

confiding devotion with which she places herself in his hands, it is still marvellous that he should be able to overcome the force of habit so completely as to endure the life he leads. Month after month he remains at the Castle, submitting to this daily routine. Of all men he appeared the last to be broken into the trammels of a Court, and never was such a revolution seen in anybody's occupations and habits. Instead of indolently sprawling in all the attitudes of luxurious ease, he is always sitting bolt upright; his free and easy language, interlarded with "damns," is carefully guarded and regulated with the strictest propriety, and he has exchanged the good talk of Holland House for the trivial, laboured and wearisome inanities of the Royal circle.—*The Greville Memoirs*.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

WILBERFORCE.

"It was in June, 1833," writes Mr. Garrison, "that we visited Mr. Wilberforce at his residence in Bath, accompanied by Mr. Thompson. It is seldom that men of renown meet the high expectations of the curious and enthusiastic as to their bodily proportions; for imagination is ever busy in advance in fashioning each distinguished object so as outwardly, as well as inwardly, 'to give the world the assurance of a man.' Of all the truly great men whom we have seen, we think the physical conformation of Daniel Webster best agrees with the fame of his colossal mind. His body is compact, and of Atlantean massiveness, without being gross; his head is of magnificent proportions—the perfection of vast capaciousness; his glance is a mingling of the sunshine and the lightning of heaven; his features are full of intellectual greatness. De Witt Clinton was another rare specimen of the noble adaptation of the outward to the inward man. Washington, perhaps, was a third. When we were introduced to Mr. Wilberforce, his pygmean dimensions would have excited feelings almost bordering on the ludicrous, if we had not instantly been struck with admiration to think that so small a body could contain so large a mind. We realized the truth of Watts' spiritual phrenology, if we may so term it (and Watts, like the Apostle Paul, was weak and contemptible in his bodily appearance), as set forth in the following verse:

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man.

Wilberforce was frail and slender in his figure, as was Dr. Channing, and lower in stature than even Benjamin Lundy, the Clarkson of our country. His head hung droopingly upon his breast, so as to require an effort of the body to raise it when he spoke, and his back had an appearance of crookedness; hence, in walking he looked exceedingly diminutive. In his earlier years he was probably erect and agile, but feeble health, long continued, had thus marred his person in the vale of time.

"At his kind invitation we took breakfast with him and his interesting family, and afterwards spent four or five hours in interchanging sentiments respecting American Slavery and the American Colonization Society.

"His mind seemed to be wholly unaffected by his bodily depression; it was a transparent firmament, studded with starry thoughts in beautiful and opulent profusion. His voice had a silvery cadence, his face a benevolently pleasing smile, and his eye a fine intellectual expression. In his conversation he was fluent, yet modest; remarkably exact and elegant in his diction, cautious in forming conclusions; searching in his interrogations; and skilful in weighing testimony. In his manners he combined dignity with simplicity, and childlike affability with becoming gracefulness. How perfectly do those great elements of character harmonize in the same person, to wit: dove-like gentleness and amazing energy, deep humility and adventurous daring. How incomparably bland, yet mighty—humble, yet bold, was the wondrous Immanuel. These were traits that also eminently characterized the Apostles Paul and John. These were mingled in the soul of Wilberforce.

"We were particularly struck with the strong and deferential affection which he seemed to cherish for Mrs. Wilberforce, a woman worthy of such a man, of singular dignity of carriage, approaching to the majestic in size, and all-absorbed in her attentions to him—and he not less attentive to her. She could not drop her thimble or her cotton on the carpet but he would stoop down to find it, in spite of her entreaties. What greatness of amiability. Another thing which we remarked with surprise and delight was the youthful freshness and almost romantic admiration which he cherished for natural scenery. During our interview with him he took a recumbent position upon the sofa, but as we were about bidding him farewell he called for his shoes and, infirm as he was, proposed walking up and down the 'South Parade' with us, in order to point out some of the beauties of the landscape in view of his residence; but we begged him not to make the effort, and satisfied him by going to a front window, from which he showed us with considerable pleasure the house which Pope, the poet, occasionally occupied, and other interesting and beautiful objects.

"In the keepsake he is represented sitting in his favourite position, cross-legged, his head pendent and lateral, and his hands retaining the eyeglass with which he was accustomed to read."—*Life of William Lloyd Garrison*.

THE news comes from England to a deeply uninterested public that Miss Tennie C. Clafin has espoused a wealthy draper, who is a Viscount in Portugal. 'Tis well. And now if it is possible for Miss Clafin and her sister, Mrs. Woodhull, to subside into silence, let them do so, and earn the thanks of a nation which for years has been worried by the ceaseless cackle of these two tough old hens.—*Philadelphia Record*.

PICKINGS FROM THE ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.

A TENNIS-PLAYER has had a curious experience. He has had a sore elbow-joint. What is the meaning of it? What should he do about it? Who will tell him how to cure it? Tennis-elbow is a common complaint. With him it came on quite suddenly, and he has tried embrocations and warm fomentations without avail. This week he played two sets, but had to give up, the pain was so intense. He is very unhappy. Friends have told him that tennis-elbow sometimes remains for a year or even longer.

SIXTY thousand francs is not a sum to offer for every violoncello. Herr von Mendelssohn, of Berlin, has offered it; but he will never get the violoncello he wants for that money. It is the famous Stradivarius which was the property of the two Servais, and Mme. Servais says that she cannot think of parting with it for less than 100,000 fr. Yet, even for a Stradivarius, this is pretty well. Dr. Johnson said that he had once meditated learning the fiddle, but gave it up on hearing that to fiddle well you must fiddle all your life. Johnson was not far wrong. It certainly appears doubtful whether any one should buy a Stradivarius who did not mean to fiddle all his life.

ALL over the United Kingdom the remark will be received with favour that punishment with his lagging footstep overtakes the criminal in the end. The comments offered and accepted will be to the effect that your sins always find you out. The papers tell of two cases in which a criminal has been apparently found out after the lapse of twenty years, and in the one case it is as good as a sensational novel. It tells how a strange-looking man died the other day in America, and on his death-bed confessed to having committed a terrible murder near West Drayton, in England, in 1865. More wonderful still is the arrest of a collier on the charge of having assaulted a constable twenty-two years ago.

A SPECTATOR of a German students' duel sends to the *Times* an account of the proceedings. A number of students knew what was to happen, and these were told off to guard the scene of the fray from prying eyes. The duel was fought in a wood. Two barrels of beer, some lint, plasters, much tobacco, and numerous bandages, besides twenty-four students, were on the ground. Having shaken hands, the combatants "went for" each other, the seconds always interfering if they showed any signs of temper. In one encounter a lad of seventeen was pitted against a burly man. He did not give in until his sword dropped from his hands. His face was running with blood. Having been led off he asked for a pipe and sat down on the grass. It was predicted that he would be in a fever by night. Many of the students brought dogs with them, and these were chained to trees. When loose they were given to carrying off pieces of noses, lips, etc., which the surgeons were sometimes able to restore to their proper places. There was no wounded honour to redress. The duels were for glory and the fun of the thing.

THE Turin papers mention the death of Père Giacomo, the priest who confessed Cavour on his death-bed. It was to him that the dying statesman uttered the memorable words, "*Frate, libera chiesa in libero Stato*." Père Giacomo was for many years the dispenser of Cavour's charities, and his relations with his distinguished parishioner were always of the most cordial character. After the suppression of the Convents in 1855 Cavour sent for the priest, and, after setting forth at length the circumstances which necessitated the measure, he assured him of the sincerity of his own religious sentiments, and concluded by saying, "Remember, father, I count upon your ministrations in my last illness." Père Giacomo did not hesitate to administer the last sacraments to the dying man when appealed to, though Cavour was under sentence of excommunication. He was at once summoned to Rome *ad audiendum verbum*, and he had the courage to tell the Pope that it was his daily prayer that every one whom he attended at the hour of death should die in the same Christian sentiments as Cavour had done. Père Giacomo was stripped of his living, and, had not Victor Emmanuel brought the strongest pressure to bear in his favour, he would probably have fared much worse.

ALL hope of securing uniformity of pitch between English orchestras and the orchestras of the Continent has now been abandoned; the military authorities having declared that "owing to financial and other difficulties," the *diapason normal* of Paris, and of nearly all Continental cities, cannot be adopted. The change would, of course, involve the alteration or complete renewal of almost every musical instrument used in the British army. If, meanwhile, the regimental bands maintain the high pitch which, since Sir Michael Costa's time, has been kept to everywhere except at the Royal Italian Opera (where, some years ago, to meet the views of Mme. Patti, it was lowered) it will be impossible to change the pitch in orchestras with which military bands from time to time coöperate. The greatest opponents of the elevated pitch have been Mme. Adelina Patti and Mr. Sims Reeves, who for many years past has persistently refused to sacrifice his voice for the sake of a little extra brilliancy in wind instruments. It is said, however, that contraltos and basses are quite satisfied with the high pitch now general in England, and that they would for personal reasons object to see it lowered. It is difficult in this as in so many other matters to please every one: meanwhile the diapason of England is to be maintained at its proud height, without reference to the standard diapason of the rest of Europe.

THERE are all sorts of queer occupations connected with literature. For instance, it is said that there is now in London a woman who earns a livelihood by skilfully filling up worm-holes in old books, each leaf being separately and patiently dealt with, the material being chewed, or "pulped," and pressed into the hole. The charge is sixpence a hole.