

*protégé.*" The two rivals made an assent, and rose to leave. The chamberlain drew near Redoubté, and said to him: "Sir, the lady whom I have the honour of accompanying is the Empress Marie Louise."

"Parbleu, sir. I am aware of it; but you do not know that the other is the Empress Josephine."

"Here is a youngster born with a silver spoon in his mouth," said the chamberlain, "what a career he will have, the *protégé* of two empresses. We must admit that fortune has singular freaks."

Less than two years after this encounter at the house of the widow Blanger, Josephine died, broken-hearted, at Malmaison, while Marie Louise left—with indifference, maybe even joy—France, where she neither loved nor was loved.

"Do not cry, mamma," said little Charles Blanger to his mother, "have you not our good friend Redoubté left!"

In fact, of all the exalted patronage which had promised so brilliant a future to the poor child, nothing remained to him, save the friendship of the good artist whose only fortune was his talent.

Poor as he was, Redoubté did not repudiate the legacy left him by the good Josephine, whom grief had killed. He made frequent visits to the widow Blanger, and so provided for her as to remove some of the misery from her unfortunate life. Her health, however, could not be restored, and her end was near. One day, after an absence of two months, occasioned by a voyage he was obliged to take, the artist hastened to the house of his dear *protégés*. Entering, his heart misgave him; a noise of hammering could be heard. It was the coffin of the widow that they were closing. In a corner was little Charles in tears, while the distant relatives of the deceased were deliberating upon what should be done with the child. After a few moments it was decided that he should be taken to the orphan asylum.

"Oh! no, no," he exclaimed, throwing himself into Redoubté's arms; "my good friend does not wish it; is it not so that you will not send me to the asylum?"

The artist, greatly moved, took the terrified child, and approaching the men who were consulting, said, "Have you no hearts?" then, turning to the child, "comfort yourself, my little Charley, I will not leave you, I will be your father."

"Oh! yes, yes, and you will teach me to be a great artist like you, and when I shall be great, I will prevent them from putting poor children who have no mother in the asylum?" Redoubté kept his word, and the child also.

Some years after, a hearse was going toward the eastern cemetery; a throng of artists, men of letters, *savants*, and magistrates followed it thoughtfully. Among them was noticed a man of about thirty who evinced the most profound grief. This hearse was carrying Redoubté to his last resting place. The man who mourned was the adopted son and pupil of this celebrated painter. The protection of two sovereigns had failed to prevent him from going to an asylum, the protection of a great artist has placed him among the first ranks of our *genre* painters.

### HATS.

As to the etymology our English word Hat; French, *Chapeau*; Italian, *Cappello*; Spanish, *Sombrero*, it is differently derived by different authors; but it is in all probability derived from the Anglo-Saxon, *Hæt*, to cover. In German the equivalent is *Hut*. A thimble is called a finger-hat, and by a party of reasoning a glove, a hand-shoe. In Dutch it is *Hoed*, in Swedish, *Hatt*. Hoved or Hood, the past participle of Heave, Anglo-Saxon Heaf-en, have formed, in Horne Tooke's opinion (see *Diversions of Purley*), the derivations of Hood, Hat, and Hut. Thus Hat would be the past tense of the same verb as Head; and means, equally, something that is heaved or raised, as the head is raised above the shoulders, and the hat above the head.

Hats are alluded to by the earliest English authors of whom we have any knowledge, and hats, by whatsoever name they may have been called, have been in use from the remotest periods of human existence. When the Romans gave freedom to their slaves they bestowed upon them a hat, in token of their enfranchisement, and the hat has been ever since a symbol of freedom. The Eton boys are bound by an unwritten charter of etiquette, as strict as that which binds the Blue-coat boys to go bareheaded—to wear hats and not caps. The hat is a kind of aristocratic badge to distinguish the Etonian from other school-boys. A young gentleman who presented himself at cricket, and arrayed in a cap, in the Eton playing fields would have "a very bad time" of it.

In the middle ages hats were given to the university students who had graduated, to signify that they were no longer subject to scholastic control. The youngsters, on the other hand, like the 'prentice boys of London, were called "flat-caps." To this day the judges of the French tribunals are, in the familiar parlance of the bar robing-room, dubbed "*gros bonnets*," a term answering to our "big-wigs." The judicial and forensic wigs are really hats, since their wearers may appear in the streets with their wigs and nothing else on their heads. It is true that in his remarkable report of the trial of "Bardell vs. Pickwick" Mr. Charles Dickens mentions that the presiding judge, Mr. Justice Starleigh, brought a "little three-cornered hat" into court with him; but such an article of at-

tire appears, in recent times, to have entirely vanished from the equipment of the learned bench. Let it be remembered that the square or trencher cap, which is a mark of academic membership in our academies, and in some grammar schools, is said to have been invented by one Petrouillet, a Frenchman; and I have been unable to find any painting or engraved representation of the trencher cap and tassel of earlier date than the beginning of the seventeenth century. Old Burton (of the "Anatomy") wore a black skull cap; so did Dr. Donne; and Dr. Busby, that terrible flagellator of youth (did he not birch Sir Roger de Coverley's grandfather?) wore a broad brimmed shovel hat over an enormous black periwig. I can't help thinking that the Presbyterians devised the trencher cap during the temporary sway they held at the universities, while the civil wars reigned and Oliver ruled. The underpart of the college head-gear, fitting closely to the skull, is obviously the old Genevese *calotte* such as Calvin and Servetus wore. The ugly, angular, flat crown of the trencher may have been added by some Puritan zealot to show his abhorrence for anything in the guise of a mitre; and from the similarity of this trencher to the form of a thin flattened brick may have sprung the slang word "tile" as denoting a hat.

Every schoolboy is familiar with the story of Gesler's hat, and how it was the indirect instrument of giving freedom to Switzerland, and of first developing the heroic spirit of William Tell—providing always that William Tell, Walter Furst, Arnold von Melchthal, and the rest ever had any existence out of the delusive library of legendary lore, and the busy brains of the romancers. The Phrygian "cap of liberty" on its pole stands in direct opposition to Gesler's hat in the market-place at Altorf, yet patriots who would seem to have bowed to the Austrian's hat, very reverentially acknowledge the supremacy of the cap of liberty. The only rule which humanity will cheerfully obey is the Rule of Contraries. Christians take off their hats when they pray, or when they enter a court of justice, as Jews put theirs upon their heads. A Turk accounts it an act at once degrading and irreligious to remove his head-covering—although by-the-by, the Pasha of Egypt took off his "tarboosh" or "fez" the other day to the Princess of Wales: a fresh symptom that the Eastern question is rapidly approaching solution—but among Christian people, to lift the hat from the head is accounted a mark of profound respect, and even to point the finger upwards towards the hat, or simply touch its brim, a mark of extreme politeness. The instinct which makes the hat—either in its removable or irremovable aspect—an object of reverence is universal, and must spring from some psychological law of our nature.

But the hat has not been always a symbol of honour; it has sometimes been made an emblem of degradation. Abating one marked exception—that of the white night-cap, which from motives of decorum is drawn over the face of the unhappy wretch about to be hanged—it has been the universal practice, in all ages, to conduct criminals to execution bare-headed, nor do I know any instance of a soldier or sailor being flogged with his hat on: although such punishments are ordinarily inflicted in the open air. There have always been, nevertheless, certain hats or caps of contumely and of infamy, of which the simplest is the "dunce's cap" of our dame schools, called by dominies beyond the Tweed an "antic cap." A cap with bells has always been held typical of Folly, and in the middle ages was specially affected by court fools. In some parts of Italy Jews were once compelled by law to wear high yellow caps; in Lucca, the prescribed colour for the hat of an Israelite was a dark orange. But perhaps the most peculiar mark of distinction which the hat ever conferred on its wearer was in France, when bankrupt Jews were forced to wear a green hat, so that people might avoid losses by trading with them. I wonder whether this strange sumptuary law has anything to do with the slang phrase "Do you see anything green about me?"—George Augustus Sala.

### THE HOT WEATHER.

Mr. T. D. King, the distinguished meteorologist of this city, gives the following table of temperatures which deserves to be recorded. We append also his observations:

The maxima and minima temperature are recorded on the morning and evening of the day opposite to their respective figures. The third column gives the daily range of the temperature of the air and shows the vicissitudes of the thermometer, which Nature will not allow, any more than she will allow mercurial and spirituous mortals to remain in a state of perpetuity. From this column we learn that the thermometer has ranged as much as 33° in twenty-four hours. Upon reference to columns 1 and 2 we arrive at the fact that the difference between the lowest reading 55° (on the 12th and 15th), and the highest reading, 99°, on the 2nd, amounts to 44°!

The fourth column gives the mean temperature of the day, showing that for the first eleven days it was 79°, and for the second eleven days it was 74°—mean of the whole 76.5°, which is 68° (nearly seven degrees) above the mean temperature of the months of July in the years 1875, 1876 and 1877, as recorded by the Observer at McGill College Observatory, under the direction of G. T. Kingston, M.A., Toronto, General Superintendent of the Meteorological

records instituted when the Hon. Pêter Mitchel was Minister of Marine.

### TEMPERATURE, JULY, 1878.

Date.	Maximum.	Minimum.	Daily Range.	Daily Mean.
1	96	79	17	87.5
2	99	76	23	87.5
3	87	73	14	80.0
4	90	65	25	77.5
5	87	71	16	79.0
6	91	60	31	70.5
7	90	58	32	74.5
8	94	70	24	80.0
9	94	72	22	83.0
10	85	70	15	77.5
11	83	59	24	71.0
12	83	55	28	69.0
13	91	57	34	74.0
14	90	67	23	78.5
15	81	55	26	68.0
16	77	60	17	68.5
17	92	65	27	78.5
18	89	71	18	80.0
19	88	72	16	80.0
20	89	64	25	76.5
21	81	65	16	73.0
22	67	60	7	63.5

### ECHOES FROM PARIS.

DAINTY little coffee-cups and saucers, in French steel and gilt, beautifully decorated, are the rage amongst the English buying souvenirs of the Exhibition.

THE *République Française* gave as its *feuilleton* on Thursday a sketch of Paris under English rule in the fifteenth century. If its appearance at this particular moment is a mere coincidence, it is a very striking one.

At the Exposition they exhibit opera cloaks, shawls and other female dress made of glass, and they look like the finest silk. The beauties of the things are evident: so are the young ladies within them.

M. GARNIER-CASSAGNAC, father of Paul, is about publishing a "Faithful History of the Second Empire" in a *feuilleton* form; as one of the mameukes of Imperialism, and a bosom friend of Napoleon's, he ought to know a great deal.

CONGO STANLEY having paid a visit to M. Gambetta, the latter returned it; by means of an interpreter, an interesting conversation was maintained on the future of Africa; some Frenchmen are willing to start Stanley in any trading line he desires to undertake in that country.

THEY are making artificial flowers in Paris that short distance cannot be detected from natural ones. The verdant young men who throw bouquets to actresses, singers and dancers are asked to remember this. Floral tributes like these artificial products would be more acceptable than the genuine articles, for they would last longer, and the flowers might be used in many ways afterwards.

IN the French piano department, the performers, with long, and generally dirty hair, and eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, are at war; all play for the public at the same time, and Bedlam is the result. A manufacturer promises to secure a place by fitting up a cabinet piano, which is worked by water, and drives a sewing-machine at the same time. Between bell-ringing, wind-instrument trying, snorting engines, and driving wheels, tranquillity does not reign in the place.

ON the principle that nothing succeeds like success, another national *fête*, perhaps two, will take place in September in honour of the distribution of the Exhibition recompenses and the replacement of regimental colours—lost between Sedan and Metz—for the army. It is to be hoped that the only two faults to be found, following the re-actionist papers, against the *fête* of June 30 will be then corrected. A free admission of the people to the theatres—boxing-night, and liberty for the beggars to appeal to the charitable, by pathos, bathos, and deformities.

THE Japanese are the object of much notoriety in the Exhibition; some way they have managed to come well to the front, and force themselves on public attention. If you have an appointment to make in the Exhibition, the Japanese fountain are the points selected; here ladies like to display their alabaster arms, to seize the long-handled drinking goblets, and there are gallants who watch the moment to have the honour of using the vessel after them. But the water itself has obtained the reputation of working miracles, and people often fill small flasks with it. It is concluded, that if it does not come directly from Japan, it is operated upon, which is about the same thing for the credulous—for whom faith ever saves; the supply is well kept up, and is near the Seine.

RATHER a good story of General Grant, who is in Paris, is now being told. The general attended a Ministerial reception. On his arrival a most portentous-looking major-domo, gorgeous in silver braid, announced in a stentorian voice, "Monsieur le Général Grant, former President of the United States of America." The general

was so taken aback at hearing himself thus pompously announced that, instead of mounting the stairs, he slipped into the smoking room on the ground floor, where he was subsequently found tranquilly enjoying his cigar and brandy and water. Meanwhile the Ministers and "big people" up-stairs were warmly shaking hands with a bearded gentleman who had entered immediately after the announcement of General Grant, and who bears a striking resemblance to the ex-President, but who, unfortunately, turned out to be the manager of the refreshment department—the foreman, in fact, of the firm of confectioners with whom the contract for the evening had been made. This worthy tradesman was assailed at this cordial reception and at the *empressment* with which the galaxy of dignitaries were welcoming him back to France.

THE exhibition of the Crown diamonds of France in the Champs-de-Mars has drawn attention to a curious episode in their history. In 1792 the Constituent Assembly ordered the inventory to be made of them, and that task had hardly been completed when, on the night of the 16th of August, they all disappeared. Forty thieves, acting in unison, managed to escalate the house in the Place Louis XIV., in which the gems were deposited, and effected an entrance by breaking in the window, and carried them all off. Although so many men were engaged in the enterprise only two were caught, but the diamonds could not be found. At that moment, a man named Lamiéville, a hair-dresser, was in the prison of the Conciergerie under sentence of death for coining, but he made his escape. A few days afterwards he called upon Sergeant Marceau, a municipal officer who had rendered him some service while he was in prison, and told the policeman that while in confinement he had heard the men talking, and had discovered the hiding place of the precious objects, viz., in the hollows of two large beams in a garret in a certain street. The sergeant went himself to search, and recovered the whole of them, the Regent, the Sancy, &c. As for Lamiéville, he was sent away from Paris for security. Petion, the mayor of the capital, recommended him to the Minister of War, and he was made an officer of a regiment of the line. According to an inventory drawn up in the reign of Louis XVIII., the jewels were more than 64,000 in number, weighing 18,751 carats, and were estimated to be worth 20,900,260fr.

### LITERARY.

AN English writer is preparing a biography of George Sand.

THE English revisers of the New Testament are now giving their finishing touches to Second Corinthians.

MR. JOHN PAYNE COLLIER, who is now in his ninetieth year, contemplates a new edition of his "History of Dramatic Poetry."

THE death is announced of Mrs. Ferrier, the daughter of "Christopher North," and widow of Prof. Ferrier, the well-known metaphysician.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS figures out that he ought to have received \$180,000 royalty for the use of his play "Camille" in the United States.

SIR W. STIRLING-MAXWELL has left "The History of Don Juan of Austria" in a completed form, ready for immediate publication. It consists of three volumes.

THE new dictionary of the French Academy contains 2,200 words more than the former one. About 300 words have been expunged, and many English ones admitted.

HENRY POTTINGER has, after three years' research into Byzantine literature, completed a romance entitled "Blue and Green; or, The Gift of God," which treats of the struggling between two great political factions, who alternately ruled Constantinople during the sixth century.

It is a striking proof of the world-wide interest felt in Mr. Stanley's discoveries that the English edition of his "Through the Dark Continent" appears simultaneously in the United States, Canada, France, Germany, Norway, Italy, Denmark and other countries.

BRYANT was the richest poet in America. By journalism and poetry he had accumulated property whose estimated value is about \$100,000. The people of the United States propose to erect a statue of Bryant, in the Central Park, New York, near to the statue of Mazzini, through attending the unveiling of which, Bryant met his death.

MR. JOHN BLACKWOOD, the eminent publisher, has recently been spending some time in Rome, and at the house of Mr. Story, the sculptor, he met an American lady, Miss Brewster, who thus "makes copy" of him in the *N. Y. World*: "Of course we asked about George Eliot—if she was publishing anything. Mr. Blackwood replied, 'No; but she is never idle. She is so careful a worker it takes her some time to prepare and complete.' He seemed to take much pleasure in the fact of his being her first publisher. In Blackwood appeared her first stories. He said he corresponded with her for a long time thinking she was a man. 'I addressed her as 'Dear George,' he added, 'and used some easy expressions, such as a man uses only to a man. After I knew her I was a little anxious to remember all I might have said.' We talked of authors' manuscripts, and Mr. Blackwood delighted some of the company by telling us that George Eliot's is beautiful, clear, and full of character. Mrs. Oliphant's is very difficult to read, it is so small."

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