

WAR INCIDENTS.

A Lombard telegram from Cassel says that the Emperor Napoleon will shortly take his departure from Wilhelmshohe for England.

The *Gironde* announces that it is the intention of M. Thiers to offer the Ministry of Public Worship to Bishop Dupanloup.

M. Crémieux has signed an order setting at liberty Beresovsky, who was sentenced to imprisonment for an attempt upon the life of the Emperor of Russia.

Neither General Trochu nor General Ducrot is included amongst the officers who are prisoners of war. Neither was in command at the moment of the capitulation; both are, therefore, excepted as private individuals.

The exact list of civilians killed or wounded by the bombardment of Paris is as follows:—107 were killed outright—31 children, 23 women, and 53 men; 276 were wounded—36 children, 92 women, and 148 men.

The *Havas Correspondence* says that in his correspondence with M. Jules Favre it appears that Count Bismarck has disclosed the fact that Prince Napoleon had offered himself to Prussia, not as Regent of France under the Prince Imperial, but as successor to Napoleon III., with the full Imperial power.

General Ducrot is reported much better, and is now at his own house in Paris. He has sent a letter to General Moltke by MM. de Chabannes and de Gaston, his *officiers d'ordonnance*, claiming to be tried by a Council of Honour, composed of Prussian officers, in order to determine publicly whether he did wrong in escaping from Pont-à-Mousson.

The Germans say "Unless we march through Paris the Parisians will deny that we ever took it." Already *La France* says:—"The Prussians have no right to march through Paris; the Prussian has not taken Paris—it is famine. The Prussian army parading through Paris, before which it has militarily failed, will be a vexation which will dishonour Germany more in the eyes of Europe than humiliate France."

Eight hundred letters, says the *Rappel*, have lately reached Paris from the provinces, by a singular mode of transport. The carriage which brought them was a zinc ball twenty-five centimetres in diameter, and the rail on which it ran was the current of the Seine. It had occurred to M. Steenackers to fill two hollow hemispheres with letters and then solder the two together. These hemispheres had little wings like those of a mill-wheel. The weight was calculated so that this ball thrown into the Seine moved at a certain depth below the surface. The current striking the wings made it progress rapidly. The postal administration in Paris was informed of the plan, and had the balls sent by M. Steenackers fished up at a water-gate contrived on purpose.

The war correspondents of the London papers have all come home, and they are all hard at work preparing books in which they mean to recoup themselves for the long reticence which was forced upon them by their late Prussian hosts. One of them, an officer in Her Majesty's service, says that the horrors he saw and wrote of had all disappeared from his letters when published in the paper sent to. He vouches for having seen thirty-five franc-tireurs stripped naked by the Prussian captors, and laid upon their faces in the snow. Sentries were placed over them, with orders to shoot them if they stirred. This went on for a whole night, and in the morning they were all turned over, when three were found still to show signs of life. The terrible drama was then finished by the Prussian sentinels deliberately passing their bayonets through the bodies.

Much of the success of the German armies is attributable to the excellence of their maps, and a Bavarian officer, in a letter to the *Military Journal*, gives some particulars of them. At the beginning of the campaign more than 100,000 maps were served out to the Bavarians by the Topographical Department. As the troops advanced into the enemy's country, and wherever a new strategical combination occurred, maps were supplied showing the position of the smallest hamlet which they would have to traverse. The scale of these was 1 in 80,000. The army investing the capital is still in possession of a plan of Paris on the scale of 1 in 40,000. There is also a map giving a general and detailed view of the most distant spots, traced from the French official atlas, on the scale of 1 in 320,000. The Topographical Department at Berlin had been engaged for years in reproducing this map on the original scale, and the Prussian Staff were consequently able to distribute more than 2,000,000 copies at the beginning of the war. Hemp paper was employed, in order that they might be put in circulation immediately after they were printed, and they occupy scarcely a quarter so much space as maps pasted on canvas, besides saving the expense of mounting. Worn-out or lost maps are promptly replaced by others, which are supplied at a low price by the Staffs.

A MORTGAGE ALBUM.—Mr. W. H. Russell, writing from the German headquarters at Versailles, in the *Times*, says:—"After dinner last evening there was produced at headquarters a massive album, as large as a quarto edition of the Bible, and elaborately bound in embossed leather. In the centre of the cover were the arms of Saxony; on the four corners is the insignia of the iron cross. The officers stood round the table as the album was opened, and I thought it contained scenes in the war; but on the pictures being exhibited, I saw that each was a large-sized photograph, and I was informed that it was the likeness of a Saxon officer killed during the present campaign. Portrait after portrait was taken out for a quarter of an hour. It was a sad sight. Most of the originals were very young men when they fell, and had been the comrades of the officers who were now, and more than one of them with wet eyes, gazing on the portraits. I expressed my surprise at the number of these mortuary photographs, and was told that they represented only one half the officers who had fallen. Another such volume would be filled before the sad series would have been completed up to the present time. Short of seeing the dead bodies of these victims, nothing could have brought home to one's mind with more painful vividness the widespread mourning which this war must be causing in Germany. Be it remembered that those gentlemen were all commissioned officers in a single Army Corps. What if we had the portraits of all the rank and file killed in this same corps! What a lesson might be learnt from such a gallery!"

VARIETIES.

A mot is current in Paris about Valérian. Why did it surrender? *Parce qu'il valait rien.*

In the year ending the 4th of February 9,460,338 messages were forwarded from postal telegraph stations in the United Kingdom.

The *Musical Standard* says one of the streets of Naples is to be named after Mercadante, and a monumental stone is to be set up to the memory of the master.

Morning performances in theatres are becoming fashionable in London. They have been established at the Gaiety, and are about to commence at the Olympic.

An American paper, describing a funeral procession, says—"The procession was very fine, and nearly two miles in length; as was also the prayer of Dr. Perry, the chaplain.

A new novel in German, by Michael Burger, entitled *Hann and Sedan*, is based upon the career of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. It is published in Vienna, and appears in weekly numbers.

An elector in Paris voted the following ticket—"Moi, Bismarck, Guillaume!" According to the *Soir*, it took a quarter of an hour to decide whether this vote should be annulled or not.

Mr. Froude has in preparation a second series of *Short Studies on Great Subjects*. It will appear in London in April or May, and will be immediately reprinted by Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co.

The author of *Gin's Baby*, the last English literary sensation, is a young London barrister of the name of Jenkins. He is the son of a Montreal clergyman, and correspondent for the *Gazette* of this city.

Cham represents in *Charivari* a Paris father striving to escape with his child from a shower of projectiles. "What are those things falling around us?" asks the child. "My son," answers the father, "it is the final bouquet of the great fire-works in honour of St. Napoleon."

"A Parish Priest," in the *Guardian*, after animadverting upon the selection of a day in Lent for the Royal marriage, says that "When the Establishment is gone, then Royal marriages (for which Lent appears to be the only available season) will have to be solemnised either by Dr. Norman Macleod or the registrar."

The *John Bull* says that the Queen has been pleased to command a tunic and trimming of guipure of Carrickmacross lace, for the trousseau of her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, from the Bath and Shirley Industrial School, situated on the estate of Mr. Shirley, of Eatington, at Carrickmacross, in the county Monaghan, Ireland.

We hear that an enterprising merchant, near Dublin, has perfected a plan, which he has patented, for making paper from timber, which appears to be as good as that made from rags. Deal boards are chopped up into fibre, and then placed in a boiler at 200lbs pressure. It then assumes the form of a rich, cream-coloured pulp. The inventor is, it is said, about to manufacture this paper on a large scale.

The other night, two countrymen, evidently from the rural districts, went into the telegraph office at Aroostook, Maine, for the purpose of sending a dispatch. The message was taken by the operator, and the pair proceeded down stairs. They had just reached the sidewalk, when the gong at the "Snell House" was sounded for tea. Whereupon, one of the pair went into the air several feet, exclaiming, "By Jerusalem! there it goes, Jim!"

Mr. Gladstone persists in his refusal to state whether he is a Roman Catholic or not. The Huntingdonshire Protestant Association are of opinion that the Premier is bound by his high position in the State to answer the question, and a resolution to this effect having been forwarded to him, the right hon. gentleman has replied that he "does not think it necessary to return any answer, direct or indirect, to the inquiry."

A TIGER STORY.—The *Neilgherry Excelsior* is responsible for the following:—"A gentleman who was going down the Goodaloor Ghaut during the late dark nights, thought he saw the branch of a tree on fire. Having forgotten his match-box—this was a most providential occurrence—he drew his cigar-case, took a cigar, and went up to the fire to light it. Something snatched the cigar from his hand and bolted. It was a tiger, whose eyes the gentleman had mistaken for the branch on fire!" Either the tiger has a taste for tobacco, or the gentleman has a partiality for strong drinks.—*Madras Mail*.

Some years ago when a celebrated German philosopher visited Oxford, he astonished a company of dons who were discussing theology by the exclamation "the devil!" "Have you a devil still in England? Why we have had no devil in Germany for twenty years." The Rev. A. Reville, D.D., might have prefaced his work, "The Devil: His Origin and Decadence" (Williams & Norgate) with this little story; for although the author gives us his Satanic Majesty's biography, he does not believe in his existence. The book is a reprint of two lectures delivered at Strasburg before the war, and it is a very curious and interesting volume.

The following curious document is in the latest issue of the secret papers of the Tuileries. The author of the letter is M. Louvet, who was a member of the "Liberal" Ollivier Ministry, and it was written four months before the birth of the Prince Imperial.—Saumur, November 17th, 1863. Sire.—The Church of Puy, Notre Dame, near Saumur, possesses one of the most precious relics of Christianity—I mean a girdle of the Holy Virgin, given by William VI., Duke of Aquitaine, who brought it from the Holy Land. According to tradition it was woven by Mary herself. The archives of the Church of Puy and many other historical documents attest the authenticity of this relic. The Kings of France in all time had great faith in this girdle. Anne of Austria wore it at St. Germain in 1682, when she gave birth to the Prince who became Louis XIV. If Sire, it would be agreeable to you to place her Imperial Majesty under the protection of this relic during the great event which is about to crown your domestic happiness and consolidate the repose of France, I feel sure that the *cure* and the bishop would be most happy to comply with your Majesty's desire. I have the honour to be, &c., The Mayor of Saumur, Deputy to the Corps Législatif, LOUVET." This record does not say whether the offer was accepted.

you wind up the entertainment by a rousing fit of hysterics, and there is straightway much odour of hartshorn and burnt feathers and Florida water commingled with the up-coming steam of the evening soup. While for an afterpiece there is a late dinner and much scuffling, and subdued riot of sniggering in the kitchen, and much fetching of this and holding of that, and for an instant a wicked, wicked thought flashes across the mental vision of *Der Mann*, a thought wherein the State of Indiana is remotely connected with the holy state of matrimony; but only for a brief second does this diabolical suggestion rest in his mind. He resigns it quickly with a sigh, for he knows exactly that the verdict would be, simply, "BRUTE!" in the largest and most emphatic of type.

These last mentioned alarming symptoms have entirely and effectually taken the remaining starch out of *Der Mann*, and he sits gravely down to consider from his point of view whether it really is best to decide on ruffles or puffs. But some men take things differently. I have seen a very mild-mannered man precipitate himself into a sea of blasphemous profanity, with a sudden and fearful recklessness of consequences, on having the simple question of ruffles *versus* puffs "put to him" properly in a feeling manner. And still the question is unanswered, the riddle remains unsolved, the awful demon is not laid by even the exorcism and burnt feathers of hysterics. The best authorities, nay, all the authorities, are eagerly consulted on this vexed question, but with the same vacillating results.

"Puffs undeniably," says Butterick, with his nose in the air, and the attitude of one who knows which is which (I don't, *par exemple*). "Ruffles" is the simple counsel of the laconic Leslie, who takes a good deal after the style of Mr. F.'s aunt.

"Neither puffs nor ruffles are now seen to form the adornment of full dress, evening or dinner suits. Even in demitoye they are not admissible, and for promenade suits they are entirely discarded by all ladies with any pretensions to good taste or fashionable attire. Plain bias folds of the goods (lined with foundation), headed by a French roll or binding of satin of a darker shade, entirely supersede all the older and more ragged forms of trimming." Thus the diffuse Demorest—

Who makes up grand clotheses,
And sews for Sorosis,
And whose daughter Vienna
Plays on the piano.

"Puffs, ruffles, bias bands and folds of satin with pinked out narrow flounces are all neat and beautiful trimmings, and are as fashionable as ever," quoth the cautious *Bazar*, which ought to know its own mind and thinks it does, and is determined to be in the fashion anyhow. Then, again, there is a costume in a glass case on the second floor, at Stewart's, marked one thousand dollars, and said to have come recently from Worth in a special balloon; and it is so bedecked with a profusion of frills, ruffles, puffs, tucks, flounces, bows, *bouillonnées*, that its own mother would not know it; while in another adjoining glass case, and staring the befuddled brown one of countenance, is a rich and gorgeous violet silk, also said to be a child of the mysteriously prolific Worth, and it is as naked of ornament as the day it was born. Is it any wonder then, I ask in all seriousness, that a visit to Stewart's often sends a woman of an undecided turn of mind home sick and nervous? Solomon could not fathom the depths within depths in a woman's heart, nor the wayward intricacies of a woman's mind. Which of us can do it? Who was the nearest to ever understanding female nature? Worth, perhaps. Therefore, O ye husbands, it is your bounden duty to help her out of the little incidental difficulties which hamper her preparations to make a sensation at the Arion or the Liederkrauz or the Baxter. Feel for her in her praiseworthy efforts to humiliate her natural enemies, the wives and female belongings of all your friends, and in her heroic effort to get at least half a column of closely-printed matter all about her magnificent toilette in the next *Sunday Mercury*. Or if you cannot take upon yourself to decide the problem of ruffles *versus* puffs, why fetch her a handsome diamond necklace or some such trifling mark of your appreciation of her struggles after light.—*New York Citizen*.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* gives the following curious paragraph from the *Morning Post* of Nov. 7, 1796:—

A CURIOUS BILL.

The following curious bill was last week presented for payment by a person employed by the Treasury to write paragraphs for the ministerial journals:—

	£	s.	d.
To poisoning Buonaparte, three times.....	0	1	7
To assassinating ditto, twice.....	0	1	0
To defeating ditto, seven times.....	0	5	9
To making the Army of the Sambre and Meuse lay down their arms.....	0	1	6
To surrounding Moreau.....	0	0	8
To taking ditto prisoner.....	0	1	0
To making an Insurrection at Paris.....	0	3	6
To cutting off the heads of the Directory.....	0	5	0
To poisoning ditto.....	0	2	6
To massacring all the Convention.....	0	4	0
To insinuating that the P— of W— beat his Wife.....	0	7	6
To making all the people dislike him.....	9	10	6
To an attack upon the Queen.....	1	1	0
To saying that Mr. Fox was bribed by the Convention to contend for Peace.....	0	2	6
To saying he was bribed by ditto to oppose Peace.....	0	2	6
Total, one week.....	3	10	6

Paragraph writers in 1796 were, as we know, not over particular concerning private reputations, though they evidently understood how to place a value upon the character of the Queen of England. Inventions about a Bonaparte, it would seem, paid very badly in 1796, but, by the extent and variety of them in the present day, it may be assumed that they pay rather well.

Mr. Hartman, who has for some years been residing at Lord Morley's beautiful seat, Saltram, near Plymouth, has left it and has gone to reside in a small cottage in France, in order that he may devote the income derived from his large estates in Alsace to the benefit of his ruined fellow-countrymen.