

A T S E A .

SHALL we, the storm-tossed sailors, weep
For those who may not sail again ;
Or wisely envy them, and keep
Our pity for the living men ?

Beyond the weary waste of sea,
Beyond the wider waste of death,
I strain my gaze and cry to thee
Whose still heart never answereth.

O brother, is thy coral bed
So sweet thou wilt not hear my speech ?
This hand, methinks, if I were dead,
To thy dead hand would strive to reach.

I would not, if God gave us choice
For each to bear the other's part,
That mine should be the silent voice,
And thine the silent, aching heart.

Ah, well for any voyage done,
Whate'er its end—or port, or reef :
Better the voyage ne'er begun,
For all ships sail the sea of Grief.

—Atlantic Monthly.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

GALLAGHER'S PIG.

(To an Irish tune.)

Oh, Balfour the Brave is in high jubilation ;
Fresh glory and fame he believes he has won ;
And he feels that he merits the thanks of the nation.
So good and so great is the deed he has done.
His heart is so light, and his hopes have so risen,
That oft he gets up and he dances a jig,
Because he has Edward M'Ginley in prison
For winking at Gallagher's boycotted pig.

'Twas well to bring up before Gard'ner and Waring
Both Nugent and Norris for conduct so vile
As looking askance at a grabber, and daring
To give him "a humbugging sort of a smile ;"
Such triumphs of justice we've had in profusion,
But nothing so glorious, so bright or so big,
As giving M'Ginley three months of seclusion
For winking at Gallagher's boycotted pig.

Oh, the Union is saved and the Empire protected ;
Society feels that its perils are o'er ;
In Ireland the law is both feared and respected
By millions who never admired it before.
The ways of the League need no longer be dreaded,
The cause of Home Rule has been snapped like a twig,
For Balfour the Brave has M'Ginley plank-bedded
For winking at Gallagher's boycotted pig.

—Nation.

T. D. S.

NOTED FRENCH WOMEN.

I PROPOSE in this letter to give your readers some account of the literary work of the French women of to-day, writes Theodore Stanton, in the *Pittsburg Dispatch*. France has always had great women. Under the old *regime* they were famous as dilettantes: during the Revolution they shone as patriots and martyrs; under Napoleon, the Restoration and Louis Philippe their political and literary salons, were brilliant and influential, and under the Second Empire they led, with the Empress Eugenie at their head, in the world of fashion. Nor are the women of the Third Republic inferior, as a whole to their sisters of the past.

It is true that one cannot point to-day to a Marchioness de Rambouillet, to a Mme. Roland, to a Mme. de Staël, to a Mme. de Remusat, to a Mme. de Girardin or to a George Sand, but I think your readers will agree with me that, if the leaders be not so great to-day as were the leaders of the past, the rank and file of French womanhood is now immeasurably superior in almost every respect to the general body of women in years gone by. With the advent of modern democracy "the masses" have usurped the places once occupied exclusively by "the classes."

Probably the most widely known literary and political lady of the France of to-day is Mme. Juliette Adam. She may not be the most intellectual and solid, but she surely is the most active and enterprising. She was born with a taste for letters and began writing in her teens. But it was from her marriage with Senator Adam, and the advent of the Third Republic that dates the fame of Mme. Juliette Adam. Her second husband—M. Adam—was a rich and a Republican politician. She was handsome, a fine conversationalist, and ambitious to shine in state affairs. So, during the stormy days of McMahon's presidency, it was in Mme. Adam's salon that Gambetta and the Chief Republican leaders used to meet, argue, plan and gird for battle.

Then it was that Mme. Adam founded the *Nouvelle Revue*, which was to be the Republican rival of the old fogey, Conservative *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and ever since she has remained at its head. Although this periodical cannot be said to be a very brilliant success, either financially, politically, or from a literary point of view, it is unquestionably the best review in France after the famous creation of M. Buloz, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

But if Mme. Adam's rôle is not quite so important or brilliant to-day as it was ten or fifteen years ago, the reason is not to be found in any falling off in herself, but rather in the changes that have taken place in French politics. In Mme. Adam's drawing room the politicians have been supplanted by the authors; you hear less about the Chamber of Deputies and more about the salon; Gounod, or Doudet, or Bouguerau are the cynosures of all eyes, and not some Senator, or Deputy, or ex-Minister.

Mme. Adam's soirées used to be given in a suite of spacious apartments far down the boulevards. But now she resides in a house, or hotel, as they say in French, on a street that bears her own name, the Rue Juliet Lamber, Lamber being one of Mme. Adam's *noms de plume* and also her maiden name. The house is handsomely furnished, cosy and artistic. Mme. Adam herself, although now over 50, is still a handsome woman, dressing with great taste, and possessing the elegant manners of a true lady of the world. She converses glibly on art, politics, sociology, philosophy, and business, and is the soul of her drawing room. To the hostess, more than to any of her distinguished guests, is due the wide reputation which this salon enjoys in Paris and throughout Liberal Europe.

In direct contrast with Mme. Adam, in many ways, is Mme. Henry Greville. Mme. Greville is perhaps the ablest and most prolific of living French female novelists. Although each new book created more of a sensation at her start on her literary career, some ten or fifteen years ago, Mme. Greville's stories are still very popular with refined readers and especially with the girls and young women of France, who are not allowed to open nine-tenths of the new French novels. Mme. Greville visited America a few years ago, and so is particularly interested on your side of the Atlantic. Nor is she less interested in you than you are in her, as is attested by beautiful photographs of Niagara, American lamps, books and private letters which adorn her parlours or are pigeon-holed in her writing desk.

Mme. Henry Greville has occupied three different Paris houses since I knew her. The first time I met her it was in a charming little parlour, whose floor was covered with bear skins brought from Russia, where Mme. Greville lived for many years, and where the scenes of her best novels are laid. The room, furthermore, looked like a hot-house, but not because it was especially warm—a condition seldom experienced in a Paris house—but because of the many beautiful plants scattered everywhere, on tables, brackets, and on the floor.—Next she took a fine large flat in one of the big old houses on the river opposite the Louvre. The hall, the dining-room, the double drawing-room, and two studies on either side of it gave her all the space she needed to display the rich pieces of tapestry, quaint furniture, pictures and knick-knacks which she and her husband—for Mme. Greville has a husband, also well-known in the art, literary and scientific world of Paris—love to collect and set up to the best advantage.

Mme. Greville's lecture tour in America was not a brilliant financial success, and the large apartment was expensive. So she has now moved to a smaller but scarcely less artistic home in the quarter of Paris where artists, musicians, and men and women of letters abound. The bear skins, the plants, the vivacious conversation of Mme. Greville, and the witty and instructive reflections of M. Durand-Greville—M. Durand has added his wife's *nom de plume* to his own name—are the same in the Rue Blanche as on Montmartre and the Quai Voltaire; so the new drawing room is as charming as the old ones, and the people who frequent it as numerous and interesting as ever.

One of the most curious women of letters in this city is Mme. Blaze de Bury. Though English by birth, she is French by marriage and residence, and can write brilliantly in both languages. Her husband, who died a year or two ago, was a well-known author, and the brother of Buloz, the founder of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, so that Mme. Blaze de Bury is the aunt of M. Charles Buloz, the present editor of that famous periodical. This gives her a certain prominence in literary circles here. But her eccentricity in dress and speech, and her real mental ability would make Mme. Blaze de Bury a prominent character in any centre. She has written stories, review articles, and newspaper letters, and once represented in Paris the *New York Nation* and the *New York Tribune*.

Mme. Charles Bigot, whose *nom de plume* is Jeanne Mairat, is interesting to Americans as the daughter of Healy, the well-known American portrait painter. She lives in the same house with her father and many of her clever little theatrical pieces are acted by amateurs at the delightful soirées given by the Healys during the winter. Mme. Bigot's husband is, or was until he lost his health, an active journalist, professor and art critic, and husband and wife still work hand and hand, each producing stories and magazine articles and volumes of more than common merit.

Messrs. Reid and Gray have issued an illustrated catalogue of their prize machinery, which will be forwarded free, on application, to any address—By consulting this catalogue, farmers and agriculturists generally will see at once the advantages offered them by any particular machine.

The business lately carried on in Stafford street, Dunedin, by Messrs. Samuel Orr, and Co., is now conducted by Messrs. Cameron, Reynolds, and Co., with Mr. S. Orr as manager. Sales on commission are undertaken by the firm in a manner extremely satisfactory to those who avail themselves of their services. Farm and station requisites of every kind are also supplied by them.

Count von Moltke is among the defeated candidates in Berlin. An interesting episode occurred when Prince Bismarck appeared at the poll. All present rose from their seats, even the Socialists, with the exception of one, who remained sitting with his cigar in his mouth. Prince Bismarck gave his vote, saying, "Well, this is probably the last time that I vote." The chairman of the election committee answered, "We hope your Highness will still for many years enjoy your present vigour." Whereupon the Chancellor replied, "Why, I am seventy-five, and at my age five years is a very long space of time."