

FREDERICK DE ST. CROIX BRECKEN, Q. C. (Queen's, P. E. I.)—Son of the Hon. John Brecken, who was a member of the Executive and Legislative Council of Prince Edward Island for many years before the introduction of responsible government. He was born at Charlottetown, 9th December, 1828, and educated at the Central Academy. He married, September, 1858, at St. John, N. B., Helen Leith Boyd Emslie, daughter of the late Captain Emslie, 83rd Regiment. He was Attorney and Advocate General from April, 1859, to January, 1863; and from September, 1870, to April, 1872, was a member of the Executive Council and Attorney-General. He was re-appointed April, 1873, and held office till August, 1876. He was first returned to the Provincial Legislature, P. E. I., for the city of Charlottetown, in 1863, and re-elected until August, 1876. When Attorney-General, in 1875, he introduced and carried through the Provincial Legislature the Land Purchase Act, under the provisions of which all the estates then held by proprietors claiming under grants from the Crown, issued at the settlement of the colony, in the reign of George III., were extinguished. He was returned to the House of Commons for Queen's County by a large majority, and is the colleague of the Hon. J. C. Pope, Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

AN ingenious person has calculated that a Deputy who has travelled from Paris to Versailles every day that the Chambers have met since the seat of Government was transferred to that town, eight years ago, has passed over a number of kilometres equal to about three times the circumference of the earth.

THE Gaulois has discovered that the words "République Française, Jules Grévy, President, 31 Janvier 1879," form the number of votes (563) by which he was elected, if the letter a is reckoned as one, b as two, and so on. The only flaw in this calculation is that M. Grévy's election was not on the 31st, but on the 30th.

A COMMEMORATIVE tablet has just been placed on the house in which Hérold was born. The house is No. 10 of the Rue d'Argout, near the Bank. The inscription of the tablet is thus worded:—"In this house was born, on the 28th of January, 1791, Louis Joseph Ferninand Hérold, author of Zampa and the Pré aux Clercs."

ANOTHER indication of the mildness of the late political crisis in France is contained in the fact that only one duel, and that an unimportant one, has arisen out of it. M. Emile Max, editor of the *Republicain du Gers*, and M. de Lacour, editor of the *Appel au Peuple*, after quarrelling with their pens took swords to settle their differences of opinion. They fought on the Spanish frontier, and M. Max was slightly wounded.

INSTEAD of the bridesmaids, fashion in France now prescribes two tiny pages, who are chosen from the prettiest of the boy relatives of the bride or bridegroom. These are dressed in velvet of the bride's favourite colour. At a recent wedding the tiny Court dress worn was of sapphire velvet, with white silk stockings and velvet shoes with diamond buckles. A bouquet, composed of a rosebud, an orange blossom, and a branch of myrtle is attached to the left side. They perform the usual rôle of the bridesmaids, carry the bride's missal, bouquet, and gloves, and, in addition, meet her and assist her from and to the carriage step.

THE winner of the grand prize of 125,000fr is a journeyman carrier named Aubroit, a native of Toul, and the occupant of two rooms on the fifth floor in the Rue Cardinal Lemoine. He is forty-five years of age, is a steady workman, and learnt his good fortune from a newspaper on Sunday evening. He held eight tickets. His master took him to the Trocadéro to establish his claim. The second and third prizes are still unclaimed, but the fourth of 50,000fr. has fallen to an insurance company's clerk. A number of people have had a brief dream of happiness who fancied that they had won prizes, not noticing that, though their number was the same, it belonged to another of the twelve series.

EVERY one has heard of Victor Hugo's granddaughter, the little Jeanne of the *Année Terrible* and of the *Art d'être Grandpère*. This interesting child was nearly burned alive the other day, being only saved by her marvellous presence of mind. She got out of bed in the morning to play with a clock which had been given to her on New Year's Day, and was deposited in state on her mantle piece, and as she leant over the fire to reach the coveted toy, it caught her night-dress, which was soon in a blaze. Another moment and the child would have been horribly injured; but with remarkable coolness and pluck little Jeanne threw herself on the floor, rolled over, and so extinguished the flames at the cost of a few trifling hurts.

PARIS has seldom been more disagreeably snowed up than during the past fortnight. The thaw was so gradual, the cold so near the freezing point, it was impossible to clear the streets of snow and ice, and, save in the important

thoroughfares, the walking has been anything but pleasant. In the street the slush and mud have remained longer than we ever saw it before, much to the discomfort of the public. At every turn one was likely to be splashed from head to foot, and at each moment it was necessary to wade ankle deep through the snow and water. The authorities engaged many thousand extra workmen to sweep and cart off the slush, but the job was an arduous one, and proceeded but slowly.

MADEMOISELLE B— is a pretty brunette; she is very elegant, but has alas! one misfortune to trouble her. She is a Spaniard by birth, and her voice has the masculine tone so peculiar to the beauties of Catholic Spain. It was eve, and she was walking along the Boulevards just behind a marvel of grandeur in military uniform; a blind beggar stepped across and intercepted their progress, asking for alms. She withdrew her elegantly gloved hand from her muff, opened her purse, and slipped some coppers into the vagrant's outstretched palm, accompanying the gift with a few suitable words of kindness spoken as softly and amiably as possible. The blind man felt, listened, and replied in a voice choked with emotion, "Thank you, Colonel!"

THERE is every reason to believe that Marshal MacMahon will visit Ireland in the course of next summer. The Marshal has frequently expressed his intention to see the land of his fathers as soon as ever respite from the cares of State enabled him to gratify a cherished desire without attracting too much notice by the movement. Madame La Maréchale is even more enthusiastic than her husband on the subject. She had arranged to visit the country at the closing of the Paris Exhibition in company with her son, but was prevented by a cold caught at the famous State ball given to celebrate the conclusion of the World's Fair. Nothing now interferes with the Marshal's wishes, and in all probability he will make the journey this year. His itinerary has been long ago marked out.

A PARISIAN writes: It is curious how very much we are adopting English terms in notes of invitations, for not only are guests bidden to "five o'clock tea" (*sic*), but those who live a short distance from the capital invite their friends to "lunch," ignoring *déjeuner*, which is really the equivalent for that repast. The newest toilets for these lunches are black and dark violet velvet, embroidered with amber colored jet, and some of our ultra *élégantes* wear with this style of dress light tortoiseshell ornaments, especially necklets consisting of several rows of rings, cut out of tortoiseshell. These chains are only made in the East, and they are most costly; of course they are only worn with high dresses. Another item I remark at these luncheons is that the *élégantes* all fasten a small bouquet of natural flowers on their bodices. Madame London, the horticultural florist in the Rue de la Paix, makes such bouquets a speciality, and is so successful that she is not nearly able to supply the demands of her *clientèle*. Artificial flowers are not worn with morning dresses at this season, and the fashionable artificials are made of chenille and ribbons, which are at the best clumsy.

VARIETIES.

DOZZIL CHAMPAGNE.—Lord Beaconsfield makes, it is said, his chief sustenance from champagne jelly, which he uses three times a day, and each repast of which costs something like three guineas. The restorative qualities of this nutriment are very great, and to a man of the premier's sad and meditative temperament, and feeble physique, must be invaluable. If this is true, and the price of this invaluable jelly is as great as alleged, it cost the premier three thousand two hundred and eighty-five pounds per annum to diet himself.

LITERARY PENMANSHIP.—Joaquin Miller writes a hand which it is almost impossible to read. Swinburne does likewise, using a quill pen. Walt Whitman also wields a quill, but his writing is large, bold, careless and distinct. Ruskin's chirography is as fine as if written with a pin point. Lowell writes a lady-like, running hand, very plain, with the exception of his signature. Froude's penmanship is distinct and fine; Kate Field's square and bold; George MacDonald's large and manly, and William Winter's is like forked lightning. Robert Buchanan writes an "easily read, affectedly literary hand, as though he were trying to be unintelligible, but did not like to be altogether so." He also decorates his letters with boyish curlyquees. Mrs. Oliphant writes worse than anybody else, apparently using the point of a hair.

WATER COLORS.—Charles Blanc, author of the "Grammar of Art," makes three main divisions of painting in water-colors. They are *aquarelle*, *gouache* and *lavis*. He defines *aquarelle* to be a water color in which the white of the paper ground is used for the brightest parts or "lights" of the picture, the transparent colors being washed on, instead of added in successive layers. *Gouache*, on the other hand, has the paper completely covered, the "lights" being put in with white. The colors are diluted with gum-water, and applied successively, drying quickly, unless specially treated to retard desiccation. *Lavis* is a water painting in one color, generally india ink or sepia. This is mostly used for washing in quick sketches that are

rather momentoes than serious pictures. Variations of these methods are practised by artists, as for example, those made by finishing with pastels to enhance the colors. These, however, are mostly of inferior durability and value.

DIPHTHERIA CURED BY SULPHUR.—A few years ago, when diphtheria was raging in England, a gentleman accompanied the celebrated Dr. Field on his rounds to witness the so-called "wonderful cures" which he performed, while the patients of others were dropping on all sides. The remedy, to be so rapid, must be simple. All he took with him was flower of sulphur and a quill, and with these he cured every patient without exception. He put a tea-spoonful of flour of brimstone into a wine-glass of water, and stirred it with his finger instead of a spoon, as the sulphur does not readily amalgamate with water. When the sulphur was well mixed, he gave it as a gargle, and in ten minutes the patient was out of danger. Brimstone kills every species of fungus in a man, beast, and plant in a few minutes. Instead of spitting out the gargle, he recommended the swallowing of it. In extreme cases, in which he had been called just in the nick of time, when the fungus was too nearly closing to allow the gargling, he blew the sulphur through a quill into the throat, and, after the fungus had shrunk to allow of it, then gave the gargle. He never lost a patient from diphtheria. If a patient cannot gargle, take a live coal, put it on a shovel, and sprinkle a spoonful or two of flour of brimstone upon it; let the sufferer inhale the fumes, and the fungus will die.

BEACONSFIELD'S BROTHER.—Strangers in the House of Lords will sometimes see an elderly gentleman quietly seated at the table, or timidly walking in and out, counting his steps lest peradventure they might lead him to tread on the toes of a noble lord. He does not claim attention, and to tell the truth, does not receive it. Nobody notices him, and no one would guess from any data of personal resemblance that he is the brother to the puissant earl who has had a good deal to do with the direction of the destinies of England during the last four years. History, ancient or modern, scarcely supplies a parallel to the twin phenomena of the obscurity of Ralph Disraeli, and the contemporaneous fame of his brother Benjamin. The one has always lived in the blaze of notoriety; the other has systematically shunned public recognition in any form. Ralph Disraeli's circle of acquaintances is limited in the extreme. He lives in the quietude of Onslow-square, and may sometimes be met strolling about the private garden, or seated with book in hand under the old elm that faces the church which overlooks the most secluded corner of this bit of green in the heart of London. But he gives no parties and accepts no invitation. You never see his name among the lists of guests at his brother's house. He has no ambition beyond the desire to be left alone, and no wants beyond what are amply supplied by the emoluments of the office his brother thrust upon him. Nobody knows exactly the date of his birth, or even the epoch of his marriage. When the editor of *Debut* invited him to supply the customary information on those points, he simply declined to give it. Perhaps he does not know. At any rate, it is sufficient for him that he was born and is married, and he thinks that in these matters the world might well be satisfied with what contents him.

BURLESQUE.

THE MULE AND THE INDIAN.—I see the beautiful Indian leaning up against the fence, calmly surveying his territory. And I am free to admit that the territory is a powerful sight more beautiful than the Indian. The Indian is chewing tobacco, and swearing at a mule. He is six feet high, the Indian is, and his tail is full of burrs, the mule's is. He wears butternut jeans, and a fur cap, the Indian does, and you can hear him bray clear into the ear, the mule that is. He has a bushy head of hair and shocky whiskers, tanned out by the sun, has the Indian; and he wears more flat leathern harness than he has hair, the mule does. He carries a black snake whip, the Indian does, and as he swears, he larrups it over his hunkers, the mule's hunkers. And every time he, the Indian, fetches him, the mule, one, he, the mule, kicks down a whole panel of fence. I trust I have made this clear enough.

THE AVERAGE HUSBAND.—The average husband is a very tractable and accommodating person, and endeavours to behave himself and treat his wife with due consideration. But when she sends him on an exploring expedition to the clothes-press after an article of feminine wearing apparel, and after he has groped around half an hour in the dark, bruised his knuckles on hooks and nails and become generally demoralized; after he has repeatedly told her the desired article was not there, and she has as often responded that it was, and that it hung on a certain peg in a certain corner; after his wife has repeatedly told him he wasn't worth a cent to find anything, and he has about come to the conclusion that he is an illustrious fool, anyway; we say, after all this has transpired, and the woman falls to thinking and suddenly remarks, "Oh, I guess I put it in the chest, up-stairs, after all," the man slams the clothes-press door, resumes his dignity as lord of creation, and, if he isn't a very pious man, he uses some cuss-words.

THE MOST MARVELLOUS SHOOTING ON RECORD.—They had been talking about the re-

markable performances of Dr. Carver, the marksman who shoots with rifle glass balls which are sent into the air as fast as a man can throw them. Presently Abner Byng, who was sitting by, said:

"That's nothing."
"What is nothing?"
"Why, that shooting. Did you ever know Tom Potter?"
"No."
"Well, Potter was the best hand with a rifle I ever saw; beat this man Carver all hollow. I'll tell you what I've seen this man Potter do. You know, may be, along there in the cherry season, Mrs. Potter would want to preserve some cherries; so Tom would pick 'em for her, and how do you think he'd stone 'em?"
"I don't know. How?"
"Why he'd fill his gun with bird shot and get a boy to drop half a bushel of cherries at one time from the roof of the house. As they came down he'd fire and take the stone clean out of every cherry in the lot! It's a positive fact! He might occasionally miss one, but not often. But he did bigger shooting than that when he wanted to."

"What did he do?"
"Why, Jim Miller—did you know him? No! Well, Tom made a bet with Jim that he could shoot the button off his own coat tail by aiming in the opposite direction, and Jim took him up."
"Did he do it?"
"Do it! He fixed himself in position and aimed at a tree in front of him. The ball hit the tree, caromed, hit the corner of a house, caromed, struck a lamp post, caromed, and flew behind Tom and nipped the button off as slick as a whistle. You bet he did it!"

"That was fine shooting."
"Yes, but I've seen Tom Potter beat it. I've seen him stand under a flock of wild pigeons, billions of them coming like the wind, and kill 'em so fast that the front of the flock never passed a given line, but turned over and fell down, so that it looked like a land of feathery Niagara. Tom did it by having twenty-three breech-loading rifles and a boy to load 'em. He always shot with that kind."
"And you say you saw him do this kind of shooting?"

"Yes, sir, and better than that, too. Why, I'll tell you what I have seen Tom Potter do. I saw him once set up an Indian-rubber target at 300 feet and hit the bull's eye twenty-seven times a minute with the same ball! He would hit the target, the ball would bounce back right into the rifle barrel just as Tom had clapped in a fresh charge of powder, and so he kept her going backward and forward until at last he happened to move his gun and the bullet missed the muzzle of the barrel. It was the biggest thing I ever saw; the very biggest—except one."

"What was that?"
"Why, one day I was out with him when he was practising, and it came on to rain. Tom didn't want to get wet, and we had no umbrella, and what did you think he did?"

"What?"
"Now, what do you think the man did to keep dry?"
"I can't imagine."
"Well, sir, he got me to load his weapon for him, and I pledge you my word, although it began to rain hard, he hit every drop that came down, so that the ground for about eight feet around was as dry as punk. It was beautiful, sir—beautiful."

And then the company rose up slowly and passed out one by one, each man eyeing Abner and looking solemn as he went by; and when they had gone Abner looked queerly for a moment, and said to me:

"There's nothing I hate so much as a liar. Give me a man who is a friend of the solid truth and I'll tie to him."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ADELINA PATTI is worth \$3,000,000.

A GERMAN version of Byron's "Our Boys" has been produced at Munich.

MISS KELLOGG announces that she will retire from the operatic stage after the present season.

MR. IRVING, who is the rage in London, has an uncontrollable restlessness, which serves him well in *Hamlet*.

MR. HENRY PEAKES is now the first bass of the Hesse-Abbott English Opera Company, and is renewing all his old successes.

"WAGNER's music must annoy you," said some one to an old gentleman. "Oh, bless you no; you can say or do anything you like while it is being played."

MR. CHIPPENDALE, the English actor, who has been before the public for sixty-eight years, has retired from the stage, and has been the recipient of a far-well benefit.

THE French Theatre Commission have recommended the creation of a new theatre, to be managed on behalf of the State, and to act as a school of application for the Conservatoire, teaching in the interest of young composers and actors.

At the Rossini Theatre, in Rome, a piece called "Meo Patasca" has had such a run this winter that the guards on duty were frequently compelled to charge on the crowds which tried to force an entrance at the doors and drive them away.

MISS ADELAIDE NEILSON writes from Nice that her pulmonary troubles have been much improved by the soft climate of the lively watering place on the Mediterranean. She will be back in London next week to begin rehearsals in the wonderful new piece we have been hearing of so long, to be produced at Easter at the Adelphi. Only just now, after months of talk about it, has the title come out. It is to be called "The Crimson Cross."