

other bullion to take its place. The effect, therefore, of the indemnity upon our bullion, and through it upon the money market, will be sharp, but its effect upon our loanable capital, and in consequence upon the money market, will be mild but lasting. By "loanable capital" we mean the aggregate sums standing to the credit of various persons in the ledgers of bill-brokers and bankers. If these persons choose to subscribe to the indemnity loan, a certain sum will be transferred from their credit to that of the agents for the loan in London. If this sum were at once to be removed from the London money market, it would undoubtedly be very great. Money is a very delicate article; a very little excess in the supply diminishes the value very much, and a small increase in the demand also augments it very much. A great deal of floating money is held at interest, and therefore must be used somehow or other. When bills or similar securities are few, the holders of such money compete for it very anxiously. On the other hand, when the stock of money is scanty, persons who must discount their bills to pay their own acceptances press for it very greedily. The money market is, therefore, one of the most sensitive markets; a little change either in supply or demand, produces an effect which would at first seem most unlikely. If, therefore, even a moderate part of the indemnity loan were subscribed in London, and taken off as a whole to Germany, the effect would be great. The total sum of the effect would be this—the immediate demand for a considerable sum in bullion will cause an important, though temporary, rise in the money here; and besides there will be a permanent tendency in the rate of interest to rise, for Germany will be steadily calling in by instalments the sum which England will owe her for the indemnity, but which for a time she will permit to remain here. And as this constant payment to Germany will be a regular diminution of our means, it will for some time to come tend steadily to augment the value of money.—*Economist*.

OBITUARY.

THE LAST OF AN OLD YOUNG MAN—BRIGHAM YOUNG GONE TO THAT BOURNE.

Brigham Young is no more. On yesterday night the wires brought us the sad intelligence that B. Young of Salt Lake City had passed to that bourne from which no married man returns, at this season of the year. He leaves a wife and one child. Brigham was born in Ohio, or somewhere along there in the year 1800. His parents had never been married more than once, but in that early day the people didn't know much about polygamy. Almost the first public act in life of the subject of this notice was a wedding, and he has been keeping such public acts up pretty well until yesterday, when grim death, that fellow destroyer got out an injunction on him, and put an end to

HIS PROTRACTED HONEY-MOONS.

He leaves two wives and three children. After Mr. Young had married eight or nine times, he collected his wives together and went to Nauvoo, Illinois, where it didn't make any difference to the neighbors how many wives a man had if he traded at the stores and paid up once in a while. The Young family, which was getting to be a high old family, remained at Nauvoo until some of the other Mormons were killed off by hanging, for horse stealing, and some such innocent pastimes, when Brigham

married a lot more, and concluded to set up house-keeping. But for a man with his

ASSORTMENT OF MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES.

and with his increasing juvenile responsibilities, Illinois looked too small, and so he packed up his wives and other household utensils and took the first train for out West. The first train was an ox train. The deceased leaves seventeen wives and three times that number of children. Arriving at Salt Lake, Mr. Young saw there was room for building up a colony and raising a family, which the narrow contracted prairies of Illinois did not give. So he set about marrying and building synagogues and irrigating the arid lands of the plains, and causing "the wilderness to"—but everybody knows that quotation about the wilderness

BLOSSOMING LIKE THE ROSE,

so it is unnecessary to incorporate it with this short notice. Mr. Young continued to thrive, and at the time of his death was estimated to be worth at least thirty wives and sixty-five children. His residence in Salt Lake City has been marred by no discord, no disunions, no nothing but wives. He has always held himself in readiness to marry any one that came along, his motto being never turn any woman away from his door unmarried. He was kind to a fault, and his sad death entails bitter anguish upon sixty-five wives, and in the neighborhood of two hundred children. And the poet says, and truly, too,

Mother, is the battle over?
You bet! Keno.

THE DYING COMMANDER.

It is a mark of a noble nature to be mindful of the comfort and convenience of others even in the smallest concerns of life. "Even a child is known by his doings." You may judge much of a boy's future character by the way he deports himself on the play-ground. One who is always choosing the best places for himself, jostling aside the poor and weak, sharing his good things with nobody, teasing and vexing those he can safely affront, has no nobility of soul, no generosity of character. A sordid, selfish manhood is the best you can expect of him.

I am confident that Sir Ralph Abercrombie was not such a school boy.—When he was mortally wounded on the battle-field, as his men were bearing him on a litter to his ship, a soldier's blanket was folded up and placed under his head, which much relieved his pain. He asked whose it was they placed there.

"Only a soldier's blanket," they answered.

"Whose blanket is it?" he inquired half raising himself.

"Only one of the men's."

"I wish to know the name of the man whose blanket this is" insisted the dying commander.

"It is Duncan Roy's of the Forty-second Sir Ralph."

"Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night," says the noble leader.

The comfort of one of his humblest soldiers was not too trifling to be thought of even in the agonies of death.

Children should remember this beautiful example of Sir Ralph when they are tempted to be careless of the happiness of others, even in little things.

The British cadets' sea-going training ship *Bristol* is ordered for a cruise to the North America and West India station.

THE DUKE D'AUMALE.

The whirligig of affairs in France in its latest revolution, says the *New York Post*, has brought uppermost as the possible president of the new French republic the Duc d'Aumale, who thus acquires at the present moment a greater interest in the eyes of the world than at any former period of his life.

The Duc d'Aumale is, perhaps the ablest of all the sons of Louis Phillippe. He was born in 1822, and at the age of seventeen entered the French army, in which service he continued until the downfall of the Orleans family in 1848.

His military career was passed altogether in Algeria, where according to the historians, poets and painters of the period, he won abundant laurels. His greatest achievement in arms was the capture of the camp of Ab-del-Kader, known as the battle of *Il Smala* in May 1843 which has been perpetuated by Horace Vernet on the largest canvass of modern art—a work that astonishes every visitor to Versailles. Ab-del Kader, when a prisoner in the hands of the French, was brought before this wonderful picture and on being asked his opinion of it, drily remarked that if he had been on the spot it would never have been painted.

The Duc d'Aumale was governor of Algeria at the time of the revolution of 1848, and maintained the supremacy of the French in the province until the arrival of his successor, General Cavaignac, when he went to England, where he has ever since lived, chiefly as the guest of the nation at Claremont.

His retirement has been thoughtful and studious beyond that of most men born in the purple who have come to misfortune—a retirement filled with literary occupations and prolific of essays on military operations and political philosophy, or memoirs of captive monarchs and fallen princes, and of pamphlets on the disturbed situation of Europe.

The Duke married in 1854 a daughter of Leopold, then King of the Two Sicilies, a lady but a few months younger than himself, and their one child is a boy born at Twickenham in 1854. Two years the senior of the Duke de Montpensier who killed Henri de Bourbon in the freshly remembered Spanish duel, has far more stability of character than that inflammable prince and is regarded as intellectually superior to his older brothers, the Duc de Nemours and the Prince de Joinville.

His nephew the Comte de Paris, the direct heir to the throne in the Orleans line, as sixteen years younger than the Duc d'Aumale in the event of the re-establishment of a monarchy in France, this Prince will probably come to the throne. That he is also a man of sagacity and culture, his letter addressed to the editors of the *Evening Post* on the future of France, and published in this journal several months ago, gave ample evidence.

Torpedoes have done nothing during the late war but destroy their friends. In that, however they have proved themselves pretty efficient and pay no regard to the armistice. Besides the many explosions during the war, another has just taken place at Kiel, where we believe two persons were killed; and now eight persons, including a staff major of engineers, have been instantaneously killed at Montchenin by the explosion of a torpedo inadvertently fired by a soldier who was about to drive a bolt in the same spot on the line of rails in which the torpedo had been placed for the purpose of blowing up the line at a junction.