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THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER.

FOREIGN NOTES.

Effect of the Earthquake in England— Death of a Waterloo Veteran— A Curious Decision— &c., &c.

The town of Colchester, England, has been recognizing the deliverance from the perils of earthquake by a series of religious services. All the churches have been crowded with devout congregations, and spirited sermons have been delivered by the clergy on the subject. The local charities and church funds have benefited by the event.

Among those invited to the recent celebration in Paris of the sixteenth anniversary of Greek independence was Victor Hugo, who excused himself in the following letter: "I will be with you in heart at the celebration of Greek deliverance. I celebrated formerly that event in verses, a line of which occurs to me to this effect. It is that Italy is the mother and Greece the grandmother of our civilization."

The aristocratic Rue Royale club, in Paris, at a general meeting, the Prince de Sagan in the chair, has declared itself dissolved. No allusion was made to the well-known cause—namely, that one or more members had been guilty of cheating at play with marked cards. Every effort is being made to hush up the scandal. The club will be reformed under another name, and it is understood that certain of its members will not be re-elected.

Much activity prevails in the naval dock-yards of Russia. Six new war-vessels are to be launched before the end of the approaching summer. Two of the number will be frigates, two cruisers, and two gunboats. The strategic railway line between Bialystok and Baranovice, and that from Homel to Luniniviec, which were both surveyed last autumn, are now to be constructed with all possible dispatch. Most of the work is to be done by soldiers.

The Berkshire papers record the death of Edward Hester, one of the few remaining survivors of the battle of Waterloo, which took place at the workhouse of the Cookham union at the age of 92 years. Deceased had for many years been well known to the inhabitants of Bray and Maidenhead, and had been in the habit of living in the workhouse during the winter months. He often spoke of the stirring scenes in which he took part in his early days.

The Anglo-Indian newspapers are all but unanimous in declaring the Central Asian question to be one calling for immediate attention, and in urging that no time should be lost in appointing a commission to demarcate the northern and western boundaries of Afghanistan. Some go on to advocate the sending of engineer officers to fortify Herat. Various other measures are also recommended, and there can be no doubt that the incorporation of Merv in the dominions of the czar has caused very serious anxiety throughout India.

At the forthcoming Turin Exhibition a street railway will run from the Piazza Carlo Felice to the principal entrance of the building. The motive power will be supplied by electric accumulators invented by Signor Nigra. The Nigra secondary batteries differ from those devised by M. Faure in having the lead arranged in hanks or festoons of wire and not in plates. At a trial with a Schuckert dynamo-electric machine with 30 accumulators weighing 22 pounds each M. Nigra was able to run a four-wheeled car carrying three persons at a speed of 12½ miles an hour.

Under the church of St. Swithin, at Lincoln, England, was lately found a small stone altar, evidently belonging to a temple which had occupied the same site. Prof. Hubner, of Berlin, assigns the relic to the end of the second or beginning of the third century. The inscriptions on the altar are peculiarly interesting for the reason that they reveal the existence, in the days of the Roman occupation of England, of a religious official concerning whom there is no other information—the *curator ediculae*, or temple-warden. The altar was presented to the temple by C. Antistius Frontinus, a soldier who had thrice held that office.

A somewhat curious decision, involving the responsibility for blunders in telegraphing, was recently rendered in Frankfurt, Germany. A merchant wrote a dispatch ordering his printer to stop work upon a lot of circulars until receipt of a letter. The operator sent the dispatch, but omitted the name of the sender, and the printer, without making inquiry, stopped the wrong job. The court held that the operator, not the company, was responsible, and condemned him to pay the damages; and this, too, notwithstanding the fact that the printer had chosen to act blindly when he might easily have ascertained from whom the dispatch came.

Since its establishment in Paris in 1871, the Association d'Alsace Lorraine has collected about \$350,000, most of which has been distributed in temporary relief and in other ways assisting natives of the two severed provinces to find employment in France. Nearly 40,000 heads of families, represent a population of 100,000 persons, have thus been enabled to migrate to the mother country, and 800 young men have been aided to complete their studies. The removal of families from Alsace-Lorraine to Paris still continues on a large scale; but the reserve fund of the society has been reduced to less than \$50,000, and an urgent appeal for subscriptions has been issued.

A Bombay telegram says: The long-continued drought and the great heat of the weather are beginning seriously to affect the prospects of the crops in the planting districts. With the exception of two or three light and local showers, there has been no rain in Bengal and Behar since Christmas. In Behar the fierce, hot winds are rapidly burning up the indigo crop. A worse district is Chupra, where the indigo will turn out very badly should the present weather continue for a week longer. Things are not quite so bad in the tea and jute districts; but in these, too, rain is much wanted. At Simla the water supply has fallen so short that work on the new government offices has been suspended, and five thousand workmen have been sent to their homes. From all parts of the Bengal presidency there is a cry for rain.

A Japanese Barometer Stone. A curious reminiscence of Japan as it was thirty years ago is incidentally furnished in the story of the Zeniya Gohei, a merchant, who, in the days of the Bukufu government, was guilty of the heinous crime of engaging in unlicensed commerce with foreigners. Zeniya, for this offence, underwent a term of imprisonment, and on his release disposed of any property that remained to him to procure the means of a livelihood. This, however, is not the episode in his career which recently made him a subject of interest to the vernacular press, but the fact that among his belongings was a celebrated chattel called the "barometer stone" (See-i-Seki). This piece of rock is naturally of a pinkish white color, but it has a chameleonlike property of altering its hue whenever a change of weather is imminent. Should rain be overhead, it begins to look green as much as two days beforehand, and should a storm be brewing it assumes a dark aspect. So far as we are aware, no mineral recorded in Occidental catalogues exhibits this wonderful sensibility to atmospheric influences, and if Mr. Zeniya's stone be a veritable affair, it is indeed a curiosity. The *Yomiuri-Shimbun*, from which we quote these details, says that after Zeniya's mishap the stone came into the House of Mayeda (in Joshin), and that it is to be presented to His Majesty the Emperor on the completion of the imperial palace.

A CURIOUS STORY.

How Napoleon III. Saved a Murderer From Justice.

Edward King writes from Paris to the *Boston Journal*: The memoirs and souvenirs of the imperial regime continue to flood the market. The latest of these productions is from the pen of one of the great ladies of the court who was a familiar at Compiègne, and who gives us many piquant sketches of the brilliant life led there by Napoleon III. and his numerous favorites. Among other stories told by this gossiping lady is one which so well illustrates the corruption of the second empire that I will repeat it here.

It appears that at Compiègne there was for years a mysterious personage who came and went among the guests like one of them, and who seemed to be on a footing of perfect equality with them, yet concerning whom no one knew anything definite. If his name were asked by someone newly introduced at the imperial court, the answer was, "Oh, that is M. Funt;" and that was all. Who was M. Funt? No one except the emperor and his private agents appeared to know, and they met all appeals for knowledge on the subject with impenetrable silence. Funt was accounted by many as a police agent who took note of everything that they said, and reported it to the emperor. So visitors at Compiègne and at the Tuileries gradually became afraid of M. Funt, and gave him a wide berth when they could do so without fear of wounding his susceptibilities. After the emperor's death the truth came out, and this lady, authoress of the memoirs, has now published it to the world. It appears that when Napoleon took refuge in Switzerland, in the castle of Arenenberg, in company with his mother, he received many favors at the hands of the president of the confederation. Napoleon, as is well known, never forgot a friend, nor an enemy either, for that matter. And when he ascended the French throne he did everything in his power to further the interests of the Swiss—president, who meantime, like all good republicans, had come down to be a simple citizen. In short, Napoleon told his old friend that he would grant him any favor that he asked.

One day a murder was committed at Boulogne-sur-Mer. A lover shot dead the wife who, after having for a long time been unfaithful to her husband, repented, and announced her intention of severing the unholy liaison, and returning to him. The lover, as soon as he had committed the crime, went into hiding in a miserable fishing village on the coast. The imperial police were put on his track and he was soon found. As they were about to deliver him up to justice the police were greatly surprised to receive an order, "at the instance of superior authority," to quash all proceedings—not to let the public know that the criminal had been discovered, and to announce to the murderer that he was free. Much mystified the agents did as they were bid. The wretched lover, who was no other than the Monsieur Funt, who in later years so excited the curiosity of the ladies of the court at Compiègne, soon discovered that his head had been spared because he was a near relative of the ex-president of the Swiss confederation, who had befriended Napoleon. It was enough that the official had mildly expressed his horror at the prospect of having a criminal affair even remotely connected with his family record. Napoleon silenced the whole affair at once.

M. Funt went to the Tuileries and threw himself at the emperor's feet, asking to be allowed to devote the remainder of his life to the imperial service. His request was favorably received, and, as we have seen, Napoleon faithfully kept the wretched man's secret to the last. But how general must have been the corruption of an epoch when a defeat of justice was possible merely that a friend might be obliged.

That is the way the tale is told; I give it for what it is worth.

Modern Algiers.

A traveler arriving at Algiers by rail naturally feels a sense of disappointment, as if he were come upon a modern French town with its streets, large warehouses, colonnades, and gay shop windows. This is modern Algiers; and it lies along the borders of the sea for a distance of two miles or more, and on the rising hillside, three or four blocks upward. High above the French buildings, and directly back of them, rises what is left of the old Arab city. The houses, white as an advanced knowledge of the art of whitewashing can make them, are irregularly piled together, like a huge mass of rock candy. A flight of five hundred steps leads to the Kasha, or port, that surmounts the height; and many other streets and lanes, dark, narrow and circuitous, lead to the same point, giving the old town a triangular shape. Scattered over the hills on either side of the city one sees a large number of villas, those belonging to the French and the rich Hebrews are more to the left of the town, while to the right live a large number of English, who occupy a tract of land extending three or four miles beyond Algiers. The impression of the place is much grander when one approaches it by water; its fine harbor, with the forts, lighthouse, and arsenal, the rising mass of buildings of dazzling whiteness, terminating in the grand old fort on the summit, and the Moorish villas which surround the bay, half concealed by the luxuriance of the foliage, make Algiers one of the most beautiful cities. The climate is absolute perfection. Neither hot nor cold, but allowing one always to sit with open windows. The seasons are not marked by the budding of trees and the putting forth of flowers, for this is going on throughout the year.

Historical Titles to Spare.

The report that Prince Albert Victor of Wales is to be raised to the peerage as duke of Dublin certainly requires confirmation, his royal highness' father being already earl of Dublin, by creation of her present majesty in 1850. Not, of course, that such creation is an absolute bar to a similar one. Indeed, substantially identical titles have before now been conferred on different persons; the grant of the existing earldom of Leicester in 1837, before that of 1784 had become extinct, being a case in point. As a matter of fact, the number of historical titles at the disposal of the sovereign just now is not excessive; especially if the choice be restricted, as it has been in later times, to titles which have already been borne by princes of the blood. Still, there are enough and to spare for the sons of the heir-apparent to the throne—the more that any bestowed on Prince Albert Victor must ultimately merge in the crown. At present there is no duke of York on Garter's roll; no duke of Gloucester or of Aumerle. A few weeks will decide the question as to whether the dukedom of Albany and the earldom of Clarence be dormant or extinct. It need hardly be observed, by the way, that Prince Leopold was the first who ever bore the title of earl of Clarence. William, duke of Cumberland—the victor of Culloden—was also marquis of Berkhampstead, earl of Kinnington, Viscount Trematon, and baron of Alderney—honors which expired with him. A prince more famous in war (John, duke of Bedford, the brother of Henry V.) was earl of Kendal. Unfortunately, history knows something of a duchess of Kendal, in the early Georgian period, who scarcely lent lustre to the title.—*St. James's Gazette*.

The editor of a scientific monthly asks for correct drawings of a "Tornado at Work." A man who went home the other night and found his wife reading a letter signed "Your own Julia," which she found in his inside coat pocket, has made a sketch of the "subsequent proceedings," which he will send to the scientific editor.

Better is a half loaf than a whole loaf.
er.