

## HERE AND THERE.

In these days of active trade competition and keen rivalry in business that are trying the souls of merchants, and applying with relentless force the law of the "survival of the fittest" to him who would "keep shop," how curious it is to find that, of all tradesmen, the chemist and druggist alone seems to have immunity from the operation of that principle in economics which governs supply and demand, and has its effect in cheapened wares and diminished profits. To-day the chemist, it may be hazarded, is paid as much for his potions and decoctions as he was paid in the times of the Alchemists, and for "a dram of poison" he abstracts from the pockets of the ailing about as much as Romeo flung at the apothecary in the streets of Mantua. The failure of a druggist is as rare as the bankruptcy of a Jew, and what wonder, so long as five cents' worth of drugs and two cents' worth of bottle, wrapping paper and sealing wax, command seventy-five cents, or a dollar! Then think of the one or two hundred per cent profit upon perfumery, articles for the toilet, liver and lung pads, seltzer water, and feeding bottles for the baby, not to speak of the Eldorado mine in physicians' prescriptions, pharmaceutical preparations, and all sorts of patent medicines and nostrums! Yet we are told that this is a scientific age, an age of medical research and investigation, of much study in physiology, large practice in chemistry, and a wide familiarity with the *Materia Medica*. But the masses, notwithstanding, pay a dollar and a-half for an ounce of bicarb. of soda, put up, as a contemporary points out, with sealing wax or red twine, when almost a cart load of "baking soda" may be had at the grocer's for the same money. Why must this go on? and what potency is there in a Latin prescription, compounded by some chemist prentice-lad, that should charm millions annually out of the pockets of the public? We have competing schools of medicine, keen rivalry among doctors, and institutions where advice, and even medicine, can be had gratis. But there we foolishly stop, though all nature cries out for a fall in the price of drugs, some conscience in the druggist's shop, and active competition in the trade of the apothecary.

THE enterprise of the *New York Herald* is notorious, but Mr. Gordon Bennett's latest resolution will in all probability mark an epoch in journalism. The *Herald* is prepared to expend a million sterling, or indeed whatever sum may be required, upon a trans-Atlantic cable direct, connecting Fleet-street, London, with Broadway, New York. Nor is this all: as soon as the cable is at work, which it is fully expected to be in July next, a European edition of the *Herald* will appear in London daily. The metropolitan daily press requires to be aroused from its respectable lethargy, and the *Herald* men, with their American smartness, are precisely the men to do it. The difference in time between London and New York is about five hours, consequently it will be possible to make full use of the wires from both ends. One curious result will be that speeches in Parliament made, say between three and four o'clock in the morning, may be read in full by the New Yorker at breakfast time, whereas the Londoner will be fortunate if he finds a vilely mutilated travesty of the same proceedings in one or other of his evening journals.

THE latest dudeism is bracelets. "We have seen males from time to time who wore them," writes a society journalist, "and who always had an affecting explanation to the effect that they were the gift of a deceased sister, or a collar that once belonged to a toy terrier. But now to be in the fashion, the dude has to wear short sleeves and cuffs and a big gold bracelet. This is as it should be. If we had our own way he should wear anklets, a ball and chain, and a ring in his nose; a tiara underneath his lobster-pot hat, and an engagement ring on his third finger; a bouquet-holder with a big sunflower for a *chef d'œuvre* at the theatre, and a four-foot fan."

WE read in a New York paper that a noticeable feature of the sleigh-driving turns-out "on the Avenue" and in Central Park this year has been the winter costume of the gentlemen, whose coats of beaver, astrachan, and sealskin throw the lighter garments of the ladies quite into the shade. The women, in fact, looked poorly and thinly clad beside husbands, brothers, and lovers, whose caps and coats cost as much as half-a-dozen of Worth's most expensive creations. Indeed, the outfit of an American gentleman in winter is vastly more costly than his coach, landau, tandem, or four-in-hand, as seen on the Avenue at Newport in summer time.

A CORRESPONDENT, revisiting Washington after an interval of some years, writes:—"Quantum mutantur. Charles Sumner's old house is now an hotel annexe; Edward Everett's is occupied by a War Department

office, and so is the house in which Seward was nearly murdered at the time of Lincoln's assassination; the houses of Staunton and of Hamilton Fish are boarding-houses now; and Daniel Webster's former residence has been converted into a beer-saloon."

A HIGHLY dramatic scene took place on the Esplanade des Invalides the other Sunday afternoon. A large dog, in a terrible state of rabies, after biting several other dogs, rushed at a group of children who were playing. A man darted out of the crowd, and, placing himself in the path of the dog, accepted battle with the animal. The man and the brute rolled together in the sand for some minutes. Then the man rose victorious. He had broken the creature's spine; but he was streaming with blood from the bites he had received. The crowd applauded, and gathering round him, pressed him to have his wounds cauterised. "No," said the hero of this adventure in a firm voice, "I have a wife and three children. My wife has broken my heart, and I am rejoiced to know that I carry in my veins a poison that will kill me." He then ran from the scene of the struggle, and was soon lost to view.

THERE is a fate in things. Lord Tennyson never could lose that cloak of his—even at an Academy banquet. It was always too shabby for the most careless of Bohemians. The gods would have him wear it ever, and never wear it out. He thought, however, that he might get a new robe for the House of Lords, and he ordered the same. The gods seem to have been angry. Those robes went a-missing. Lord Tennyson could not, for some days, get himself sworn for want of them, and was as effectually excluded as Mr. Bradlaugh from a lawful seat in Parliament. Clearly it was the intention of Olympus that he should be sworn in the familiar robes which have figured so long in London and the country. His proposal to ring out the old, ring in the new, was resented by Apollo, and he should have claimed a poet's right to dress as he pleases, as a Peer.

A CORRESPONDENT from Manchester, England, writing on the political situation, says: "There is an independent political party forming, which is to have an independent club and to bring forward independent parliamentary candidates. Who the promoters of this movement may be I know not, but probably it will be found that, as usual with self-assertive 'independents,' they are a mere knot of bitter partisans and fanatics, or if not, a collection of persons to whom any new 'fad' is welcome. I doubt if either of the great parties in the State will be much alarmed at the advent of this new rival." An independent "party" would be merely another party. The proper independence is that which is free from all party.

## AMERICAN HUMANITY IN THE CIVIL WAR.

THE discussion raised by Colonel Denison's vigorous critique on General Grant carries back my mind to the days which, as a visitor to the United States, I spent in General Grant's camp, almost within sight of Richmond, towards the close of his last campaign. General Butler was my host. He was then busy in digging his canal at Dutch Gap. I have not followed with unvarying sympathy the General's subsequent career as a politician, but I have a very pleasant recollection of him as a kind and jovial host, a lively teller of good stories, and a chief whose roughness of manner evidently did not prevent him from being extremely popular with his aides and all about him. His character had suffered much from an erroneous version of his New Orleans proclamation. His style on that as on other occasions had lacked refinement; but his action was in substance right, and probably averted bloodshed. I am, of course, not going to offer an opinion on military operations, or to debate the question whether Grant might not have got to the point at which I found him and Lee entrenched in face of each other, and apparently at a deadlock, without a series of murderous battles. But I wrote to my friends in England at the time that all the stories current as to the composition of the Federal army, which represented it as a mercenary rabble of foreigners, vagabonds, and Indians picked up as food for powder, might be at once dismissed as fables; that so far as a civilian's eye could judge, the material of the army was very good; that there was every appearance of strict discipline, and the field works, which were immense in extent, seemed by their finish to bespeak care and zeal in their construction. One man of Indian blood I saw, but he was an officer in uniform and with the usual side-arms. No doubt there were many substitutes. But what regular army was ever composed of disinterested volunteers? General Grant was not with the army at the time. He had gone to Washington to confer with the President, probably about Sherman's decisive move. But I visited his tent and