

LOUISE MICHEL.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HER LATE LECTURE IN PARIS.

NOTED PERSON SEEN IN THE AUDIENCE—SURPRISE OF MANY OF HER HEARERS—A HOMELY BUT STRONG FACE—SOME OF THE THINGS SAID.

The little Salles des Conférences in the Rue de la Paix, Paris, was filled last night by a mixed crowd, assembled to hear Louise Michel lecture on "The Role of Woman in Modern Society." On one side of the hall was a group of personal friends of the "grande citoyenne," habituees of her sort of political meetings, and these had for the occasion donned their Sunday head covering instead of the slouch hats they were usually in. In the rear room, however, the Revolutionnaire Cipriani, recently arrived from the peninsula kingdom, where he has been spending the last few years of his life in prison. He does not seem to have suffered much from the long confinement; his long beard is jet black, his hands are white; his face bears a contented expression, and he wears his broad brimmed, high hat jauntily inclined to one side, with the air of a man who knows that he is a fine looking fellow.

AMONG THE AUDIENCE.

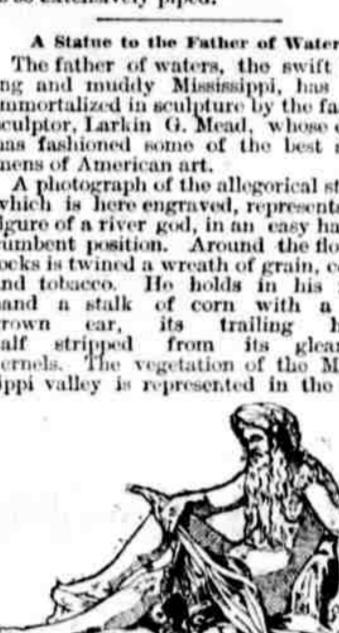
Among the determined enemies of society I noticed also Pére Hyacinthe Leyson and many other well dressed bourgeois. Indeed the respectable element formed four-fifths of the audience, and most of them were young ladies and middle aged or venerable matrons who had come out of curiosity to see and hear the "monster" whose name appears in reports of all meetings, and in illustrations of all killing and violence from the burden of the creation delivered. When the "monster" made her appearance she seemed a little bit surprised at finding herself in the presence of such a nice audience. She had not gotten herself up especially for the occasion and wore the shabby black dress, small capron bonnet and long veil thrown back over her hair, which form her ordinary costume here. It was with a shabby accent, and in a rather nasal voice that she announced her subject, but as soon as the first words were pronounced Louise Michel, herself again, had recovered that presence of mind and cool boldness which rarely desert her.

As she spoke the physiognomy of most of her hearers, especially those of the female portion of the audience, betrayed a mixture of admiration and contempt. It was easy to read on their faces that most of them were saying to themselves: "What! Is that her? Is that the Louise Michel we have heard and read so much about? That woman? Why she looks like a Protestant school teacher, and as ugly as a scarecrow!" Yes, Louise Michel is undoubtedly a very homely person, but there is a gleam of intelligence in her eye which she never speaks, becomes exceedingly animated and mobile. It was evident, however, that most of the audience were disappointed, and after she had spoken a few minutes their attention began to flag. Moreover, what she was saying was not easy to follow because of the disjointed connection between the ideas and the remarkable rapidity with which she spoke. She did not pick her words, but said freely and easily, full of wonderful poetic freshness, which sound all the more strange coming from such lips. Once started, she goes on at break neck gallop, catching at a thought here, throwing off a daring expression there, leaping over all obstacles, and apparently endeavoring to realize some dream of unattainable perfection which her chaste soul sought a glimmer through the mists that beset her exceedingly crude conceptions of things here below.

RELATING AN ANECDOTE.

Starting with the assertion that "no man has today the faults of a slave and those of a conqueror," she declared that women are necessary, and that a time will come when the world will learn how to utilize their rare faculties. That time will be an epoch, and "wars will no longer be waged, because electric machinery will have been invented which will subdue the world with a shot, and thus force nations to disarm." For the present it was the duty of woman to prepare for the advent of that golden age when nothing would prevent them from reaching a perfect equality with men. To prove that her sex were capable of that equality, she related an anecdote from her own experience.

"When I was attending lectures," said she, "in order to secure a diploma of qualified school teacher, I one day heard an old savant trying to demonstrate, with the aid of two skulls, that a woman's head was smaller than that of a man, but never noticed that, misled by a change of labels, made by a pupil with whom I am well acquainted, he was all the time using one anatomical specimen for both."



ROCHESTER STEAM GAUGE AND LANTERN WORKS.

(Before the Fire.)

able grain of salt for some days by the local newspaper men, but the subsequent finding of the body below the falls confirmed it.

The recent accident was the most severe that has ever visited Rochester, and its date was less than a year after the singular and unprecedented explosion of naptha in the sewers, which caused so much destruction in many other cities, especially in New York, where naphtha is so extensively piped.

A STATE TO THE FATHER OF WATERS.

The father of waters, the swift flowing and muddy Mississippi, has been immortalized in sculpture by the famous sculptor, Larkin G. Mead, whose chisel has fashioned some of the best specimens of American art.

A photograph of the allegorical statue, which is here engraved, represents the figure of a river god, in an easy half recumbent position. The arrow and the bow are attached to the ribbon which holds the wreath, and fall gracefully on the left shoulder of the figure. The figure is full of power and character—as much like a river god as any that have been observed.

The source of the river is shown as rising in the Falls of St. Anthony. The shattering wheel of the water, the twisted stern steamer and a burrowing tortoise form a part of the suggestive foil to the principal figure. The statue is fifteen feet long and about five feet high.

The block of marble from which it was cut weighed forty-four tons when the work commenced. It will be completed about Jan. 1, and will probably be placed in Forest Park, St. Louis.

WHICH EXPERIMENTS.

Michigan Agricultural college's experiments with wheat show that salt lessened the yield of wheat, 150 pounds being sown to the acre. Professor Johnson inclines to think that one and one-quarter bushels of seed gives the best yield. The old Clavon seems to retain, in good degree, those qualities which have made it popular for a longer term of years than most other varieties.

EDISON'S TALKING DOLL.

Mr. Edison has, it is stated, devised a doll with a small phonograph inside, which talks when the handle is turned. The phonograph is placed in a receptacle within the chest of the doll, and the handle protrudes. When it is turned the voice is to issue from the doll's mouth.

Edison has also devised a clock which announces the time by speaking, the talking apparatus being, of course, a phonograph.—Cassell's Family Magazine.

THE ROCHESTER DISASTER.

IT WAS NEAR THE SITE OF MANY THRILLING EVENTS.

Few disasters of the year have been more thrilling in their nature than the recent accident at Rochester, N. Y., where by the burning of a lantern and steam gauge manufacture more than a score and a half of human lives were lost.

"Let me think a minute," it was in the winter of 1861 and 1862, just before I went to Europe. I was at the tea table one Sunday night—we always had something of a company, some twenty or thirty on such occasions—and I was at the head of the table, when a messenger brought a telegram from Mr. Lincoln. It was a long printed roll. I have the original still somewhere, and it ran this way:

"Mr. Seward, during the pro and anti-slavery contest before the slaves in America were emancipated, was a power in the east as Mr. Lincoln was in the west. The irreconcilable conflict between free and slave labor," especially indicate the qualities of Mr. Seward's mind. Governor of New York, the most prominent candidate before the convention that nominated Mr. Lincoln, known from ocean to ocean, he was chosen by President Lincoln, who was elected to be secretary of state. In this position he remained throughout the dark days of civil war, and when the Wilkes Booth conspiracy attempted to murder the president and his cabinet, Mr. Seward was stabbed by one of the conspirators, received a wound from which he never entirely recovered, and soon afterwards made a tour of the world. He was engaged on the work of an account of this tour when it was announced to him that he was near his end. Great like, he said: "If that is so, I have no time to lose. We must go on with the book."

"He sent the mortar bed, and it arrived Tuesday morning by the Fall River boat. I spent Monday running around the Novelty, Allaire and Cornell's iron works, to secure draughtsmen to be ready Tuesday morning to prepare plans of the several parts of the mortar bed on which I had agreed to do. The bed weighed about a ton and a half, and was composed of several connected parts. I had carted to the Novelty iron works and taken to pieces, and distributed the pieces among the three works I have mentioned, each agreeing to make certain parts and to do all they possibly could to get them ready in time. The material to make them was not on hand, but had to be provided. Being in the iron business, I have a number of different kinds of material. The principal maker of an essential kind of iron refused to change his rolls to make what was wanted, and I telephoned to Mr. Lincoln to send an officer to take possession of his works, which he did. The work progressed with such success that as a result I was able to send the first mortar bed forward in thirteen days from the time I sent Mr. Lincoln's telegram and the one thirty in twenty-six days. I sent a messenger on with each part, and the car upon which it was loaded was attached to the express train with a printed order of the secretary of war pasted upon it which read as follows:

"This car must not be side tracked under penalty of death. By order of the secretary of war."

THE LAST EIGHT LINES OF A. D. P. RANDOLPH'S SONNET:

HOW THROUGH THREE YEARS IN SILENCE THOU HAST

THE BONE BOUND, THE SLAUGHTER OF DEATH,

THE ASSASSIN'S KNIFE, AND KEEPER BLADE OF SCORN

WIELDED BY PARTIES IN ITS NARROW HATE;

HOW COULDST THOU PAUSE EACH STEP TO VINDICATE

OF THE SUSPENDED WORLD? LO! IT IS DONE,

FREEHOLD ENDED, AND THE IRON STATE,

AND THOSE WHO WERE DIVIDED MADE AS ONE!

[For south face.]

The last eight lines of A. D. P. Randolph's sonnet:

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