

THE TWO GLASSES.

There sat two glasses filled to the brim.
On a rich man's table, rim to rim.
One was ruddy and red as blood.
And one was clear as the crystal flood.
Said the glass of wine to the paler brother.
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other:
I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth.
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight.
Where I was king, for I ruled in might.
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown.
From the height of fame I have hurled men down:
I have blasted many an honoured name,
I have taken virtue and given shame.
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste.
That has made his future a barren waste.
Far greater than king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky.
I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from the iron rail:
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me:
For they said, 'Behold how great you be!
Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you fall.
And your might and power are over all.'
Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"
Said the water glass, "I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host;
But I can tell of a heart once sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad.
Of thirsts I've quenched and brows I've laved;
Of hands I have cooled and souls I have saved:
I have leaped through the valley, dashed down the
mountain,
Flowed in the river and played in the fountain,
Slept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky.
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain;
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with
grain;
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill,
That ground out the flour and turned at my will;
I can tell of manhood debased by you,
That I have lifted and crowned anew.
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
I gladden the heart of man and maid:
I set the chained wine-captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."
These are the tales they told each other.
The glass of wine and paler brother,
As they sat together filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

MADAME TUSSAUD.

ROMANTIC CAREER OF A RATHER REMARKABLE
WOMAN—THE PART SHE TOOK IN THE
FRENCH REVOLUTION—OTHER INCIDENTS
OF HER LIFE.

Most persons of the present day only know that estimable lady, Madame Tussaud, as associated with the wax-work exhibition in Baker street, Portman square; they little dream of the part she took in the French crisis, nor the position she held in French society.

About the year 1750, John Christopher Curtius was practising his profession of Medicine at Bern, in Switzerland, when the Prince de Conti happened to be sojourning in that city, and having accidentally seen some portraits and anatomical subjects modelled in wax by Dr. Curtius, the Prince was struck with the exquisite delicacy and beauty which those ingenious specimens of art displayed, and after complimenting the modeller upon the perfection of his work, invited him to take up his residence in Paris, promising him, if he did so, the patronage of all the influential persons in that great city; and the Prince, as a further incentive, promised to provide suitable apartments for the purpose of modelling and receiving visitors. M. Curtius was of course grateful for the recognition of himself and his art by a royal prince who was known and acknowledged as one only second in authority to the king his father; and in a very short time after this interview we find him in possession of splendid apartments in the Hotel d'Allegre, Rue St. Honoré.

In 1769 his sister, Mme. Grosholtz, became a widow, and two months afterward gave birth to a daughter, who was named Marie. The girl was six years old when her uncle M. Curtius came to Switzerland for the purpose of taking charge of his widowed sister and her children, and conveying them to Paris. The widow had by a previous husband seven sons; but the daughter so won her uncle's affections that he adopted her as his own child, and little Marie looked upon him as a father. At this time children were in France introduced very early into society, and at eight years of age Marie Grosholtz, who afterward married a French gentleman named Tussaud, and thus became the well-known Madame Tussaud—was allowed to sit at her uncle's table, and was ever in the habit of hearing the conversation of adults and persons possessed of superior talent, for M. Curtius' house had become the resort of the *élite*, and more especially the literati and artists. Among the most frequent visitors, Madame Tussaud distinctly remembered Voltaire, Rousseau, Dr. Franklin, Mirabeau and Lafayette; and though she was very young when Voltaire and Rousseau died, every circumstance connected with them made a powerful impression on her mind. Early reminiscences are often the most permanent, and when the *amour propre* is flattered by a personal compliment, it remains indelibly impressed upon the mind even in childhood. Thus Madame Tussaud recollected in her extreme age that when she was scarcely nine years old Voltaire used to pat her on the cheek and call her a pretty little dark-eyed girl.

Marie Grosholtz, or, as we must term her, Mme. Tussaud, loved her uncle's art, and so closely imitated him, that when she was yet in her teens it was impossible to distinguish between the excellence of their works. At that period modelling in wax was much in vogue, representations of flowers, fruit and other subjects being moulded from the originals, and painted

with a rare fidelity to life. To such a perfection had Mme. Tussaud arrived in giving character and accuracy to her models, that when quite a girl she was intrusted to take casts from the heads of celebrities of that period, who most patiently submitted themselves to the hands of the fair artist. She cast the head of Voltaire only two months before his death.

Among members of the royal family who visited M. Curtius' apartments and admired his works and those of his niece was Mme. Elizabeth, the king's sister; and being desirous herself of learning the art of modelling in wax, Mme. Tussaud was appointed to teach the princess, between whom and the skillful modeller sprang up an attachment so warm that the former applied to M. Curtius to permit his niece to take up a prolonged residence at the palace of Versailles. The invitation could not be refused, and Mme. Tussaud was treated more as an attached friend than a dependent. She attended all the brilliant assemblies at the royal palace of Versailles, which was then revelling in the acme of its gayety. In the preceding reign, pleasure, luxury, dissipation and even debauchery had arrived at their climax; but when Louis XVI., with Marie Antoinette, ascended the throne, a higher cultivation of the arts, the improving state of literature, the study of different accomplishments, an increased attention to the various branches of education, all contributed to introduce a greater degree of refinement in the court of Versailles. Mme. Tussaud thus came into close association with the highest personages of the realm. She described Marie Antoinette as "combining every attribute which could be united to constitute loveliness in woman; possessing youth, beauty, grace and elegance to a degree, perhaps, never surpassed; a sweetness and fascination in her manners, enchanting all who ever had the happiness to be greeted by her smile, in which there was a witchery that has more than once converted the fury of her most brutal enemies into admiration."

Madame Tussaud's services were, however, too valuable to her uncle to admit of her remaining long at the palace; so we find her again installed at her uncle's, where, however, during her absence, certain changes had taken place. Madame Tussaud found that his guests were different from those she had been wont to meet previously. Formerly, philosophers, professors of literature, arts and sciences, had resorted to the hospitable dwelling of M. Curtius; these were now replaced by fanatic politicians and demagogues, who were sending forth their anathemas against monarchy, haranguing on the different forms of government, and propounding their extravagant ideas on republicanism. When the royal palace was ruthlessly attacked by the mob, Mme. Tussaud was in terrible suspense, having three brothers and two uncles in the Swiss guards who were fighting for the king; and her torturing anxiety led her to the palace when the murderous action of the mob was at its height, to find that all her relatives had been slain.

Amid all the political changes which were taking place M. Curtius' establishment in Paris was visited by persons of the highest rank; among these was Joseph, Emperor of Austria, who appeared to be delighted with all he saw. Of other distinguished personages who came to see the celebrated studio was the Emperor Paul Petrowitch of Russia, accompanied by the Empress; also Stanislaus Eyzinski, King of Poland; Gustavus Vasa, King of Sweden; Prince Henry of Prussia, brother to Frederick the Great; the Prince of Asturias, afterwards Charles IV., King of Spain, and many other notable personages.

After the flight of Louis XVI. M. Curtius turned Republican, and was visited by Camille Desmoulins, Santerre, Thomas Paine, Paul Jones, Chabot, Gen. Dumouriez, Marat, Robespierre, &c. Mme. Tussaud, having strong loyalist principles, underwent horrible torture of mind while these several leaders of the people in their turn slaughtered the royal family and their adherents, massacred the priests and committed unheard-of atrocities. But the most touching incident was perhaps the murder of the amiable Princess de Lamballe. When she was led forth from prison, the Jacobins required two oaths from her: "That she would swear to love liberty and equality, and to hate the king, the queen and royalty." She replied: "I will take the first oath; the second I cannot—it is not in my heart." Upon which one of the by-standers, wishing to save her, said: "Do swear!" Some one in the mob shouted: "Let Madame be set at liberty," which was the dreadful signal for murder and the fatal stroke was given. Her head, heart and hands were paraded on pike heads about the streets, and eventually the horrid spectacle was displayed to the royal prisoners. The queen, seeing it, fainted, exclaiming: "Our doom is also sealed!" The head of the princess was taken to Mme. Tussaud, whose feelings can be easier conceived than described. The savage murderers stood over, while she, shrinking with horror, was compelled to take a cast from the features of the unfortunate victim.

An intense interest was excited in the minds of the people at that time respecting the royal family confined in the temple. Numbers of persons paid high prices for admission to certain rooms, from the windows of which the king and his family could be seen walking in the Temple Gardens. Madame Tussaud was once enabled to obtain the melancholy satisfaction, but felt so pained at the touching sight that she never again desired to witness their misfortune. Soon after this, Madame Tussaud, her mother and aunt were carried off in the middle of the night in a *fiacre*, accused of being royalists, and

suffered three months' imprisonment in La Force. In the room in which they were confined were about twenty females, among others Josephine, who was then Madame Beauharnois, and afterwards became the French Empress. She had with her a little girl, her only daughter, Fanny, who was afterwards married to Louis Bonaparte and became Queen of Holland.

The trial and execution of Louis, the war with England, and the troubles and disorders in France, the Queen's execution, etc., are all matters of history with which Madame Tussaud was only too terribly familiar. Many were executed whose heads were cast by this lady; among the latter ones was the cruel Robespierre, whose mutilated head was brought to her uncle's establishment.

A few moments after the execution of Robespierre, Madame Tussaud had the misfortune to lose her uncle, who to the very last persisted that he was a loyalist at heart, but that it was only the very politic conduct which he had pursued that had saved their lives and property. A medical examination proved that his death had been occasioned by poison.

At the commencement of the Napoleonic times and the consulate, Madame Tussaud sent for to the Tuileries to take the likeness of Napoleon as first consul, and was desired to be there at 6 o'clock in the morning. Accordingly she repaired to the palace at the time stated, and was at once ushered into a room where she found Bonaparte with his wife and Mme. Grand Maison, whose husband was a deputy and partisan of Napoleon. She was treated with great kindness by Josephine who conversed freely and with extreme affability with her, and when she put the liquid plaster upon Napoleon's face, begged that she would be very particular, as her husband had consented to the cast being taken, only at her earnest request, adding that it was for herself that the bust was intended. A few days afterward, Mme. Tussaud took casts of Gen. Massena, Cambaceres, and several other French celebrities who were prominent members under the first consulate.

Peace being temporarily arranged between the English and French Governments, Madame Tussaud was desirous of taking the opportunity of visiting England. She endeavoured to get a passport for that purpose; but Fouché, the minister of police, refused to grant one, on the grounds that it was contrary to the laws of France for artists to leave the country; and it was only by petitioning the higher authorities that she eventually obtained a permit, and to her great delight arrived in London in 1802. "At last," says she in her Memoirs, "I am in a country where genius from whatever clime is fostered, and where the unfortunate exile receives the same protection as the native." Her talents were justly appreciated by a generous and discerning public, and she was most liberally patronized. She lived among us for many years. Young and old alike have over and over again visited her establishment, and the "history in wax" which is there exhibited has become one of the greatest attractions of the metropolis. Although great changes have since been made, a few specimens of her own special talent are still to be seen in Baker street; the best being the portrait model of the famous wit and author Voltaire. The management of this exhibition is now in the hands of descendants of the second generation, whose efforts to obtain the latest celebrities and notoriety are so well known. The collection at present consists of more than 300 portrait models of kings and queens, presidents, statesmen, generals, admirals, poets, actors, &c., in short, the effigies of celebrities of all nations. The great Emperor Napoleon is a prominent character. The more recent additions to the collection are: The emperor of Russia, the sultan of Turkey, the various Turkish pashas and Russian officers, a *fac simile* of the lying in state of the late Pius IX. at St. Peters, and that of King Victor Emmanuel. In a dismal room, appropriately called the "Chamber of Horrors," are representations of murderers and others who have been executed. Here is to be seen perhaps the most extraordinary relic of the terrible French Revolution, namely: The actual knife of the original guillotine used in Paris for the decapitation of Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette and the best and worst blood of France.

Madame Tussaud closed her "eventful life" in London in 1850, having been a citizen of the greatest capital in the world for forty-eight years. Her family were noted for longevity, her mother having lived to the age of one hundred and four, and her grandmother to one hundred and eleven; while she herself reached the mature age of ninety. Her effigy in the wax-work exhibition in Baker street is so life-like, that those who knew her personally fancy that they still see the veritable old lady; and she has her favorite spot, too, for she is apparently guarding what is known as the "Sleeping Beauty," of whom there is a touching history. The figure represents Madame St. Amaranthe, formerly one of the most lovely women in France. She was the widow of a lieutenant-colonel of the body guard of Louis XVI., who was killed in the attack on the Tuileries in 1792.

ONE of Lord Beaconsfield's first acts, after returning to London from the Congress, it is said, was to send over to Paris for two dozen of the most extravagant French novels published. In seeking repose from the cares of State in light literature, his Lordship followed such eminent examples as Prince Metternich, Alexander I. of Russia, Gregory XVI., and Napoleon I.

SENSATIONAL STORY.

STEPHEN SMITH, SARAH'S SUITOR, SEES SOPHIA'S SAD, SALTY SUICIDE.

Sophia Saunders searchingly scrutinized Sarah, scowling severely. Stephen Smith—Sarah's suitor—strong, splendidly sinewed, shapely Stephen, slept soundly.

Sophia spoke. She said Sarah should sell stale, stinking soles.

Stephen snored.

Sophia spitefully shook Sarah.

"Surrender!" said she.

Sarah screamed shrilly.

Stephen seeing sweet Sarah's situation, stealing stealthily, suddenly squeezes Sophia's side, saying: "Stop such silly squabbles, such stupid strife; stop striking Sarah."

She staggered.

"So," sneered Sophia, "savage Stephen sneakingly supports Sarah! Seek safety—skeddaddle!"

Stephen smiling satirically said: "Sarah shall sell stale soles, sweet Sophia, shall she?" "She shall!" shrieked Sophia.

So saying, Sophia Saunders strode seaward, stalking stiffly, selecting sloppy shingle spots. Slackening speed, she sat. Straightway she sentimentalized.

"See star-spangled sky, see sinking sun, see salt sea; see Sophia Saunders, spinster, Sarah's sister, spurned, slighted, scorned. So Sarah supposes selling stale soles sinful! She shall see."

She stood still some seconds solemnly sea-surveying. Suddenly she said: "See Stephen so sneaking, so sanctimonious, so supremely stupid—see sister Sarah so sweetly seraphic, sweet Sunday-school scholar, sublime sinner, see Sophia swim. Stephen—sister Sarah shall sell sweet soles—so shall she starve."

Sarah shuddered.

Stephen sneezed.

Suddenly, Sophia sprang, screaming, splashing salt spray skyward.

"Save Sophia. Stephen! see, she sinks!" screamed Sarah.

"Scarcely, sweetheart," said Stephen sul- lenly.

So Sophia Saunders sank.

Sophia's suicide saved Sarah selling soles so stale. She systematically sold sweet soles. She survived Sophia several summer seasons.

Sometimes she sang sad songs softly, sorrowing Sophia's sad suicide. Still she stayed single, scornfully spurning Stephen Smith's soft speeches.

LITERARY.

VICTOR HUGO is recovering in Guernsey from his attack of illness brought on by overwork.

CARLYLE is eighty-three years of age and apparently good for several years more of work. He smokes the long clay pipes known in England as "church-wardens," and considers a good stiff glass of hot toddy worth all the reputation in the world.

AT a recent sale of autographs in London Lord Byron brought £7 15s., while Charles II. could only get up to £4 4s.; George II. £2 10s., and George III. £1 10s. A letter of John Keats went at £4, and one of Laurence Sterne at £8.

SIR WALTER SCOTT gave, on August 14, 1825, to Maria Edgeworth, the pen-holder with which he had written the "Heart of Midlothian"—all his novels, in fact, up to that time. Its present possessor is Dr. Butler, of Harrow. The MSS. of the "Black Dwarf," "Peveril of the Peak," "Woodstock," and the "Fortunes of Nigel" are all owned by Mr. John Ruskin.

ALFRED TENNYSON's two sisters, Mrs. Kerr and Mrs. Jesse, are extremely cultivated and intellectual women, now past middle age. Mrs. Kerr is tall and stout, Mrs. Jesse short, wiry, and dark-haired. Mrs. Jesse is the "Emily" who was engaged to marry poor young Arthur Hallam, whose early death ended for this world so much intellectual aspiration and so many hopes.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

AIMEE is living quietly in Paris. She vows her foreign travels are ended forever.

MR. STANLEY, the great singer, has been so much benefited by his visit to America that he has returned to England thoroughly restored to health.

THE estate of Montague, the actor, is valued at about \$25,000. He had recently insured his life for \$3,000 in favour of his mother. Miss Maud Granger is utterly prostrated by his death.

MILE LITTA, a young singer who has achieved renown on the boards of the Paris "Italiens" and in Vienna, has been engaged by Mr. Max Strakosch at a salary of \$20,000 a year, for his next opera season in America.

HERR ROKITANSKY, the Viennese basso profundo, formerly of Her Majesty's Theatre, is the son of the late Baron Von Rokitansky, one of the most eminent physicians in Austria, and a well-known amateur, who was the possessor of Hadyn's skull, which had been stolen from the cemetery at Gumpendorf.

MINNIE HAUCK, the prima donna who has come into notice recently, is one of the protégés of Max Maretzek. He sent her to Erani and paid for her lessons. A European critic, comparing her with Kelloog, says the latter sings with skill, but Hauck with natural impulse; one is a mere vocalist, the other a singing actress.

THE city of Paris has taken possession of the handsome villa situated at Passy, which was the property of Rössini, and where his widow lived until her recent death. According to the orders of the Prefect of the Seine, the administration agents have parcelled the property out in lots, which in a few months will be sold at auction.

HAMILTON TIE MANUFACTURING CO.—Latest styles of Scarfs for the Fall—Beaconsfield, Pasha, Salisbury, Bismarck, Gortschakoff. The Wholesale Trade only supplied. Hamilton Tie Manufacturing Company, Hamilton, Ont.