

freely nevertheless. The positive port
toe masculine, the negative the feminine
the chief concerns of life, though they
shift under different circumstances.
never were two friends, even when they
strong men, who were not positive and
ative to one another; in altered wor
masculine and feminine. Patroclus plain
symbolized the woman in Achilles; as
tion did to Alexander, Jonathan to Davi
Aiva to Philip II. Shelley was feminine
Beron; Louis XIV to Maitenon; O
VII to, Leonne D'Arce; J. de Montm
to

In every close relation where one and the other, in defiance of arithmetic, make one, there, undoubtedly, is a masculine and a feminine.

be a controlling mind—frequently controlling so gently, perchance so involuntarily, as to render control insensible. The controlling mind is positive. Wherever two positive natures, be the sex the same or different, come in contact, they rebound, and in any attempt to be as far as possible from each other, are drawn solely by repulsion. Hence man and woman—positiveness should be man's prerogative—admirably adapted to friendship cannot be friends to each other. They demand too much and grant too little, by the impulse of their being, for the required complement of condition so exacting. Friends they cannot be in abundance, but friends blessed with

The positive and negative, the masculine and the feminine, being essential to sterility and form, are found in the most distant and most intimate between man and woman. Everywhere, in the sex there is no direct rivalry; their field of activity lies asunder, and rivalry is the superior of man's concord with man. We have much of generous rivalry; upon examination

the generosity diminishes and the rivalry increases. Rivalry long continued between men must end in success for one and complete failure for the other. He who succeeds may be magnanimous; but to him who has not succeeded magnanimity looks like patronage. No proud individual spirit can quite forgive itself for failure, from whatever cause; and inability to forgive ourselves is a vice in condemning others. Such spirit, if broad, must be among the first; must govern the opportunity for mastership. — *Junius Henri Browne, in Galay.*

loathsome character in the French revolution, and who will live as the type incarnate of rabid journalism, was, like J. J. Rousseau, a Swiss. He was born in 1744, and it is much to his guilt that he received a superior education and possessed natural abilities of a high order. He was a man of great talents and learning subjected him, from the outset of his career, to cruel persecution. After studying medicine and obtaining an appointment as doctor to the count of Arois' grooms, he addicted himself to researches in natural science, and published several essays on the theory of light. These papers had the honor of being reviewed and warmly praised

light which were held by the academy, the mottoes, the emblems, and that learned body instantly in foul of the innovator. He was friendless, poor and irritable; he wrote of the academy with contempt, and above all, his theories were the true ones. These were reasons enough to draw on him hostility of a very different kind; and the institute of France, which was at first very hospitable, refuted him was at last completely influenced by him, and drove him from the country. Marat was a sickly health and of sour temper; a keen party savor, resulting from a misplaced attachment, added to his innate moroseness, so that he was in every manner unfit to be

up sincerely under persecution. He went to England, and spent ten years in London, where he devoted himself to the study of the sciences, and made a tour of the continent, spending a couple of years between Holland and Dublin, and then he visited Holland, picking up all the while a precarious sustenance as a doctor, tutor, translator, and author. In 1788 the outbreak of the revolution brought him back to Paris, rich with the fresh stores of learning and experience he had acquired during his exile, and he went upon starting a new paper, and a rather stout one, too, for he was not from other men, though, in this respect, that from the first he had a clear perception of his object, and pursued it to the last undeviatingly. His ideas of reform were never clogged

for the wish to ape English constitutionalism and to be detested England. He desired a rational Republic; and though his first journal, the *Le Publiciste*, Parisien, was concerned with modern literature, it was not without a certain and its zeal so evident that even the most zealous deputies of the third estate took offense at it as going far beyond what they conceived to be as calculated to do their country an injury. It was the distinctive trait of Mirabeau's genius that he could not write a line without attracting attention. His scholarship was deep, and his style consequently so pure as to be strong, and his knowledge of the people's griefs and wishes so thorough, and his feelings so warm in the aims he was pursuing, so reflected

that thrallings of other men paid less for his. . . And now imagine France given over to the garrulous convention, in which there was not a man who clearly knew what he wanted save this one, Marat. Forty-three years old at this date, Marat was essentially a fine fellow, and had a head enormous and disproportionate to his body. His hair was five feet high, and his face was handsome, but the lower part, beginning with the nose, was that of a wild beast. The nose was flat and large with nostrils that quivered; the mouth narrow and filled with black, jagged teeth; the chin square, and generally ill-shaved, covered with a stubble of several days' growth. Natural

meanest, in his person, Hafat cultivated some degree of refinement for the purpose of inspiring greater confidence in the words of the sage. He seldom wore a hat, but covered his head with a twisted handkerchief, red, yellow, or grey. His linen was worse than dingy, his shoes stringless, his stockings torn and dot at the heel, and his brown coat covered with stains, ink-splashes, and flakes of dried mud. In constant terror of his life, he never ventured out of his room without a sword and a tattered hood of ruffians who called themselves his body-guard, and plied cudgels about them to clear him a passage through the street crowds. Women, when they saw him trembled and turned their heads aside; el-

children ran away from him; at the convent-house his entrance was the signal for a general silence, and, often for a dispersion of the inmates. M. Marat, who was tall and thin, and up with bluish yankee, gloriéd in the universal repulsion which he excited, and he had gained, vicious way of smiling when, fixing his eye on any member whom he disliked, saw the man turn pale and crouch. So was the man who, by means of all the sect of Paris, kept the conventuins in terror, as through it governed France. —Cornhill magazine.

They could pound tatarin with muslin, and they know pound to slate from any other kind. But this is the best. The tatarin is made for the night now prevalent among English ladies for tight-fitting bodices or bodices, corsets, of a different color from the dresses over which they are worn, and of moderate cut. It is on race courses, at polo meetings, at cricket matches, and at picnics that these corsets are seen in all their glory. A corset really worthy of the name is made (however) of steel, and is made of one piece, either of white steel, of black steel, or of gold; and in order to render re-embellishment is carried "coat-of-mail" more completely than is the case with the corsets of the china is ancient down each arm.

have a costly look; and probably up to the present time they are worn only by women who pay considerable attention to personal appearance, and whose personal appearance is really a part of their business. They will wear them before long, as, before in every other way, simple, white, hum, or so we reproduce, whether by natural or mechanical means, the now charming melodies of Balfe's new opera. Then, as persons of good taste, both the theatrical cossets and Balfe's essentially modern work will be proscribed, and fresh novelties will be required. I am in music a d dress. Yes, I could tell you of a new dress, but I have meant of the new fashion. The wise

clothes, like everything else, and more to be
most things, have their significance; and
want to get at the idea underlying their
concoits of steel, silver, and gold with ad-
mirre, but do not understand. If Ad-
Pati had just appeared as Joan of Arc, he
would have been a great success, and
phenomenon would be a million times
is, one can only say of it, "My dear, A.
beautiful!" *— London Letter in New York*
Times.

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