

the ship occupied by emigrants without the permission of the authorities. The French Trans-Atlantic Line demand the abrogation of this clause on the ground that it is hurtful to the maintenance of good discipline. The experience of our Canadian lines does not confirm this view, and our immigration agents are decidedly of opinion that the less emigrants, especially the females, are interfered with on the voyage, the better it is for them.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD took occasion the other day to state his views on the interesting question of a Canadian Governor-General to succeed the present worthy incumbent. Referring to rumors personal to himself, the veteran Premier declared that he had no ambition for the office himself, nor did he deem it expedient that there should be any change in the present mode of appointment to that high dignity. The chances are that there will be no such change during Sir John's lifetime, as his strong attachment to British connexion is well known, and the choice of our Governor-General by the Crown is almost the last visible link of that connexion. In the same speech the Prime Minister threw out the expression of "auxiliary nation," as applied to Canada in its relations to the Mother Country. This is one of those key-words which will sooner or later provoke discussion and lead to important results.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE GRANBY RUBBER COMPANY.—We present our readers to-day a sketch by our special artist, of the beautiful town of Granby, one of the pleasantest spots in the Eastern Townships. One of its principal industries is the Granby Rubber Factory, said to be without exception one of the best appointed of its kind in America. Its capital is Canadian, and it employs between 40 or 50 hands, with as many orders as it can fill. Its speciality is Gossamer rubber clothing, made up in fine quantities. These goods are warranted equal in quality and finish to any made in the United States.

WRECK OF THE PICARDIE.—This remarkable wreck, on the 11th January, is hardly explicable, but it is certain that the *Picardie*, of the French Line between New York and Havre, went down at angle of 50°. The crew had time to take to their boats and were picked up by the *Labrador*, a sister vessel of the same line that had happened in the same direction.

PERSONAL.

THE Crown Princess Victoria of Germany has painted two portraits of her husband in cuirassier uniform.

FENCING is still in high honor at the Elysée Palace, where the guests of President Grévy cross their foils nearly every morning in the conservatory.

THE Shah of Persia has sent Princess Bismarck the highest decoration of Persia, which no woman before has ever possessed. The Star of the Sun will cover one-half of a modern ball dress bodice.

At the recent examination at London University College there was among the assistant examiners a lady graduate who appeared in full university costume of head and gown, and excited the intense admiration of the candidates.

THE foreigners who appeared to enjoy most the flower fight at Nice, on Shrove Tuesday, were the Prince of Wales and Mr. Gladstone. The venerated and veteran statesman, who sat between Lady Wolverton and M. Clemenceau, laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks.

ISMAD PASHA, tired of the dreary monotony of the Italian cities, and having feasted on the glories of art which they possess, is about to go to London to live. He has bought a place in the neighborhood of Highgate, and given ninety thousand pounds for it. Though a dethroned potentate, he seems able to live like a prince, as the saying goes, for he carries a retinue about with him which would astonish even a deposed Sultan.

LORD COLERIDGE, the Lord Chief-Justice of England, has accepted an invitation to visit the United States some time in the ensuing summer as the guest of the New York State Bar Association. Lord Coleridge has long been noted for his hospitality to American lawyers and others visiting England, making them welcome in his court and entertaining them at his mansion in Sussex Square, in London, and at Ottery St. Mary, his country seat in Devon.

THE Empress Eugénie is at her English home in Farnborough. Nothing can be more quiet and unostentatious than the manner in which she lives. She only leaves her apartments to hear mass in her private chapel every morning, and to join in the meals which she takes twice a day with the members of her household. She intends to build a new chapel close to her

house, and when it is finished the remains of the late Emperor and of the Prince Imperial will be removed there from Chislehurst.

FIFTEEN years ago cigars were furtively smoked by school-boys and fast young ladies. They were regarded as foreign and effeminate abominations, and they were never seen in the lips of any one of mature years save the Gallic exile temporarily resident in Leicester Square. The example of the Prince of Wales changed all this. His Royal Highness in the course of his peregrinations had contracted the habit of smoking cigars. Straightway the habit of the future King of England became the fashion of Pall Mall and St. James street.

FREDERICK WILLIAM, the only son of the Emperor William and his wife Augusta, was married to the Princess Royal Victoria, eldest daughter of the Queen of England, January 25, 1858. He is the father of seven children, of whom two are married. He is fifty-two years of age, and his experience in the wars of 1864, 1869 and 1870, as well as his knowledge of civil affairs, ought to qualify him for the position to which he is heir. His popularity, together with the fact that his views are somewhat more liberal than those of his father, indicates that he will be a successful sovereign.

DON CARLOS, the Duc de Madrid, of whom but little has been heard of late, is holding a little court for the Bourbons at the Palazzo Loredano, on the Grand Canal at Venice. The rush and crush to obtain admission to the evening receptions of the Duchess of Madrid, is something tremendous. But Don Carlos maintains the system of complete exclusion of every extraneous element in politics; and few, indeed, are chosen. The ladies are deeply grieved at this, for Don Carlos is a real hero of romance, a gallant and picturesque pretender. His gondola, richly appointed, with his gondoliers in their costumes of red and blue, is beheld all over Venice, conspicuous from the two immense Newfoundland dogs taught to swim in the wake of the gondola, without ever attempting to jump on board.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR, of Wales, has completed his eighteenth year and is about to keep his terms at Oxford. The Oxford of to-day is different in almost every respect from that which was known to his father twenty years ago. Christ Church itself is not what it was a couple of decades since. It is less a luxurious academic lounge for young men of wealth, of pleasure or of birth, and more a home, if not of study, of vigorous activity of some kind or other. The whole life of Oxford has become more tense and earnest; the means of communication between the city and the outer world have largely increased; the points of contact between it and the rest of England have been multiplied. The Oxford of mediocrity has disappeared and the modern Oxford has taken its place. A new university commission has completed the work of transformation.

FOOLS' MOSAIC.

BY ALBERT D. VANDAM.

"Better a witty fool than a foolish wit."  
Theobald Night.

If anything were wanting to prove the truth of the old adage that "It takes a wise man to act the fool," a collection of their sayings would do it. St. Marc de Girardin has said somewhere: "*La bouffonnerie dans les temps difficiles est le passeport de la raison; c'était la vérité des fous des rois, qui disaient la vérité au marabout de la main.*" It is about these very fous des rois that we wish to speak. Without tracing the origin of the institution, which dates from very ancient times, as is sufficiently attested by Xenophon's mention of jesters in his *Symposium*, we may briefly state that the custom of maintaining court fools was introduced from the East after the crusades. Even then they were mixed up with minstrels, troubadours, and jongleurs, from which word, by the bye, we derive our English juggler, and it is not until the end of the ninth century that we have a distinct account of the officially appointed court fool. This appears to have been, according to Professor Fogel, a fellow with the name of Jean, whose influence over his master, Charles the Simple, was so great that this monarch one day offered to change places with him. The fool looked very sad at this offer. Upon this the king asked him whether he would be ashamed to be a king. "It's not that, sire," answered Jean, "but I should be ashamed of such a fool."

*Joculator nascitur, non fit.* Nor is this all, but brain wits seem to have been positively indigenous to some provinces. Droux du Râcher tell us, that in the Archives of Troyes in Champagne a letter of King Charles V. may be seen, in which that monarch informs the Mayor and *échevins* of that town of the death of his fool, asking them to send him one according to custom. A curious staple product, to say the least of it. Among those who have become as much historical personages as the kings their masters is Triboulet, the fool of Francois I., who has been made the hero of Victor Hugo's celebrated drama *Le Roi s'amuse*. Many of his sayings are not only replete with wit, but also with wisdom. Shortly before Francois undertook the Italian campaign which ended in the disastrous defeat

at Pavia, where all was lost *hormis l'honneur*, a council of war was held, at which Triboulet was present. After they had all discussed the means of entering Italy, the fool rose very quietly. "You are, no doubt, very well satisfied with the counsels you have given the king, but you have forgotten the most important." "And pray what is that?" was asked. "You seem to have overlooked the return journey," said he; "we are surely not going to remain in Italy." Subsequent events proved his foresight. The old proverb, "Prevention is better than cure," was aptly illustrated by Triboulet. A nobleman once threatened him with chastisement because he had slandered him. The fool ran to his master in great fear. "If he does," said Francis, trying to reassure him, "I'll have him hanged a quarter of an hour afterwards." "Pray, if it be all the same to you, sire, let it be a quarter of an hour before." Passing over a bridge one day in company with a nobleman, the latter remarked upon the absence of a railing, which in French, is sometimes called *garde-fou*. "They had no idea that we should pass here," answered Triboulet.

Brusquet, the immediate successor of Triboulet, was no doubt the most celebrated of French fools. He began life as a quack doctor at the camp at Avignon, where he physicked the Swiss and *Landsknechten*, in the year 1556. But he physicked them so well, that for every one he cured, he sent twenty *ad patres, comme des mouches*, as Brantôme has it. Their commanders did not look very favourably upon Brusquet, who made as much havoc among them as the enemy. Exasperated by his peculiar medical skill, the Comte de Montmorency ordered him to be hanged. He was saved from this fate by the Dauphin, afterwards Henry II. This prince had heard of Brusquet's wit, and upon better acquaintance was so charmed with him that he exempted him from arrest, and gave him a subordinate post in his household. Brusquet soon rose to a more important office. Besides being *fou du roi en titres d'office*, he became Posting-master-general of Paris; and the strict rule that fools should not live beyond the precincts of the palace seems to have been relaxed in his favour.

Our fool was as much a man of deeds as words. Practical jokes were his forte. The Maréchal de Strozzi, between whom and himself there was very little love, was the constant butt for his tricks. This nobleman was one day entertaining the king with a witty story, and his magnificently embroidered cloak having excited the cupidity of Brusquet, the fool went to the kitchen, borrowed a larding-pin and some bacon, and ornamented it from top to bottom with pieces of fat; then turning round, asked his master whether he did not think that the maréchal had some beautiful golden *aiguillettes* on his mantle. Both the king and the victim laughed immoderately, the latter not very genuinely one may suppose; but he took off the coveted garment and gave it to the fool, telling him that he should pay dear for it. The maréchal was as good as his word. Some time after he had Brusquet robbed of his plate, which he did not restore to him until the cost of the cloak had been deducted. Thus the two were at war, until Brusquet accompanied the Cardinal de Lorraine on an embassy to Rome. Then did Maréchal de Strozzi play his best trump card. The legation had been but a short time at Rome, when intelligence arrived in Paris of the death of Brusquet, the courier bearing his last will. The testator prayed the king that he would permit his wife to retain the office held by the husband, that of posting-master, on the condition that she should marry the bearer of the news and the testament. Nothing could be more appropriate than this act of the dying fool. The king gave his permission, and Brusquet's wife had no alternative but to marry the courier in order to retain a lucrative office. The couple had been married about a month, when Brusquet heard the news of his own death. He hurried back, turned the usurper out, and—proving himself to be a thorough fool—married his wife anew. That there is a special Providence for fools and drunkard was once fully proved in regard to Brusquet. He was very covetous, and "everything was fish that came to his net." One day, being present at an entertainment given by Philip II. to the Duke of Alva, at Brussels, towards the end of the repast he jumped on the table, rolled himself in the tablecloth, taking particular care to snatch up everything valuable, went down the other side, and loaded with spoil left the apartment. "Wonderful to relate," says Brantôme, who was an eye-witness to the fact, "he did not hurt himself with the knives." The Providence of fools had protected him.

His enmity with Strozzi brought down upon him the accusation of being a Huguenot. He was obliged to fly for protection to Madame de Bonillon, and afterwards found a refuge with Madame de Valentinois, in whose chateau he died in 1563. The sayings of Brusquet were innumerable, but one deserves special mention. Once, when the French were discussing the general most able to take Calais, he mentioned a judge celebrated for taking bribes. "Why don't you send him to Calais?" He takes everything before him.

One of the fools of King Alfonso of Naples kept a book, which he called the Fools' Calendar, and in which he noted the name of everyone whom he thought worthy of a place. The king having sent a Moor with a thousand ducats into Barbary to buy horses, the fool immediately put Alfonso's name in the book, and told him of it. "Why so?" asked Alfonso. "For hav-

ing trusted a Moor with so much money," answered the fool. "And suppose he returns all right?" "Then I'll efface your name, and put his instead," was the reply.

The proneness of giving medical advice was once admirably rebuked by one Gonello, the fool of Nicolas III., Marquis d'Este and Ferrara. Gonella was very fond of betting, and as a rule made a very good thing of it. One day at dinner some one asked which was the most numerous profession at Ferrara. Opinion was very much divided. "Monseigneur," said Gonella, "you may be certain that the doctors are the most numerous in this town." You know very little about it," answered the marquis. "For there are not more than three or four." Gonella, persisting in his opinion, they made a bet, and this is how he won his wager. He goes home, wraps his head in a woollen nightcap, puts a handkerchief round his face like some one suffering from toothache, and posts himself in the antechamber of the prince. The passers-by ask him what is the matter, and tell him of a remedy. Gonella takes care to note down every name and the medicaments prescribed. Even the marquis, going by, names a certain cure to him. The following morning Gonella presents himself, and hands over a list. The marquis, on taking it, seeing his name at the top, could not avoid laughing, and had to confess that really the doctors were the most numerous at Ferrara.

Never was Christ's reproof, "He that is without sin...let him cast the first stone," more advantageous than in the case of Scoggan, one of King Henry VIII.'s fools. He had offended the ladies of the court, and was ordered to pass along a gallery with naked back, to be whipped by them. For this purpose, they had placed themselves in a row on each side of the wall, and were just beginning to apply their switches, when Scoggan called out, "Let the greatest courtesan begin first." It is needless to say that he went scot-free.

This same Scoggan once borrowed five hundred pounds of Queen Elizabeth. The time for repayment had long passed, and the queen insisted upon having her money, notwithstanding his prayers to be released from the debt. One day he heard that she was to pass his house; and upon this he bethought himself of a means to get rid of his liability. Accordingly, he had a coffin made; and when the hour was near that the queen was expected, he put himself into the box, had it shouldered by his friends, and carried outside. Elizabeth inquiring whom they were going to bury, they told her it was her humble servant Scoggan. "Indeed!" said she. "I never heard that he was ill. Is the fool really dead? He owed me five hundred pounds, but I heartily forgive them." At these words, Scoggan rose in his coffin. "I thank your majesty cordially. The favor you have shown me is so great, that it has risen me from the dead." A new way to pay old debts, certainly.

We have all heard the story how a certain gentleman, thinking to nonplus a newspaper boy at one of the railway stations, promised him half-a-crown if he would bring him to-morrow's *Times*. "Certainly, sir," answered the lad; and it being Saturday, he brought him the *Sunday Times*. A similar instance of *prosepoesie d'esprit* is related of a fool of Albain, King of Lombards (572), by name Bertoldo, who, being asked if he could bring some water in a sieve without spilling any, answered immediately, "Certainly; in a hard frost I could bring you any quantity."

The fool has now gone out of fashion at the modern courts, even in Russia, where he lingered the longest. Many signal services did he render to kings and princes, in telling them such truths as are now never told to them. But perhaps it is as well. Let us remember the old axiom, *Veritas alium perit*.

THE OAKS OF MONTE LUCCA.

(From Longfellow's "Michael Angelo.")

How still it is among these ancient oaks!  
Surges and undulations of the air  
Uplift the leafy boughs, and let them fall  
With scarce a sound. Such sylvan quietude  
Become old age. These huge centenarian oaks,  
That may have heard in infancy the trumpets  
Of Barbarossa's cavalry, deride  
Man's brief existence, that with all his strength  
He cannot stretch beyond the hundredth year.  
This little worm, turbaned like the Turk,  
Which with my foot I spurn, may be an oak  
Hereafter, feeding with its bitter mast  
The fierce wild bear, and tossing in its arms  
The cradled nests of birds, when all the men  
That now inhabit this vast universe,  
Thee and thy children, and thy children's children,  
Shall be dust and mould, and nothing more.  
Through openings in the trees I see below me  
The valley of Cimbrinus, with its farms  
And snow-white oxen grazing in the shade  
Of the tall poplars on the river's bank.  
O Nature, gentle mother, leader nurse!  
I, who have never owed thee as I ought,  
But wasted all my years on airy fancies,  
And breathed the stinging atmosphere of streets,  
Now come to thee for refuge. Here is peace.  
Yonder I see the little hermitages  
Dotting the mountain side with points of light,  
And here St. Julian's convent, like a nest  
Of curlews, clinging to some windy cliff.  
Beyond the ooze, illumined plain  
Down sinks the sun, red as Apollo's quiver.  
That, by the curious zephyr blown aside,  
Struck Hya-cinthus dead, and stained the earth  
With his young blood, that blossomed into flowers.  
And now, instead of these fair detrites,  
Dread demons haunt the earth: hermits inhabit  
The leafy homes of sylvan Hamadryads;  
And jovial friars, rotund and rubeand,  
Replace the old Silenus with his ass.

—March Atlantic.