...perish than this. Why ...us trembling on the edge ...morse, and all the rest of ...words are not in the least ...the slight fault—if fault ...now alleges constituted

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The Weekly Mail.

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The Grenadier Guards.

(From London Times Review of Lt.-Gen. Hamilton's New History.)

If the corps saw less fighting in the Peninsula than some other regiments, it was the right arm of Wellington's forces in the memorable campaign of 1815. The three regiments of the Foot Guards were, on this occasion, formed into one division, under the command of the late General Cooke, the 1st Guards making one brigade, the Coldstreams and the 3rd Guards another. Before hostilities actually broke out, the Division was stationed around Enghien, the Duke, watchful above all of his right, and believing that, if Napoleon attacked, he would direct the attack on Mons, having placed his best troops on this wing. When the Emperor made his famous advance on Charleroi upon the 15th of June, the Guards were moved on the British centre; but there can be no doubt that Wellington clung too steadfastly to his original idea; and he sent the Division, in the first instance, as far only as Braine Le Comte; still evidently apprehensive of an advance by Mons. Cooke, however, with prescience that did him honour, he pushed the Guards onwards upon Nivelles, soon after mid-day upon the 16th; and this happy inspiration brought to Quatre Bras a reinforcement of the greatest value at a critical and opportune moment. The Division appeared upon the field, after a forced march, at about five in the afternoon; and though we do not agree in the view that it turned a not improbable defeat into victory—for by this time the efforts of Ney, in the absence of D'Erlon, were well nigh spent—it contributed powerfully to the repulse of the French. The brunt of the battle, in this phase, fell on the brigade of the 1st Guards, composed of the 2nd and 3rd Battalions, which suffered severely alike in clearing the Bois de Bossu from the French infantry, and in pressing Ney as he fell back towards Frasnes. On the ever memorable 18th of June, the Guards were again on Wellington's right—the Duke never abandoned his first conception,—and the 1st Brigade was placed to the left of Hougoumont, thrown rather forward in the allied line, while the 2nd was in the immediate rear of that post, the light companies of both brigades held the Chateau and the adjoining enclosures. During the terrible struggle [illegible]

[illegible] It is unnecessary to dwell on the closing scene of the glorious yet tragic Crimean War. The Guards participated in the dreadful sufferings of the army in the winter of 1854; and the Grenadiers, who at the beginning of the campaign were not far from 1,000 strong, dwindled down to 150 half-famished men. In this terrible collapse we see the results of want of preparation and practice in war; and by the early spring of 1855 the corps had almost ceased to be an organized force. Considerable reinforcements having come out, however, the corps took part in the operations of the siege after the 18th of June, and lost many men in making the last approaches; but Inkerman closed the splendid list of their achievements in the open field. Nearly twenty years have passed, and though the Grenadiers were despatched to Canada in 1861, when war seemed threatened by the affair of the Trent, they were fortunately not obliged to draw the sword which England has sheathed since the Crimean war. On the death of Prince Albert in that year the command of the corps was justly bestowed on its present Colonel, the Duke of Cambridge, and there can be little doubt that in his careful hands a period of inaction has greatly increased, not, as usually has been the case, impaired its efficiency. In looking back at the long career of the illustrious band of which we have traced the services, we have reason, as Englishmen, to regard it with pride. The Regiment has had its days of misfortune, but it has been great and terrible in war; and its standards have never been tarnished with disgrace, while they bear many names of immortal glory. Though, too, it is a select and favourite body, it has never been withdrawn from the sternest duties, and its fortunes have always been linked with all that is grandest in the life of the nation.

[illegible] ...it is now conceded, were wholly premature. While the contest was raging around Hougoumont, the greater part of the 1st Guards were exposed to the continued attacks of the French batteries on the opposite heights; and, when the strife became most intense, they had to resist the most determined and daring attacks of the French horsemen, and to endure the destructive fire of the swarm of skirmishers who, after the occupation of La Haye Sainte, pressed towards the heart of the British position. Nothing, however, could shake this heroic infantry; which, as Foy said, "seemed rooted to the earth;" and as evening drew on, though thinned and exhausted, the 1st Guards still manfully held their ground. The attack of Bulow on his right appearing over, Napoleon now made a last grand effort against Wellington's diminished line; and, after sweeping the incline in its front by a fire of unexampled fury, he launched the Old Guard, in two great masses against the British right and right centre. The advance of these choice and veteran soldiers, whose presence had been the sure pledge of victory on many a doubtful and hard-fought field, was a heart-stirring and noble sight; and "the boldest held their breath for a time," as the assailants, "steady as if on parade," though searched through and through by the British guns, moved along the space between La Haye Sainte and Hougoumont, to storm the fiercely-contested position. The first column, throwing, as it has been said, before it "a shadow of irresistible strength," and filling the air with shouts of triumph, reached, in perfect order, the summit of the slope; but at this point it encountered an enemy whom no peril could daunt and no renown appal. The 1st Guards, who had hitherto lain down to avoid the fire of the hostile artillery, rose, as it were, out of the earth to their feet, and, seconded by one or two other regiments, poured a volley into the advancing mass, which caused it to hesitate and stagger back. Seizing the occasion, Wellington ordered the charge; the British, converging upon their antagonists, enveloped them in a coil of fire; and though the Old Guard endeavoured in vain to deploy, before long the slowly dissolving array recoiled, beaten, down the blood-stained slope. The fate of the second column of the Old Guard was the same, and its defeat, we believe, was mainly due to a magnificent charge of the 52nd, which, under the skilful direction of Colborne, struck the flanks of the mass at the right moment. After the repulse of the Guard, the whole army of the Emperor, as is well known, gave way, and soon became a mere horde of despairing fugitives pursued by the avenging legions of Blucher. Waterloo proved, by a tremendous example, that the days had passed when the bravest horsemen could defeat really good infantry, though armed only with [illegible] destroy, the column, provided the line be steady enough to await the onset of the more ponderous mass. For their heroism on this eventful day the 1st Guards received the name of Grenadiers, the veterans whom they had fairly driven back bearing that title in the Old Guard; and now that all is long passed, we may justly say that worthier foes never met each other.

During the long Peace won by Waterloo the annals of the corps present few points that deserve notice. On the death of the Duke of York the command of the Grenadiers was properly conferred on the Duke of Wellington, who held it until he, too, left the scene; and it then passed to the late Prince Consort. In this period the Guards served in Canada and on other foreign stations, as well as in their ordinary places at home; and a detachment was sent to Lisbon in the Expedition of 1826-7. The discipline and appearance of the corps were maintained during this era of repose, but probably, as in other parts of the army, its efficiency was in some degree impaired; and—frequent blot in the British service—its interior arrangements were neglected, while care was bestowed on mere outward show. Those were the days of a drill of rigid precision, of costly uniform and rich epaulettes, of bearskins that choked the soldier; and a military eye could then detect shortcomings in this array of splendour. The great war of 1854 awoke Europe from its prolonged slumber; and a battalion of the Grenadier Guards, formed with the Coldstreams and Scots Fusiliers into a brigade under Sir H. Bentinck, composed part of the 1st Division, which, under the command of the Duke of Cambridge, reached the Crimea on the 14th of September. At the first encounter, along the slopes of the Alma, the corps gave proof of its ancient renown, though we are by no means certain that an exact account of its achievements can even yet be written. The Grenadiers formed the extreme right of the Brigade of Guards, which had on its left the Highland Brigade, under Sir Colin Campbell; and the whole Division was marshalled in the second line, the Light Division being in front, and part of the 2nd Division in the far right. The advance of these arrays, on the 20th of September, was a grand and spirit-stirring sight; but the obstacle of the river and of the village of Burliuk, which the Russians fired at the right moment, caused much disorder in the first line; and the disadvantage of the close formation when moving to storm a strong position became very apparent. The Light Division, however, pressed boldly forward, with part of the 2nd upon its right; and it succeeded in carrying the great battery in its front and in driving back a large Russian column, which at first yielded to its resolute onset. It is difficult to determine what followed; but the result was that the Light Division was before long compelled to fall back under the pressure of overwhelming numbers; and we shall not pretend to decide whether the second line was somewhat slow in giving it support, or whether its zeal was properly restrained to insure order as it crossed the river. The Grenadier Guards, when the passage had been made, moved forward to the aid of their comrades; and forming their ranks in perfect precision, passed resolutely up the smooth slope, and the rest of the second line, with part of the 2nd Division, co-operating in their advance. The Russians in vain attempted to arrest this attack; column after column dissolved before their fire; and at last the victors triumphantly reached the highest point of the position, and the battle was won. The honour of re-entering the great battery unquestionably belongs to the Grenadier Guards.

The Alma, as we have said, affords proof of the danger of attacking in serried lines, and it must be remembered that at this period arms of precision were almost unknown. It may be said with confidence that this mode of attack will become obsolete in modern war; and a more flexible formation must now be tried, the whole history of infantry being the gradual development of the power of fire, and the substitution of easily handled units for dense, close, and unelastic masses. The next great scene of the exploits of the Guards was the glorious field of Inkerman, the spot we should select as the proudest monument of the tenacity of the British soldier, often as he has displayed this priceless quality. We must confine ourselves, as well as we can, to the deeds of the corps which forms our subject on the ever-memorable 5th of November, premising that even now it is almost impossible to reconcile all the accounts of the battle. The first attack of the Russians, made in numbers that literally seemed to defy resistance, was concentrated against the 2nd Division, and the Grenadier and Scots Fusilier Guards, who, already thinned by want and the sword, held a battery on the extreme allied right, overlooking the valley of the Tchernaya. The contest was here a hand-to-hand fight, the Guards struggling against the masses in which they were repeatedly engulfed, when the arrival of the Coldstreams on the road, and the diversion of Cathcart to the right, restored in some measure the unequal contest, and enabled the defenders, who were beginning to give way, completely to regain the threatened position. Meanwhile, however, Cathcart's Division had been checked and its chief killed; and a part of the Grenadiers having advanced too far, the Russians once more pressed boldly on, and endeavoured to crush the handful of men who still retarded the dense flood of their enemies. Again the battle swayed to and fro, the British stubbornly refusing to give way, the assailants, fed by troops from the [illegible]

AMERICAN.

The Boston *Globe* wants Weston to walk against a buzz saw.

After the comet, what? It's tail.—[Titusville *Herald*]. It's stale.

The Michigan milkmen propose to hold a state convention.

A single bolt of lightning killed six persons in Woodford county, Ky., one night recently.

The last little game played by the Western types changed Theo. Tilton into The O'Tilton.

An Indianapolis paper complains that some mud-heaps in one of the streets have lain there so long that corn is sprouting from them.

A prisoner in a Georgia jail was recently put on a block and his services sold to the highest bidder.

The Germans of Philadelphia are raising a fund to build a statue to Humboldt in Fairmount Park. $6,000 is already on hand.

A New Hampshire clock was struck by lightning the other day, and, instead of hushing itself to silence, it struck for fifteen minutes without stopping.

Butler takes the public into his confidence [illegible] ...years, and finds them all false.

At a recent bucolic literary entertainment in Hudson, O., a thousand cheese boxes were substituted for chairs, and a huge old Herkimer was made to do duty as a table.

A Missouri paper says, "Yesterday we counted eleven able-bodied farmers, whose grass and oats needed cutting, sitting on dry goods boxes complaining about hard times."

There is now no weekly mail between Greenfield and Leyden, Mass. The carrier saw the vanity of riches and refused to amass wealth at the rate of $28 per year any longer.

Hush! Tread lightly through the busy streets. Speak kindly to your wife. Lavish every possible tenderness on the little ones. The watermelon will soon be here.—*Lewiston Journal*.

After years of study an Ohio man has discovered how to make his womenkind useful. He recently hitched his wife and stepdaughter to a shovel plough, and ploughed three and a half acres of corn with them.

A case came up in the Fitchburg, Mass., police court the other day, in which one of the special justices was counsel. None of the other justices appeared, and the counsel was compelled to mount the bench and adjourn his own case.

The new directory is as good as the average, but it has some errors in it. A gentleman who went last night to the house described in the directory as his residence, had his head hurt by a flatiron. The people of the house thought he was a burglar.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

They waited long for rain in certain districts in the West, but it came at last. And then an editor out there gushed thusly: "After many days of arid desolation, the vapoury captains marshalled their thundering hosts and poured out upon scorching humanity, and the thoroughly incinerated vegetation a few inches of *aqua pluvialis*."

Small boy—Ma, mayn't I have some more currants? Ma—No, my son, you've had quite enough. Small boy—Mayn't I have 'em just to take the huckleberry black off my tongue? I had to eat the huckleberries because my teeth were on edge after my first currants. Ma does not believe in rotation, and the little boy howls in vain.—*Boston Globe*.

Conversation has to be very "nebulous" in Brooklyn just now, particularly in the presence of children. Witness the following colloquy, which occurred last evening: Mr. Marrowfat—"It doesn't look so doubtful as it did, does it, Margery?" Mrs. Marowfat—"What are you talking about, man?" Mr. Marrowfat—"What you are thinking of, my love."

A Chicago reporter paid his dentist in this way: "Dr. ——, the well-known and popular dentist, whose fame as an operator upon the human tooth is as widespread as the heavens above, is about to leave his immense practice for a few days' shooting in Indiana, where the steady arm which has so often torn the stubborn molar from its resting place will direct the fatal pellet upon the [illegible]

[illegible] The latter came in late and hot, gave his son-in-law one from the shoulder, and the son-in-law retaliated. The old gentleman concluded, after one of the soundest beatings he ever had, that the young man wasn't so bad after all, and gave him his hand and blessing. The moral of this tale is a strong one, but if drawn it might prove dangerous to irate fathers-in-law.

A certain "Uncle James" of our acquaintance, whose execution is not quite equal to his preference for the violin, was paid a delicate left-handed compliment the other night by his little neice, who, on being awakened some time in the small hours of the night by the hideous performance of two felines under the window, naively remarked, "Mamma, I don't like to hear Uncle James play on the violin."—*Providence Press*.

Some of the newspaper headings of the Pittsburg disaster were as dreadful as the storm itself. A Western paper terrifies its readers with: An Awful Calamity—The Bursting of a Black Cloud Whose Bosom Belched Perpetual Flame—Resistless Torrents Rush Headlong Down Every Run and Gully into Pittsburg—From Roof to Foundation Stone the Dwellings Groan, Crash, and go Down Below—Two Hundred Lives Lost, and No Reckoning Yet Possible.

Here follows a receipt for making a good servant: It is taken from the *Woman's Journal*: "Let the mistress of the house take two pounds of the very best self-control, a pound and a half of patience, a pound and a half of justice, a pound of consideration, and a pound of discipline. Let this be sweetened with charity, let it simmer well, and let it be taken in daily, or—in extreme cases—in hourly doses, and be kept always on hand. Then the domestic wheels will run quite smoothly."

In view of the new theory of the scientists that the feelings are not located in one particular spot, but are distributed over the whole frame, the Boston *Transcript* thinks the love letter of the future will read something like this: "Dearest, believe me, I do love you with my whole nervous organism. You share with no other being the emotions which pervade my undivided gray matter, and if I were conscious of a ganglion that throbbed but for thee, be sure I would not sleep till I had procured its neurotomy."

Says the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*: If you ever notice a boy in a cigar store buying a pipe, watch him; there's fun in it. With all the impetuousness of youth he attacks the meerschaums first. Like a connoisseur he views and handles them, passing comment on them and criticising their faults with no sparing hand. Next come the briarwoods. None of them suit his epicurean taste; but this fact does not appear until the whole stock has undergone his scrutiny. So, in turn from aristocratic meerschaum to plebeian clay, until, with innocence beaming from his countenance, the boy looks up into the dealer's face and says: "Say, mister, what have yer got fur seven cents?"

The Detroit *Free Press* relates that a man named Wilson, sixty-four years of age, from Fayette, O., and the father of nine living children, appeared at the Central market recently and took a stool at one of the eating stands. While munching a piece of "huckleberry" pie he suddenly ceased to chew and said to the girl in attendance: "My dear, I want to marry; I love you; will you marry me?" She tried to pass the question off as a joke, and asked him if he'd have another fried sausage; and when he implored her to believe that he was in solemn earnest, she said she'd mash a dried apple pie over his aged head if he didn't go away. He went away, but before he left the market he "proposed" to two widows, offering each a heart full of love and a good home for life, but failing in each case.

The Burlington (Iowa) *Hawkeye* says a man has invented a patent rat-trap that does not require any bait, and will fetch a rat every time it reaches for him. It operates on the principle of a stomach-pump—the inventor is a retired physician, "the sands of whose life have nearly," &c.—and the trap is placed at the mouth of the rat hole. When it is wound up and the suction begins, the rat comes. He may hold on to the ground with his teeth, and hump his back, and paw dirt, and weep, and yell for the police all he wants, he comes out of that hole backwards, is dragged into a back compartment, where a steel glove drags his hide off and lays it aside for a kid glove manufacturer, while the carcass is pushed into a little furnace and cremated.

John Heneage Jesse.

(From the London Athenæum, July 18.)

Another of the army of workers has vanished from the scene. For years the name of Jesse has been a pleasant name to English readers. The class known as "general readers" has had no greater favourite. The "general reader" loves his ease, and Mr. Heneage Jesse never disturbed it. The "general reader" does not care for literature which demands close attention or which affords matter for reflection. Mr. Jesse catered for the general reader's amusement, and was eminently successful. He was the harlequin of patchwork historians, and was here, there and everywhere. Vivacity he seems to have considered as the first merit of an historian, and he was, undoubtedly, vivacious. Yet he started in literature under very opposite conditions. In his sixteenth year he commenced his career as a poet by a solemn poem on Mary, Queen of Scots. The young author's first step in literary life was inscribed to Walter Scott, and soon after he took for his theme "Tales of the Dead"; these latter poems were dedicated, by permission to Queen Adelaide. The verses commencing— [illegible]

These are thy charms, fair Richmond, and thro' these
The river, walking many a graceful bark,
Glides gently onward like a lovely dream,
Making the scene a paradise,—

placed on a board in Richmond Park, overlooking one of the most delightful views of the Thames, and the authorship of which has been a puzzle to many, were the composition of Mr. Jesse. They were written by him when only nineteen years of age, and are quoted, under the signature "Anon.," in his father's "Gleanings in Natural History." Third and Last Series."

In this respect Mr. Jesse was not unlike those mercurial comedians who fancy they can play Hamlet much better than Launcelot Gobbo, and who occasionally kick off the sock, and challenge applause in the buskin. So Mr. Jesse, long after he had been accepted as a sort of light historian, returned to his early love, and hoped to tempt the world to take him for a poet. He set Richard the Third in a dramatic form, not at all like Shakspeare's; and he not only compiled his readable historical memoirs of London, and even volumes on the metropolis and its celebrities, and others on its remarkable localities, but he swept the lyre somewhat ambitiously on the same subject, and left for the admiration of posterity "London," a fragmentary poem. It dealt with the whereabouts of great men in London, and was dedicated to Samuel Rogers.

Mr. Jesse's histories were, for the most part, "fragmentary," too; or rather they were grave, philosophical history, made to be read lightly, or rather "character" on a toy theatre are to the real drama. He had the merit of dressing and spangling them well; he moved them over his stage anything but awkwardly, and he spoke for them in a clever, off-hand manner. But he could seldom move more than one figure at a time; grouping was beyond him. Each of his historical characters goes through the whole of his part independently, and, having done, makes way for a successor. In this fashion, however, Mr. Jesse has told the story of England, from the time of Richard the Third to that of George the Third inclusive. Within those periods he has, in his own way, illustrated the history of the nation in that of individuals, under the Stuarts, the Protectorate, great Nassau and the house of Hanover. Of these, by far the best piece of workmanship is his history of the life and reign of George the Third. It raised him above the level of a drawer of characters, and ranked him among historians,—not among the "great" writers of history, but in an honourable position next to them. The difference in character between the last named work and Mr. Jesse's "Lives of the Pretenders and their Adherents" shows how an old writer may emancipate himself from habit, and develope qualities of a higher kind.

In the "Memoirs of George Selwyn and his Contemporaries," Mr. Jesse illustrated much of the social history of George the Third's reign. Finally, to an honoured name he added honour. After fifty-nine years of life, and more than forty of literary work, combined, at one time, with the performance of duties in the civil service, John Heneage Jesse has gone to his rest, owing nothing to any one in that world which owed many an hour of pleasant instruction to him. For the last twenty years he never once slept out of London, and every night (Sundays excepted) he was in the habit of appearing regularly at the Garrick club, at half-past seven o'clock, to engage in his favourite game, a rubber at whist, at which he remained until half-past two or three in the morning.

MONKEYS.—Monkeys have many pleasing qualities; some of the species are very gentle, and capable of considerable affection toward human beings. There is, however, that about monkeys, in this country at least, which should effectually stand in the way of their becoming pets. They have almost always, every one of them, the seeds of a fatal consumption; their lives are nearly always to be measured by a few months; and their antics are none the fewer that they are racked every now and then by a dry hectic cough. Their ill-health depresses them, but nothing can deprive them of their love of mischief, and this contrast of buffoonery and depression is one reason why a tame monkey makes one of the most melancholy of pets. They are ghastly humourists; they are drolls in season and out; their gayety is like that ascribed to the Chinese, who laugh to see the executioner flog or behead a criminal. A monkey's humour is of a kind that I could never enter into. It is founded on the doing of mischief. Let the man who does not believe me watch a monkey playing with puppies or kittens, and compare their innocent playfulness with the cruel tricks the monkey will put upon them.—*New Quarterly Review*.

Fourteen officers of the German general staff are still engaged on the official history of the war.

A monument to Martin Luther, to be set up in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, during the centennial year, is talked of by the Lutherans.

Kladderdatsch, the German *Punch*, publishes an extraordinary statement to the effect that the Prince Imperial of France was "plucked" at Woolwich Academy, when he went up for examination the other day.

The Prince of Wales has appeared in the *rôle* of an amateur fireman. At a recent fire in London he was one of the first to arrive on the ground, and, "in the absence of Captain Shaw gave directions for suppressing the conflagration."

THE PRINCE OF CRITICS.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE JULES JANIN.

(Paris Letter to the Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung.)

"Prince of Critics" Jules Janin was called for more than a quarter of a century. Out of the nickname which an enemy had given him, Janin's cheerful disposition was able to make an honourable title, and the title clung to him through life. When Felix Pyat threw down the gauntlet, he was a teacher less versed in the scenic art than Janin. It was not his own affair; it concerned the play "Tiberius," by Joseph Chenier, which Janin, then critic of the *Journal des Debats*, had severely aspersed. As a republican Pyat wished to avenge their champion in the person of his dear poet, and therefore attacked Janin's prose with pitiless severity. He scornfully called the aristocrat of Bertin's journal, "Prince of the critics." This aristocratic irony did not displease the clever Janin, who rightly judged that such a name would sound well with the rich Philistines, for whom his weekly prose was intended. One day, about ten years ago, I found at a bookstore on the Quai the "Reply" of Janin (A M. Felix Pyat. Response de Prince des Critiques. Paris: 1844), which bore the motto: [illegible] ...quoted very often since then. Janin also quoted the last sentence from Racine's preface to "Berenice," with which the poet defends himself against the critics who had attacked that tragedy. Racine treats them severely. He says: "What can one do with a man who does not even know how to give his thoughts a form? All these critiques are the work of four or five writers who themselves have never been able to excite the interest of the public. They lie in wait for some successful work in order to attack it, not from envy—for why should they be envious?—but in hopes that the author will give himself the trouble to reply to them, and that by these means they may be drawn from the obscurity in which their own works would have left them forever."

The sensitive Racine did not, however, serve Janin as a guiding star in the "Reply of the Prince." His reply was remarkable for unheard of moderation. He pretends to believe that Pyat did not himself compose the lampoon against him, but that he gave some beggar the right to use his name for that day. And while he blames the expression, style, form and reason of the pamphlet in its own words, he writes a whole page full of the greatest praise of Pyat, whom he calls an honourable author, who with strength, talent and courage, places beautiful and great thoughts on the stage by means of his dramas, which fill his soul and inform his whole being. Janin apparently wished to appear so remarkably magnanimous, just and noble towards his assailant, in order that the reader from the beginning might consider him in the right and look upon Pyat's diatribe as the angry outbreak of envy or displeasure at an unfavourable critique, perhaps, indeed, some anxiety and care—behind this amiable defence. The "Prince" often struck blows without consideration. In spite of the kindly disposition with which even to-day he is accredited, he shot the deadly arrow into the heart of many a young struggling genius, if he could only bring in a witty expression. He was often cruel, bitter and pitiless towards authors and artists—particularly towards the latter—who did not reverence him enough, and therefore Pyat's blows were well struck.

Remarkably enough, that quarrel of the year 1844 characterizes the Lord of Critics, the spoiled favourite of fortune, as he was yesterday. Janin's amiability in daily life in intercourse with colleagues and in conversation with followers who sought of him either advice or protection, or both, was of an entirely subjective kind. His was a joyous, contented nature; a smile was always on his lips; his bright eye flashed pleasantly when he spoke, and his mobile mouth showed his gleaming white teeth. In conversation he was mild, polite, friendly and amiable. But as soon as he wrote, only his words laughed—although often the reader. He was no longer the same man; in writing he pressed his lips together, and it was only seldom that he allowed himself to be touched by good humour. [illegible]

[illegible] ...somewhat subject. Forced by necessity, a year and a half ago he for the first time gave up his principality in the *quarterms* of the *Journal des Debats*. For a long time he had not gone to the theatres. He read the pieces, had the impressions of the public told, as he knew nearly all the artists well, —the younger ones were always ready to recite a scene to him privately,—he was able to offer his readers a pleasant *critique*, without having seen in person the play which he had criticised.

Jules Janin had been for a long time not only known in Paris and France but also in Europe, even before most of the journalists first became known by name to the great public, as was legally required by the innovation of the year 1848. At his first entrance into higher journalism he thought proper to place his initials "J. J." under his *feuilletons*, and therefore his name alone had up to that time not remained unknown to the ordinary reader of the journal. He was often justly reproached that he busied himself too often and too much with his own affairs, and that he conversed with his readers about indifferent things, which concerned him alone. Thirty years ago, at the time of his quarrel with Pyat, we find Janin proud of his high critical deeds; he had already "discovered" Rachel, and "recognized" the neoclassic Ponsard. Concerning Rachel he was right. As regards his boundless admiration for Ponsard's spurious muse, the world thinks differently to-day; and posterity will probably not think about it at all! "I have always listened to the voice of my heart, applauded all successes, and often contented myself with deploring defeats. Who judged and discovered the merit of Rachel and Maxime?" This stands in the "reply" of 1844. Some years later he would have perhaps altered the sentence, for Janin had become the enemy of the *tragedienne*. Maxime, who played the same *roles* in the Odeon as Rachel in the Theatre Francais, and if he was an enemy he was a bitter one. Mille. Maxime, a dramatic figure with black eyes and black hair, and a sonorous voice, did not long find favour with the "Prince of Critics," whose eternal comparison with the great rival destroyed her. At any other time she would have become famous. Not the gifted superiority of Rachel, but the biting pen of her critical protector, prevented her advancing. Maxime left the stage many years ago, and is the wife of a highly respected man of letters, one of the leaders of liberal Protestantism in France.

Who has not heard of the strange *feuilleton* of Jules Janin, which by the minute description of his own wedding night ("Le Mariage du Critique"), took the place of the neglected theatre week? He was severely blamed that he had himself raised the veil of the most private relations, had laid bare the chastity of the bridal chamber to all eyes; and not in verses, not even in Latin, the beautiful bride, the pure maiden, appeared disrobed in the open *feuilleton* before all readers. The poetical spirit, the soaring imagination, were wanting in Janin. In order to give the fitting expression to his thoughts he wished to give them to the world at once. As he only used wit and jokes in writing, he had not treated his dear wife better than Theophile Gautier his imaginary "*Mademoiselle de Maupin*," which had appeared long before, or than his successor, Ernst Feydeau, his immoral "*Fanny*." But his wife was indeed Janin's pride and blessing. She was all and the best of all to him. Before he commenced his battle against Pyat he appeals to her as his protecting goddess, for whom "he would at once lay down his sceptre," in whose beautiful eyes he sees his happiness. "Let me be attacked, lampooned, torn to pieces,—what do I care if I can press my wounded heart to her heart, if I can take my love as a shield?" Too much public groaning over his love! The third part of a century had passed over the marriage happiness of Janin; and on his bier, his true companion, the loved cherisher of his last years, wept tears of real sorrow. A decade since I visited the remarkable villa which Janin lived in at Passy, the garden of Paris, and which resembles a Swiss *chalet*. A carved wooden staircase leads in to the spacious library, which is adorned by large bookcases on all the walls. Great windows with little coloured panes of glass throw a soft, mild light into the wide hall. At first sight one recognizes the inseparable, common life of the couple. At one end of the hall literature was represented. Writing-desk, papers, books in well-ordered number, the easy chair for the clumsy man, who could only arise with trouble; at the other end, sofas and embroidered chairs,—the saloon of the lady, who, busied with an embroidery, was her husband's companion while he read or wrote. There Janin passed pleasantly and quietly his happy years, and when sickness and disease came he almost forgot it in his pretty retreat.

At other times, for then he still went to theatres—how long is it since he avoided the first evenings of the representations?—he had the best seats. In the Theatre Francais he sat wheezing in the first middle box and in the intermissions he sat down for rest on a little bench in the corridor, where a group of those wished to know his opinion or hear him talk at once formed around him. He was a pleasant—what shall I say?—gossiper, but in the good meaning of the word. He was not chary with his impressions, and willingly sacrificed many a witty word before it reached the printer; for he had to speak of other things in his *feuilleton* than of the special *critique* of the work which he listened to. As he had never written a play, drama or comedy, he elaborated with particular pleasure in his own manner the material which the author chose, as if he wished to cause the reader to regret that he, Janin, had not written the piece himself. This vanity has been often apparent in his *critiques*. He was never seen grave. He smiled always and so easily that it was hard to believe in his severe suffering. It changed from time to time and at last deceived even him. When he believed that death was approaching, two months ago, it was a mistake, and just now, when he believed his recovery to be complete, the enemy suddenly seized him again and choked him.

Janin's style is by no means a model of correctness, power or beauty. But he wrote easily, and the reader willingly followed his words. His long *feuilleton* is often at an end even before he touched the material with which he began. Many a liberty of style he allowed himself. He committed many offences against the precise French prose. Who does not know the old story of the "Cardinal of the 'Seas,'" as he once called the lobster? And still the word is perfectly excusable. The cardinal is first boiled red from a priest, and commences his career in black garments! For his contemporaries Janin has still remained a symbol of dramatic criticism, but for thoroughness no one [illegible] ...presented to the [illegible] ...nation, which injures the earnest, worthy press, and brings even still less gain to public morals, I will not further inquire. He belonged to the Academy. He took the place of Sainte-Beuve, that excellent critic, who was very gracious to him without considering him an able writer. Sainte-Beuve joked willingly over the endless praise which Janin dispensed to Moliere's creations in the most exaggerated way. And the fine critic added: "O! I would not like to be praised by him!" But as it happened it was Janin who spoke Sainte-Beuve's academic praise, and the latter did not in the least fare badly.

Will Taine or his former colleague on the *Journal des Debats*, the former journalist, J. J. Weiss, takes his place? There will be many candidates. One will probably not order his successor to read through all of Janin's *feuilletons*. Immortality would be too dear at that price. Only once—and that twenty or twenty-five years ago—did he make an unfortunate selection. Perhaps a friend will do better with his legacy. Light was Janin's work, light his careless life. May the earth rest lightly on him.

A Romantic Story.

The Chicago *Daily Inter-Ocean* has the following: "Martin Breuer, a lad of German parentage, and scarcely fifteen years old, disappeared mysteriously from his home in this city on the 1st day of October, 1857, and until yesterday was believed by his family to be dead. Yesterday forenoon a gentleman called at the tobacco store of Mr. Adam Breuer, No. 19 North State street, and that stranger was the long-lost brother of the proprietor. The story that is woven about this scene peculiar enough to occupy a prominent place in a modern romance, and was last evening recited to a reporter of the *Inter Ocean* by a brother of the prodigal, substantially as follows:

"Young Martin Breuer was one of the eldest sons of a family of five boys and five girls. The elder Breuer was a German who was counted among those proscribed in the revolution of '48, and after enduring confiscation of his estates, made his way to America to escape a worse fate. With his eldest daughter and Martin, Mr. Breuer sought these shores as more congenial and tolerant, and located for a time at New Orleans. Not wholly satisfied with the Crescent City, he migrated north, and Chicago was his home for a season. He tried Minnesota, but the Garden City had charms which were overmastering. His wife and the remainder of his family had meanwhile joined him, and henceforward Chicago was his home. Martin had received a liberal education, and early began to show talent and taste for mechanics. He was given a whiff of his inclinations, and the result bore out what had been before supposed. But the scenes through which he had passed, and the love of travel and adventure he had experienced, were strong and could not be resisted. The gold-fever of Pike's Peak was carrying everything before it. [illegible] ...lately nothing but 'Poverty Fat' in the future of many of the people. And it is not strange that the Breuers found, on the last day of October, in the blue-book year of '57, that one of their number was missing, and that one was Martin. The streams were moving west to the 'mountains,' and thither it was supposed he had gone. Diligent inquiry failed to elicit the faintest trace of the missing brother and son. The days grew into months, and the months, painful and heart-sad, widened out to years; and still no word from their dear one. The years increased and passed on, each one dropping into the grave like a clod on the coffin of the absent boy. The war came. One of Martin's brothers, Henry, joined the army, and left the home now vacant of two of its members. Andersonville, with its thousand horrors, engulphed this third son, and out of their five sons but three were left; one was dead, died for his adopted land, the other was—they knew not where. In 1862 Mrs. Breuer was left a widow. Still there came only a blank as regards Martin. Search was in late years made for the son and brother at Rockford, as it was supposed he had gone West, but to no purpose. Once Adam Breuer was in Cincinnati, and met a stranger who thought he had seen a man like him, (Adam,) but that was six months previous. Of course there wasn't the slightest clue. In years after Adam was in Boston and other Eastern cities, and sought once more for his brother. He was finally mourned as dead. The family, however, retained a photograph of him until the great fire of 1871. Then this picture was destroyed. From it the surviving members of the family had obtained an idea of what their brother looked like at fifteen, but he would now be a man grown and entirely changed.

"He was mourned long as dead, and until yesterday this was believed. Yesterday he entered the cigar store of Adam Breuer, No. 19 North State street. Adam thought it was a customer, and went behind the counter to wait on him. He looked into the stranger's eye a moment, and then exclaimed:

"'Martin!'

"'Adam!' responded the long lost brother, And they were in each other's embrace.

"A word will explain all. Martin left home, and went direct to New York. There he served out an apprenticeship, and then went into the army. He was there four years. At Baltimore he was sick for some time, and wrote home, but the letters never reached those for whom they were intended. He was at first unwilling to return home, because of boyish feeling, and after he left the army he was certain his family no longer lived here. He went to other lands. Europe saw him. He paid France a visit. America found him again. And he finally settled in Hanover, Penn., where he subsequently married. Two years ago his wife died, leaving two sons, then aged seven and five years. Once more Martin's thoughts turned homeward. He says he was warned in a dream to return to Chicago, and he arrived here yesterday morning. His mother is still a resident of this city, and was yesterday united to her long-lost boy, at No. 344 Sedgwick street, after nearly seventeen years' separation.

"Truly, this is a chapter in life which seems more like romance than reality. Yet every word is substantiated by the family and those conversant with the facts."

AMERICAN HOSPITALITY.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "Mr. Kingsley, in his preface to 'South by West,' rhapsodizes of America, of its manifest destiny, and of the virtues of its citizens with almost more than his wonted vigorous warmth and glow of words. He speaks with impassioned gratitude of the kindness which Englishmen never fail to receive throughout the United States. And he is right. An American gentleman comes to this country with good introductions to a family—in London. He is asked to a few dinners and evening parties, has tickets sent to him for Harlingham and the Zoological gardens, and is perhaps made honorary member of his friend's club. And there for the most part English, or at any rate London, hospitality begins and ends. But an American to whom an English gentleman carries a letter of introduction has a far higher standard of his duty to a friend's friend. And he sets up to his standard. He considers that he has been called upon to do the honours of his country, and he does them gracefully and ungrudgingly. Like Brillat-Savarin's model host, he holds himself responsible for his guest's happiness so long as he remains with him—that is, so long as he remains in his country. He introduces him to all the society worth knowing. He shows him everything worth seeing. He will accompany him on long journeys. He will give up his time to him unreservedly."

FAIRBANKS' SCALES.—The Fairbanks' Scale Company received an order from San Francisco by telegram last week for seventy-five large dormant and warehouse scales. This order indicates good crops and a prosperous season in California. The Company also shipped $3,000 worth of scales to Russia during the last ten days, and twelve 500-bushel hopper scales for a large elevator in Wisconsin. The product of the first six months of scale making for 1874 foots up 23,840 scales, with a larger per cent. of track and hay scales than ever before.—*St. Johnsbury (Vt.) Caledonian*.

It is now announced that Earl Russell will publish a volume covering sixty years of public life.

PETRARCH.

THE CELEBRATION AT AVIGNON.

(From the Daily News, July 18.)

On this day the celebration of the fifth centenary of the death of Petrarch will commence at Avignon. Rich as this old city is in historical associations, there are none on which she can look with more pleasure than her connection with the Italian poet. Here was the residence of those Popes who preferred the soil of France to that of Rome; their palace stands yet within the walls they built; here are their halls, their dungeons, and their torture chambers; but the history of the seventy years which made the "Babylonian Captivity" of the Roman Church is not one to be revived and celebrated. There are later memories; massacres took place here during the Revolution; there have been sieges; Sovereigns have visited the town; but in all their history the citizens of Avignon chiefly rejoice in the fact that Petrarch lived among them, man and boy, for the best part of his life; that Laura lies buried among the ruins of the Church of the Cordeliers; and that Vaucluse, the valley where the poet loved, liked Candide, to cultivate his garden, is within an easy [illegible] ...or even eclipsed, that the number of books written on him and on his works amounts to no less than nine hundred. And yet, among those who for the next three days will occupy themselves in celebrating his memory, and in making laudatory speeches, it would probably be as difficult to find ten who can quote his poems, as it was for the Patriarch to find ten righteous men in the city for which he pleaded. There will be, however, in the minds of all one or two great facts—that there walked, some five hundred years ago, in these muddy streets, and under the shadow of their ancient walls, a man of such eminence that he was the friend of monarchs and popes while he lived; and has been remembered by all the world since he died; and that between him and Laura de Sade there were exchanged certain passages of love, made immortal in verse which still delights those who understand it. The good people of Avignon may remember little of the poet, except his passion; but yet they do honour at once to his genius and his constancy; and in holding a festival on the day of his death, they follow the natural instinct which prompts a city to take credit to itself because a great man once lived in it. We in England are quite accustomed to these solemn occasions; we have even ceased to become agitated at the prospect of more. We know that they mean speeches, with eating and drinking; we guess, beforehand, what most of the speakers will say, and we are apt to forget, after the orations have been endured, that to do honour to the great departed, is at once an act of piety to the dead and a custom which, rightly used, may be of infinite benefit to the living.

At Avignon the festival will assume a character which, while it illustrates the genius of the French people, throws into the shade all our own efforts in a similar line, including the famous Jubilee of 1769 at Stratford. The Minister of Public Instruction will be represented by M. Desjardins; the Minister of Foreign Affairs, by M. de Viel Castel; Italy, the native country of the poet, sends M. Nicra as her deputy. Heralds will announce the opening of the *fete* this evening, and concerts, singing, illuminations, and torchlight processions will prepare the way for the serious business of to-morrow. Then there will be held a solemn mass, and the prizes to be bestowed on successful competitors in the arts of poetry and music will be duly blessed. In the evening will be more illuminating, with a grand theatrical performance. But the event of the day will be the "Historical Cavalcade," exactly reproducing the ceremonies with which Petrarch was crowned laureate at Rome. Twelve youths, we are told, led the procession, reciting verses composed by the hero of the day in honour of the Roman people. After them followed six citizens clad in green, and carrying crowns of flowers; then Petrarch; then the Senator; then a crowd of notables. The streets were strewn with flowers, and perfumed water was showered from the windows on the head of the poet. [illegible] ...myrtle. It is hoped that the programme, including the showers of perfume, will be minutely followed to-morrow. On Monday there is some danger that the proceedings may seem flat after the Historical Cavalcade. To enliven the competition in music and poetry, however, there are to be tournaments on the river, bull-racing, and the Provençal dance, "La Farandole." The prizes will be similar to those annually given at the Jeux Floraux, at which the first is a golden violet, and the rest different flowers worked in silver. The first prize at Avignon will be an eglantine in gold. This is historically consistent, because Clemence Isaure founded her games at Toulouse when Petrarch was in his twentieth year. The golden eglantine, it is said, is to be given to a young writer, Frederick Mistral, who has quite recently published a poem in the Provençal dialect, which, while it eclipses the popular works of Tasmin, will, it is hoped, restore some of the glories of the Langue d'Oc.

The memory of Petrarch is worthy of all the honour that can be conferred upon it. Whatever criticism may be passed upon the manner and form of doing reverence to this man, it is well to learn the lesson of devotion, self-denial, and labour which his life teaches. Petrarch was very much more than a mere amatory poet. He was, to begin with, a great and famous scholar, the first of those who sought to purify the rude mediæval Latinity. He had not only a scholar's cultivation, but also an energy and industry which enabled him, in his zeal for the preservation of his Latin authors, to sit up for whole nights making new transcripts with his own hand; he prepared the way for the great revival of learning which, to speak roughly, began fifty years after his death; and in the fortieth year of his age he set about learning Greek. Next, he was a great patriot. An Italian by birth, a Florentine by descent, he looked to Rome as the centre of the world, and to the restoration of the Roman Republic as the chief thing desirable. Therefore he hailed the appearance of the Tribune Rienzi, and supported his cause. He was a man whose fascinating manners and eloquence procured him the friendship of all, from the King to the humblest scholar. He was so far in advance of his age that he laughed at astrology when every Sovereign maintained an astrologer at his Court; at alchemy, when the philosophers were all boasting that they possessed, but would only reveal in enigmas, the secret of making gold; and at the so-called Aristotlian philosophy, when the schools had no other. We must remember that in his own lifetime it was not as a poet that he was chiefly famous, but as a Latin scholar and an orator. His most valuable literary baggage, he thought, were his Epic, his Eclogues, and his Epistles. These have all been forgotten. The sonnets remain, and these can be appreciated by none but the true Italian scholar. To him the charm consists, perhaps, mainly in their delicacy of diction. No translation can preserve, though it may replace, harmonious collocation and happy choice of words. Some poets by the sheer force and fire of their thoughts bear translation, like a hardy plant, and suffer comparatively little. But Petrarch's thoughts are not of this stamp. If they are passionate, the passion is subdued. His mind, as it appears in the sonnets, is all of one colour; his fancies differing only by shades, and the original colour perhaps is pale. For Laura was to him, who lived in the country of the Troubadours, the ideal Lady. He vowed to her, in accordance with the fashion of the time, a devotion which every knight or poet paid to some one whose servant he became, and whose praises he sang, though she was never to be to him more than the imaginary perfect Queen of Womanhood. The fashion has died away; and now, in the sonnets of the passionate Italian, we see an affection and constancy which have become pathetic, and which enable us to forget that their object, the lady of the green mantle sprinkled with violets, and the plaited golden hair, was married to another man.

A WEDDING INCIDENT.—Saturday night there occurred an elopement extraordinary. A young couple had engaged a coach to carry them from Beech street to the depot with the view of going away on the train to get married. They were helped into the coach by the driver, who carefully closed the door, and just as he turned to mount the box, some one fired a pistol-shot in the immediate vicinity, which so frightened the horses that they sprang away and darted down street at a fearful gait. They ran furiously, and striking into Straight street, finally brought up against one of the posts that support "Look out for the Locomotive" at the rolling mill. The coach was here turned over, and the horses broke loose from it. It was a complete wreck, and its inmates were nearer dead than alive with fright. They could not free themselves from their dreadful position until help came, when they were pulled out and found to be severely bruised, but sustaining no very serious injuries. It was a rough start for married life, but they may thank the stars that they got off alive.—*Paterson Guardian*.

The next Congress of Old Catholics is to be held in September. English, American and Russian sympathizers are expected. The Congress will endeavour to obtain, as in Prussia, a law similar to that already passed in Baden, giving them a share in property belonging to the Roman Catholic Church.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

A painful spectacle is presented in Paris by "a special committee sitting on the sword-bayonet."

The Gatling Gun Company, of Hartford has nearly finished forty large guns for the Chinese Government.

In London churches they are giving notice that five minutes after the bells cease to ring all pews are free.

Queen's College, Cambridge, has offered an entrance exhibition of £40 a year for the encouragement of Hebrew.

Ten thousand portraits of the Prince Imperial were seized a few days ago in Paris at the Northern Railway station.

A Paris telegram says that Sicily is overrun by armed bands, aiming at the separation and independence of the Island.

Dr. James Martineau has resigned the presidency of the Manchester New College, England, after a service of thirty-three years.

The revenue of the Province of Victoria, the smallest of the British Australian Colonies, exceeds $20,000,000 a year. The population is about 700,000.

[illegible] ...transatlantic metropolis," gravely says *La Liberte*.

A short route has been found between China and Australia, a survey having been made of the hitherto unknown north-eastern shores of New Guinea by the British steamship Basilisk.

Miss Emily Addis Fawcett has received the medal of the London Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, for the best specimen of shell cameo cutting.

In various parts of China twenty-two different societies have established more than 200 mission stations and out-stations, and the number of church members is variously estimated at from 6,000 to 10,000.

Titiens is still the reigning favourite in London. At her recent benefit at her Majesty's Opera she received as a present a gold casket, gold and silver wreath and a piece of jewellery in the shape of a gold butterfly, head of opal and wings of diamonds.

The French Government has decided to erect a monument near the Swiss frontier in commemoration of the generous course of conduct which was adopted by Switzerland toward the prisoners of Bourbaki's army. The monument will represent "Exhausted France confiding her children to Switzerland."

The latest novelty in earrings is probably the singular pair which were sported by a dashing Parisian belle at a recent wedding. From each ear hung a small gold gridiron, on which was laid a heart formed of garnets, the idea to be conveyed, says a gushing correspondent, being that of a bleeding heart upon the fiery coals of love!

Marshal Soult once, showing the pictures he stole in Spain, stopped before one and remarked: "I value that picture very much; it saved the lives of two estimable persons." An aide-de-camp whispered into the listener's ear: "He threatened to have them both shot immediately unless they gave it up."

There was to be a marriage in a French village recently, and all the guests were present, but the bridegroom could not be found. He was discovered at last up a tree, but would not come down till the intended father-in-law conveyed to him a farm that had been promised. Much protestation and many tears, but he was firm. Finally the papers were signed and down he came.

For stories of the real Parisian flavour, commend us to the lady correspondent, Lucy Hooper relates an anecdote about a marble bust of a young girl which Sarah Bernhardt, the lovely, but alas! woefully thin actress of the Comedie Française, contributed to the recent exhibition. "Have you seen Sarah Bernhardt's bust?" asks one of the other. "Good gracious, no!" is the answer. "*Il n'y a pas du quoi*."

The Paris Journal guarantees the authenticity of the following: "A buyer who travels for an important house in the artificial flower trade arrived in Paris three days [illegible] ...Mahon to the army his principals had instructed him to quadruple his purchases."

The agricultural labour struggle still continues in England. Several manufacturers and coprolite diggers in the eastern counties have closed their works to enable their men to assist in gathering the harvest. The farmers say that they will have no difficulty in getting in the year's crops without Union men. The labourers as a whole are sticking tolerably well by the Union, though many have gone back to their work and given up the Union. A sum of $5,000 has just been given to the Union by one gentleman to be used for emigration purposes. A party of 200 emigrants left Newmarket on the 21st ult., and several more batches are expected to follow before the close of the summer.

It is said that osmium is the most powerful poison ever known. At a recent meeting of the Paris scientific academy, M. H. Sainte Clare Deville, a member of the learned assembly, offered to his colleagues, in a perfectly tight vial eight kilogrammes—about fifteen pounds of osmium. Osmium, he said, is the most poisonous of all poisons. Twenty pounds of it would be sufficient to poison the entire population of the world. One thousandth part of a grain of osmic acid, set free in a volume of air of a hundred cubic yards, would possess such a deadly influence that all the persons respiring the air could be nearly killed. Osmic acid is so much the more dangerous because no counter poison is known against it.

The Baptists recently held a missionary convention in Burmah, lasting five days. The proceedings were conducted in Burmah, Karen, and English. There was an attendance of 137 delegates. Among the reports it was stated that missionaries, in their travels among the Gaychos, found a chapel in nearly every village, built in expectation of the appearance of a supernatural prince. The people heard the Gospel gladly, and changed their chapels from temples for superstitious uses to places for Christian worship. The Baptists now have in Burmah 375 churches, 19,367 members, and 476 teachers. Last year 1,044 persons were baptised and over $25,000 was contributed by the churches.

At the close of a recent operatic performance at her Majesty's Theatre, London, Mdlle. Albani was called before the curtain amid a hurricane of applause. A gentleman in the grand tier threw a bouquet and a box at the prima donna, the latter of which unluckily struck her with considerable force in the centre of the forehead. The author of this calamity was observed to throw up his arms with a gesture of despair when he saw the lady place her hands on her forehead and instantly repair to her private room, where some simple remedies were applied with good effect. Perhaps it should be added that the restoration was a little assisted by the discovery that the guilty box, when opened, contained a tiara of splendid diamonds.

A curious exhibition, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has lately been opened to the public in the lunatic asylum at Brunnfeld, near Vienna. The objects exhibited are divided into three classes, the first comprising 215 articles made entirely by the lunatics; the second, articles destroyed by them in their moments of frenzy; and the third, models, etc., showing how they are lodged and clothed. Among the articles in the first class are delicately carved meerschaum pipes, lace, picture-frames, and a remarkable collection of paintings by Kratky, who, before he became insane, was a celebrated artist at Vienna. These paintings show no sign of insanity, and one of them is a wonderfully life-like representation of the lunatics hearing mass in the chapel attached to the asylum. Next to these specimens of the constructive skill of the inmates are placed huge iron bars bent double, spoons and iron plates broken to pieces and doors split in half. The favourite occupations of these unfortunate people are stated to be writing and drawing, in which some of them have become singularly proficient.

An interesting account of an English secret society established by and for the benefit of women is given by Mr. Lyulph Stanley, assistant commissioner, (Friendly Societies Commission), in his report just issued. There are, he says, in Oldham several societies of women, but they are not as a rule in a flourishing condition. Thirty or forty years ago, when the affiliated orders were making great progress and gaining in popularity, the idea spread, and secret societies of women were formed on the analogy of Oddfellows. Such a society is the Female Secret Society in the Oldham, Saddleworth, Mossley and Stalybridge districts. There are twenty lodges, and the lists makes a fine show on paper; but their numbers have been dwindling for many years, and so have their funds. They can only show at the close of 1871 330 members and £70. They have long ceased to give any sick pay, and are kept up for the sake of the funeral money. They meet monthly in their lodges, and 2d. a member must be spent in drink. They are apt to consume this in spirits, and the secretary of one of the lodges complains that he has witnessed very unseemly sights in consequence of this rule. At the quarterly meetings each delegate (a woman) receives sixpennyworth of liquor. The balance sheet of the society is curious. The expenditure is made up of 19s. 3d. for liquor, 5d. for contribution cards, and 6s. for secretary's salary. No other benefits or disbursements. There are nineteen members, and the year's contributions amount to £3 18s. 6d.

A CALIFORNIA ROMANCE.

MARRIED TO A CONVICT.

The San Jose (Cal.) *Patriot* has been furnished with the following facts of one of the most romantic stories ever chronicled in this State. A year or more ago there resided in the town of Bennington, Vt., a widower named James Ward, and his daughter, Josephine, aged seventeen years. Ward was somewhat noted for his bravery during the rebellion, and having lost an arm during the first battle in the Wilderness, was considered a hero of more than ordinary merit. Josephine was then a lovely creature, innocent and guileless, and was considered the belle of the town. In June, 1873, there appeared in Bennington a book agent, who called himself Oscar Penn. He was about twenty-five years of age, well educated, good-looking and assuming. He remained in town several weeks, and during his peregrinations became acquainted with the fair Josephine. An intimacy followed which soon ripened into an offer of marriage. The young lady consented, conditionally, referring her suitor for a final answer to her father. Penn went to Ward, and in a few words stated the case to him. Ward took the matter very coolly, and told the young man that if his references were [illegible] ...his daughter's happiness in his hands. He would, however, give a definite answer within one week. The next morning Ward announced to his daughter that he intended to depart in the afternoon for Boston, to be absent four or five days. Not until Ward's departure did Penn speak to Josephine upon the subject of their marriage, and his interview with her father. He informed her that Ward had absolutely refused to give his consent to their nuptials, without assigning a single reason therefor. An elopement was subsequently agreed upon, and the pair were united in the holy bonds of wedlock.

In the meantime Ward visited the Chief of Police at New York, and learned that Penn was none other than a notorious confidence operator, who had served out one term in Sing Sing, and who was now wanted on several charges. Ward, in company with an officer, at once retraced his steps toward Bennington, to learn that his daughter had eloped with a convict. Ward hastily settled his business, and alone started in hot pursuit. He traced the fugitives to Chicago, but there lost track of them. He continued his search, however, with indefatigable zeal, but heard nothing of his lost daughter until February, 1874, when he was informed by an old friend, living near Watsonville, Cal., that the daughter had been seen some weeks before on the Southern Pacific Railroad cars going to Hollister.

Two weeks after the receipt of the letter Ward arrived in San Francisco. He lost no time in hunting up his Watsonville friend, and the two started out after tidings of the missing one. Below Hollister, on the Tres Pinos, they learned that a man and woman answering the description of Penn and Josephine had passed through that county some weeks before. Where they were going was a mystery. Ward continued his search in vain, travelling by night and by day, until suffering from misery and exhaustion, he, two weeks since, returned to his friend's home. While there he incidentally learned that a woman had been discovered four miles north of Salinas City dressed in men's clothes, and had been taken in by a Spanish ranchero until such time as would enable her to depart arrayed in the proper habiliments of her sex. Ward instantly set out for the ranch where the girl was temporarily sojourning. He found the place, entered the house, and there, stretched out upon a bed, in a high fever, was his own daughter. He sprang forward with a wild cry, and clasped her in his arms. She recognized the author of her being, and smiled faintly through her tears. The fair Josephine had changed greatly. Her form had lost its former perfect symmetry, and the hollow cheeks and dark rims about her eyes told too plainly of want and suffering.

Josephine soon related to her father the harrowing, romantic account of her married experience. After leaving home she and Penn departed for the great West. They stopped two days in Chicago, and then left for Kansas. There her husband got into some difficulty, the nature of which she never learned, and they were induced to leave at a moment's warning. In January, 1874, they arrived in San Francisco. [illegible] ...Here Penn finished his term and [illegible] ...seemed to have no visible means of support, yet always had money. Almost nightly he came home under the influence of liquor, and without the slightest provocation would shamefully maltreat her. In March she gave birth to a child, which, fortunately, lived but three days. For several weeks she was near death, and all this time there was no kindly hand to minister to her wants, or to cheer her in the hour of darkness and peril. Her husband's manner did not change during this time, and when she became well enough to walk, he inaugurated a reign of terror by assaulting her with a bootjack, which culminated in laying her senseless upon the floor. The sight of several persons coming toward the house, one of whom had been a witness to his cowardice and brutality, induced Penn to leave in a summary manner. He never returned. She slowly recovered, and being without money or friends, donned an extra suit of her husband's clothes, cut her hair short, and left on foot, in the night, for King's River. Here she hired out as a shepherd. She was green in the business, unused to out-door work, and at the end of two months was compelled to give up the job. She then left, still in male attire, for the coast counties, and, after many trials, reached Salinas City, without a cent in her possession. Here she gave vent to her despair. Alone, friendless and unprotected, she concluded that death, or that shameful life which leads to death, were the only alternatives left. She was afraid to die, she said, and so, without a recourse, she started out on foot, not caring whither she went or what fortune or misfortune befel her. She fainted on the wayside, and was taken into the house where her father found her. It is needless to say that her father forgave all, and Thursday's train carried James Ward and his daughter Josephine, bound for Bennington, Vt.

CROQUET.—It was in the summer of 1858 that the first set of croquet was imported into Toronto. It was regarded as an uninteresting sort of game, and the excellent lady who then dispensed the hospitalities of Government House found it an exceedingly difficult task to persuade enough persons to join in her new pastime to make a set. For ten years it languished more or less, but for the last six years has been attaining a popularity second to that of no outdoor amusement, not being a sport, played by the Anglo-Saxon race at home or in their transatlantic quarters. Its votaries are in every street, and the stroke of the mallet falls on the ear of the passerby from many a strange plot of ground, seemingly better calculated for drying clothes, or at most carrying the children's swing. Old and young, parsons and laymen, men and women, everybody nowadays has more or less acquaintance with the laws of croquet. It is true that not a few of the players present at a formal reunion are like the scotch trees on the lawn—bored to death; but "red's turn next" finds him or her forcing a melancholy interest in the stroke, while the real enthusiast hovers over the performance with the zest of a gambler watching the bias of a roulette ball. Canadian players have long suffered from having to use very inferior weapons; but now that on all hands a long plain heavy cylinder is acknowledged to constitute the most accurate and effective mallet for either weak or strong players, it is a matter for general congratulation that the firm of Warnock & Co., of Galt, are turning out large quantities of the orthodox weapon, neatly finished, balanced according to Cocker, and obtainable through Mr. Marshall, King street west. There will be no longer any excuse for the light, flimsy, fantastically indented tools placed in a player's hands by many well-meaning persons, who, at small cost, inflict a croquet party on their friends. And people are beginning to find out that if croquet is to be a romp, it is stupid. Without being made alarmingly serious, it demands the exercise of all our faculties, and a tolerably equal share of skill among the several participators in it. In addition, it wants good ground and good tools, and with these accessories, supplemented always with good temper, croquet is not always an unmitigated bore. Messrs. Warnock & Co. have done their share towards relieving this inevitable game of one of its worst features.

THE COMING MAN.—This morning a minor member of society, Johnny by name, and aged about six years, caught a chipmunk, tied a string around its neck, and a diminutive tin-pan to its tail. He poked out the off eye, so the animal couldn't see from that side, and altogether he was enjoying himself immensely in his own innocent way. Unfortunately Johnny's mother happened along while the circus was in operation, and she put an end to the performance. Taking her son upon her knee (not face down, for she does not believe in corporal punishment), she proceeded to show Johnny the error of his way by lecturing him thusly: "My darling, you should not torture the poor little animal in the manner you were doing; God made them, and they are under his charge. If you hurt them God will be angry with my pet, and then mother will be sorry. God loves all the little." When the harangue had reached this point the youth threw his little arms around his mother's neck and whispered, "Cheese it mamma; cheese it." *Eureka (Nev.) Gospel*.

The public debt of Mexico, acknowledged by the Government, amounts to $11,464,273, which, divided among 9,000,000 of inhabitants, would be but $1.13 per head.

PRESIDENT GRANT.

The Third Term Interview.

The following, from the New York *Herald*, is a full report of the late interview with President Grant, mentioned by telegraph, in relation to his candidacy for a third term of the Presidency:—

"A few days ago a leading Liberal Republican of the west, encouraged by instructions that President Grant was strongly inclined to a new political movement for a third term, came to Long Branch and called upon the President at his cottage to obtain his views upon the subject. The results of this conference, as given to the writer by a third party, an intelligent and responsible man, were these: After the usual introductory formalities, the Liberal Republican ambassador having stated the object of his visit and a desire for a free interchange of thought and suggestions, the President said that the country had manifestly had enough of the rule of the Republican Party; that the Party had fulfilled its mission and outlived its usefulness, and that the people, tired of the corruptions and demoralizations of the Republican Party in Congress, and tired of its extreme sectional [illegible] ...change. Next, to the course of the conversation, the President suggested that if the Liberal Republican Party would take the lead in nominating him upon the platform we have indicated he had no doubt of the success of the movement. The Liberal Republican negotiator submitted, however, that his Party was but a handful of men, and that of themselves, as a party, they could do nothing. The President replied that they were a respectable body of independent men, that their principles were acceptable to the people, and that in moving for his re-election in opposition to the regular Republican Party they would first bring over the Democratic Party, and that in the next place all the Southern States would support the movement; and, again, the moneyed interests of the country, desirous of avoiding any dangerous changes or experiments in our financial system, will support a new party which, while aiming to displace the Republicans, will support the President for another term as the national standard bearer of this new organization. The President also submitted that the Executive patronage would prove an element of considerable weight in this new party undertaking, and that, with all the forces to back it which he had indicated, defeat would be impossible and success certain.

"Furthermore, we are informed that when these high contracting parties separated it was with the promise on the one part that the Liberal Republicans, so far as directly represented in this conference, will move in behalf of General Grant for a third term, and with a promise on his part that to strengthen this movement the President will veto the Civil Rights Bill if passed at this coming session of Congress; will insist upon civil service reform, notwithstanding the objections of this Congress; will urge a universal amnesty in his next annual message, and to the extent of his power and resources will clear out the carpet-baggers and prove himself a true friend of the South and of Southern rights under the Constitution.

"We have this information, we repeat, from an intelligent and responsible man, who says that these things are true, and who believes that under the programme we have outlined, General Grant can and probably will be elected for a third Presidential term at the cost of the combined opposition forces against the Party in power. We learn further that the leading Republicans of the country—and of New York most prominently—are not only distrusted but indignant at this continued and mysterious silence of General Grant in reference to a third term; and that they are prepared to adopt and play the Liberal Republican against him in our November State elections. At all events the Liberal Republicans are now in the position of the man who held the gun, and Mr. Conkling may well feel a doubt whether or not Senator Sumter is the New York favourite of the administration. An active party politician, who pleads the plea that his mouth is sealed, says: 'Only see how we are to get in. If the President would only gracefully retire from the Presidential course we could, under the banner of Senator Conkling, [illegible] ...ought to know that in keeping silence on this momentous question of a third term he is playing the part of an armed neutral, armed against us; and he ought to know that the example of Washington in fixing the Presidential limitation at two terms has become as strong as the Constitution."

The Pleasures of a Garden.

(From the Cornhill Magazine.)

In the country there is a standing source of pleasure in the garden. Whether the space at a man's disposal be small or large there is always something to be done or to be planned in it. Assuming, of course, that it is something better than the mere patch before or behind a suburban villa, there is room for alterations if it be an old garden, for laying out if it be a new one, for judicious thinning if the trees are too crowded, for judicious planting if the ground is bare. In every season of the year there is some part of the garden that will give occupation either out door or indoor. You have newly come to your house in the autumn, and you find that the fall of the leaf has left a side of the house exposed which you wish to keep sheltered at all times. You have let the season for autumn planting slip by you; but there is employment for mild days in considering how your evergreens shall be grouped, and for winter evenings in comparing authorities to see which plants will suit your purpose best, and catalogues to ascertain the sizes which you can get them at starting, and the prices you will have to pay. Or you notice that evergreens are too predominant in your shrubbery, and that they need to be interspersed with trees, which shall give a thicker shade in summer and more varied tints in spring and autumn. You have now to calculate different rates of growth, lest you should be planting for posterity instead of for yourself, to consider whether you care more for trees which put out their leaves early or for trees which keep them late, whether you prefer mass or symmetry, whether you wish the variations of colour to be most conspicuous when the foliage is young or when it is fading. If former tenants have already pretty well covered the ground, you have still to consider whether the general plan of the garden may not be improved, whether the flower-beds shall be brought nearer the house or moved further away from it, whether space now wasted in useless paths shall be thrown into lawn, whether the paths that are kept shall be made to take a more convenient direction. Probably there is some sort of greenhouse about the place, or, if not, there is ground on which to build one and in considering how much you want in the way of glass and what use you propose to make of it—whether to grow plants which require heat or to be content with such as only require protection, whether to devote most of your space to modern flower-beds or to old-fashioned mixed borders, whether to put out your full strength in the spring or in the summer—it will be strange if a good many hours do not slip away almost unmarked. Then the winter is the time for the book-work of gardening, for benefiting by the advice of friendly experts, for arming yourself against the enemies, whether in the shape of frost or drought or insects, which are only waiting till the season of growth begins to put out all their strength against you. As the year goes on there is room for constant observation of your own success or failure, and of the points in which you can gain a hint from the experience of your neighbours. If there is much wall space about the house, how to cover it to the best advantage becomes a study of itself. If you have a special love for roses there is not a week, from the day in February when the trees are first pruned down to the day not far off from Christmas when the last bud which the frost has condemned never to open is sorrowfully gathered, that has not an interest of its own. All these pleasures relate to the intellectual side of gardening. There are as many on its physical side. No man enjoys a summer morning more than he who turns out the moment he has got his clothes on to note what progress has been made since yesterday. No man appreciates the cool of the late afternoon more than he who feels it approach midst the sound of trickling waterpots and the sight of reviving plants. The long saunter round the garden is interrupted at every step by the detection of something that he can do himself or must tell the gardener to do to-morrow. The knife, the scissors, the string, and the stick are never long in the pocket of the man who really loves gardening. There is always something to be done with one or the other of them. That tree wants pruning, those dead flowers want nipping off, that bent stem calls for support, that straggling branch has to be nailed in. It is the great merit of a garden that it adapts itself to every variety of income, and the more of your own labour you give to it the greater is the pleasure derived.

Immigration is being liberally encouraged by the South Australian Parliament, a vote of £30,000 for assisted and £5,000 for free passages having been adopted.

Prince Bismarck's son recently fought a duel with pistols, at Dusseldorf, with M. Zerskowan, an officer of infantry. The encounter took place at 6 o'clock in the morning, ten paces separating the combatants. Three shots were to have been fired by each, but the first shot of the German Chancellor's son took effect in his adversary's abdomen and soon afterwards proved fatal.

Comic Clippings.

(From Punch.)

A GOOD LISTENER.—Reverend Gentleman: "Well, Tim, did you leave the letter at the squire's?" Tim: "I did, your riv'rence. I b'lieve they're havin' dinner company, to-day—" Reverend gentleman, angrily: "What business had you to be listening about? How often have I told you—" Tim: "Plaze your riv'rence, I only listened with my nose!"

"LATEST THING IN STRIKES."—A deputation of laymen of a suburban parish waited on their beloved pastor, last week, and stipulated for sermons of not more than nine heads, and nine minutes' long, during the excessive heat!

"VERY HARD LINES."—"Well, Kirsty, how's business?" "Middlin', mem, jist middlin'. Some days we dae naething ava, an' ithers we dae twice as muckle."

IDOL MIO!—Said Angelina to Edwin, early in their honeymoon: "Parliament may pass a public worship bill, but there is no fear they will ever vote a private worship bill; and, even if there were, it should never prevent me, dearest, from worshipping you!"

CLERICAL MADCAPS.—A vendor of Ritualistic frippery advertises "birettas warranted not to fall off." If the public worship regulation bill becomes law, we should expect a decided falling off of birettas, among other articles of ritualistic man-millinery and tomfoolery.

IS IT POSSIBLE?—According to a writer in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, quoted in the *Pictorial World*, woman's face is shorter by a tenth than that of man. This statement will come as a surprise to those of us who know, experimentally, what a very long face a woman can pull.

AWKWARD.—"O, Edith, won't you kiss Dr. M'Cluskie?" "I'm so shy, mamma! You kiss him first!"

A BARGAIN.—Juvenile: "I say bobby, just give us a shove with this 'ere parcel on to this 'ere truck, and next time yer runs me in, *I'll go quiet!*"

A NAME OF OMEN.

A prophecy may in his name be seen,
For Bismarck's twice a target now has been!

THE ONLY VESTMENT FOR RITUALISTS.—Strait Waistcoats.

QUITE TOTHER.—Anti-Burger writes [illegible] ...Paul's is to be considered a "Wren-ovation."

BLOOD AND IRON.

When a sloid assassin great Bismarck dares fire on,
The joy that he's missed him is evidence good
That Germany still wants her Chancellor's *Iron*,
If Kullmann & Co. want her Chancellor's *Blood*.

NO ALTERNATIVE.

Ye Ritualists perpend the observation,
That "Alter cards" must lead to altercation.

A POINT OF SIMILITUDE.—Cabmen are at present a much more respectable class than they were formerly. Satire on their dishonesty would be now out of date. But men yet living may be able to recollect a caricature in the printshops, representing a cabman as being told to drive to the Old Bailey, and replying that he did not know where it was. An odious comparison is not to be drawn; but when, in the debate on the Public Worship Bill, Mr. Disraeli observed that the right hon. gentleman the member for Greenwich said that he did not know what Ritualism was, did not the Premier suggest a very striking resemblance, in point of innocence at least, between that right honourable gentleman and that cabman?

NOT QUITE SO GREEN.—A grocer was lately fined at the Kensington Petty Sessions for selling preserved green peas—which, on analysis, were proved to owe their colour to copper. The seller said he was assured by the importers that their colouring matter was only essence of spinach. We should rather say it was essence of gammon.

DE GROOT.

(Killed in Attempting to Fly.)

He who provides for all beneath the sky,
Made man to walk, as he made birds to fly;
Then let man stick to earth, and have the sense
Not to fly in the face of Providence!

TRUE AND FALSE TEETH.—A "Surgeon-Dentist's" advertisement in a daily paper thus commences: "Teeth.—The best is the cheapest." Not quite so. The best teeth are (not is) those which Nature supplies gratuitously. The cheapest teeth, at their very best, can only be second best.

QUESTION FOR COURT ABOVE.—It has been decided by several Judges that the owners of any place into which they admit people on payment of money, with the knowledge that betting is carried on in it, render themselves liable to fine and imprisonment. If this decision stand, how will it affect Hammersmith Bridge on the occasion of the University boat-race?

(From Fun.)

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ROAD.—Tram conductor (to 'bus ditto): "Go on, take it away; take it down to the stable and make a bobbin machine of it." (The answer was lost in the distance.)

OUR DOCTOR.—Street Arab (to friend): "See this yer swell a-goin'! Vere vell! 'e's my medikle man!" (Jones is surgeon to Blank prison.)

THE WEATHER.—Old Maltworm being asked how he contrived to keep cool this hot weather, said he did so by cask-aid. But he did not mean a waterfall.

OUR CURATE AT CROQUET.—Juliana: "That was a kiss, wasn't it, Mr. Chasuble?" Curate: "So slight I could hardly detect it!" Marie (aside): "Forward thing!" [illegible]

[illegible] ...often ends by dropping on him. Mrs. S. did.

The woman who buys her own wedding ring, because the man hasn't money enough, ought to get a keeper too.

Some men call all women ducks: they're geese. N.B.—This can be taken two ways, if well enough shaken.

There are only four letters in love, but generally a lot more in an action for breach.

(From the Hornet.)

SIGNS AND TOKENS.

When a friend to whom you have lent five shillings begins earnestly inquiring respecting the state of your health, it is a sign that he will not be able to repay the loan.

If your butcher makes a call, and talks about the badness of trade, it is a sign that he would like his little bill settled.

If you meet a policeman more than once on his beat, it is a sign that a kind cook is kept at one of the houses in the street.

If your wife demands why you object to cold mutton more than twice a week, it is a sign that she wants a new bonnet.

If a young lady asks you if you have seen the new play, it is a sign that she wishes you to treat her to a stall.

If a cabman "leaves it to you," it is a sign that he will not be content with his proper fare.

ANECDOTE OF DICKENS.—The Boston *Globe*, reviewing a "Bric-a-brac" volume on Charles Dickens, says: "A story which we do not remember to have seen elsewhere shows how Dickens was once taken for a passer of counterfeit coin, or in slang phrase, a 'smasher.' He had gone to bed at Gad's Hill, but being unable to sleep, he determined to get up, dress and walk to London, a distance of some thirty miles. Reaching the suburbs early in the morning, he ordered some refreshments at a coffee-house, tendering for the same a sovereign, the smallest coin he happened to have about him. 'It's a bad 'un,' said the man, biting at it and trying to twist it in all directions, 'and I shall give you in charge.' Sure enough the coin did have a suspicious look. Mr. Dickens had carried some substance in his pocket which had oxydized it. Seeing that matters looked awkward, he at once said, 'But I am Charles Dickens!' 'Come, that won't do,' said the coffee house keeper, 'any man could say he was Charles Dickens. How do I know?' The man had been victimized only the week previously, and at length, at Mr. Dickens' suggestion, it was arranged that they should go to a chemist, and have the coins tested with aquafortis. In due course, when the shops opened, a chemist was found, who immediately recognized the great novelist—notwithstanding his dusty appearance—and the coffee-house keeper was satisfactorily convinced that he had not been entertaining a 'smasher.' This story illustrates, also, the tension at which Dickens's powers always seemed to be, for what man would have walked at such an hour so far, unless he had been forced to it by nervous excitement. Arthur Helps said that during a walk with Dickens, the great novelist observed nine objects for every one that he, Mr. Helps, remarked. Blanchard Jerrold, in confirming this characteristic, said that, although a keen observer, he scarcely ever looked direct at anything. He saw everything at a glance, or with 'half an eye.' It was only on very particular occasions that he looked hard at anything. He had no need. He had one of those gifted visions upon which objects photograph themselves in rapid succession."

At the speech of the Governor at the Cape of Good Hope, on the recent opening of Parliament, it was stated that the revenues of the colony are annually increasing, and that about 800 miles of railway will at once be built at a cost of from £4,000,000 to £5,000,000.

A Miss Richards has just completed the task which was first accomplished in 1809 by Capt. Barclay, in England, of walking a thousand miles in a thousand consecutive hours. The feat was performed at Stapleton, near Bristol. This is the second time it has been done by a woman—the first event having taken place at Melbourne, Australia, several years ago.

According to the *North German Gazette* the German Ministry has ordered the police authorities to deal with Catholic associations as strictly as the law will permit. The Minister of Justice has instructed the public prosecutors to be very vigilant in regard to Ultramontane agitation, especially in the press, as illegal acts and serious crimes are attributable thereto.

The London correspondence of the *Graphic* tells of a very famous Greek bandit who acquired such a large fortune that he retired from the business and sent his daughter to London to finish her education; that process having been completed, she is now to be brought out as the Princess Pelko. The young lady is very handsome, and is the heiress of her very rich father.

According to a London correspondent the estimated value of all the diamonds which have been discovered at the diamond fields of South Africa during the last three years does not fall far short of ten millions sterling. Many of the gems are of inferior quality, that is to say, of yellowish colour. The largest pure white stone weighed between seventy and eighty karats, and the largest "off-coloured" 288½ karats. It is right to add that large gems are by no means exceptional, the discovery of stones of a weight varying from forty to eighty karats being common enough.