

the Russian colonies in America, 71,000. At the accession of the Emperor Nicholas the census then taken only gave a population of 51,000,000. This large increase in the space of 30 years may, however, be readily understood when it is considered that the Russian territory has now an extent of 22,000,000 of square kilometres (a kilometre is $\frac{5}{8}$ ths of a mile), and a length of coast of 27,000 kilometres. If the population continues to increase in the same proportion it will by 1900 amount to 100,000,000. The Russian empire, according to the same document, contains 112 different peoples, divided into 12 principal races, the most numerous of which is the Slavonian, including the Russians properly so called, the Poles, the Cossacks, and the Servian colonies of the Dnieper. These populations inhabit the finest and most important provinces of the empire."

THE MISERIES OF BEING A HERO.—Lieutenant Dunham Massey, of the 19th Regiment, in replying to an article which recently appeared in a contemporary, accusing him of an excessive amount of foolish vanity in believing himself a hero, denies, in a very proper tone of repudiation, this somewhat damaging accusation. He devoutly "thanks God that he is not such a fool" as to think himself a hero, and thus describes the persecution to which a hero is exposed:—"You do not know the miseries of being a hero. Penny-a-liners arrest your servants as they go of errands, and ask where you were born, where you were brought up, who was your grandfather, and who was your schoolmaster; and some day you see a hideous biographical caricature of yourself. A daguerrotypist seizes on you—an artist, pencil in hand, waylays you—an engraver puts your identity upon proof—invitations to public banquets come in upon you, on cards as large as dinner plates—young ladies, in prettily folded notes, solicit your autograph: you receive an overwhelming supply of tracts from ladies of a graver age—imaginary poets harass you with doggerel verses—authors of bad books send you copies of their tiresome works—you are stared at in the streets—when your carriage stops, your horse is provokingly patted on the neck—you are shouted at in the theatres. In fact, comfort and privacy are at an end. Now, all this is very well for a strong, able, idle Crimean hero who likes the thing, and who has health and strength to bear it. But it is a very different thing if by chance the unhappy victim, after six months lying on his back in one position in a Crimean hut, should return home, and wish to enjoy quiet, and to have time to nurse a leg some two or three inches shorter and much feebler than its fellow—to think over the precautions necessary to preserve weak lungs in the moist climate of an Irish coming winter, and should have occasion two or three times a week to endure a very ugly ceremony, namely, the insertion of a probe some eight or ten inches into an open wound. For my part, I give everybody notice, that I am by no means the man to make a hero of, and that those that made me so should at once repent. Much better may easily be had. The crop is as plentiful as blackberries. Crimeans are everything now, are everywhere, and, though wild-looking and hirsute animals, are easily caught. I do not at all answer the description. I have not a single hair on my upper lip. I do not wear a Turkish cap when I travel. I never smoke tobacco. Therefore, where others may be had for asking, I beg to be allowed to abdicate the honours of heroism, and to remain in quiet. But if there is one thing worse than to be made a full-blown hero, it is to become a doubtful or disputed hero—in fact, to be *Quadrangled*."

We extract the following remarks on this subject from the letter of the Paris correspondent of the Times:—"The circular despatch of Prince Gortschakoff, published in the Gazette de Cologne, and addressed to the representatives of Russia at foreign courts, is considered here as a very important document. In tone it is not much less haughty than the former circulars of Count Nesselrode a short time before war was

declared; and if Russia has issued from the struggle triumphant, and not defeated, her language could hardly have been different. Unless we are to look upon this new manifesto as a mere bravado, Russia would seem all but disposed to try again the chances of war; and the language of Prince Gortschakoff with reference to Naples and Greece sounds as if he thought the Czar was the protector of those States as much as he professed to be of the Sultan's non-Mussulman subjects. It is not unworthy of remark, that almost concurrently with the publication of that circular comes the intelligence that the first division of the Russian squadron of evolutions, under Vice-admiral Schantz, had received orders to be ready for sea; and that it was said at Cronstadt that it would winter at Naples. Of the receipt in official quarters of this news, I am told, there is no doubt. The presence of a Russian squadron in the Bay of Naples is of course meant as a demonstration in favour of the King in the event of an Anglo-French force appearing there. Should the presence of the fleet be followed by a popular rising, which is not impossible, what, we may ask, would be the attitude of the Russians? On the other hand, intelligence has been received that the Elizabetha, Commander Baron de Bourgoignon, had been detached from the Austrian squadron, and proceeds to Naples, to be stationed there permanently.

The Post, in a leader, says,—"The circular despatched by Prince Gortschakoff to the representatives of the Czar at foreign courts, must, at the present conjuncture of circumstances, be accepted as a manifesto of policy which the Emperor Alexander is prepared to adopt. It is, then, with the most profound regret, and no little astonishment, that we find a power, itself convicted by all Europe, rise to teach, to warn, and to threaten the powers with whom peace has been made. Belgrad, and the Isle of Serpents, Greece and Naples, these are the clouds rising, but danger there is none. The Anglo-French alliance has proved the present safety of Europe. It involves the whole future of civilization."

The Daily News says,—"The text of the manifesto is neither more nor less than a solemn declaration—haughty in tone, and defiant in language—of the part Russia intends to assume in the political transactions of Europe, and a denunciation, but thinly veiled under stately courtesies of diplomatic style, against the interference of the two great powers in Naples, and the continued occupation of Greece. The manifesto contains doctrines of 1856, which are but the echo of the holy alliance of 1821, but the madness of the present tyranny is unbearable, and the Western Powers will be for ever disgraced if they suffer themselves to be deterred from this great and mighty writ, *de lunatico inquirendo*, by the miserable fictions of the holy alliance, and the haughty menaces of the Czar."

A TERRIBLE DRAMA.—The *Courier de Tarn-et-Garonne* narrates the following as having just taken place in the town of Tournon:—"A receiver of taxes, with a grown up family, carried on an illicit intercourse with the governess of his youngest daughter. This circumstance gave rise to family differences and to much public scandal. The son of this man, who was likewise a tax-receiver in another canton, frequently remonstrated with his father on his conduct. The latter received orders from his superior to change his residence, and manifested intentions of taking the governess with him. On hearing this the son presented himself before the young woman, and menaced her with death in the event of her consenting to that step, which would bring further dishonour on the family. The governess became alarmed, and gave up all idea of following the father; the latter paid her, however, repeated visits at Tournon, where she continued to reside. During one of these visits the son appeared before the guilty couple, and without opening his lips laid the governess dead at his feet by a shot from a double-barrelled pistol. The father, exasperated at this act, rushed on the son, and, after a desperate struggle, wrested the pistol from him, and shot him dead. The father is now in custody."

VARIETIES.

A SOFT PILLOW.

Whitfield and a companion were much annoyed one night, at a public house, by a set of gamblers in the room adjoining where they slept. Their noisy clamor and horrid blasphemy so excited Whitfield's abhorrence and pious sympathy that he could not rest.

"I will go to them and reprove their wickedness," said he.

His companion remonstrated in vain. He went. His words of reproof were apparently powerless upon them. Returning, he lay down to sleep. His companion asked him, rather abruptly:

"What did you gain by it?"

"A soft pillow," he said patiently, and soon fell asleep.

Yes, "a soft pillow" is the reward of fidelity—the companion of a clear conscience. It is a sufficient remuneration for doing right, in the absence of all other reward. None know more truly the value of a soft pillow than those parents whose anxiety for wayward children is enhanced by a consciousness of neglect. Those who faithfully rebuke, and properly restrain them by their Christian department and religious counsels can sleep quietly in the day of trial.

THE MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

The solid rock which turns the edge of the chisel, bears forever the impress of the leaf and the acorn received long, long since, ere it had become hardened by time and the elements. If we trace back to its fountain, the mighty torrent which fertilizes the land with its copious stream, or sweeps over it with a devastating flood, we shall find it dripping in crystal drops from some mossy crevice among the distant hills; so too, the gentle feelings and affections that enrich and adorn the heart, and the mighty passions that sweep away all the barriers of the soul and desolate society, may have sprung up in the infant bosom in the sheltered retirement of home.

"I should have been an atheist, said John Randolph, if it had not been for one recollection; and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, 'Our Father, which art in Heaven.'"

MY FATHER'S WILL.

A pious, old man was one day walking to the sanctuary with a New Testament in his hand, when a friend who met him, said, "Good morning, Mr. Price."—"Ah, good morning," replied he; "I am reading my Father's Will as I walk along."—"Well, and what has he left you?" said his friend. "Why, he has bequeathed to me a hundred-fold in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting." This beautiful reply was the means of comforting his Christian friend, who was at the time in sorrowful circumstances.

POLKA DANCING.—Somebody, describing the absurd appearance of a man dancing the polka, says: "He looks as though he had a hole in his pocket and was trying to shake a shilling down the leg of his trowsers."

THE LAW OF STORMS.—The man, who, when there is a domestic storm, steps in between man and wife, is as bad as he who, when it's raining violently, walks between two dripping umbrellas, for he gets protected neither by the one or the other, but on the contrary catches it from both sides.

How much more difficult it is to get a woman out on a wet Sunday than on a wet week-day. Can the shops have anything to do with this?

A member of the Scotch Meemeric Curative Association stated, at a late meeting, that persons desirous of avoiding sleepless nights, should lie with their heads to the north—on no account with their heads to the west.

The coal-merchant kicked at his dog and said.

A smile is ever the most bright and beautiful with a tear upon it. What is the dawn without its dew? The tear is rendered by the smile precious above the smile itself.

A female writer says—"Nothing looks worse on a lady than darned stockings." Allow us to observe that stockings which need darning look much worse than darned ones.

A young lady explained to a printer the other day, the distinction between printing and publishing, and at the conclusion of her remarks, by way of illustration, she said, "you may print a kiss on my cheek, but you must not publish it."

Every eye loves beauty, and there is no countenance, not blushed or deformed by guilt, that may not—indeed, does not—brighten and gladden some devoted soul.

R. W. Emerson in his latest work says the solvency of England "is maintained by means of a national debt, on the principle, if you will not lend me the money how can I pay you."

A man came into a printing office to beg a paper. "Because," said he, "we like to read newspapers very much, but our neighbors are all too stingy to take one."

It was observed of a philosopher who was drowned in the Red Sea, "that his taste would be suited, for he was a man of deep thinking, and always liked to go to the bottom of anything."

A contemporary writer says that marriage directs a man to vegetable markets, botanical physicians, milliners' shops, paregoric, summer-complaint, and night-bells.

COAL VS. SLATE.—A person meeting his coal merchant accosted him thus:—

"Well, my good sir, how are coals?"

"Indeed," he replied, "coals are coals now!"

"Glad to hear it," said the other, "for the last you sent me were half slate!"

My son, said an affectionate mother to her son (who resided at a distance, and expected, in a short time, to be married,) "you are getting very thin." "Yes mother," he replied, I am; when I come next, I think you may see my rib."

It is suggested that the question, "May a man marry his wife's sister?" is one which may be effectually answered by the sister herself, when it is popped by the widower.

An Irishman, who was early one morning busily engaged in sweeping the shop of a cheesemonger, was interrupted by a voice from an inner room, saying, "Well, what are you doing—are you sweeping out the shop?" "No, replied Pat, I am sweeping out the dirt and leaving the shop."

MATRIMONY.—When bent on matrimony, look more than skin deep for beauty, dive further than the pocket for worth, and search for temper beyond the good humour of the moment—remembering it is not always the most agreeable partner at a ball who forms the most amiable partner for life. Virtue, like some flowers, blooms often fairest in the shade.

Beauty is a rock on which many a man makes shipwreck, while in search of the pearls which adorn it.

A little ragged child was heard to call out in the window of a mean-looking house to her opposite neighbour—"Please, Mrs. Miller, mother's compliments, and if it is a fine day, will you go a begging with her to-morrow?"

"My eyes, Jack?" exclaimed a tar, seeing a soldier chained by the leg to a cannon for punishment, "if there ain't a soldier at anchor."

CUSTOMS, SUR TAX.—If you say of yourself, "I lie," and in saying so, tell the truth, you lie. If you say, "I lie," and in so doing tell a lie, you tell the truth.