowāo*, an *Iroquois*; so *Nadowasoo* means a little *Iroquois*. The letter *r* is foreign to the genus of the Algonquin family of languages, the poet having Germanized it to suit the grammatical inflection. It is from the Indian word *Nadowasoo* we get our term *Sioux* for the Dakotahs (their proper name); the *courriers du bois* having found the word irksome, elided all the syllables, except the last, *soo*, or *Sioux*.

Of the etymology of the word itself I am not so confident. But the root probably is *nat*, to go in search of, to hunt; *natowao*, he goes after. The Crees and Saultens gave the Iroquois this name from the way in which they were employed by the Hudson Bay Co., the word not being a much older word, very likely, at any rate.

Yours truly,

HARRY HUGHES BROWNE.

342 Jarvis St., Toronto, February 2, 1886.