

symbol even to the United Boys in Blue waltzing with maids in their caves. But the marvel of marvels has been, not an incident has occurred, not a word uttered that any foreign power could find fault with. Admiral Avellan ought to finish up by casting anchor in Portsmouth.

After all, the interment of Marshal MacMahon did not, as many expected, interrupt the fêtes. In fact, the twenty-four hours of national mourning was an agreeable change. It allowed everybody to breathe, and the Russian admirals to "take observations," and to see that they were not "out of their reckonings." Had the poor Marshal a chance in the matter he would certainly have postponed dying till the visitors were gone. But his death afforded a fresh occasion for France to score another day of glory. His obsequies would require adjectives of the Spanish superlative order to describe. But first as to his death. Like all aged persons who have enjoyed a robust constitution on the high road to the nineties, when the breakdown arrives it is real and complete. A few months ago I met him taking his morning constitutional in the Champs Elysées; he was as erect as a young recruit from the hands of a German drill sergeant. But it required no very experienced eye to perceive that the eminent soldier was suffering. The ordinary knitted brow, produced by long glances over the battle fields had become closer knitted from physical pain. The attack of diabetes had returned, with deadly fierceness; obstruction of the kidneys became more difficult and ultimately the natural blood poisoning ensued.

MacMahon well deserved the state funeral given to his remains. Some say it was a mere official ceremony, but it could not be otherwise; even private persons, whether paupers or millionaires, must be buried officially. An entire army division—over 50 000 men from all branches of the service—contributed to impart exceptional *clat* to the ceremony, and the diplomatic world and all the great bodies of state, in addition to the clergy, fell into line. The most artistic phase of the interment was the lying in state in the *chapelle ardente*, under the portico of the Madeleine. It was from here the imposing procession started for the Church of the Invalides, beneath whose dome, and in company with its historic dead, he has been laid. It took one hour to reach the Invalides; the day was beautifully fine; about two millions of people lined the route, very respectful but cold and unemotional. However, quite a new generation has sprung up since the Marshal's life work closed. But Parisians remember he suppressed the Commune, as they do that Canrobert shot them down during the 2nd December *coup d'état*. The wreath sent by the German Emperor, sad and bitter as were its recollections, was the handsomest of all those contributed. It was not the funeral of an ex-President of the Republic the crowd came to witness, but that of a brave soldier, who never spared his blood to defend his country. He belonged to the old school of generalship: fight rather than plan. That's just why he was beaten by the Germans. He was a Royalist, with a foot in the Legitimist and the Orleanist camps; he never professed marked love either for the Republic or Empire, but he accepted both and did his duty under both loyally and well. As for his political career, he was simply "run" by a knot of intriguers, and on finding them

out, cut connection with them. He was a proud, upright and stubbornly correct gentleman to the close, but at the same time very kind and affable. Of general intelligence, he had not much more than the ordinary mess-room standard and stock. The funeral at the Church in the Invalides was not at all imposing; it seemed to have been somewhat hurried; it was terminated before the members of the procession had all reached their seats. I secured a seat close to the section marked "Solferino;" high up over-head, where all the trophy flags of French battles are ranged, was the bare pole of the English colors taken at Fontenoy; the tissue has long since rotted and dropped away.

Gounod has died at a moment when public opinion was too absorbed to pay all the attention to his memory that he merited. He may be said to be unknown to the crowd. His music was not written, of course, for the masses. He was a mystic, and was a favorite in his own social set. Even the Church is said to be puzzled over the nature of his religion, though he composed sacred music extensively. He has no connected biography, and he has not created a "school." He will be buried by the state, as his talent entitled him.

The colliers are still on strike, and continue the coal war, with fluctuations. No sharp cry of misery is heard; perhaps this may be due to the spasmodic character of the strike. The Socialists direct the whole movement. Are there any political economists now in France? If so, this is their moment.

The French, when conducting long sieges, in order to keep their courage up, organize theatricals. The soldiers are thus roused from lethargy. During the Crimean war private theatricals were very common. Often the bills had to be changed; a notice would set forth that two of the leading artistes had just been killed and several members of the company had been conveyed to the ambulance in a wounded condition.

A lad has just been freed from a strange stomach food. Three months ago he swallowed a yard of india-rubber gas tube; the surgeons coaxed up some portions of the foreign body, and an emetic did the rest. The patient experienced no injury, never complained of indigestion, had no need of pills, and the rubber was not much affected. An ostrich could not surpass that feat.

Z.

JOY.

Long, long before I knew thee, Angel Joy,
I pictured thee as some gay laughing sprite,
A very incarnation of delight;
Nor knew the nectar in thy lips would cloy,
Or touch of time thy loveliness destroy.
I fancied thou wert ever poised for flight,
Lest sorrow hov'ring near should sudden
light
Too near thee; or some brighter form decoy
Thee from my side. How do I know thee now?
A sweet abiding presence, calm and still,
Oft clasping sorrow close. Through good, thro' ill
A smile upon thy lips, unruffled brow
So radiant—I scarce will now avow
That other e'er had power to charm or thrill.

M. E. R.

Montreal.

Contentment is better than divinations or vision.—Landor.

All the events of our life are materials out of which we may make what we will. He who has much spirit makes most of his life.—Novallis.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

FOLK-LIFE AT THE FAIR.

Closely allied to the artistic or æsthetic aspect of the Columbian Exposition are the picturesque glimpses we get of the life and surroundings of the foreign folk, whom here one could see, in a manner, at home; living in their accustomed ways, occupied in their accustomed tasks, dressed in their distinctive costumes, almost as one might find them in the far-off lands from which, like other exhibits, they have been collected. Whether it is the white-robed Esquimaux paddling his Rob Roy canoe, or the Arab camel-driver leading the grey patriarch of beasts;—the slant-eyed children of Cathay in their "joss-house" or theatre, or the white-robed Cingalese from the island of "spicy breezes," who certainly do not look exceptionally "vile;" the sight of this mingling and intermingling of races from north and south, from east and west, seem to give a new sense, both of the essential oneness and outward diversity of our wonderful human family.

The walk down the Midway Plaisance—bordered on each side by the foreign villages, which, like other "side-shows," open their gates only to the persuasive influence of a twenty-five-cent piece—is scarcely a mile in length, yet on it we may see more variety of type and race than we could encounter anywhere short of Cairo or Algiers. Sable Africans and swarthy Arabs—looking, in their long burnouses, like our ideals of sheikhs or Bible patriarchs—turbaned Hindoos, Javanese with their twisted korchiefs for head gear, the Turkish fez and the Chinese pig-tail, blend with our commonplace European attire in a medley that is full of color and interest even to the careless observer. Then when the somewhat disenchanting but necessary ticket has been bought and duly handed in, and you penetrate into the streets and alleys behind the barrier and see, it may be, the gorgeous Cairo street—an ideal bit of Oriental life, looking like a picture materialized; or the simple bamboo and palm-leaf cottages of the Javanese, or the still ruder huts of the Samoans, and their wonderful war dances, you feel that you can now realize the existence and individuality of these strange peoples as not the most graphic description in the world could have enabled you to do. Then, to add a further touch of reality, there are the smiling, beguiling salesmen, with their glittering stores of trinkets, ready enough to take in the unwary stranger by asking two or three times the value of the articles offered, and yet so seemingly artless, with their broken English and "a smile that is child-like and bland," that it seems positively cruel to regard them with a suspicious eye! Specially persuasive are the soft-voiced Syrians and Turks, who coaxingly invite: "Everybody come see! Everyting ver' sheap to-day!" as they hold up their chains and bracelets for inspection. But here, too, human nature manifests its essential oneness, for buyer and seller are equally bent on getting the best of the bargain. And the poor Oriental is somewhat to be excused if he sometimes asks a little too much, for as a rule he does not make too many sales, and there is a good deal more chaffering than buying, which cannot tend to exalt his idea of the Western nature. But the booths added much to the picturesque effect, especially at night. In-