FRENCH DRAMATISTS AS READERS.

A French daily contains descriptions of the talents as readers of several of its writers, from which we extract appreciations of the style of a few dramatists known. In this country:

"One of our best readers is Charles Poitier; in old times, when he read to the players of the old Delaucourt those charming *revues* such as Le Bonhomme Dimanche and Voila Ce Qui Vient De Paraitre, he used to sing every song in them. He was so excellent a reader, he would give effect to the most insipid phrases. M. Cormon is a slow reader. He gives emphasis to every phrase and every word. He throws light on all the beauties of the play, that every actor may see how he should play the character confided to him. Joyial and still lamented Lambert Thiboust used, in reading his pieces, to imitate the actors to whom he intended to give the parts, and he was a capital mimic. His friends never heard he had appointed a day to read a piece to the actors of the Palais Royal Theatre or the Variétés Theatre but they would beg as a great favor permission to be present. These readings were said to have been as interesting as the first performance of a new play.

"Fobert can master his tears when M. Holstein, the manager of the Chatelet, reads a drama; he is not only an excellent reader, but he possesses a most comic and most impressive voice. M. Théodore Barrière reads with great intelligence. M. Victorien Sardou is by far the best reader of all our dramatists. He reads perhaps too slowly, but he lays emphasis on every word. He shows clearly to the actors the nature of their personages, and the intentions of the author they should exert all their power. While reading, he stops, throws himself into suitable positions, and is so true to life that he makes his points as possible. His tone is so low as to force his listeners to pay attention; it is at the same time so distinct, every word is heard. His winning voice charms his audience, and the moment the second act begins they are absorbed by the plot and attentively pursue it to the close. While reading, M. Victorien Sardou now and then looks up from his text to see from the physiognomy of his audience the impression made on them. He judges from their faces his probable reception by a public audience. He is usually right in his inductions."

Mottoes of French Authors.

Victor Hugo: Faire et rabaire. Lamartine: Spira, spera. Fontenelle: Tout passe, tout passe, tout casse. Balzac: Raison m'oblige. Frederic Soulie: Engine mon ennemi. Scott: Souvestre: Ni espoir ni crainte. De Montalembert: Sans peur et sans esperance. Alph. Karr: Je ne crains que moi. Lamartine, Michelet: Des ailes. Sainte Beuve: Truth.

Grape Gathering in France.

The vintage has commenced in the neighborhood of Paris, as well as in other parts of France, and never did more propitious weather favor the labors of the vine. Some details upon the method of gathering the harvest of the precious vine, which is one of the richest products of the French soil, may interest our readers.

Generally the careful vinedresser employs as many workmen as will enable him to gather all his grapes on the same day or at most, as many as will pay them. Some proprietors do not wish to have their vineyards entered before noon, for fear that the grapes will still retain the night dew; others take pains to have their grapes gathered early in the morning in order to take advantage of this very dampness, regarding it as no small profit, that, in fact, it is well, where white or sparkling wines are to be made, to gather the grapes with the dew on them, and better still when it is foggy, because it is more moist and a clearer juice. They have made in this manner a calculation and have found, that have found a gain of not less than twenty-six per cent. in the yield of grapes gathered with the dew on them.

When the grape gatherers go into the vineyard, they are provided in one hand, and each cuts with a little sickle or knife the branches which he finds before him: this is called following the line. With one hand they cut the grapes which they hold in the other, in order not to crush them.

A necessary precaution when the grapes are very ripe, is to place the little baskets with which every gatherer is furnished, under the vine, so as to catch the small grapes that fall which are the best. As soon as the small baskets are filled, one of the men whose business it is, takes them and empties them into the large baskets which are placed here and there in the vineyard. A little boy carrier follows the gatherers and picks off from the ground the bunches of grapes been overlooked.

When the large baskets are full, special workmen, whose duty it is, take them on their shoulders and empty them into a place where a dray, upon which a large cask is placed, is waiting to receive them; here they empty the grapes contained in the baskets. In some localities, the vintage instead of being put into baskets, is gathered in small casks placed around the vineyard, and in these the grapes are put before being turned into the large hogsheads which are placed to the press.

The vintagers have two meals a day—the first in the morning, often before going into the vineyard, and the other about two o'clock in the afternoon. Formerly these repasts were models of ancient frugality; the first consisted of a bowl of beans or potatoes cooked in a little milk; the second meal was a crust of bread buttered and rubbed with garlic and a little salt.

"Such poor food, as has now been discovered, was very bad economy for the vintagers were forced to supplement their meals by quitting a great many grapes. They are now furnished with more substantial nourishment, and both vintagers and proprietors find it to their advantage that they work better and eat less of the grapes. When the hogshead is full it is carried on the cart to the wine press, and after having been emptied it is brought back to the vineyard to be filled anew."—*Paris Monitor.*

A Gastronomic Lament.

A Paris letter in *Echos from the Clubs* says:

"Is there a man knowing his Paris only indifferently well who has not had his expenses at Philippe's, in the Rue Montorgueil, the busy? Not a pleasant place to remain on winter nights, among the business men and women, along the narrow pavements and through its fill chaer of Paris mud. But the ground is sacred to classic gastronomy. The steam of full thirty thousand dinners steals along the way. We are by the ancient *Richer de Cocotte*, now gone, but the spirit of those good places. How much in the way of good cheer and happy evenings has passed hereabouts (where to-day there is nothing but the funeral baked meats should be ready, cooked *à point*) since the Duke of Orleans feasted his seventy officers, after the fall of Antwerp, in the decline of the poor old Rocher—paying, as the gossips love to relate, eighty francs per head.

"Pascal was worthy of the traditions which he took up—worthy of old Philippe, the original and intuitive, whose fame extended thirty years ago. Not only the bright and delicate cuisine of the now richly adorned palace of the epicure invites the gourmet to find the Bourse. There are memories of the past, as well as the temptation of a well-served quiet dinner in the present. I think, walking winshop in 1864 for £100, and who used, *ainsi dit l'on*, to carry away a huge jar of water upon his head, to make his neighbors believe he was doing an extraordinary business in wine. His rise brought him into business, and he was not the man to sit down content with a thin slice of fortune. The oyster wooing Sceaulet. Molière's cutlet led off the enormous gastric glories of the Jockey Club, and led up to the noble fortune of the house of Pascal which is now in mourning! Six years after Mother Boudier first furbished her pan, the wineshop had become a restaurant in vogue, with takings estimated at £8,000 per annum.

"Old Philippe fought the turbot *à la crème* of the Rocher with his *sole normande*; and by degrees the long files of carriages moved on from the Cascade to the rival establishment.

"In 1857 the old mandarin de vin was a man covered with honors and money. He stood alone—his fortune made—in this Rue Montorgueil. His time of fortune was the fortune of £1,600 a year and the business. Was the young gentleman above the elaboration of sole normande? Perhaps not; matters not, since he secured as his successor Pascal, ex-chef of that nursery of chefs, the Jockey Club. The chef among chefs of his time had flourished in 1848, when he moved to the Rue Montorgueil—for he paid old Philippe's heir about £13,000 for the business, exclusive of the cellar. The cellar of Philippe's has remained on a level with the cuisine." M. Pascal, whom we deplore to-day, reached the top of the tree he selected to climb. He could do no more. It was he who added a leaf to the laurels of his establishment in the shape of a sole Joinville."

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

BY CORNELIUS O'DWD.

Mrs. O'Dwd writes to ask my opinion on the Women's Rights question, and naively informs me at the end of her letter that she has signed the petition to Parliament in favor of that object: a course, I am free to admit, which does her a deal of credit to such at one. Not that I affect to say that I would offer anything like resistance, or even remonstrance, on the subject, I would as soon think of taking a seat in the House, of moving a repeal of the new Reform Act. It is also well-known in England to have some measure carried outside the Legislature by a general yell, and when to this will shout of acclamation, I can add the shrill voices of our wives and mothers-in-law, the effect is grand as not one of those discords in "Robert il Diavolo."

The ladies have examined the matter ethnologically, esthetically, morally, metaphysically, and, I believe, anatomically, and have arrived at the same conclusion that I, and, I fear, our equals and something more. Far be it from me to offer a word of dissent to the doctrine. I have been one of your lords, Mrs. O'D.'s feelings I won't say how many—years married, and I am free to declare that I no more occurred to me to dispute supremacy with my wife, to move an amendment to a bill with her name on it, or attempt to make sorry jests on it, or to laugh at the proposition, than I would think of one of a steersman's hand in a rocky channel, and assumed all the responsibilities of pilotage in the difficult roadstead. I am in nowise ashamed of this confession. I speak for self and fellows. So say we all of us at least all of us who put any value on truth.

Use and custom, stronger than all law, have decided this point. We occasionally try to make sorry jests on it, or to laugh at the proposition, but we do so under cover of a steerman's hand in a rocky channel, and assumed all the responsibilities of pilotage in the difficult roadstead. I am in nowise ashamed of this confession. I speak for self and fellows. So say we all of us at least all of us who put any value on truth.

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I could thoroughly well understand this movement if it were to redress the anomalous condition of women in the humblest rankes of life, without conditions of drudgery is the reproach and the shame of our civilization. Any one who has seen the poor peasant women in the wretched cottages of Ireland, laboring at the severest of all the toils of husbandry, gathering the sea weed on a storm-lashed shore, and carrying baskets full of it up rocky cliffs, which a Cockney would not face for the bribe of an empire—must have felt that there was a case that cried aloud for reform and redress. Women in such a state of society could appeal to a larger and more humanity than fills the chairs of a scientific congress with pale-faced philosophers.

What an intolerant, self-asserting, confident and pretentious set of beings we should have become but for it I dare not stop to consider. What moral congestions would have occurred but for the use of the alterative of matrimony there is really no saying, and now, seeing these things, admitting these things, and accepting these things, I would ask, is it wise in the women to surrender an unassailable position for a position, to say the least, doubtful vantage? Do believe that if once we submit them to an equality in the wide arena of life we shall go back to accept the old and easy lot of their rule at home? I think in this they are not thinking about their best. It is not the fact that women's lives are not our lives—that their motives, their instincts, their modes of thought and modes of judgment are not ours, that lies this influence over us. We have no sense of humiliation in yielding to reasons which one of ourselves could not have employed against us. Their quicker susceptibilities, their finer instincts, their greater plasticity, and that subtlety that leaves them a measure independent of logic, are wonderful weapons for home rule, but would be sorry arms in the coarse conflict of outdoor life. They are very fine, too, for lawyers, and doctors, and civil engineers, and members of parliament, and I have only to reply that a man cannot hold office under the Crown and present himself for admission to the House. A woman cannot preserve that peculiar position she holds amongst us, with all its admitted claims to deference and protection, and yet become our competitor and our rival. Her sway is now undisputed, and it might actually even very high ambitious. We accept the rough work of life very willingly in her behalf, and for nothing more willingly than that it shelters her from those galling accidents, those coarse collisions, and those jarring trials to temper which the rough and humble existence of a man lies by. It is, however, into this arena she now wants to be dragged, and I will not deny her capacity for the encounter.

We live in an age where there are too many and striking proofs of feminine ability abroad to risk such rash assertion. What I demur to is, that women want to come into an overstocked market, while their powers, I fear, cannot but do, a natural field of industry. I doubt greatly if the girl that is lovely than the man who is gallant and serene—let them be established for positively and instead as once—heaven cannot spare such creatures, and they are too aggravating for earth. Every one expressed to change home, and the driver, night or day, signalizes the approach to a station by a miniature war whoop, that, as the Bostonians say of their great organ, "must be heard to be appreciated;" it is certainly rather startling to new ears. Every thirty miles or so a "home" station and a "square meal." Dinner, supper or breakfast are all alike; invariably generous and good, more uniformly so, indeed, than those long the railroad from Chicago to the mountains.

Staging in Colorado

Samuel Bowles, of the *Springfield Republican*, who has recently taken a stage trip in Colorado, writes of it as follows: Rear in mind that the great Pacific Railroad does not touch Colorado. It goes a few miles above the northern border. A branch road is now building from the main track at Cheyenne to Denver, the capital and local point of the Territory. While waiting for this to be finished, next year, we travel this 100 miles in a six horse coach. We leave at 5 o'clock all by daylight nothing could be more pleasant. The road lies across the last fifty miles of the Nebraska plain, though high rolling prairie, cut every fifteen or twenty miles by a rapid cross river, with border of rich and cultivated intervals and line of trees marking its progress from mountain debouche to the slow-sinking, rich-rolling horizon—to the right the great mountains with towering tops of rocks and snow, and the vast undulating prairie ocean, with only an occasional cabin and scattered herd of cattle to break its majestic solitude and indicate human settlements; here is such magnificent outdoorness in the continuous and ever-changing and ever-blending combined landscape can offer, and so long as the day lasts it is a thing of beauty and of joy. But it is a twenty-hour ride, and the stage arrangements make a night of it. And in stage riding it is peculiarly true that it is the first night that costs. It is more intolerable than the combination of the succeeding half dozen, were the bunny prolonged by the hope of the breaking is fearful. The congestion is bearable. The air gets cold, the road grows dusty and choky or rough, and alarms you; the legs get stiff and numb, the temper edges, everybody is overcome with sleep, but can't stay asleep, the struggle of contending nature racks every nerve, fires every feeling; everybody knocks and flounders against everybody else in helpless despair; perhaps the biggest man in the stage will get really asleep, which doing, he involuntarily and with irresistible momentum spreads himself, legs, boots, arms and head, over the whole inside of the coach; the sleeper is awaked, the profane swears, some lady wants a smelling-bottle out of her bag, and the bag is somewhere on the bottom—nobody knows where—but found it must be, everybody's back hair comes down, and what is there and what is art in costume and character is revealed—and then, hardest of to bear, everybody breaks upon the scene, and the feelings—everybody dirty, grimy, faint, tall to pieces," cross—such a disenchanting exhibition! The girl that is lovely then, the man who is gallant and serene—let them be established for positively and instead as once—heaven cannot spare such creatures, and they are too aggravating for earth. Every one expressed to change home, and the driver, night or day, signalizes the approach to a station by a miniature war whoop, that, as the Bostonians say of their great organ, "must be heard to be appreciated;" it is certainly rather startling to new ears. Every thirty miles or so a "home" station and a "square meal." Dinner, supper or breakfast are all alike; invariably generous and good, more uniformly so, indeed, than those long the railroad from Chicago to the mountains.

PROPOSALS.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC HIGHWAYS, OFFICE, No. 101 SOUTH FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, November 4, 1868.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed Proposals will be received at the Office of the Chief Commissioner of Highways until 12 o'clock M., on MONDAY, 9th inst., for the construction of a Sewer on the line of Sixteenth street, from Sandusk street to the south side of Bond street, three feet in diameter.

On Spring Garden, from near the east line of Chatsworth to the east line of Fifteenth street, two feet six inches in diameter.

On Sixteenth street, from Mulberry street to Vine street, three feet in diameter.

On Lombard street, from the sewer in Fifth street, to the line of Sixth street, three feet in diameter.

On Ninth street, from the sewer in Thompson street to the south side of Columbia avenue, to be three feet in diameter.

On Thirteenth St., from Cherry St. to Winslow St.; three feet in diameter. With such iron and stone inlets and connections as may be directed by the Chief Engineer and Surveyor. The undersigned to be not the lowest bidder, advertised are to be completed on or before the 31st day of Dec., 1868. And the Contractor shall take his proposals blank, and the Proposals will be said sewer to the amount of one dollar and twenty-five cents per foot for the sewer on the south side of the street as so much cash paid; the balance, as limited by Ordinance, to be paid by the city; and the Contractor will be required to keep the street, and sewer in good order for one year after the sewer is finished.

When the sewer is completed by a City Passenger Railroad track, the Sewer shall be constructed along side of said track in such manner as not to obstruct or interfere with the safe passage of the cars thereon; and no claim for extraordinary cost shall be paid the Contractor by the company using said track, as stipulated in the Ordinance, approved May 5th, 1866.

All bids are invited to be present at the time and place of opening the said Proposals. Each Proposal will be accompanied by the proposal and ballots received at the Law Department as directed by Ordinance of May 25th, 1868. Each Proposal will be accompanied by a contract within five days after the work is awarded, he will be ready to execute the same, and if he fails to do this bond for the difference between his bid and the next highest bid, will be forfeited to the use of the Department of Surveys, which will be considered in the opinion of the Department the right to reject all bids not deemed satisfactory.

WILLIAM S. STEWART, Chief Commissioner of Highways.

THE DAILY EVENING BULLETIN—PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1868. 3

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

QUEEN VICTORIA has returned from Scotland.

The speeds of the Bank of England has decreased £57,000 since last report.

F. HOSTEROON wealthy has caused a partial suspension of navigation in the British Channel.

In the next New Jersey Legislature the democrats will have a majority of six on joint ballot.

Mr. Charles Bonfrenard will sail for Mexico on the 15th inst.

The Bellevue Hospital, Richmond, Va., was destroyed by a yesterday.

D. JACOBY, an eminent Liberal statesman of Prussia, has withdrawn from the Progressive party.

JOHN BRIGHT visited the Edinburg Chamber of Commerce yesterday, and was cheered by a great enthusiasm.

GENERAL REYNOLDS will resume the command of his regiment, the Sixteenth Infantry, stationed at Austin, Texas.

W. A. TREADWELL, an ex-colonel of the rebel army, was arrested at Newark, N. J., on Thursday evening, charged with selling naturalization papers. He was committed to jail in default of $20,000 bail.

A TABOR fire in Portsmouth, Va., yesterday morning, destroyed the stores of Mr. Jas. W. E. Carhart & Co., commission merchants, and a large quantity of cotton, tobacco, &c. The loss is about $5,000.

The Gaulois says the Carlists are circulating a report that Napoleon will favor Don Carlos should he be proclaimed King of Spain, and that Prim is shaken thereby. A despatch to the same journal reports that the Duke of Spanish grandee for king is reported in Madrid.

The morrocos collected outside of Savannah are stated to be quiet and peaceable, but are still very resentfully yesterday. A despatch says they are reported to have left the vicinity of Savannah. Another of the policemen shot in the Savannah riot has died.

It seems that the rebels really hold an election in Virginia on Tuesday last, for the proposed and ballots received at Alexandria, Lynchburg, and various towns in the Valley. The Conservative Blair electoral ticket of ten names was voted on and carried in Norfolk, although just how the election boards were constituted, we have no satisfactory idea.

The President of the United States has accepted the invitation of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad and Telegraph line, just completed, to accompany the President on the three-hundred-and-fifteen mile and endine with the ceremonies of the formal opening of the of the initial point at Sacramento City, California.

A SATYLE had taken place in the Department of Public Instruction, Cuba, between Gen. Concesso, President of the State of Panama, and a hundred and twenty-seven other, one hundred Conservatives, under Valdez. The latter were defeated with a loss of nine killed. Concesso had proceeded to Cienfuegos, and is said to have left Cuba for Spain. Little, of the Colombian war steamer Colon, has left Panama for Cuba, to assist the old him.

Paris official accounts of the recent encounters of the troops with the revolutionists in Cuba are favorable to the Spanish arms. Three other engagements have been reported officially, in all of which the Spanish troops were victorious. Reports are arriving at the military headquarters, and admitting the defeat of the insurgents, but regarding that an engagement near the town of Jiguani, in which the Spanish troops were defeated, which time the revolutionists defended themselves obstinately, attacking the troops with muskets.

THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN.

BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

In 1853, Lieutenant Brooke obtained mud from the bottom of the North Atlantic, between Newfoundland and Ireland, from a depth of more than 10,000 feet, or two miles, by the aid of a sounding apparatus. The specimens were sent for examination to Ehrenberg, of Berlin, and Bailey, of West Point, and they found it to contain a great number of organisms, which proved that this deep sea mud was almost entirely composed of the shells of minute living organisms—the greater proportions of these forms being like the Globigerina; already known to occur in chalk.

Thus far the work had been carried on simply in the interest of science, but the enterprising Brooke's method of sounding acquired a high commercial value when the enterprise of lay down the Atlantic telegraph between this country and the United States was undertaken. For it became of the utmost importance to know, not only the depth of the sea over the whole line along which the cable was to lie, but the exact nature of the bottom, so as to guard against chafing or injuring the cable in any way that costly rope. The Admiralty consequently ordered Captain Dayman, an old friend and shipmate of mine, to ascertain the depth of the whole line of the cable, and to bring back specimens of the bottom. In former days such a command as this might have seemed to have been given in jest, or impossible things which the young Prince in the Fairy Tales was ordered to do before he can obtain the hand of the Princess. However, in the months of June and July, 1857, my friend performed the task assigned to him with great precision, without, so far as I know, any accident, and brought back all that kind. The specimens of Atlantic mud which he procured were sent to me to be examined and reported upon.

The result of all these operations is that we know the nature of the bottom of the ocean-soil covered by the North Atlantic for a distance of 1,800 miles from east to west, as well as we know that of any part of the land.

It is a prodigious plain, one of the widest and most even plains in the world. If the sea were drained off you might drive a wagon all the way from Portmarnock, on the west of Ireland, to Trinity Bay, in New Foundland. And, if you drove at the rate of twenty-five hundred miles from Valentia, I am not quite sure that it would even be necessary to put the skids on the gentle rise to Heart's Content and descents upon that long route. From Valentia, the road lies for a week or ten days, for two miles to the point at which the bottom is now covered by 1,700 fathoms of sea-water. Then you would cross the central plain, more than 1,000 miles wide, the inequalities of the surface of which are so slight, that, if it were perceptible, though the depth of the water upon it varies from 10,000 to 12,000 feet, there are places in which Mont Blanc might be sunk without showing its peak above water. Beyond this, the ascent on the American side commences, and gradually leads, for about 200 miles, to the Newfoundland shore.

Almost the whole of the bottom of this central plain consists of ooze for many hundred miles in a north and south direction) is covered by a fine, tenacious mud, which, when brought to the surface, dries up to a grayish-white friable substance. You can write with it on a slate, and it will rub out with a sponge and to the eye it is quite like very soft, grayish chalk. Chemically, it proves to be composed almost entirely of carbonate of lime; and if you make a section of it in the same way as you do that of a piece of chalk was made, and view it with the microscope, it proves to consist of *Globigerinae*—embedded in the granular matrix.

Thus this deep sea mud is substantially chalk. If any modern geologists, because there are a good many minor differences, but—as these have no bearing upon the question—I shall have occasion often, to suggest the employment of the term Pelagic Formation, that there are persons whom its odor displeases, the chalk-mud or the pelagic ooze, which, I confess, I *will it with a crust of toast*, after which she may use it as footing or stalk.

Le B. B.

IMPORTATIONS.

Report for the Philadelphia Bulletin.

DRY GOODS.—Per steamship Cuba, at Boston, 20th inst., 1 case Irish linen; 1 do do Scotch linen; 1 do do Irish linen; 1 do do Scotch linen; 1 do do Irish linen; 1 do do Scotch linen; 1 do do