

## THE HAMMAM.

The *Overland Monthly* for July has a very interesting description of the Turkish bath recently erected in San Francisco by Dr. Loryea, called the "Hammam," supposed to be the most perfect now in existence. The climate of California was found to be admirably suited to demonstrate the manifold benefits conferred by the hot-air bath, and with commendable spirit and liberality John P. Jones, United States Senator from Nevada, came promptly to the assistance of Doctors Loryea and Trask. The Hammam is located in Dupont street, in the heart of the city. Ascending the steps the visitor is at once delighted by a beautiful bronze fountain. Over the entrance door is a finely executed inscription in Arabic: "Bismillah, Alla il Alla." To the right of the entrance stands an apartment well supplied with refreshments and appropriate stimulants. At the office, upon the opposite side of the hall, the bather deposits his valuables and receives his check. He then enters the "mustaby," or cool room, in the centre of which stands a marble bath, and here a silver fountain plays. On either side are lounging and smoking-rooms, each splendidly fitted up and separated by carved and painted trellis-work. The ceilings and walls are magnificently frescoed. The light enters through two large circular skylights of colored glass in perfect harmony with the colors of the frescoed walls. On the doors are Arabic inscriptions. Plate glass mirrors reflect the various images; and the visitor is filled with a sense of dreamy and yet soothing languor. The mustaby is the opodyterium, conclave, or spoliatorium of the Romans. Succeeding the mustaby is the tepidarium, corresponding to the "sea" of the Jews and the piscinium of the Romans. It is the warm room, wherein a heat of 120 to 130 Fahrenheit is constantly maintained. The next in order of apartments is the caldarium or sudatorium, corresponding to the stone baths of the Russians, Icelanders, and American Indians. The heat of this room is maintained at 160 to 180. The whole room is composed of marble, with a large marble table in the centre, surrounded by marble seats. The employees are all from Turkey, having been educated to the business from the age of eight years. Shampooers generally work for eight hours in the bath. The handsome arching of the ceiling of the caldarium is lighted by superb chandeliers of exquisite design, and radiates the heat equally to all portions of the room. Thick curtains separate this room from smaller apartments, in which the heat is higher than in the main room. The second floor is devoted to ladies and the third to medicated baths of all descriptions. The ladies' room are sumptuously furnished; the room dedicated to mercurial vapor baths is composed entirely of transparent plate glass so that the bather can be seen at all times by the operator. Dr. Loryea, having availed himself of the powerful aid of chemistry, administers all the most noted baths of the Spas. One can revel in the sea-water bath of the Mediterranean, in the alkaline baths of Vichy, in the serpent baths of the Schlangenbad. Electric and perfumed cosmetic baths are also among the treasures within the reach of beauty. All the walls, floors, and ceilings of this establishment are hollow, the doors and ceilings being composed of iron and stone arches. Professor Tyndall's theory of ventilation is here in successful practice. Shower-baths are entirely dispensed with, but in their place are marble basins, hewn from the solid rock, containing hot, warm, tepid, and cold water, which is sprinkled from needle-jets over the bather, so as to avoid any sudden shock to the system.

## ANTOINE LOUIS BARYE.

He was the greatest sculptor that ever lived. Barye, as a modeller of animals, had no equal. No artist was ever grieved for by his brothers as Barye is to-day. Every artist in Paris will follow him to his tomb. He was the noblest, the simplest, the most unaffected of creatures; he lived only for his art; he had not an idea outside it. One day in the summer of 1867 I knocked at his door. Mme. Barye opened it, and I asked for monsieur. "For three weeks, monsieur, I have not seen him. There is a new tiger in the Jardin, and while a trace of the jungle remains M. Barye will stay there." This was how Barye studied. He loved his wild animals, and the Jardin des Plantes was his home. When he modelled he seized not upon mere forms of flesh and bone. His gift it was to imprison the spirit of the animal. His lions are true lions; they are true monarchs of the desert, and if we had never heard of the king of beasts nor seen him until we came face to face with a lion of Barye, yet should we say, *Ingréditur rex*—Royalty is his inheritance. It was so with every form of animal life that Barye portrayed. The same patient, loving toil met ever with the same reward. No one ever more abandoned the world and its ambitions out of pure love of his art than did Barye. From morning until night he devoted himself to it; when he was not modelling he was revolving forms of live animal beauty before him in his mind. He talked of nothing else with his pupils at the Jardin, and he made all his studies subservient to it. When he made water-color sketches of the old trees and dark woodland bottoms at Fontainebleau, there were tigresses that stalked for him in the shadows, great pythons that twined about their trunks, and slender deer that flitted beneath their branches. These water-colors have a rare charm of their own that nothing can efface, and many of his brother artists have wished he had oftener painted them. They had all learned to revere Barye. Gerome came to him for his lion in the "Martyrs."

The animal is just loosed from his cell and emerges into the glare and sunlight of the vast amphitheatre with its countless thousands and the pomp and pageant of a Roman holiday. It was Barye who made him blink and pause before that strange, unwonted spectacle. Any one else would have made him spring upon his Christian prey. Barye leaves to his memory many monuments that he builded himself. It is not thirty years since that he sold his casts almost, one might say, as does an Italian who hawks his clumsy images on a board, but since that his genius has been recognized. Who that sees the "walking lion" of the Tuileries or the lions of the Column of July can forget Barye. He went to see the two bullet-holes that the Commune made, and he smiled as he said they needed no mending. Probably the last collection of his work that there is in existence is in the United States. It is at Washington, in the Corcoran Gallery of Art. He made it for his friend, Mr. William T. Walters, one of the trustees, who but for his aid could not have secured it. It would not be easy to say what its value is now. The "Theseus and the Curian" is among its treasures. This is one of his most important works and one which he himself dearly prized. The "Tiger Hunt in the Punjab," which he did for the Duke of Orleans, is in this country. It is in the Walters Gallery at Baltimore and has no duplicate in existence. Barye modelled it in wax. Mr. Taylor Johnson has some exquisite Barye bronzes. Barye was already an old man. Had he lived until September 24 he would have been eighty. For all his success in art he never became rich. Like Agassiz, he used to say he had no time.

## FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE.

See Deuteronomy, xii: 23. The blood being the source from which the system is built up, and from which we derive our mental as well as physical capabilities, how important that it should be kept pure! If it contain vile, festering poisons, all organic functions become enfeebled. Settling upon important organs, as the lungs, liver, and kidneys, the effect is most disastrous. Hence it behooves all to keep their blood in a perfectly healthy condition, and more especially does this apply at this particular season of the year than at any other. No matter what the exciting cause may be, the real cause of a large proportion of all diseases is bad blood. Now, Dr. Pierce does not wish to place his Golden Medical Discovery in the catalogue of quack patent nostrums, by recommending it to cure every disease, nor does he so recommend it; on the contrary, there are hundreds of diseases that he acknowledges it will not cure; but what he does claim is this, that there is but one form of blood disease that it will not cure, and that disease is cancer. He does not recommend his Discovery for that disease, yet he knows it to be the most searching blood-cleanser yet discovered, and that it will free the blood and system of all other blood-poisons, be they animal, vegetable, or mineral. The Golden Medical Discovery is warranted by him to cure the worst forms of Skin Diseases, as all forms of Blotches, Pimples, and Eruptions; also all Glandular Swellings, and the worst form of Scrofulous and Ulcerated Sores of the Neck, Legs, or other parts, and all Scrofulous Diseases of the Bones, as White Swellings, Fever Sores, Hip-joint and Spinal Diseases—all of which belong to Scrofulous diseases.

CONFIRMED.—HIP-JOINT DISEASE CURED.

W, Grove Station, Iowa, July 14, 1872.

Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—My wife first became lame nine years ago. Swellings would appear and disappear on her hip, and she was gradually becoming reduced, and her whole system rotten with disease. In 1871, a swelling broke out on her hip, discharging large quantities, and since that time there are several openings. Have had five doctors, at an expense of \$125, who say nothing will do any good but a surgical operation.

July 16, 1873, he writes thus: My wife has certainly received a great benefit from the use of your Discovery, for she was not able to get off the bed and was not expected to live a week when she commenced using it, a year ago. She has been doing most of her work for over six months. Has used twenty bottles, and still using it. Her recovery is considered as almost a miracle, and we attribute it all to the use of your valuable medicine. I can cheerfully recommend it as a blood-purifier and strength-restorer.

J. M. ROBERTSON.

Golden Medical Discovery is sold by Druggists.

## A REIGNING GODDESS.

A Paris correspondent writing of the Bois de Boulogne says: Next comes a superb, open barouche, lined with brown satin, the coachman and foot-man in elegant liveries, the horses worthy of drawing the carriage of a prince, and within one solitary occupant—a woman—no longer young, but tall and stylish in figure, with a hard, haggard face, dyed yellow hair, pulled low on her forehead, and round, parrot-like black eyes—a woman that never in her best days could have been a beauty. Yet, since she first seized upon the shadowy sceptre of the *demi-monde*, kings have been dethroned, empires have passed away, the face of Europe itself has been changed, and there she sits, secure in her evil royalty. It is Cora Pearl, and look round the Bois de Boulogne as you will, you will find no equipage more faultlessly appointed, no toilet more elegant and tasteful than hers.

## A TEMPEST IN AN ORCHESTRA.

Paris is now being excited by one of those lively artistic squabbles which are continually cropping up in the gay capital. It engrosses far more of the public interest than the Constitutional bills, the Senatorial elections, the territorial army organization, or even than the Grand Prix, and it incidentally demonstrates the inconveniences of government interference in matters dramatic and musical. The facts of the case are that the Grand Opera being about to give a gala representation at which one of M. Gounod's works was to be performed, M. Deldeved, conductor of the orchestra, invited the eminent composer to wield his baton for this one occasion. M. Gounod was good enough to accept the offer, acting upon precedents set him in the present century by Meyerbeer, Auber, and Halevy, and in the last by Mozart, Picini, and Gluck. The musicians of the orchestra, however, held a meeting and decided unanimously that it was beneath their dignity to pipe, fiddle, and drum under any other leadership than that of their official conductor. M. Gounod at once withdrew from his acceptance, but did so in a stinging little epistle which forthwith arrayed all Paris into two camps—those who advocate the independence of the orchestra, and those who argue that all the performers at the Academie de Musique, be they vocal or instrumental, are the servants of the manager, and are bound to let themselves be led by whomsoever this gentleman may please. These authoritarians, regarding the behavior of the musicians as an unworthy affront upon M. Gounod, urge that M. Halanzier is to blame for not keeping his troupe in better discipline, and are loudly calling upon the Minister of Fine Arts to come forward and display vigor. M. Wallon is vigorous enough in dealing with schoolmasters, but he does not as yet quite understand *le monde artiste*, and consequently hesitates to enter into collision with the operatic instrumentalists; hence much gnashing of teeth and a general chorus of malcontents to the tune that his Excellency is allowing the Grand Opera to go to the dogs.

## A GREAT BENEFIT NIGHT.

A more delicate compliment has never been made to talent than that of which Mdle. Delaporte was lately the object, on the occasion of her benefit, at the Theatre St. Michel, St. Petersburg. This distinguished *artiste*, who for seven years has been growing in the favour of the Russian public, has been compelled to quit the scene of her labours and her successes, from the illness of her mother, for whom a change of climate is necessary. On the evening of her benefit, the people of St. Petersburg turned out in thousands to do honour to their favourite. The house was thronged from floor to ceiling, not a place vacant, the Emperor and members of the Royal Family, nobles and officials of the highest rank, being present. The piece was *Andréa*, in which and in the *Princesse Georges*, Mdle. Delaporte has made so high a reputation. Called more than twenty times before the curtain, and presented with a splendid tiara of diamonds—made expressly for her by the Court jeweller—what was wanting to complete the triumph of the successful *artiste*? At the end of the piece there fell from the highest places during several minutes a rain of very small bouquets, so that she literally walked on a path of flowers—when she advanced to receive from the hands of the *chef d'orchestre* an immense crown of laurels, in the midst of which was woven in red flowers this touching declaration—"Le Paradis à Mademoiselle Delaporte." The eloquent simplicity of this offering of the poor, as graceful as unexpected, probably filled the heart of the fortunate actress with even more pride and pleasure than the flattering words of the Emperor, who received her with the following address:—"You see, mademoiselle, by the ovation you have received, and in which we have all taken part, how you are more and more valued among us."

## THE NAVIES OF EUROPE.

Holland has 113 ships, (17 armour-plated), 981 guns, and 7,250 men; Norway and Sweden, 65 vessels (five armour-plated), 491 guns, 5,100 men; Germany, whose navy is yet comparatively in its childhood is manned by 9,000 officers and men; the Russian navy, which is every day increasing in importance, consists of some 300 vessels (25 ironclads), with 1,500 guns; Turkey has one of the finest ironclad navies in the world; Austria and Hungary, a fleet of eight or ten ironclads in the Adriatic; Portugal, 50 ships, of which probably not more than one half are seaworthy; France has 350 ships of war, with an ironclad fleet of 50 strong; while Great Britain has 586 vessels afloat (including ironclads), 29 building (also including ironclads), 6,250 guns, and 60,000 men. In navies, therefore, Great Britain is supreme; then come in their order—France, Russia, Turkey, Austria, Germany, Italy, Spain, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Portugal, with an aggregate total of 2,039 vessels, of which 209 are ironclad, the whole being manned by some 280,000 men, and armed with 15,000 cannon. One hundred and ten ships of war are building in European dockyards, and of these 56 will be armour-plated; and the expenses incidental to these forces exceed £112,000,000 sterling per annum, of which fully three-fifths are devoted to the land forces. Of all these armaments, those of Turkey and Austria are maintained at the least cost—viz., at about £20 a year per man; that of Great Britain at the most—close upon £100 a year.

## THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD AND SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Lockhart tells a very interesting anecdote of Hogg's first visit to Scott's residence. Shortly after the first meeting of the two poets Hogg came to Edinburgh with a flock of sheep for sale. Scott invited him to dinner. He went, and when he entered the drawing-room he found Mrs. Scott, who was then in ill health, reclining on a sofa. The shepherd, after being presented, and making his best bow, forthwith took possession of another sofa placed opposite hers, and stretched himself at full length upon it; for, as he said afterward, "I thought I could never do wrong to copy the lady of the house." He was dressed "precisely as any ordinary herdsman attends cattle to market," and his hands and shoes bore unmistakable evidence of his vocation. As will be readily supposed, the lady of the house did not observe with perfect equanimity the destruction of her chintz-covered furniture; but of this Hogg remarked nothing—dined heartily, and drank freely, and afforded plenty of merriment for the company, (which was a rather large one,) by jest, anecdote, and song. As the liquor operated he grew familiar, from "Mr. Scott," he advanced to "Sherra," thence to "Scott," "Walter" and "Wattie," until at supper he fairly convulsed the whole party by addressing Mrs. Scott as "Charlotte."

## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

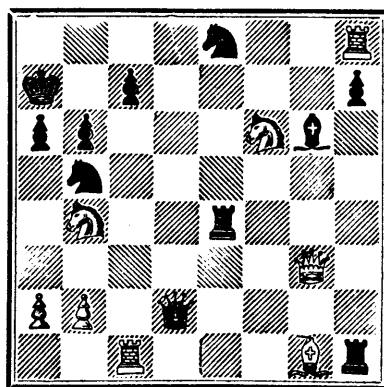
## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We see it stated by the English press that the noted chess problem composer, Herr Kling, is to have a testimonial presented to him by his admirers. All those who have derived pleasure from his combinations, will, there is no doubt, be willing to aid in this recognition of his talents.

PROBLEM No. 29.

By Mendheim.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in five moves.

## SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 27.

WHITE.  
1. Q to K 6th  
2. R takes P [ch]  
3. Q mates acc.

BLACK.  
1. Either P moves (A)  
2. K takes R

(A)  
1. K moves  
2. Any move  
3. Q mates.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 26.

WHITE.  
1. R to Q B sq  
2. Q to Q 3rd  
3. R takes B P  
4. Q to Q 2nd  
5. Q to Q 4th  
6. R takes Kt P [ch]  
7. R to R 4th [ch]  
8. Q to Q 3rd [ch]  
9. P one, check mate

BLACK.  
1. K to R 4  
2. Q B P one  
3. K to Kt 4th  
4. K to R 4th  
5. K to Kt 4th  
6. K to R 4th  
7. K to Kt 4th  
8. K to B 4th

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.

No. 27.

WHITE.  
K at K 4th  
R at Q 7th  
R at Q 5th  
B at Q 4th  
Pawns at Q B 7th  
K B 5th and K Kt 5th

BLACK.  
K at Q 3rd  
R at K sq  
R at Q R sq  
B at Q B 3rd  
Pawn at K 7th

White to play and mate in three moves.

[From Land and Water.]  
GAME 33RD.

CHESS IN LONDON.

The subjoined skirmish was played in London between the Rev. G. A. Macdonnell and another amateur. The termination is very remarkable.

(Allgaier Gambit.)

WHITE.

(Mr. —.)

1. P to K 4th  
2. P to K B 4th  
3. K Kt to B 3rd  
4. P to K R 4th  
5. Kt to K 5th  
6. Kt takes Kt P  
7. P takes P  
8. P to Q 4th  
9. K to B 2nd  
10. Q takes B  
11. Q takes B P  
12. Q to K B 5th  
13. B to Q Kt 5th [ch]  
14. R to K sq  
15. K to B 3rd  
16. Q to B 8th [ch]  
17. Q takes R

BLACK.

(Rev. G. H. Macdonnell.)

P to K 4th  
P takes P  
P to Kt 4th  
P to Kt 5th  
P to Q 3rd (a)  
P to K B 4th (b)  
B takes P  
Q to K second [ch]  
B takes Kt  
Kt to K B 3rd  
B to K R 3rd (c)  
B takes B  
P to Q 3rd  
Kt to Kt 5th [ch]  
Q takes R  
K to K 2nd  
Kt to R 7th [mate.]

NOTES.

(a) This defence to the Allgaier Gambit is not often played.  
(b) B to K 2nd is the usual move.  
(c) These moves are very ingenious, and result in bringing an overwhelming force upon the White King. We have seldom seen a more singular termination.