

revolution was entirely political, not social. They stood up in arms for the alleged rights of each "Commune"—the French equivalent for municipality—to separate administration as distinct from the system of governmental centralization which prevails in France. The disciples of St. Simon and Fourier were the socialists who advocated a community—"communauté"—of property among all classes. To distinguish these from the first, a little exercise of etymology and orthoepy might conveniently be brought into play. The men of 1870, in Paris, were Communists, with accent on the penultimate. The followers of Fourier, as for instance the Oneida people, are Communists, with emphasis on the first or antepenult.

One of the most important astronomical discoveries of the age has just been made by Professor HALL, of the Washington Observatory. He announces that he has descried one, and possibly two, satellites or moons of the planet Mars. As these were never suspected to exist, the discovery will open the field to future and more accurate researches into the properties of all the other planets.

HISTORY OF THE WAR.

IX.

THE PRESENT SITUATION OF THE ARMIES.

The first move made by Osman Pasha after the battle of Plevna was an unopposed one. He sent a force, under Abdul Pasha, on to Selvi, which place was evacuated by the Muscovs without firing a shot, and occupied by Abdul. If Suleiman Pasha can drive Gourko from the Shipka Pass and make his way up to Tirnova, the Turkish line will form a continuous semicircle. At present all that is wanting to complete the line is the army of Suleiman to fit into the centre and form the link between the right and left wings. The right wing now extends from close to Rustchuck through Rasgrad and Shumla to Osman Bazar. The extreme right is commanded by Eyoub Pasha, who is at Rasgrad. It is composed of 48 battalions of infantry, 62 squadrons of cavalry, and 15 batteries of artillery. Mehemet Ali is at Osman Bazar, where he has 60,000 men under him. The left wing is formed by the army of Osman Pasha, amounting to 65,000, which extends from Plevna to Lovatz, while a smaller force detached from the army is at Selvi. There is thus a gap between Selvi and Osman Bazar, which Suleiman Pasha hopes to fill with his 65,000 men, but before he can do this he has to get rid of Gourko's army, by attacking him from the north of the Shipka Pass, while the rest of his army co-operate with him from the south. The first of two Turkish successes, which took place at either wing, occurred at a place called Aghaslar, about twenty miles north of Osman Bazar. A Russian force, consisting of two regiments of horse and one battalion of foot, attacked the Turks in possession of Aghaslar, but, after a short conflict, the Russians retired. Receiving reinforcements, however, they returned once more to the attack, but were again repulsed, the Turks maintaining their position. From later accounts we gather that it was not much more than an extensive outpost engagement, but in spite of that the fighting is described as "bloody on both sides." The second battle referred to was an attack by the Russians on Osman Pasha at Lovatz or, according to others, at Vladina, some nine miles north of the former place. The assault was conducted in precisely the same manner as the previous one against Plevna, and, in fact, in much the same manner as other Russian assaults. The battle began with the usual cannonade, which was replied to by the defenders with an equally brisk artillery fire. This was, of course, succeeded by an assault by the infantry, who advanced in unchangeable form of "dense masses." The onslaught of the Russian columns was made with great determination, but the fusillade of the Ottoman soldiers worked great havoc in the Muscovs' ranks. Presently, watching his opportunity, Osman turned his defence into an attack on the enemy, which decided the fate of the day, and once more brought him victory. The Russians were driven back along the entire line, leaving immense numbers of killed and wounded on the field. The number is estimated at 300 killed and 600 wounded, out of a force of eight battalions of infantry, or some 7,000 men and eight squadrons of cavalry. It is not accurately known what number Osman had with him at the time, but it is said that just before the engagement he detached 4,000 from Plevna to reinforce him at Lovatz. The Turks are said to have had 100 killed, but the number of wounded is not given. The war has been virtually abandoned by the Russians in the Dobrudja; they have retired from Trajan's Wall, but have not re-crossed the Danube. The revolutionary war in Montenegro is dying out since Despotovich has been taken prisoner, and his army beaten. Mouhktar Pasha maintains his position in Armenia, and the Russians do the same. Each side has received

reinforcements, and there seems to be an impression that the war will soon break out there again. In the Black Sea, Hobart Pasha has been inflicting considerable losses on the Russian mercantile shipping, and has also been bombarding some of the Russian forts north of Poti. It will be remembered that, to foment the insurrection in the Caucasus, the Porte sent a number of regular troops there; it has now been decided to give up that part of the campaign, and Hobart Pasha is now engaged in transporting these troops, to the number of 25,000, to Varna, as a reinforcement for Mehemet Ali. Fresh proofs of the barbarities practised by the Russian soldiers on the Mahometan population continue to arrive daily from numerous credible sources.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

It was a rare sight to see Alexander Dumas presiding at the last annual meeting of the French Academy, and distributing the famous Monthyon prizes for virtue, accompanying the act with a charming discourse in praise of virtue. The author of *La Dame aux Camélias*, *Diane de Lys*, *La Femme de Claude*, and *Le Demi Monde*, has not always been associated in the mind of the world with the mission of a moralist. But time works wonders. Dumas is turned of fifty. He has grown up daughters, and has settled down to family life. At all events, he did his novel work in all seriousness, and his appearance in a new character drew an immense audience at the Academy, which appeared as if they had come to assist at a first representation of a new piece by the famous author at the *Gymnase*.

A new tenor—that *rara avis in terris*—has burst upon the musical horizon of the beautiful city. It seems that the merit of the discovery is due to Edmond About, the well-known writer and journalist. Sellier—that is the young man's name—was employed in a wine shop of the Rue Druot, which provided refreshments to the printers of the *XIXe Siècle*. One day, with apron tucked up and a cork screw in his hand, the youth attacked the grand air of Halevy's *Juive*. The printers were so astounded that they called in M. About, who, listening with the ear of a judge, immediately brought Sellier into the presence of Halanzier, director of the Grand Opera. The result was that Sellier was sent to the Conservatoire, under the auspices of the director, provided with fine clothes, a professor of languages, a teacher of fencing, and a guide of deportment. The account he has given of himself, after one year's study, is said to be remarkable. His voice is in itself a phenomenon, while his other qualities will fit him for success in any operatic role. To show how art is encouraged in the old countries, it may be added that Halanzier furnishes him with pocket money to the amount of three hundred francs a month.

One would imagine that Adelina Patti should have been thankful for the result of her late divorce trial. The proceedings were judiciously debarred from publicity, and the wording of the judgment against her was as delicate as possible. But the financial settlement between the parties will probably lead to new complications. There was no marriage contract between them, and when that happens, the French law requires that the fortune of the family should be equally divided between the two parties. The Marquis de Caux never had much money, and he certainly made none with his own hands after his marriage with the *diva*. She has won fabulous sums by her talent, of which about two millions of francs still remain. Naturally enough, she must object to halving this amount with the man whom she spurns, and who has procured a divorce from her. If the Marquis were as chivalrous as we should expect a nobleman to be, he would spontaneously forego the possession of this money. But not seeming disposed to make this act of self-denial, Adelina has now recourse to a new expedient. She brings a suit for absolute nullity of marriage, alleging that it was null and void, because the priest who performed the ceremony in England had no license from the Archbishop. At best, the plea is not creditable. Did Patti know of this damaging circumstance before? If so, how are we to qualify the life she led with the Marquis during so many years? If she proves the point, however, she gains two advantages—she keeps all her money, and she is free to marry again.

A real man of the day has just passed away in the prime of life—M. Blanc, the gaming prince of Homburg, and the pioneer at Monaco of roulette and *trente-et-quarante*. No man ever worked harder, travelled more, and schemed better to amass a fortune. He secured the fortune, but with it also asthma and paralysis of the stomach. One day, having gone to consult Bretonneau, the learned friend of Béranger, he said to him:

"Doctor, do you know that I have already laid aside eighty millions of francs?"  
"You would have done better to have amassed an income of eighty days of health a year," replied the philosopher.

The French are masters of epigram, being the only nation that ever rivalled the Athenians therein. They know also how to turn an anecdote to the best advantage, and to suit a temporary purpose. Here is a case which is all the more amusing that it was written in all earnestness. It is a matter of history that Marshal MacMahon won the battle of Solferino by doing just the contrary of what the Emperor

Napoleon commanded him to do. In a letter, written at the time to his old superior, Changarnier, he himself put the case quite pithily:  
"I was told to go to the left, but I went to the right and saved France."  
Now, says a writer, what the Marshal did on the battle field, in 1869, he is doing in the political arena in 1877. He was told to go the Left, but he has gone to the Right, and he will save France.

*Quod manet probandum.*

MIRAMAR.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

AN EXPLANATION.—In a late number we had the pleasure of publishing the portrait of the Count de Premio-Real with a short memoir of his life. We were led by a typographical error, however, to state that his family name is De La Vallée. It should be De La Valle. And its standing on the rolls of the Spanish nobility dates back as far as 718, not 1718 as we put it, which makes a notable difference.

Besides the illustrations which are separately described in other parts of the present issue, we present our readers with several pictures of the Eastern War. Next week we hope to be able to give views of the battle of Plevna. The two art pictures are particularly beautiful—The Gleaner, appropriate to the season, and the Death of Marceau, the master-piece of this year's Salon. The scene represents the death of the young French hero, at Altekirchen, near the Rhine, in the war of the Republic against Germany. As the French had retired, the wounded man was left to the clemency of his Austrian foes, who treated him well and mourned over his remains as the artist has here depicted.

THE FREE LANCE.

I am told there is a project on Foote to make the Quebec *Chronicle* define its politics.

The Premier is blamed for railing so hard against his adversaries. He is right. Why did Mr. Tom White begin it?

In their defeat, it will console the Dunkinites to remember that they had a jewel of a man to champion their cause. Dymond.

If the earth, with only one moon, contains so many lunatics, what must it be with Mars which has just been discovered to have two?

The police are going the rounds, inquiring into the light weight of bread. They had better turn about and make researches into the heavy cost of the same.

The *Herald* is very sore about the *Gazette's* 75,000 men at the Macdonald procession. Though the torches were admittedly considerable, our cotem cannot see it in that light.

It took the Quebec Government ten years to make a lot of new laws since Confederation. Some wicked fellows think it will take fully as long to consolidate them. Happy commissioners!

The Dunkin Act was played in the Amphitheatre, Toronto, before an immense audience for two consecutive weeks. When the curtain fell at last, it was greeted with the shouts of over a thousand voices.

The political picnic nuisance is about to begin again. No wonder a number of Ontario folk have called upon Mr. Mackenzie to get transportation to Manitoba. Plague for plague, they prefer the grasshoppers.

One of the most affecting sights ever witnessed in this country, and one which drew tears from all the spectators, was that of Sir Francis Hincks and Mr. Devlin, M.P., dancing a jig on the deck of the "Rocket," last Saturday.

Two gentlemen were speaking of Meany's prospective defeat, in the vestibule of the Hall, the other day.

"He will have to leave Ireland again."  
"Certainly, it will be a case of Clare-out."

The surname of one of the popular lessees of the Academy of Music is Robert.  
"I hope they will manage well and succeed," said a mutual friend to me.  
"Never fear. *Esperito crede Roberto.*"

A fervent temperance advocate of Ontario, while promenading through our streets the other day, and counting the large number of our saloons, was pleased to say that Montreal is the most license-tious city in the Dominion.

As there was no band, not even a Band of Hope, on board the "Rocket," on her last famous trip from Quebec, it is a subject of general curiosity to know who whistled the rigadoun to which Sir Francis and Mr. Devlin danced.

A young lady, in crossing a street after a rainfall, daintily held up her skirts above her ankle.  
"Why do you raise your dress so much, dear?" queried her mother.  
"To protect my boots!" was the ingenious reply.

"I don't see the reason of putting Tupper forward as the future head of the Tories," said one Grit to another.

"I do."  
"What is it?"  
"The party is so sick and corrupt, that it will need constant doctoring."

He was shy and reticent. She was bold and talkative, and resolved to draw him out.  
"Tell me who is the girl you like best?"  
"Oh, I couldn't do that," he said, blushing.  
"Then send me her photo."  
"Well, I think I may do that."  
The next day she received a beautiful little mirror.

Last week, a volunteer officer went to the Brigade-Commander to complain.

"Sir, the Captain of our company is the biggest fool in the regiment."  
"Oh! Ah! And you are his first Lieutenant?"  
"I am, sir."  
"Ah! Oh! I see!"

Eustace and Amanda went to visit the Royal Fusiliers in their recent encampment.  
"How lovely they look in their scarlet tunics," she said. "Look at that tall fellow over there. I feel like going forward to hug him."  
"Why, he's only the bugler of the battalion."  
"But I'm awful fond of bugles, you know."  
No, he knew nothing about it. He'd be "blowed" if he knew.

A tramp was arraigned before Recorder Sexton.  
"Caught sleeping on a door-step, sir."  
"Yes, your Honor."  
"Found loafing about the streets."  
"True, your Honor."  
"No visible means of existence."  
The fellow hauled out a tremendous Bologna sausage and looked at the judge. He was let off.

A boarding-house on Beaver Hall Hill. On the supper table a dish of honey, brought out every evening, and sipped by appreciative flies, leaving traces of their passage.  
At length, a long suffering boarder asks a companion, within hearing of the landlady:  
"Why is honey like the quality of mercy?"  
"Give it up."  
"Because it is not strained!"  
Nuisance at once abated.

She wanted to see the eclipse of the moon, the other night, and, having put on her white wrapper and a nice lace cap, stationed herself at the window. There was an astronomer in a street opposite who was making observations through a spy glass, and who assiduously divided his attention between her and the moon. At last she noticed him as he was pointing his glass at her, screamed and retreated. He got scared and immediately turned the tube to the moon. That too had just dipped into the full shadow.

Both eclipses were simultaneous.

LACLEDE.

LITERARY.

LOWELL is independent in circumstances—no thanks to his fine poetry and essays, however.

THE publication of Mr. Swinburne's new volume of "Poems and Ballads" has been deferred.

PERCEVAL GRAVES (son of the Bishop of Limerick, and author of "Lays of Killarney") is engaged upon the compilation of a book of Irish poems.

HAWTHORNE was poor to his dying day, and might have suffered but for his appointment to the consularship at Liverpool by his friend President Pierce.

WHITTIER, like most thrifty New Englanders, owns his own house, and beneath its humble roof, it is said, he has sometimes subsisted—he is a bachelor—on \$500 a year.

BAYARD TAYLOR, although he has made, perhaps, \$50,000 by his writings—his books of travels having been very popular—has not sufficient income to sustain him without regular labor.

LONGFELLOW is independent in circumstances—probably worth \$100,000 to \$200,000, but the greatest part of it has come to him through his wife, long since deceased, who was rich in her own right.

HOLMES is well off by the practice of the medical profession, by marriage and inheritance, albeit not by poems, novels, lectures, nor Autocrats of the Breakfast Table. All that he has written has not brought him \$25,000.

VICTOR HUGO's new work on the Coup d'Etat will be based on a diary which the poet kept at the time of the memorable occurrences he describes. The book will in no sense be a reproduction of his previous brochure on the same subject.

BRYANT is often cited as an instance of a rich author. He is rich, but not by authorship. All the money he has directly earned by his pen, outside of his journal, would not exceed, in all probability, \$25,000, notwithstanding his estate is estimated at \$400,000.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS is dependent on his salary from the Harpers; so is Mr. William D. Howells dependent on his editorship of the *Atlantic*; Bret Harte, T. B. Aldrich, Jas. Parton, J. T. Trowbridge, R. H. Stoddard, T. W. Higginson, mainly upon fugitive writing.

A NEW system of shorthand, by Professor Everett, of the Queen's College, Belfast, will be published this autumn by Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co. The author claims for his system that it can be written freely, like longhand, and is scarcely, if at all, more liable than longhand to be rendered illegible by scribbling; that both vowels and consonants are noted down with a speed comparable to that which is attained in other systems by writing consonants only; and that all sounds are written in the order in which they are spoken. Professor Everett uses only about one hundred special symbols for individual words.