

Before this happened, however, the legal system of marriage was gradually forced upon the members, and NOYES consented to the change, quoting St. PAUL to justify his departure from a fundamental tenet which he had held for twenty years.

Of course, the acceptance of marriage knocked out the key-stone of the arch, and the Community as a distinct religious or social organization had no longer a *raison d'être*. The members were, therefore, prepared to make other arrangements, which by degrees took the prosaic turn of a joint-stock company to carry on their different industries and administer their real estate. The famous Oneida Community, so well described by HERWORTH DIXON in his "Spiritual Wives," is now no more than a thriving commercial concern, and, perhaps, even the locality will be changed. They have secured a manufacturing site at Niagara Falls, bought the property right to a water power which is very valuable, and the people in the town of Niagara Falls have built them a factory. They intend selling out their branch establishment at Wallingford, Connecticut, and removing their very profitable metal factory to the new place. NOYES is still living in Canada, with a few of his followers, but we do not know the precise locality.

The collapse of the Oneida Community is another instance of the impossibility of long resisting the fundamental laws of nature. Marriage is the normal condition of man and woman, and celibacy is only practicable where there is isolation of the sexes. The Oneida Community escaped scandal—which is saying a great deal in their favour—but they showed their wisdom ultimately in accepting the inevitable laws of matrimony.

ENGLISH COUNTRY PARSONS.

The English country clergy are fond of amusement. The traveller on Monday morning by any main line running to London must have noticed during the summer how frequently the parson of each parish gets in at his road-side station; and should the observer return at the end of the week he will find that the last down train on Saturday evening puts down one parson at least at every station. Railroads have broken down much of the intellectual isolation in which country parsons were wont to live. Now they can visit the British Museum Library and Academy as frequently as more favoured mortals. Publicity has softened their ruder amusements, and refined upon the coarser tastes of the clerical generations which closed the last and began the present century. The rough-riding hunting parson who scoured the country by day and caroused at night is extinct even in the wilds of Cumberland, in Wales, and in North Devon, which has formed such a pleasant clerical Alsatia for more than one novelist. Shooting is left to the man of country tastes with a small parish and large glebe, or to the "squarson" as Bishop Wilberforce appropriately called him who was at once parson and squire of a parish. A small proportion of clergy here and there join the ladies in shooting with bow and arrow, and discourse glibly of York ends and target practice. They may be divided into two classes. The one, athletic, and devoted from old college tastes to violent out-door exercise, gives itself heart and soul to archery, rises early, shoots a certain number of arrows daily, and maintains the keenest rivalry between its hits and their value at yesterday's practice and the same to-day. Very few of the second and much more numerous class either could or would join in the pursuits of the former. Archery is for them a pleasant excuse for dangling about with wives and sisters, an agreeable mode of spending a summer afternoon with neighbours out-of-doors. The younger clergy half a dozen years ago were credited with an extreme fondness for croquet. The game is now extinct, its place being filled by lawn tennis. Fishing is still, as it has been since the Restoration, the amusement *par excellence* of the country clergy. Multitudes of them thankfully welcome the peace of the brook-side, and many a sermon is found by them week after week in its stones. Fishing offends no one; it affords abundant time for thought, giving just the requisite spice of excitement and rivalry with neighbouring anglers to recommend it as literally a recreation for one wearied with the greatness as well as the littleness of parochial matters. Above all, it has its literary side, and is a scholarly pursuit. Often, too, it brings a parson into friendly contact with reserved characters, whom he could not meet elsewhere than at the trout stream. We have even known two rods laid aside there for half an hour, and one soul pour out its deepest trouble to another, bound by its holy profession to be at once sympathetic and helpful. Who shall say, when he is thus spending his leisure, that a parson is out of place by the water-side with a rod in his hand? As a

matter of fact the best angler in most districts is usually a parson. Even in Presbyterian Scotland a "fishing meentster" is not now regarded with the same dislike as he was twenty years ago; not the only sign, it may be added, of a more liberal tone in that country's theology.

THE SALE OF FECHTER'S EFFECTS.

The sale of the wardrobe of the late Charles A. Fechter, and the collection of miscellaneous properties belonging to him, which took place in New York City, October 15th, attracted a crowd of actors, actresses, managers, and other well-known persons. Many of the suits and articles of wearing apparel were in an excellent state of preservation, and were worth from three to five times what they brought. This was the case particularly with the costumes worn by the actor in "The Duke's Motto," in "The Corsican Brothers," in "Don Cesar," and as *Clairde Melnotte*. The large assortment of swords, rapiers, &c., brought nearly their market value, every blade being new, and the majority unsheathed for the first time since they were packed by the sellers on the other side of the water.

The first lots bid off comprised an extensively varied assortment of articles, such as cloaks, jackets, breeches, trunks and vests, in velvet, cloth, silk, and plush of high colours. The bidding on them was slow and tedious, the prices per lot ranging from \$3 to \$5. They found purchasers chiefly among the costumers of the city, who attended the auction in force. There was something more like competition when the costumes worn in "The Duke's Motto" were put up. The *Hamlet* dress, comprising a black shirt, black cloak, cap, chain, picture, shoes, black cloth cloak and embroidered shirt went off for \$12.50. A lot comprising a black silk velvet vest, crimson cloth coat, sword-belt, spurs, black silk velvet breeches and gray cloth cloak, worn in the last act of "Hamlet" found a purchaser at \$13. Lester Wallack took the two cream-coloured cloth cloaks worn in "Othello," both handsome garments, for \$12 each. A Mexican dress, worn in the last act of "The Golden Dagger," which was as rich a combination of coloured silk and velvet as any in the entire wardrobe, was knocked down to Mr. Whiffen for \$20. The same bidder carried off, for \$5.25, the badly worn "Rouge et Noir" costume. It consisted of shirt and stockings, breeches, coat, a tattered felt hat with a rope band, and a beggar's canvas pocket, large enough to contain the contributions of a month's sitting on the curbstone of a crowded thoroughfare. Its value was due to the fact that it was the last costume in which Fechter appeared on the stage. A similarly dilapidated looking suit, in which Fechter played the part of *Jacques Strop* in "Robert Macaire," was made up of a ragged coat, shirt, breeches, vest, handkerchief, dressing gown, and a crushed tall hat. Lester Wallack paid \$5 for it. Another purchaser secured a make-up, consisting of a scarlet cloth shirt, white shirt and white and gray pointed cloth cloak, trimmed with gold, worn in "The Duke's Motto," for \$11.50. A lackey's dress, used in the first act of "Ruy Bias," fetched \$21. A costume comprising black silk tights, black plush cloak, adorned with the Order of the Cross, a black silk velvet jacket and black silk velvet shoes and belt, for the second act of the same play, fell to Mr. Wallack for \$14. The three costumes in which Fechter appeared in *Don Cesar* were the cause of considerable competition. They went off for \$61.50, that for the first act bringing \$26, and that for the last \$27. These were the highest prices paid for any one costume.

The collection of swords and rapiers included at least 100 pieces of fine steel. They were purchased, the auctioneer said, for the Lyceum Theatre just prior to the severance of Fechter's connection with it. The swords were sold in pairs and realized from \$8.50 to \$20 per pair. Mr. Wallack took an antique blade for \$15. W. E. Sheridan got the four trick swords used in "The Corsican Brothers," while the weapon used in "Ruy Bias," together with its velvet and gold-plated scabbard, mountings and belt, was bid off for \$18. Two daggers brought \$3.50 each. For wigs, from \$3 to \$9 per pair was paid. The blue armour suit, comprising coat, pantaloons and helmet, worn by the *Ghost* in "Hamlet," brought \$4. A brand-new steel armour suit, with breast-plate, neck-plate, helmet and gloves, went for \$31; a pair of steel leggings and chain helmet, also new, for \$21, and a pair of steel spurs for \$3.

In round figures, the sale realized about \$1,360. This sum will be applied to the monument which will be erected to Mr. Fechter's memory in Mount Vernon Cemetery, near Philadelphia, and which is now well under way towards completion.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

In spite of partial failures a year ago, another attempt is to be made to light the British Museum reading-room by electricity, and keep open until seven o'clock in the evening. It is thought that the "blinking," which proved so objectionable before, may now be remedied. In factories where the electric light is employed, the operatives complain of the strain which is caused upon their sight. For external lighting, electricity will no doubt sooner or later supersede gas, but not for house lighting.

The following curiosity, shows what lengths

we are going to in the line of development.—At the harvest thanksgiving festival held at Wray, the villagers formed a procession, carrying garlanded rakes and scythes, to the little church of St. Margaret, where services were held. At the door of the church the plough and harrow had an honourable place. The church within was decorated with flowers, fruit, and vegetables; reeds from the tarn, heather, grass and parnassus from the fell; monster turnips and marrows. Is it not time to stop?

A club meeting specially called for the hour of three in the morning by a portentous looking circular, called a meeting of the Caxton Club at that singular hour to talk over the prospects of the club and devise new rules. The reason for the fixing of such an hour is that the members of the club do not leave off their daily toil till about that time, and they are then supposed to be more sprightly than they are at any other hour. It would appear that there are something like 400 members already belonging to the club, and that they are now to lay down such regulations as will render the affair a success. It is based upon absolutely teetotal principles.

AN important reform is about to take place in the costume of the *haut ton* in London. The Princess of Wales has signified her intention of leading the fashions of the Court during the coming season. The first edict issued by Her Royal Highness is one of which all modest women will most sincerely approve—the banishment to Hades of the "jersey." On being asked by one of the fashionable ladies of the royal circle, on whom the meagre garment sits becomingly—the reason of this proscription, Her Royal Highness replied that it could scarcely be called a covering, and must be considered as almost indecent, especially when unaccompanied by the belt, which renders it admissible, but destroys the classic character of its nude appearance. None but a circus girl can wear the jersey in perfection, for it was never made to go with any other skirt than the spangled *tartine* and elastic fleshings. Then the Tam O'Shanter hat is to be abolished; the long, drenched looking straight meshes of hair down the side of the face are to go with it, to be supplanted by the low, flat hat and *follet* curls, so becoming to every countenance.

"FUN ON THE BRISTOL."

This musical comedy oddly comes from the pen of Mr. Fawcett Rowe of "Brass" fame. The comedy abounds in laughable oddities which seemed to be enjoyed by the whole house. Mr. John F. Sheridan as "Mrs. O'Brien" is capital not only in his make-up but also in his acting, and kept the whole audience in laughter. Mrs. Agnes Hallock as "Norah O'Brien" made at once a good impression by her singing and acting. "Count M——" found in the hands of Henry Saville every justice. Mr. Saville possesses a beautiful tenor voice, sings with great ease, and his graceful attitudes fascinate the attention of every one. The supports in general are very good, and the whole play with its fine scenery is well mounted at the Academy of Music.

VARIETIES.

A WAR HORSE.—When General Pleasanton was asked who had the best horse of all the officers in the army, he answered, quickly, "I had. I bought him, a chestnut stallion, from Prince de Joinville. He was the finest horse in the Army of the Potomac. The prince paid \$3,000 for him, and I bought him when the prince was going away for \$600. Oh, but he was a beauty! He was as gentle as a lamb, with the courage of the devil, and the speed of the wind. Then he had bottom. He could go without eating or drinking, and was as pretty as a woman. He was a thoroughbred, and had been most carefully broken. He would jump fences and ditches or anything before him. I left him in charge of a bugler one day, and that was the last I ever saw of either the bugler or the horse. I never knew what became of them, but it was generally thought that the bugler had run away with the horse, or the horse had run away with the bugler, and they had gone over to the enemy." "Is a stallion, a gelding, or a mare the best war-horse, general?" "Oh, a stallion is the best. He has more courage and more endurance. Why, I remember in the old army, long before the war, when it was not thought to be the decent thing for an army officer to ride a mare."

A LA PRUSSE.—"Papa Wrangel," the patriarchal Field-Marshal who died in Berlin, full of years and honours, was the very incarnation of that penurious thriftiness that has for centuries past been a leading Prussian characteristic. A comical illustration of his economical peculiarities lately came to light at Wiesbaden, where a famous military hospital exists, founded chiefly by army subscriptions, every officer in the German forces having contributed one day's pay to the original cost of its construction. "Papa Wrangel" visited this institution in the summer of 1872 and carefully inspected its every detail, but omitted, upon leaving, the customary formality of depositing some pecuniary offering in its collection-box. A fortnight later, however, the chief hospital director received a large but not very heavy packet, accompanied by a letter from His Excellency, stating that the

packet in question contained a gift for the infirmary, but must not be opened until after the death of the illustrious giver. No mention was made of the value of the present; but the hospital authorities jumped to the conclusion, chiefly based on the lightness of the parcel, that it contained securities, or possibly bank-notes, to a considerable amount. Some short time ago the packet was formally opened in the presence of several army officers invited to witness the ceremony, which was prefaced by an oration extipiating upon the generosity of the deceased Field-Marshal, "the hospital's noble benefactor." The seals were broken; first one paper covering, then another, was removed, and so on, till quite a hillock of wrappers arose upon the table. At last came a cardboard case, and inside it a photograph of "Papa Wrangel's" favourite writing-table in his study at Berlin! The photograph was not even framed.

LITERARY.

MRS. LYDIA M. CHILD, the well-known authoress, died at Wayland, Mass., on the 20th ult., aged 78.

THERE are two hundred and fifty thousand teachers in the United States, of whom three-fourths are women.

THERE are said to be three miles of book-cases, eight feet high, in the reading-room of the British Museum. It is lighted by an electric light in the dome.

THE Rev. Joseph Cook, the Boston lecturer, has been busily at work in the British Museum. He has gone little into London society, but has found time to make a second pilgrimage to Mr. Carlyle's home in Cheyne Row, where on the first visit he was so kindly received.

MISS FLORENCE TOOLE, only daughter of the eminent comedian, is showing great skill with her pen, her literary ability being in advance of her years. She is but fourteen, but during the last six years has contrived to carry off the palm in no fewer than three "prize essays."

MR. KINGLAKE stipulated that the new volume of his history of the Crimean war should not be given out to the Press until twenty-four hours after it had been handed to a number of his friends, and they on their part were bound down not to give it to any newspaper. Many attempts were made by the daily papers in London to get an advance copy, but without success. Blackwoods were firm and Mr. Kinglake was immovable.

THE GLEANER.

EARL DUFFERIN has been visiting his tenantry in Armagh.

THE Duke of Argyll is suffering from gout, and the Princess Louise is visiting him.

THE number of immigrants brought into the United States during the year ending June 30th, 1880, was 457,257.

WITHIN the last eighteen years the Roman Catholics of Ireland expended \$7,370,000 on churches, \$16,000,000 on convents, and \$1,500,000 on colleges.

THE wheat crop of the United States this year is estimated to be 450,000,000, and of this amount about one-third will be exported to Europe.

THE new wife of the Czar is a younger sister of the wife of General Albedynski, Governor of Warsaw. The Emperor Peter II., who was then only fifteen years old, was betrothed to a Princess Dolgorouki. He died a few months later, and the Princess was then banished to Siberia; she was, however, afterwards pardoned.

THE health of Prince Bismarck is causing the greatest anxiety in Berlin. The German Chancellor is much thinner and weaker than he was a few months ago, and so seriously is the matter regarded that it is even whispered about who his probable successor will be. Though the doctors who are constantly attending upon the Prince may patch him up, yet the fact remains that his life is fast on the ebb, and a few months may, and to my mind undoubtedly will, see great and important changes in Germany. He himself has for many years held the opinion that he would die in 1881.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

SPEAKING of entertainments, the Sims Reeves farewell tour is eminently successful. Of the first two concerts in Ireland, Belfast produced nearly £100, and Derry above £200. Not bad for a few songs.

THE net receipts for the forty performances of the Oberammergau Passion Play were \$521,000. These performances were attended by no fewer than 175,000 persons, including the King and Queen of Wurtemberg, the Prince Imperial of Germany, the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia, and others of distinction.

MR. ABBEY has evidently made up his mind that the "Passion Play" will be popular in New York, for he has made arrangements to perform it for eight weeks. The work of selecting the costumes, of which three hundred will be necessary, has been begun. The time of representation will be about three hours and a half. It has been decided that the names of the actors shall not be printed on the programme. There is considerable diversity of opinion in theatrical circles with regard to the financial result of the enterprise.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY has decided in emulation of Oxford, to enact an ancient Greek tragedy, and has chosen Sophocles' "Oedipus Tyrannus" for the occasion, which will be some time during the present academic year. Those having charge of the work expect to exceed in completeness of detail the production of *Æschylus' "Agamemnon"* at Oxford last spring. They have already finished the score for the first chorus, and the parts have been assigned. The choruses will all be sung, and the dance to accompany them may also be attempted.

"LIES! BIG LIES!"

Not so fast, my friend; for if you would see the strong, healthy, blooming men, women and children that you have raised from beds of sickness, suffering and almost death, by the use of Hop Bitters, you would say, "Truth, glorious truth." See "Truths," in another column.