

An important change has been effected in the interior economy of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich since the opening of the present term. It has always been a matter of serious complaint that the scale of dietary in use has been insufficient, and the subject has more than once been brought forward, but until this term no alteration has taken place. The former scale of diet seems to have been breakfast, dinner at one, and then a simple cup of tea with bread and butter at eight o'clock in the evening. There was certainly permission to have bread and cheese, with light beer, any time between four and six o'clock, which was, however, not generally made use of. A substantial meat supper now occupies the place of the former innutritious teas.

THE AMERICAN TESTIMONY TO ENGLAND.—"Which is the strongest throne on the globe to-day?" inquired the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher lately in New York. "Why, the English unquestionably, partly because a noble, virtuous, and illustrious woman sits upon it. She dignifies womanhood and motherhood, and she is fit to sit in empire. That is one reason why the English throne is the strongest. But that is not the only reason. It is the strongest, also, because it is so many legged. It stands on 30,000,000 of people. It represents the interests of the masses of its subjects. Another reason why England is the strongest nation is because it is the most Christian nation; because it has the most moral power. It has more than we have. We like to talk about ourselves on the 4th of July; we love to fan ourselves with eulogies; but we are not to be compared to-day with Old England."

THE WELLINGTON PAPERS.—We understand that the present Duke of Wellington is printing the whole body of his illustrious father's papers—for safety, not for publication. The "Despatches" given to the world in general are founded on these printed documents. We believe the Duke's plan is to put everything into the custody of type; and then to strike out such passages as effect living persons too closely, or such as it might be indiscreet to make public. Three copies only of the original impression are taken; one copy for preservation at Apsley House, a second at Strathfieldsaye, and a third at his Grace's banker's. The Duke, we are sorry to hear, objects to depositing one of these originals in either a public office or the British Museum. Valuable as are the published "Despatches," every reader will suspect that the suppressed passages must be still more curious and entertaining.—*Athenum*.

ANECDOTE OF ROYALTY.—The present king of Sweden is an odd sort of a genius. He likes to travel incognito through his realm, and is never happier than when he mingles with his people without being recognized by them. Not long since he went to the city of Colmar, where he put up at a second class hotel. A pickpocket stole from him all the money he had with him, and the unfortunate King was consequently unable to pay his hotel bill. "My friend," he said to the landlord, "I am an honest fellow; I won't swindle you; some rascal has picked my pocket and stole all my money. I can't pay your bill now; but let me go now, and two days hence you shall have your money." The landlord could

not see it. He eyed the King suspiciously, and told him there were so many swindlers about the country that he could not trust him. He must pay his bill and must not leave his house before doing so. The King burst into loud laughter and exclaimed, "Poor Sweden! There will be an interregnum then until somebody goes security for her King!" The consternation of the landlord when he heard who his guest was may be imagined.

A TRAFALGAR HERO.—Robert Christie died at Alloa on Sunday week, at the age of 98. At the early age of 13 he engaged with Capt. McFarlane, of the *Caledonia*, as cabin boy, but left that ship and joined another belonging to Greenock. He had not been long on board of her, however, when the "press gang" made its appearance there, and he, along with several of his shipmates, was forced on board his Majesty's ship *Bloodhound*, where he remained under training for some time, after which he was sent on board the man-of-war ship *San Joseph*, and fought on board of her at St. Domingo, for which he received a silver clasp. After this he was transmitted to the *Superb*, and fought with Admiral Nelson at Copenhagen, and in several other engagements, including the renowned battle of Trafalgar, where the "Mighty Nelson" fell. He was engaged also at the battle of Algiers. The last battle he took part in was Navarino, when the combined fleets of Britain and Russia destroyed the Turkish fleet. Altogether he was engaged in nearly 40 battles and skirmishes, and strange to say, in all these conflicts he never received a wound. After peace was restored, Mr. Christie was, in 1820, discharged with a pension of £20 per annum, which he received up to his death.

A COLONIAL GOVERNOR ON MILITARY DRESS.

—The *Sunday Gazette* makes the following remarks on the order issued by the Governor of Malta prescribing the dress of his officers.—"The many gentlemen of England who lounge by the bright sea waves, or roam over moor and field after the grouse (not so unfrequent or unsound after all), may bless their stars that they are not officers in the British army, serving under Lieutenant-General Sir Patrick Grant, Governor of Malta. The loungers and the roamers aforesaid not being allowed the costume of New Zealand, try the next best thing in this torrid weather, and the lightest of billycocks and the thinnest garments make the dogstar less terrible, and the change from the full city and stiff costumes more enjoyable. But were they serving her Majesty at Malta their fate would be different. We need scarcely say that in that island the thermometrical quotations rule higher than with us, and, as a matter of fact, we are told that during the last two months 90° in the shade at certain hours is nearer the average than 80°. Notwithstanding all this, the Governor has issued orders in which he desires that officers shall be prevented from appearing in public dress otherwise than they would were they going to their club in Pall Mall. Should, it is added, his Excellency find that some officers persist in wearing fancy hats or caps, and coats made out of the same material, and cut after the same manner of those worn by cattle drovers and stable boys, he will have no alternative but enforce her Majesty's regulations on the subject of dress.

It is further notified that his Excellency desires that officers of the garrison shall at all times appear in hats both in the country and in town, and on no occasion will he permit wideawakes or fancy caps to be worn. Admitting for a moment that our young military friends are too apt to follow the fashion of stable-boys in the "kumpy" horsiness of their garments, we yet must sympathise with the unfortunate Malta garrison on the extent to which their chief has rushed in the contrary direction. He makes no allowance for climate, nor the incidents of life in a locality where boating, bathing, and other amusements associated with the idea of an easy *deshabille* form so much of the business of days. Imagine the Household Brigade playing a match at Lords with helmets, bearskins, sashes, and jack-boots, their opponents of the Zingara being rigorously attired in tall chimney-pot hats, and well-fitting close-buttoned 5 o'clock frocks, or the Oxford and Cambridge crews rowing in full evening costume. Sir Patrick Grant should not be too nice about costume, for with its picturesqueness the garb of his own old Gael is not more decent than even rowdy shooting jackets and wide-awakes.

MEXICO UNDER ITS NEW GOVERNMENT.—The *New York Herald* of the 13th inst., describing the "reign of terror" in Mexico, says:—"Our correspondence from Mexico depicts vividly the characteristic progress of the Liberals in pacifying the country. This latest budget of news opens with another public murder, the shooting of old General Vidaurri in the open streets. Many of the liberal soldiers were before the war common cut-throats on the highway, and men like Vidaurri were their peculiar terror—the guardians of order and firm enforcers of wise laws. Now, for the time, the cut-throats have the name of law on their side; they have the upper hand, and they spill with peculiar gusto the blood of the men who once filled them with wholesome fear. Not only does the mob inspire and force the Government policy in these points, but it does the same in confiscations and decrees. Insane fury against foreigners is still the dominant tone. It has secured the decree preventing all but Mexicans from engaging in retail trade. This kills the whole retail trade of the country; for it was all in the hands of foreigners. Foreign capital had built railroads, telegraphs, and other paraphernalia of civilisation, and the property of these enterprises, not sympathising in politics at all, is now confiscated because the construction had been authorised under the empire. Only the mob spirit could exhibit such savage want of reason. The voice of protest raised in this country against the liberal barbarity having reached Mexico, the mob organs put their interpretations upon it, and say that these protests do not come from the American people, but from drunken editors. One illustrious Mexican writer inquires what business the American people have to meddle in Mexican affairs. If we have no such business it is a pity it had not been found out before our meddling in Mexican affairs induced the Emperor of France to withdraw the thirty thousand French soldiers who had driven Juarez to the last town on the Mexican border. Had our 'meddling' been stopped thus early, Juarez and his brutal followers would never have returned to Mexico city to inaugurate a reign of terror which promises to obliterate from the country all evidence that it was ever inhabited by a civilised people. It