

into her eyes as foreigners met her. A word to the driver seemed to occasionally escape her lips, but not once did she change her position. As we passed that portion of the boulevard which commands a view of the summer palace of the Khedive, we came upon two carriages that had stopped, that the occupants (English ladies) might enjoy the scene that spread before them. Giulia's brougham was but little in advance of ours, and from my seat I could see her speak to the driver. Instantly at her orders the grays wheeled to the side, and, without warning, the heavy brougham had crushed into the nearest of the standing carriages, and, the two ladies who sat there were overturned. Almost miraculously, no injury was done the ladies, and as they crept out from under the broken carriage, for the first time, I noticed that the Egyptian lady's carriage stood by. "I am Giulia, the wife of Arabi Pasha," I was astonished to hear her say in a melodious voice and with the utmost nonchalance. And then she was driven on. Call such an action incarnate devilry and you will not use truer words. It was an intentional indignity shown a Christian, a hateful reminder of the fact that the wife of a Minister of the Khedive despises Europeans of her sex. Such an act by a woman gives her portrait, and other cruel deeds are laid at Giulia's door.

There is no revenge more bitter than that of a Jewess, the wife of a Mu sulman and the disciple of the Moslem faith. It is an insanity, a feeling that because of a wrong of her past the property and lives of Christians must suffer. Doubtless she exulted over the riots in Alexandria, and I would not be surprised if she inspired them. Arabi has the name of being a gentle and not ill-disposed man, though an enthusiast in his particular hobbies. Kascal he is not, but he is under the truly malign influence of his wife. Great is her power, and something wonderful attaches to her life. Tewfik will not sanction the death of the husband of one who had been an inmate of his father's harem. If laws do not so read, yet such is the custom in Ispahan. But this is not all. Giulia had been the companion of the daughters of Abdul-Baluda the ladies Ibla and Burnese, at Constantinople. And all the East knows that man never loved sisters as Abdul Hamid loved his two unfortunate sisters. In Turkey the dogs and birds that a sister or daughter loved, are cherished by the husband and brother after her death, and you need not think it strange that the Sultan will protect Giulia, the favorite of the royal sisters, and will do his part to preserve the life of her husband, traitor though he is. This may be extravagant thought, but the West does not yet understand the East.—N. Y. Herald.

EASTERN SOLDIERS AND ENGLISH HEROES.

The lapse of a century and a quarter does not seem much to have improved oriental soldiers at the expense of those of the occident. Supposing Arabi Pasha's army to have numbered 40,000 men at Tel-el-Kebir—as, according to one Egyptian account, it did—it was beaten in a few minutes by about one-third that number of Englishmen. At Plassey, in 1757, 3,100 Englishmen and Sepoys, under Clive, defeated more than 40,000 Hindoos, in an hour. Less than a thousand of Clive's force was English, and the other 2,200 were Sepoys, or natives of India trained after the English manner. It is very difficult ever to say what is the numerical force of an oriental army. Thus, the force of Arabi Pasha at Tel-el-Kebir, has been stated at 26,000, by Sir Garnet Wolseley; but an Egyptian, who should have known of what he spoke, said it was 40,000. At Plassey, according to Clive, the Indian army consisted of 50,000 men, besides artillery; but Mr. Jas. Mill, in his history of British India (Vol. III., p. 189, Wilson's edition,) says that the Hindoo force consisted of 65,000 men, without counting artillery. The same authority puts Clive's army at 3,100 men, of whom 900 were English infantry, artillery and sailors, and 2,200 were Sepoys. Macaulay makes the Nabob's army 55,000 strong, not counting artillery. That was the first occasion on which an English regiment of the regular army ever appeared on an Indian field. "Conspicuous in the ranks of the little (English) army, says Macaulay, "were the men of the Thirty Ninth Regiment, which still bears on its colors, amidst many honorable additions won under Wellington in Spain and Gascony, the name of Plassey, and the proud motto, *Primus in India*." The battle has been described as nothing but a distant cannonade, and the description is almost literally correct, for when Clive advanced, toward the close of the day, he did so under the conviction that he was about to be joined by a considerable part of the Indian army, which really was moving off. These two facts—the retreat of some of his own troops and the advance of the English—caused the Nabob to fly, when his army received orders to fall back, which were but too well obeyed. There seems to be some doubt whether Clive advanced on seeing the enemy fly, or that the enemy fled because he charged. The victory was won in a moment—so quickly, that even the vanquished lost only 500 men. Mill says that Clive had only sixteen of his Europeans killed or wounded, and only fifty-two of his Sepoys. Macaulay declares, when speaking of the Hindoos, "their camp, their guns, their baggage, innumerable wagons and cattle, remained in the power of the conquerors. With the loss of twenty-two soldiers killed and fifty wounded, Clive had scattered an army of nearly sixty thousand men, and subdued an empire larger and more populous than

Great Britain." The prize was the mighty Province of Bengal, and which, if it contained 30,000,000 people in 1757 (as James Mill says it did), must have been almost, if not quite, twice as populous as were all the British Islands, even later. There was no essential difference between the Indian battle and the Egyptian battle, as respects details, the English winning the land and laurel in each, and the vanquished army going to pieces after Tel-el-Kebir exactly as it had gone to pieces after Plassey; but we think the victors of Plassey are entitled to the greater praise, as what they did was something quite new, and the result of a course of action which even Clive, one of the boldest of men, apparently thought was of doubtful propriety. No pitched battle had then been fought between an English army and oriental army, so that what was done at Plassey was strictly experimental; and suppose that the decision had been adverse to the English on the 23rd of June, 1757? Probably the British empire in India never would have been heard of, and the Hindoos would have been left to destroy themselves. But Clive's great successes—leaving aside what he had accomplished a few years earlier—taught the English how to vanquish every foe that they encountered in the East; so that they became full of the most disdainful confidence, which endures to this day, and certainly will last for two or three generations more—or even for ever, as men consider for ever. It is possible that the English would have beaten the Egyptians had they never made a campaign in the East; but having made fifty successful Eastern campaigns, they were sure to defeat them utterly, for they had all these campaigns behind them, calmly impelling them on to assured victory. Some day this assurance may take the English into danger. We can remember the first Afghan war, when an English repulse was supposed to be the beginning of the end of the white faces. We can, too, remember the rough fights with the Sikhs, which were set down as preparing the way for the fall of the English, but which proved to be nothing of the kind, but worked well for them when the Sepoy Mutiny came. So we are not indisposed to agree with those who think that the masters of the East are very certain to retain their ascendancy for a long time to come. It would not be strange were the victory of Tel-el-Kebir to prove as effectual, and as long lived as that of Plassey, and were Egypt to become what India is—and to be to the English what she was to the Romans in the seven centuries that followed Actium.—Boston Traveller.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S EARLY FRIEND.

Fourteen years ago, when Chester A. Arthur was a struggling local politician in New York, of what is known there as the Custom House variety, he numbered among his friends the mate of a vessel, named Kennedy, whose influence Arthur had often occasion to use when circumstances required the votes of the floating population of the harbour front. Just about that time, Arthur made an unsuccessful effort to obtain some minor municipal appointment. The mate consoled with his political friend upon his disappointment, and soon after sailed for Washington with a cargo of hardware. While ascending the Potomac, a block and tackle fell upon the mate's head, indenting his skull in such a manner that the man became practically an idiot, and was placed in the District of Columbia Insane Asylum. A short time ago, the famous surgeon, Dr. Cross, of Philadelphia, visited the asylum, examined the case, and straightway performed an operation invented by himself, which resulted in the almost immediate return of the patient's reason, the intervening fourteen years being, of course, a complete blank. A day or two after his recovery, the mate walked out and began strolling through the Capitol Building. Almost the first person he beheld was President Arthur, who was just leaving the executive chamber in the senate wing. "Why, how are you, Kennedy?" said the first citizen, extending his hand. "Glad to see you." "Howdy, old man!" said the sailor: "how's things? Got a job yet?" "Well, I believe I have," said the executive, with a smile, "a pretty good job, too. You must come up to the White House to me." "To the White House!" repeated the mariner. "Yes, ask for my private secretary, he'll show you right in," and the President walked on. "Poor old Chet! clean gone, clean gone," mused the mate. "Actually believes himself to be President of the United States. Smart man once, too. That just shows you, gentlemen," he continued, turning to the bystanders, "that just shows you what politics and disappointments will bring a man to. Poor old Chet!"

A NEW METHOD OF STOPPING STEAMERS.

An ingenious gentleman has recently patented an invention which may prove of very great value. By a simple, but it is claimed efficient contrivance, he has suddenly, and without danger, arrested the course of steamships while going at full speed, and enabled them to change their course. The means employed to effect this are a simple arrangement of fans attached to the stern post, which expand when required. There can be no doubt that the invention will be very useful in arresting collisions and other disasters to which steam vessels are subject. A brief account, from a Boston Exchange, of the first experiment to which the invention was subjected, will be found below:—"At nine o'clock the signal to start was given and away went the

vessel past Fort Independence and out into the middle of the harbour. Just then the pilot blew a whistle of warning to notify those on board that he was about to test the faith of the invention, and in another moment there was the slightest perceptible lurch and the vessel stood still in the water. By actual measurement the steamer had not drifted over ten feet before the engineer was enabled to reverse and change the direction of the vessel. The engine on the steamer was sixty horse power and the vessel was going at the rate of twelve miles an hour at the time, which is the limit of her speed. She was put about again and the experiment repeated with greater success the steamer not going over ten feet after the "fans" were let go. Again and again was the test applied until it was fairly decided that the introduction of the brake in no way affected the construction of the vessel nor damaged it in any manner. Mr. McAdams, who was on board the "City Point" then ordered the engineer to start his vessel, let go his fans and keep up his steam to see if the vessel would go forward, but with all the force applied the steamer refused to budge, and stuck like a rock in the water. The invention consists of a pair of iron shutters or fins, the area of which is in direct ratio with the size of the ship, and hinged one on each side of the stern post. They shut close to the sides of the vessel and are kept up by a simple apparatus on deck, which is connected with the pilot house. When the signal is given to "let go" the stays connected with the fins allow them to open at right angles and cause the stoppage of the vessel almost instantly. The water, being a yielding body, acts as a spring or cushion and none of that jarring or shock is experienced such as is felt on a railway when the brakes are applied. In the opinion of the inventor there is no excuse for collision with such a device. Many of the collisions reported on investigation showed that the pilot had over five minutes warning to allay the speed of his vessel and avert disaster, but was unable to do so in that space of time. The present contrivance is guaranteed to stop any vessel, no matter what size or rate of speed, inside of her own length at least, and yesterday's experiments certainly proved the truth of the inventor's plea."

SERJEANT BALLANTINE'S EARLY LIFE.

I cannot say that I burnt much midnight oil. No attorney, late from the country, ever-routed me out and thrust a heavy brief into my hands—a circumstance which we have heard has so often been the origin of success to eminent lawyers. My establishment was limited. I shared with some half dozen other aspirants to the bench what in Temple parlance is called a laundress, probably from the fact of her never washing anything. I fancy that her principal employment was walking from my chambers to the pawnbroker's, and thence to the gin-shop. At the end of a short period, my property, never very extensive, was reduced to little more than a pair of sheets, a teapot, and a coal-scuttle, over which it was pleased Providence that she should tumble downstairs, and the injuries then sustained relieved me from her future attendance. A mischievous little urchin cleaned my boots and was called clerk. My means were extremely limited, and it may interest my readers to know what my professional earnings were during the first three years of my career. I was called to the bar in June, having attained the mature age of 21 the preceding March. Between that period and the following Christmas I made 4½ guineas, the second year I made 30 guineas, and the third 25. I am afraid that I must admit that I did not measure my expenditure by my income. My father had undertaken to furnish my chambers, and one of the principle articles he sent me was a horsehair arm-chair with only three legs, upon which I got so accustomed to balance myself that I scarcely felt safe on one furnished with the proper complement. He also had promised certain assistance by way of income, upon which promise I lived; but it was something like the income allowed to the Hon. Algernon Percy Deucease by his father, the Right Hon. the Earl of Crabs, recorded in the veritable history of Mr. Yellow Plush. I possessed one confiding tradesman. His name was Gill; he lived close by in Essex Court, and, fortunately for me, dealt in almost every article. Gill was my recourse for everything from pats of butter to blacking. At last, after long suffering, he struck, shaking his head when I told him of the client I expected. On the afternoon after this event I was balancing myself upon my three-legged chair in melancholy mood, and wondering whence my dinner would come, when a knock sounded at my door, and a clerk from Messrs. Gilby & Allan, blessed be their names! brought me, and paid for, three half-guinea notions. With this mine of wealth in my pocket I determined to enjoy myself luxuriously, and accordingly went to Hancock's an establishment I have already described. The glorious repast still remains embedded in my memory—twice of saddle of mutton; I am afraid to say how many helps of Jam tart. After a handsome honorarium of threepence to Mary, who had never looked coldly upon me in my worst hours of impecuniosity, I had still 25s. left. Wretch that I was, I forgot the patient Gill, and found my way into one of those sinks of iniquity, a gambling house in Leicester Square, and came out possessed of £35. I was a millionaire. Gill once again smiled upon me, and the penny roll and pat of butter upon my breakfast table next morning testified to his restored confidence.

AN ARTISTIC PIANO.

The *Decorator and Furnisher*, the latest and most magnificent of our trade journals, has a collection of articles and illustrations which will suit every taste. It makes numerous valuable suggestions respecting all kinds of decorations, and asks, "Why not make pianos somewhat artistic?" Mr. Alma Tadema, the well-known painter, has devoted some attention to this subject, and a piano in his own house is a marvel of taste. It is thus described by a correspondent:

"To render Townshend House complete, musically as well as artistically, Mr. Alma Tadema recently gave Messrs. John Broadwood & Sons the commission to make this remarkable instrument, after the design and drawings of Mr. C. E. Fox, an architect who is engaged in restoring the internal decoration of Warwick Castle. The room the pianoforte stands in being in the Byzantine style with gold walls and ceiling, the design of Mr. Fox, including the seat for the player, an essential part of it, is in perfect keeping, and fulfils the intentions of the owner, at the same time not in any way losing its independence from mere furniture as a musical instrument. The usual form of Broadwood's grand piano has been preserved, but the supports are of more substantial and truly architectural character, the columns being alternately of rosewood and ebony, while the instrument, case and cover or top, is of oak. The very large masses of fine ivory employed in the carved acanthus ornament of the sides of the keyboard and about the seat, itself almost a throne, first attract the eye, and this material is carried round the frieze of the case in tear-drops, a suggestion from St. Sophia at Constantinople.

"The sides of the case are paneled, and the carved side bears, in addition, devices presenting the lark, owl, and cuckoo, with their characteristic notes in old musical notation. The top is adorned with geometrical patterns in mahogany, whitewoods, ebony, tortoise-shell, and mother-of-pearl, in jewel-like effect; gilding and brass have also their place in this sumptuous masterpiece. Inside the piano, the iron framing, plate and tension bars, are painted with a beautiful pattern. The old harpsichords had frequently paintings, and sometimes by eminent masters, on the underside of the top, shown when that covering was raised for performance. Mr. Tadema, with the happy invention which characterizes him, has had sheets of vellum framed to enhance the musical value of the instrument by the approving signatures of his musical friends who have played upon or in concert with it. Already the autographs of Mlles. Mehlig, Krebs, and Jonath; Messdames Essipoff and Haas; Messrs. Joachim, Sara-sate, Scharwenka, Heuschel, and others known to fame, are conspicuous upon it.

"Behind a satin curtain, with rare gold embroideries, a Byzantine window has recently been constructed, that lights piano and room through beautiful glazings of Mexican onyx. The initials of Mr. L. Alma Tadema have been frequently and tastefully employed in the monogram and other devices about this superb production of Messrs. Broadwood, the whole of the work, including the decoration, having been accomplished by them. Since the pianoforte has been at Townshend House, Mr. Alma Tadema has commissioned the Neapolitan sculptor, Prof. Amendola, to execute a silver plaque in high relief, representing the Drowning Orpheus borne upon the waves towards the Thracian shore. This fine work is let into the panel at the narrow end of the instrument, and adds an additional interest to it."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Queen of Spain has a daughter.
THE steamer *Austral* foundered in Sydney Harbor.
THE Rev. Father Stafford died at Lindsay, Ont., on the 12th.
A MADRID despatch says the Carlist party has reached a state of final dissolution.
THE crucifixes have been removed from the primary schools of Paris.
ALL the Powers except France have agreed to England exercising sole control in Egypt.
AN attempt was made on Saturday to assassinate Judge Lawson in Clare street, Dublin.
THE fire in the cargo of the steamer *Propitious*, at Liverpool, has been extinguished.
THE Kurdish Chief Obeidullah has left Van, accompanied by the Sultan's secretary, for Mossoul.
THE news that Hanlan intends to settle permanently in New York is not credited in Toronto.
A formidable revolutionary movement has broken out in the Baltic Provinces of Russia, directed by the Nihilists.
A DURBAN despatch says the Boers have completely defeated the native chief Montsiva, and occupied his territory.
GEN. STONE PASHA will probably be Chief of Staff in the army being organized for service in Soulan against the False Prophet.
IT is said that the Canadian Pacific Railway intend removing the blacksmith shops from Prescott to Montreal early next spring.
THE officers and crew of the British man-of-war *Flying Fish* are to be decorated by the Japanese Government for conveying their envoy to the Corea during the recent outbreak.