

THE PROPHECIES OF CAZOTTE.

A strange and weird succession of prophecies took place in the life of John Francis de la Harpe, a very distinguished writer of France, a contemporary and friend of Voltaire, thoroughly imbued with the principles and spirit of his master. It was in a distinguished convivial circle in Paris; the greatest writers of the Academy were present; illustrious ladies, such as the Duchess of Grammont, were there, when, amidst a burst of triumphant congratulation on the glorious results of the writings of Voltaire, Cazotte, one of the most distinguished of the company, gave utterance to a succession of prophecies of the way in which the French Revolution—then undreamed of—would affect all those who were present. All the prophecies stood out from the lips of M. Cazotte like luminated pictures beheld by the speaker. The story is long; La Harpe put it all down in writing at the time, and all the events happened as the strange prophet foretold. "You, M. Condorcet, will expire in the pavement of a dungeon; you will die by the poison which you will have taken to escape from the hands of the executioner; the poison which the happy fate of that period will render it absolutely necessary that you should carry always about with you." This was astonishing, and not pleasant. "But what connection has this with philosophy and the reign of reason?" they exclaimed. "Precisely that which I am telling you," he said; "it will be in the name of philosophy, of humanity, and liberty, and under the sign of reason, that all this will happen to you; throughout all France there will be other places of worship but the temples of reason." He individualised others and their dooms amidst some merriment. "But when, Mr. Prophet, is all this to happen?" "Before six years have passed all I have told you will be accomplished." "Here, indeed," said La Harpe, "is an abundance of miracles; but do you set us down for nothing." "You," said Cazotte, "will be a miracle as extraordinary as any I have related; you will be a Christian!" Loud laughter followed this, and Chamfort exclaimed—"All my fears are vanished. If we do not perish till La Harpe becomes a Christian we shall all be immortal!" The Duchess of Grammont broke in, pleasantly alluding to the sex of her sex. "Your sex, my lady duchess, will be no defence to you. You will be conducted to the executioner, with your hands tied behind your back." "Truly," said she, "they will allow us a coach?" "No, madame; ladies of higher rank than you will be taken in a cart in the same way." "Ladies of higher rank? What do you mean? Princess of the blood?" "Greater still, madame!" A cloud seemed to be passing over the company; the duchess continued in a brightly tone: "Well, you will leave me a confessor." "No, madame; the last victim who will have the greatest of all favours will be—" "Who? Who?" "It will be the only prerogative left him—the King of France?" The duchess, desirous if possible, of keeping the company to cheerfulness, called on the prophet to declare his own fate. He said he was like the man who cried 'Woe to Jerusalem!' and 'Woe to myself!' He made his bow and retired. He fulfilled his prediction and died on the scaffold.—*Leisure Hour.*

THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA

Not long since Viceroy of Canada, the gracious Lord Dufferin, has assumed his onerous charge,—“pledged to water where Lord Ripon has planted” “to cherish, with a sympathetic hand, all that his predecessor has so earnestly labored to effect for the good of India.” Viceroying Canada was an easy sort of a holiday task for Lord Dufferin; what his successes may have been in Egypt and Turkey, we know not; most likely he was in both quarters greatly hampered, although the work was a good preparative for his present duties. In India, Lord Dufferin will have a freer hand, and may, if it be in him, hereafter rank before the public, and in history, with Lord William Bentinck, Lord Canning and Lord Ripon, former viceroys, endeared to the native races of India, by their beneficent actions. Wise deeds, and not merely “honed words,”—excellent too, in the right way—must signalise the new viceroy’s administration. A Toronto wag, in the “Week,” has we presume, in reference to the late appointment, put together the following rhythmic jingle:

“To salve the sores of Ripon’s rule erratic.
A Viceroy comes, from triumphs diplomatic;
Fresh from thy glowing throne he comes, Killarney,
To quench the griefs of Ind in copious blarney.”

Probably his lordship takes the “Week,” and has laughed over the foregoing; if not, as our monthly goes to India, he may see it yet.

WEATHER OF JANUARY 1885.

This month, last year, the most severe of the three winter ones, (see Resources of British Columbia 1st March 1884) has this season, been the mildest.

On the 22nd a butterfly (Camberwell Beauty) and some bees were seen—early in the month was heard the frog chorussing welcome, as a harbinger of spring, although not pleasing to ears delighting in the sweet unjarring sounds of good music.

From Mr. Livock we learn that the lowest temperature during February was 27 degrees on the 22nd, the highest on the 19th, 58 degrees, and the mean 44 degrees; the rainfall was 3.84 inches.

We had in February of fine sunshine with frost... 9 days.
Of dry cloudy with some sunshine..... 4 days.
Of cloudy all day but fair..... 2 days.
Of partial sunshine with showers..... 5 days.
Of rain all or most part of the day..... 6 days.
Of snow, hail, sleet, and rain..... 2 days.

28 days.

LIVING IN AN EXPRESS TRAIN.—A wealthy American—a Mr. Burdell of New York—has chosen a rather singular mode of passing his life. He has taken a pullman car on the express train between New York and Chicago for a permanency, and in it he lives, whirled along night and day at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Mr. Burdell considers the sensation a most exhilarating one, and feels perfectly happy. He found the monotony of life in an hotel unbearable he says, as he is rather of a “restless” disposition. He has an income of \$16,000, and is therefore perfectly well able to pay the \$7 a day which the use of the car costs him.