"HIE UPON HIELANDS."

Hie upon Hielands,
And low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
Rade out on a day.
Saddled and bridled
And gallant rade he;
Hame cam' his gude horse,
But never cam' he!

Out cam' his auld mither,
Greeting fu' sair;
And out cam' his bonnie bride
Rivin' her hair.
Saddled and bridled
And booted rade he,
Toom hame cam' the saddle [empty],
But never cam' he!

"My meadow lies green,
And my corn is unshorn;
My barn is to big [build],
And my babie's unborn."
Saddled and bridled
And booted rade he;
Toom hame cam' the saddle,
But never cam' he!

Our Paris Letter.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

The Catholic Workmen's Clubs in France are based on the principle of making the best of both worlds; they are specially under the wings of the bishops, ex-captain de Mun being secular director in chief. A recent meeting of the Club at Chartres has drawn attention to the associations in general; it was held under a tent, pitched in the garden of the episcopal palace, which like the cathedral alongside, is of course the property of the State. In presence of the bishops and the diocesan clergy, the Captain ventilated a few new dogmas. The restoration of Henri V., of the temporal power, and the Syllabus, from the bone of his bone and the flesh of his flesh, since some years; but it is only lately that he has expounded additional doctrines, and taken a "new departure;" strange for a professed Conservative, being rank Communism, only we know he is playing the chief *role* in a screaming farce, and hence, there is no danger about him. He tells the working man that he is the victim of bloated capital, and that his miseries and his agonies, are farmed by employers. Old Socialists have renounced this stuff and nonsense; even Kearney & Co. cannot galvanize the disappeared Frankenstein, and there is nothing absolutely novel in kid gloves and *salon* crusaders making political capital by turning the heads of the working classes, and rousing the appetites where the speculations themselves become the first victims. Lamennais ended, where modern clericals commence. Professor Perin who was present, showed up the Captain's miserable economical tactics; while the Republic, with its principles based on sagacity and patriotic Conservatism, can laugh and note the vituperation launched, ægis—alas!—of the church, against freedom of opinion and secular society.

The Club consists of 200 members, employed in a lime factory; they receive every Monday only, tickets, representing a determined quantity of bread, meat, and wine, equal in daily value to 1fr., and which are placed against the monthly salaries. The men take their meals in a refectory well heated and lighted; the dormitories secure a bed to a single occupant—the aged sleep in a special room. No meat is consumed on Fridays, and the canteen is closed during religious exercises, which all must punctually join.

At Annecy, a pilgrim-fete was lately held in honour of St. Francois-de-Sales, a man worthy of his niche in the calendar by all accounts, but whose asceticism, to judge by his statues and portraits, would be sufficient to make a man join some of the three hundred forms of Protestantism—*chacun son gout*—for life. At this fete, Baron Dallemagne, colonel of a militia regiment, drank to "Leon XIII., Pontiff and King;" he eulogized Pius IX. and his noble dogmas, whom God had spared to witness the death agony of Victor Emmanuel, his gaoler—that God who, making nothing useless, will not cause Italian unity to crumble into dust. All this, almost in the frontier of Italy, is not calculated to cement the unity of the Latin races programme.

The Ministers of Finance and Public Works, are travelling through France, with the rapidity of a Cook's excursionist; the voyages have for end, to inaugurate part of the Republican programme, of investing the savings of France into French loans, and expending the nation's money on works of public utility, and not criminal invasions and dynastic adventures. It would be an error to suppose, that French engineers do not know what they are about, or that they contemplate making crooked untrodden paths straight, railways where there is no traffic, and harbours destitute of commerce. All plans rest on profit and loss estimates, and further, only 500 million frs. are to be annually expended, and if frittered away, the Chambers can stop further supplies.

It is a wonder no Frenchman ever brings out a "Growlers' Chronicle:" any three Bohemians, if fledged in their teens, with enough of pocket money to buy paper and pens, and sufficient credit with a waiter for absinthe and books, can produce "copy," and if they can only hit on a fantastic title, they will catch a printer, the hare, according to Kitchener's receipt, for all cooking. There are periodicals devoted to poets, who can climb Parnassus as high as they please, and sleep till doomsday with Clio, by paying so much a line for the insertion of their immortal verse; and to tradesmen, who can pen their own puffs and have them printed according to a tariff, if they but abstain from alluding to "the house over the way." Nay, more, the *Journal des Guillotines* has appeared; it has the executioner for head editor, and his aids for subs; a vignette of heads after being cut off, in every phase of agony, and on a black ground, ornaments the first page, and on the printed sighs, groans, last words, and sensations of the condemned, fall crimson tears. The journal is only supplied to guillotined subscribers, and is evidently an opposition sheet to *L'Autre Monde*, which represents the world of shadows; boasts of Charon for chief editor, and has the most stupid of letters from Elysium, the dullest from Purgatory, and the wittiest and merriest from Hades. The *Growler* is called to "supply a want," to receive the confidences of the 23,000 hearts sorely charged of unrewarded and badly requited exhibitors. While the decisions of the American, English, and Danish juries are common property, though not official, French exhibitors have to endure the torments of Tantalus till 21st October, when the "crownings" will formally come off. Too late, say exhibitors for the visitor-purchaser to transact business and to give orders at our stands. They must only fall back on Lord Beaconsfield's consolation for Greece—patience, and faith in the future.

The national teachers who came in rotation to visit the Exhibition, and that have returned to their schools, have been practically improved by what they saw and heard. Some of their reports to the Minister are reported to be most valuable, and their criticisms on the foreign educational exhibits ingenious and suggestive. There is positively nothing extraordinary to record at the Exhibition. A sculptor shot himself in the park, close to the pretty Monaco pavilion; he failed to have the honour of committing suicide from the captive balloon, but he has taken "a first" in the Palace Grounds; he gave a few hours' employment to the ambulance corps, that placed 32 beds at his disposal, two medicine chests, a box of surgical instruments, two *brassard* men, and a sister of charity. The Chinese have presented their charming padoga on the Trocadero, to the French nation; the Celestials are thus the first in the work of making *cadeaux d'adieu*. The Palais de l'Industrie is nearly ready for the 24,000 spectators to witness the distribution of the prizes; a novelty to be recorded, each invited will have a numbered place.

The Spanish governmental tobacco factories, at Seville for example, are proverbial for the number of pretty girls employed rolling the weed into cigars and cigarettes. It is rarely that male visitors are allowed to enter the work-hall, because the atmosphere is maintained at a high temperature, which necessitates the sonoras to appear in costumes either extremely light or remarkably short. On the banks of the Seine, the tobacco factory girls differ from their sisters of the Guadalquivir; here they are dressed in black with blue aprons, feeding and directing machines; nothing can be less practical; they are as silent as a Quaker's meeting; there is no hum of prattle, no sheep's eyes thrown at you. All the result of the introduction of machinery. Perhaps in our next International, fixed in the centuries of the future, mankins will be shown in the loss of retrospective arts, of work girls and boys of the primitive period of 1878.

Tobacco has been described as the "fifth power of the State;" in France it produces one-tenth of the total revenue, and it is said, that the etchings in the portfolio of the Minister of Finance, consist of tobacco leaves. The pavilion in the Champ de Mars, owned by the government, and where cigars, &c., are manufactured under the spectator's eyes, seems to be the favourite of favoured spots for visitors, who in addition to buying goods, can have them at once delivered. This exception applies to the Shah of Persia's sugar candy factory, and to dates and perfumed peas from Tunis, the Bey and France being Cyprus friends. Around the pavilion flourish specimens of the weed, in the green stage, "ole Virginny" being luxurious. The anti-tobacco society has not erected a counter-kiosque to protest; it might have for example displayed a collection of potatoes, as that tuber, also like tobacco, belongs to the *solanum* family. M. Krantz it is said objected, fearing he would have the Colorado beetle to his already long list of enemies. The American savages have the honour of teaching Europeans how to smoke and chew the weed; but we discovered the accomplishment of snuffing. The latter is on the decrease, while the "naked beauties" of the cigar augment in favour. It is only since 1840 that the consumption of tobacco has largely increased; under the Restoration it was tabooed: Louis XVIII. was too occupied gormandizing and making Latin calembours, and Charles X. had not sufficient time to count his beads, sign the *ordonnances*, and prepare his hair shirts. The Orleanist dynasty eclipsed in the tobacco-consuming view, the real House of Bourbon; the Imperial regime beat both, but the Third Republic has surpassed them all. Hence, why French anti-tobacconists despise every political party alike. Most phenomena are now traced to spots on the sun; Professor Jevons connects commercial crises with them. Byron believed the devil to be in the moon for mischief-making; well, less tobacco is consumed in France during the vernal and autumnal equinoxes, than pending the summer and winter solstices. Perhaps Mr. Edison will favour us some day with a "phone" to measure these coincidences. The late astronomer, Le Verrier, was a director of one of the 19 state tobacco factories, which employ a mean of 1,000 hands—mostly feminine—and produce 1,500 tons of prepared weed annually. Germany and the United States consume the most tobacco. France comes next. England and Russia are about equal; in smoking, chewing, and snuffing, they are not divided.

The "settlement" of the Eastern question, which was to revive business, has produced just the contrary effect; the spasmodic effects at amelioration have brought about a relapse. People believe little in Austrian disinterestedness, and avow she is receiving her desserts for her previous vaccillations. A close eye is being kept on the Shah of Persia, and the Afghanistan move of England is followed with interesting anxiety. The French of course do not love Prince Bismarck, but they not the less estimate his ability very high; they study his policy in the Reichstag with the curiosity of a problem; not with feelings of pleasure at his home diffieulties—there is always something gratifying in the misfortunes of even our best friends—but of a simple zest to witness how his great mind will extricate him from an *impasse*.

The autumn manœuvres of the French army continue to be very satisfactory. The column have been punctual in taking up their assigned positions. The necessity of making some changes in equipment, has been demonstrated; the white gaiter must give way for a boot capable of resisting stones, dust, and mud; the shako and kepi, must be superseded by the helmet, and the knapsack made less squarish, so that corners shall not surpass shoulders, and embarrass the men in "bush" movements. The tent carrying nuisance having been abolished, the soldiers have rugs, one side woollen, the other india rubber, serving as a bed by night, and a coat by day.

An English pickpocket escaped from his guards at the Assize Court here, and the Bonapartist *Pays* has had its nitro glycerine editor condemned to a fine of 3,000fr., and three months, imprisonment for "blackguarding" the Marshal. The indicted article reflected on his decorating a Jew—the chief of the three Paris correspondents of the *Times*. A little boy aged 6, is to be decorated with the Legion of Honour; his brother, 8 years old, fell into the Seine; the little fellow jumped in to save him, and a sailor rescued both. Senor Morales, special correspondent of a Madrid newspaper, will be tried for theft: invited to an evening party given by the Princess de Rattazzi, he entered her bedroom and stole some of her diamonds.

Captain Boynton amuses the Parisians—but he takes no orders. After a late performance, a swindler made a collection among the bystanders in the name of the Captain and bolted with a hat full of coppers.

"How Berthe and Alice resemble each other—Berthe above all," said a mother to a visitor.

PARIS, France, Sept. 14th, 1878.

Humour in College Journals.

The wit and humour that abound in the college journals are of a most commendable and genuine character. College life, it is needless to say, is fertile, in comparison with business or professional life, in the ludicrous; and many of the witticisms that appear in the college papers are reports of the table-talk of an eating club, or of the happy retorts of a professor to a jesting student. Not a few humorous verses, also, bright and rollicking, have come from college pens. One of the earliest, as well as one of the best, parodies ever published in this country appeared in the "Harvard Lyceum," in the first years of college journalism. Joel Barlow's "Columbiad" was the object of its pleasantry; and, written by Edward Everett in 1810, it has both a literary and an historic interest. The following extract describes "the vexations of a person who finds, in the midst of a dance, that his hose are swinging from their moorings."

"And while he dances in vivacious glee
He feels his stockings loosening from his knee;
The slippery silk in mind-benumbing rounds
Descends in folds at all his nimble bounds.
* * * * *
Thy partner wonders at the change. No more
She sees thee bound elastic from the floor;
No more she sees thine easy, graceful air:—
Each step is measured with exactest care."

Of the many bright verses that have of late years appeared in the college papers, the following, from the "Harvard Advocate," of May, 1870, are pre-eminent. They were written by Mr. Charles A. Prince, of Boston, when a Harvard student, and are addressed "To Pupils in Elocution:"

"The human lungs reverberate sometimes with great velocity
When windy individuals indulge in much verbosity,
They have to twirl the glottis sixty thousand times a minute,
And push and pinch the diaphragm as though the deuce were in it.

CHORUS.
The pharynx now goes up;
The larynx, with a slam,
Ejects a note
From out the throat,
Pushed by the diaphragm."

A WASHINGTON lady who sent one of her husband's coats to the yellow-fever sufferers, pinned a note to the collar requesting that if it didn't fit it should be sent back.

AN editor with nine unmarried daughters was recently made justly indignant by the misconstruction his contemporaries put upon his able leader on "The Demand for Men."

LAST week a Hamilton boy got angry with his mother, and went to bed without supper that he might wring her heart with sympathy. When he was creeping down stairs to get some pork and beans after the family were asleep, he collided with a door casing and broke his toe! Moral.

PARISIAN beggars have become so audacious since the Exhibition that one of the fraternity the other day, on receiving from a benevolent stranger a bad half franc by mistake, threatened to hand the donor over to the police if the coin was not immediately changed.

A MAN may sneer at a woman all he will because she can't sharpen a lead pencil, but she has the smile on him when he stands holding an unoccupied suspender button in his hand, and wondering whether it will hurt less to pull the needle out of his thumb the same way it went in or push it on through.

EDMUND YATES, in a recent number of the London *World*, alludes to Earls Rosebery and Dunraven, both well known in New York, as proprietors of and writers in certain London weekly journals. Lord Rosebery, he says, is "good all round," and the time he can devote to journalism, after giving due attention to matrimony, the House of Lords, managing his estate, and running his racers, will be well employed.

A YANKEE mandarin is not a bad idea. Jeremiah Yocum, a tarry mariner of Cape Cod, who cometh back to his native country as an attache of the newly-arrived Chinese embassy. The story goes that his father, the captain of a whaler, rescued a disabled junk in 1841, containing five Chinese mandarins of high rank, and towed it into port. The captain was loaded with presents at the time, and, when he returned with his orphaned son on the next voyage, the boy was sent to the royal preparatory school at Canton. At seventeen he entered the imperial college, and spent eight years mastering the Chinese language, after which he taught and translated Chinese geography into English. Last year he was made a mandarin, and attached to the Chinese mission to the United States.

THE ISLE OF PINES.

A Romance of Constantinople.

(From the New York World.)

A shelving beach, a summer's day, the low rippling of waves sliding up in bright succession to an emerald sward; overhead a thatch of ragged pine boughs, and a sky pure and calm and blue—such is the Isle of Pines. Before you the Asian shores stretching in gentle undulations, dotted with flat-roofed cottages, with clumps of cypress or solitary sycamores, crowned with white-sailed water-towers, and sinking into verdant valleys that sweep into dim perspectives of green repose. On the right, Mysian Olympus and the lands of classic song; on the left, the spires and domes of an Eastern capital. Under the pine roof grey *cafejees* bend over braziers of glowing coals, and the fumes of the fragrant mocha steal subtly through the air. Around, the gay carpets of the indolent, pleasure-loving Greek, at home in his fairest of islands; in the background, a row of mud-built hovels, with swarming children silent in the sun; with tethered donkeys, wise over a wayside thistle, like many another fellow-philosopher; about you, the sea, like a band of sapphire, setting this gem of Grecian isles.

The hour is noon, with sky and mountains and waves and distant minarets all quivering in the midday heat—the hour for reverie and dreams. Talk of the vale of Tempe, the aisles of northern woods, the glens of mountain lands, the rush of waterfalls, the quiet of lakes, the gleam of rivers and streams—no land is perfect without the sea; no sea is so perfect as that of Greece; and the tint of its waves, the lapse of its azure tides, the rise and fall of its indolent billows are the perfection of the land it encircles, and to which it gives its culminating charm. On some idle summer day—those halcyon days of which the ancients spoke—in the light caique, darting like a swallow over the swell of the tide, with shores classic as they are fair, and with the soul surrendered to the spell of the time and the scene, no lover of reverie can wish for a sweeter lapse from the cares and wearying emotions of life than when his boat keel grates the sands of the Isle of Pines, and the carpet of repose is spread under the pine boughs of this haven of rest. The old *cafejee* silently beckons to the cushions he has heaped near the stand of blossoming balsams, the rugs are unrolled, the fragrant coffee steams from its filigree cup, that lies like the shell of the Lushoo nut in the delicate coil of his brown fingers, and the goblet of cooling sherbet—violet or jasmine or rose—stands in its cherry-wood case by your side, with the wild bees clustering and clinging to its juicy lips, and the indolent hum of the winds and waves and whispers in the pine-needles overhead lull you to a blissful repose such as even the dreams of the lotus-eater never gave. This is the perfection of mere physical life—a *dolce far niente* more engrossing than Italy ever knew—in these far-off, sea-begirt, romance-haunted lands. The legends of history, the tales and recollections of the past, lend to the loveliness of nature a soul that gives life and being to that mere outward beauty which is common to other climes beside. But there, on those Persian rugs, with the lithe step and subtle face of the old Greek beside you, the heart goes out over a level of untroubled thought, and slides with light-poised keel over those shining waves, and finds in this quiet rapture of repose a recompense for much to be forgotten, and of much to be yet endured.

The line of the bright horizon curves like the crescent moon, quivering in silvery vapours and flecked with sun-touched sails, like the fleecy clouds in the blue above. The sharp outlines of the hills are mellowed and dimmed with a golden haze, the scent of the thyme and heath and blossoming oleanders comes mingled with the murmur of bees and the pebbly music of the shore, and words, if uttered, are slow and softly-spoken and full of long-drawn breaths. The old *cafejee*, with that dexterous sleight-of-hand which only an Eastern knows, offers you a cup of coffee, while his Arab lad, wiry as desert grass, lurks at his foot-heel, with the word *backsheesh* trembling on his lips.

"There," said our companion, leaning back on the couch after a long and honeyed sip at his sherbet, "there, on yonder point of land, just at the tip of the bay, where that little kiosk seems dancing on the water, there happened a tragedy and ended a tale."

The *cafejee*, one of those polyglot Greeks who speak half the languages of the globe, pointed to the building and shook his head. "True, Effendi, he said, "there ended a life, but the other remained behind."

"In the mad house of Istamboul," said our friend.

"True again," answered the old man; "these withered eyes beheld it."

"Tell us the tale, good friend; though one would sooner wed love and eternal youth to these bright scenes than the tragedy of hate or death."

"Love," said the old man, "is crueller than death; but if you command it—listen!"

He settled himself with that strange familiarity characteristic of the East on the edge of our cushion, and told, as well as we can recall it, the following tale:

"In yonder city dwelt a wealthy merchant, a Greek of Athens. He had houses and lands, merchandise and ships; a wife whom he had loved from youth, and everything that heart could wish, save one single possession, for which he would almost have exchanged lots with the poorest of his slaves. He had no children. At length, on the persuasion of his wife, he adopted a beautiful girl of his own nation, and she was declared the heir of all that he possessed. Years passed, and this child of a happy star grew up to be the pride of her old protector, the favourite of all her young companions. They called her the 'Rose of Istamboul.' At length the time came when a noble of our people sought her hand, and, as is the custom in our country, the nuptials were to be immediately celebrated. The first two days of feasting passed; the house of the old merchant was thronged with guests; the wine flowed, and joy was in every heart. The third day, on which the marriage bond is sealed, dawned on a happy household. The great and noble of the land were assembled to greet the beautiful bride and the rejoicing bridegroom. The holy patriarch waited to conclude the ceremony with his benediction, when—the bride was missing from her chamber. You know, perhaps, that it is an old custom in the East for the betrothed maiden to feign reluctance and hide from the embraces of her bridegroom; but the custom is falling into decay with the better classes, and the guests wondered much at this ill-timed jest. Search was mede, but in vain. Her waiting-maids had left her but an hour before, and now she had disappeared. All day they sought, till every one knew that it was no longer a jest. The guests departed; the Sultan's janissaries were sent on the quest, for your excellencies know, perhaps, that the old Greek was high in the employment and esteem of his Royal Highness. But it was of no avail; no tidings, no clue, no dream even of the wherefore of this mysterious disappearance; no bride was to be found; and even the discomfitted bridegroom at length was forced to retire, to hide his chagrin and grief as best he could.

"That night a storm came up—one of those dreadful storms when no boat dares trust the waters; but in its height a little caique stole out from the pier and dared the tempest. In it were but two persons closely wrapped, and but one strong boatman. Towards morning there was a rapping at the gates of that old monastery that your excellencies see on yonder crag; the good monks rose in haste and opened their doors to the flying pair. One was our beautiful Greek and the other a handsome lover—a man of the people, whom she had seen and met in the bazars; 'tis a thing often done, my masters, and the poor child loved him. But light had by this time began to creep in at the old Greek's mansion, and jewellery and other things were missed, and traces of meditated flight detected; and it was not difficult to discover, in the public interest the affair had roused, that a boat had left the wharves in the midst of the storm, and the boatman, who had returned, was brought to bay. The storm had not wrecked them, but a worse storm was yet to come. It has always seemed to me," said the old man simply, "that if Heaven spared them, man might have done the same, but it rarely is so! And now the police were on their track; they had offended the high authorities of the city, and there was no mercy for them; even the Sultan himself swore that they should be punished. They were dragged the next day from the sanctuary of the convent; the young man was thrown bound into a loathsome dungeon; the bride, whose parents refused to receive her, perished in these waves—whether by design or not, no one dare say; it was convenient that she should not return; it's a way they have at Istamboul; but there, over there, by the bright kiosk, the boat that bore her from the island was overturned. The boatman swam ashore, and none dared ask why the young bride was not rescued. Now," added the old man with a shrug of relief, "your excellencies have heard it all."

Thus ended the *cafejee's* story; but there was a drearier sequel. Had anyone some twenty years ago entered the mad-house at C—— they would have seen in one of the little sheds built round its filthy court, a young man chained by the neck to a rusty iron bar in the window. Children who came there to play and laugh at the caprices of the madmen, used to pull at the chain to see him wince and rave; otherwise he was motionless and silent. It was the handsome lover, now a shattered heart-broken wreck, with only a memory and a name.

Swindling Adepts.

One Leonard Thurneiser tried his swindling skill upon the elector John George of Brandenburg, with very indifferent success, as he had to fly for his life. Berlin altogether was not propitious to adepts and their doings? One of the last of the class, Caetano (styling himself Count Ruggiero), the son of a Neapolitan peasant—a kind of a precursor of Joseph Baltamo—after having successfully swindled the courts of Munich and Vienna, came to a premature end in the city on the Spree in 1709, being hanged on a tall gallows ironically plastered all over with gold-leaf.

John Frederick Bottger, or Bottiger, or Bottcher, who gave the world Meissen porcelain instead of gold, was born at Schleitz, in Germany, in 1682. His father was master of the mint at Magdeburg, which naturally directed the attention of young John Frederick to metallurgical researches, which again led the youth to the study of alchemy. Apprenticed to an apothecary at Berlin, a distinguished pharmaceutist named Zorn, he secretly pursued his alchemistic studies in the dead of night, using his master's chemicals with no sparing hand. Being found out, he fled in 1699. Starvation drove him back a year after. Zorn generously forgave his delinquencies upon his sacred promise to drop alchemy forever. This promise he broke, of course, and had to leave Berlin once more. He went to Wittenberg, where he found a protector in Prince Egon of Furstenberg, who took him to Dresden in 1701, when he was only nineteen, and built a laboratory for him. Here he experimented at the expense of his patron, and of the Elector Augustus II. of Saxony, King of Poland, who at last got tired of spending his money for nothing, and pressed the would-be adept so hard that the latter again tried his old game of running away. He was brought back, however, and the indignant Augustus demanded, in the most peremptory manner, a written statement of Bottcher's scheme of gold-making. The interesting youth furnished his angry Polish Majesty with a long, unintelligible rigmarole, and was forthwith sent to prison in consequence.

Now at this very time Count Tschirnhausen had conceived the project of turning to useful account, for the manufacture of porcelain, borax, etc., certain minerals and clays lying about unused in certain parts of Saxony. Tschirnhausen, who thought he detected in young Bottcher, beneath the crust of empiric charlatanry, much solid chemical knowledge and vast ingenuity and aptitude, begged the elector-king to hand his prisoner over to him. As early as 1705 the young man fonnd that a certain brownish-red clay about Meissen would produce a finer and more durable porcelain than his new chief had as yet been able to obtain. The lucky discoverer was rewarded with rich gifts, but he was kept a prisoner under strictest watch and guard, the elector-king having still a notion that the talented young chemist could really make gold if he would but choose to do so. When the victorious Swedes invaded Saxony in 1706, Bottcher and three assistants of his were packed off to the Koninstein. In 1707 they were brought back to Dresden.

In 1708, after Tschirnhausen's death, Bottcher succeeded him as administrator of the porcelain manufacture. The year after he discovered the white porcelain clay. Detected, some ten years later on, in a treasonable correspondence with certain parties in Berlin, it would have gone hard with him had not death stepped in to shield him from the penal consequences of his offense. He died on the 13th of March, 1719, in his thirty-eighth year.

The last would-be transmuter of metals, with a brief allusion to whom this paper is brought to an appropriate close, was Dr. James Price, an English physician, who declared before the Royal Society of England that he had discovered a red and a white transmutation powder, which would convert the baser metals into silver and into gold. Hard pressed for explanations and details in support of his bold assertion, he—poisoned himself in the year 1783.

In our own time promoters of more or less limited joint stock swindles have successfully taken the place of the cheats who impudently paraded before the world as adepts and professors of a great and glorious science.

An Instance of Indian Daring.

The *Beaver* (Utah) *Square Dealer* says: An instance of what an Apache Indian will do in the way of cool daring, when the prize is worth the risk, once occurred on a ranch im Arizona. The owner of the ranch was an American. To guard against the Apaches he had built a block-house, and, adjoining it, a court yard and corral, surrounded by an abode wall 8 feet high and 2 feet thick. In the corral the herd was nightly secured. He had a contract to feed and guard 400 head of beef cattle belonging to the United States fort, some thirty miles away. More than one attempt had been made by the Apaches to capture the herd, while feeding two or three miles from the block-house. But the vigilant herdsman had driven the cattle at a gallop into the corral, before the Indians could "stampede" them. One night there came a fearful storm. A solitary Apache, unarmed, and with nothing to protect him from the cold rain, climbed over the corral wall; crouching in the corner, he waited for day. Early in the morning, the storm having passed away, eight herdsmen, mounted and armed, waited at the corral's gate for the herd to be turned out. The gate was opened. The stock poured out. Suddenly up sprang the Apache; vaulting on the nearest horse, he clutched the mane with his hand, while with the other he waved a red blanket, and yelled like a demon. In an instant every hoof made a rush, and the stampede began. The horse, frightened, darted into the midst of the flying cattle. As in a frenzy they went through the gateway, the Apache clasped his arms around the horse's neck, and, throwing his body on one side of the maddened animal, disappeared from view. A thousand men ranged in column could not stop that rush of the crazed herd down the valley. The herdsmen fired a volley which wounded and killed some of the cattle. Two bands of Apaches, darting out from opposite sides of the valley, closed up from behind the herd. Four hundred head of cattle were thus captured and run off by the daring and cunning of one Apache.

Jottings.

The bishop of Hong Kong has ordained three Chinese clergymen.

SOME men prefer Row-dy hats; others go in for Sunday hats. Some-day we will come out strong ourselves.

"AERATED BREAD" read the hungry man; "alas" quoth he "all my food has been airated lately." A passer-by bought him a loaf in compassion; and he blessed the giver ere-he-ate-it.

WE often see papers speak of "Our reporter;" now judging from some of the fiery articles we read, would it be a misnomer to say—our revolver?

How many oaths does it take to darn socks? Scotchy says "sox," (six.)

WIFE.—Charles dear, do you know Tuesday will be your birthday?

CHARLES.—So it is, my dear; I quite forgot it.

WIFE.—Now Charles dear, I want you to give me $20. I mean to get you a real handsome present.

CHARLES.—$20! Oh! but say, dear, that's too much to spend on a present.

WIFE.—Well, but dear, you—ah—I—ah—you know, dear, I want to get that duck of a bonnet—its really cheap at $17.50!

"I'LL be even with you yet," was the stinging reply of the wasp to the boy who caught him barehanded.

I OFFERED odds to a fellow on the Hanlan-Courtney race, but the fool would not bet; so I got hold of a right smart looking fellow, but found soon that he was no better.

JUST now the fly goes buzzing by,
A cold in his nose, a tear in his eye,
Seeking a place where he may die
And go to his mansion in the sky.

The Independent hopes that the revisers of the Bible will put in the margin all passages of doubtful authenticity. *The Interior* wants the Bible as it is, authentic or not. It says: "It was not nominated in the bond that they were to supply a new canon. If, however, the highly improbable supposition should prove true, that the committee are thus amusing themselves, their work will fall so heavily from the press as to smash some of them. A steam derrick could not hoist an emasculated Bible into a single evangelical church."

French Executions.

How The Guillotine Does its Terrible Work at La Roquette.

Great excitement has been occasioned by the execution of the two murderers, Barre and Lebiez. Their crime was a most cowardly one. They decoyed an old milk woman into Barre's lodging, murdered her with a hammer, cut her body into pieces, and then plundered her house of £600, the savings of a lifetime. The sum seems the more miserable when it is considered that both convicts are well-educated and well-connected young men. They were ornaments of the College of Angers; and Monsignor Freppel, Bishop of that town, who presented both of them with laurel crowns and books at a public distribution of prizes some years ago, memorialized the Government that one at least of the pair might have his sentenced commuted.

The date of a French execution is never known before hand. The processes which follow upon sentences of death take from three to six weeks, but all is done in private, and the convict only hears that his appeals have been rejected when the Governor of the prison wakes him up on the morning of the execution. Executions constitute one of the sights of Paris, which fast-living tourists are expected to witness. The waiters at Brebant's and the Cafe Anglais inform joyous young roysterers that the guillotine is to be at work at daybreak, and opera hats, dust coats, and the fumes of Cuban cigars will be found mingling with flat caps, blouses, and the smoke of clay pipes on the Place de la Roquette at the fatal hour. La Roquette is the Newgate of Paris. It has only become so since 1852, for of old men were taken from the Bicetre to be executed on the Place de Greve (now Place de l'Hotel de Ville), at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, to the great hindrance of public business. Subsequently, the Place St. Jacques was used for the fell purpose, and the hour of execution fixed at 10; now the headsman performs his work at 5 in summer and at about 7 in winter. Five flagstones fixed in the roadway at some twenty paces from the prison door mark the spot where the guillotine rises. Its tall posts are no longer red, but a dark green, and there is no scaffold platform, so that the convict has no steps to climb. When he has passed through the innermost circle of soldiers who surround the instrument of death, he finds himself suddenly opposite the bascule. The headsman's three assistants seize him and push him against this board, which forthwith pivots and assumes a horizontal position. At this moment the doomed man, who has been taken in some sense by surprise, invariably struggles, and has to be forced forward by the shoulders and hair till his neck protrudes through a semicircular aperture under the knife. Being bound hand and foot, the man cannot offer much resistance, but he might roll off the bascule, and so must be held with an iron grip, until a second semicircle closes upon the first, and so imprisons his neck. The instant this has been done M. Roch touches a spring, and the broad, triangular knife, weighted with fifty pounds of lead, glides down the grooves like a carriage window, slices the head from the trunk, and rebounds with a dull thud on two india-rubber cushions. One assistant, who has held the head by the hair, drops it into a small wicker basket, half full of sawdust; the two others seize the headless body from which blood is flowing in torrents, and which kicks in nervous convulsions, and fling it into a longer basket. Then both receptacles are hoisted into a close hearse, which trots off to the Cemetery of Clamart, attended by a mounted police escort, and followed by the prison chaplain in a cab; after which the executioner's assistants begin washing down the "bois de justice" with mops and pailsful of water. Within a couple of minutes from the time when the convict shows himself under the archway of La Roquette the whole performance is ended.

Now what preparation have French convicts to meet their fate? In England, it is considered just to let a man know the date of his execution, in order that he may purify his soul to meet his Maker; in France the mistaken kindness is shown of allowing the convict to hope on till the very end. He spends all his time in a cell with two other prisoners and two warders, and may smoke or play cards to the top of his bent. How can the ministrations of a chaplain have any serious influence under such conditions? The sight of aces and knaves, the company of prisoners under sentence for some piece of roguery, the fumes of tobacco, and the buoyant talk of the warders who are expressly bidden to say everything that may encourage the criminal to believe that he will be respited. These are not incentives to true repentance. It is much to be feared that too many French convicts go to their doom wholly impenitent. The hasty shrift which they make on the morning of execution cannot count for much, because they are half insane from terror when they make it.

Few men can stand with composure the awful announcement coming at a moment when they are quite unprepared for it; "Your appeal has been rejected, and you are to be executed now at once." Now at once! There is no delay from that moment. The man who goes to bed hoping awakens to be told that death is waiting outside his cell door. A glass of brandy, a hasty prayer on the knees in cold sweat and trembling, a pause for a moment under a whitewashed vault, where the convict's back hair and shirt collar are cut off, and then, through the portals of the prison, suddenly swung back, a sight of the guillotine with the knife gleaming in the grey dawnlight of morning. All this takes but twenty minutes at most, but these minutes are the only ones during which the French convict is allowed to feel for certain that he is going to meet his God.

The Great Bank Failure.

The failure of the City of Glasgow Bank, which has caused so great a sensation in financial circles, is the second severe shock which has been given to the well-tried stability of the Scotch banking system. The failure is described as being by far the heaviest that has occurred in Scotland since the great crisis of 1857, when the Western Bank of Scotland was submerged, carrying the City of Glasgow under with it for a time. The suspension did not last long, however, and the bank ultimately recovered from the shock, although its stock has never since been at as high a premium as that of other banks in Scotland. The management of the bank, however, having been both prudent and skillful, it was able to resume business with but little detriment to its reputation.

The numerous creditors of the bank are not likely to suffer more than a temporary inconvenience; its 1,300 stockholders, or partners rather, being individually liable to the full extent of their means, are likely to suffer very severely.

The bank was established in 1839, and, although by no means one of the oldest banks in Scotland—the Royal Bank has been in operation since 1725, and the bank of Scotland since 1695—yet it has always been regarded as managed with a happy combination of sagacity and enterprise, ability and caution. It had paid up capital of £1,000,000, with a reserve fund of £450,000, and a circulation, according to the latest statement of £589,217. At the same time its deposits were reported at £6 684,781, and its net profit for the year at £125,762. Its last yearly dividend was one of 11 per cent., which is 2 per cent. below the average of its sister institutions for the same time. Its stock was then, (July, 1877,) quoted at 229, but it has since risen to 239, and finally fallen to 237½.

Among the devices resorted to by the Western Bank in 1857 to save off failure was the rediscounting in London of bills which it had discounted in Glasgow, and the probable recurrence of this feature in the case of the City of Glosgow may entail some little disturbance in the London money market. So far as published reports give an indication of the condition of the City of Glasgow Bank, there is nothing to indicate any element of weakness, unless perhaps the reaching out after new business indicated by the fact that its number of branches is the largest of the eight great corporations which, along with three smaller institutions, monopolize the business of banking in Scotland.

The causes of the failure of the Bank are reported to have arisen from advances to the amount of £6,000,000 to four firms of East India merchants, who have been unable to meet their engagements. Much sympathy is felt for the unfortunate shareholders of the bank. Much of the stock is held by ladies and gentlemen who lived retired on a moderate competence, and now find themselves reduced from circumstances of comfort to absolute poverty. Seven hundred and fifty persons employed by the bank and its branches are affected by the failure.

THE paragraphist of the New York *Commercial Advertiser* has written a song entitled, "Hug Me to Death, Darling." It is intended for a duet, and no audience.

A Famous London, Beauty.

Rather more than a year ago it was well-known to the polite world, and still better to his creditors, that Lord Suffield, a fast bosom friend of the Prince of Wales, had, after a mode of the fast people, somewhat "outrun the constable." He therefore determined to retire from the modern Babylon. He thus let his house and went to vegetate for a time in the tiny island of Jersey. Being however, a popular man, some of his friends found opportunity, after the London season had expired, to go to the Channel Isles and look up their self-banished old comrade. And so in Jersey last autumn there was assembled a rather racketty set of people. Of course they could not enjoy existence without picnics, balls and other parties of pleasure; and to these were invited all that Jersey could show in the way of the prettiest and most attractive girls and their chaperones. Among the pretty and attractive girls was counted Lily LeBreton, daughter of the Dean of Jersey, a scholar and recluse, who like many another of this sort, had married a wife utterly unsuited to him, a woman devoted to dress and dissipation. His sons had already sorely tried the poor man, but the fair Lily seemed always an unaffected, simple girl enough, though scarcely by her fellow-islanders considered of very much account in the way of good looks. But it chanced on a certain day that Mr. Langtry, one of Lord Suffield's fast acquaintances, and an inconsolable widower, cast an eye of favour on the fair Lily, proposed, was accepted, and married her. Through the instrumentality of Lord Suffield she was not long afterward presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales, was greatly admired by the former, and at once became the fashion. "I never was thought pretty," says the Lily, "in my own country; and, oh, what a thousand pities I ever married there. I ought to have come to London as spinster," she adds, with a pathetic sigh, and with visions of a choice of coronets to let matrimonially haunting her mind's eye. However, though she is but plain "Mistress," instead of "My Lady," it is surely something to be acknowledged beauty in chief of the London season, and to have whole cabs full of lovely flowers sent to her, exquisite articles of jewelry, strings of splendid pearls, etc., and all anonymously, so that they cannot possibly be returned.

But for the accident, then, of Lord Suffield's pitching upon Jersey as the place wherein to live on the quiet and economize, and for the further accident of the inconsolable widower going to the same island to see his friend and drown grief in balls, picnics, and yachting excursions, the beauty of the season, the cynosure of the eyes, the heroine after whom a new fashionable hat has been named, the original of a thousand eagerly sought-after cartes devisite adorning countless shop windows and albums, might have been still the comparatively little-known and little-thought-of Lily Le-Breton, daughter of the Dean of Jersey. Now—that is, till the death of the London season drove everybody "in society" out of town—she has held her little court on Sundays and on other days at the foot of the Achilles statue in Hyde Park, and (while Mr. Langtry has stood behind her chair, held his tongue discreetly and industriously drilled holes in the grass with his umbrella, as becomes Beauty's uninteresting husband) has flirted right and left with her admirers, whose name, because she is a pretty woman, and still more because she is the fashion, is naturally legion. Does she, eyeing meanwhile the rival beauty, give vent to the observation, "Mrs. West does not look quite so lovely as usual," the speech is repeated all around the little court, and hailed as rapturously as though it were the raciest witticism. "What does she say?" the furthest off listeners breathlessly demand. "Oh, she says Mrs. West does not look quite so lovely as usual." "Ah!" exclaims the chorus, much impressed. And it is just the same with any other thing, however commonplace, the Lily may remark.

Nothing in the way of beauty worship and mobbing of its idols, declare some of our wise ones, has ever equalled the present Langtryolatry since those far-off days when the two fair Gunnings drove frantic all Ireland and England, and when on one occasion half the inhabitants of York stood the entire night through, outside the hotel, in which, during their brief stay in that ancient city, the sisters were lodged on purpose to catch a sight of them the next morning. It was on this occasion, too, that a cobbler of York turned many an honest penny by the exhibition of a shoe which had been sent to him to repair, and which belonged to one of those lovely Gunnings.

There is another version of the quarrel between the Jersey Lily and the Prince of Wales. Said she one day: "How is your wife?" Said he: "I presume you mean the Princess?" Said she, not one whit abashed "Well; I suppose she is your wife." Therupon they fell out and parted. They have since made it up again, but the princess, who is much stiffer than her lord and master, does not approve of married people flirting, loves not "high jinks" of any sort, and has scant appreciation of a joke, still hugs her grievance and stands upon her dignity. Thus, whatever the prince may choose to do, the correcter Alexandra makes a point of growing preternaturally short-sighted when the fair Langtry heaves in sight. Ah, the felicity it is to cut one's rival!

S. A. on Tacks.

This may not strike you as a particularly sharp thing to write on; but if not it is at least sharp enough to sit upon.

Tacks always point upwards, but generally go downwards. We know some people who in this respect are not unlike tacks.

Tacks are of several different kinds—small and large, brass and copper, iron and carpet tacks, water rates, statute labour, school tax, and a host more, too numerous to mention. In the city of Toronto alone the tax amount to 26 mill-ions. But I will not enumerate so many millions just now.

Tacks are deceptive—very. I have seen little children playing with them, and never getting hurt; and I have seen old men—ay, even city fathers—play with them and get hurt considerable. They have been playing the very deuce with them lately; but it is the citizens who have got hurt the most. This shows the deceptive nature of tacks generally, and the city tax particularly.

Tacks are like pigs. Let them have their own way, and all will be peace and joy, and happiness; but try to drive them and at once they resist, tooth and nail, so to speak.

Of course, being a man, you always forget to buy tacks. It is too much of a tax upon your manly mind; and so the wife of your bosom mostly does the purchasing. Her method is peculiarly feminine. She goes into fifteen or twenty different hardware stores, carefully examines the tex-ture of the various kinds of nails, and after half an hour's deliberation buys five cents' worth of the wrong size—generally speaking going in for the baby tax. Then, when you—poor innocent victim—come to put down the carpet, after hitting your thumb and the wainscot several times, you finally do get a stroke in on that tack, and it immediately lies down sideways—like a female in a faint. Then you grasp an axe, or the bar of iron, or the big scissors, or hammer—whichever comes handiest—and at-tack it with savage fierceness, till it finally appears to give in, and goes down through carpet and floor. You now think yourself a hero, and, wiping the perspiration from your brow, in an absentminded sort of way, you sit down upon the balance of the tacks, which your thoughtful wife has carefully placed on a chair alongside of you while you were busy. This brings you up sharp, and reminds you that you have not yet wrestled through with the job. So down to work again you go, and pushing another con--a--tack in with your thumb, you grasp your hammer again, remove your thumb, and find that beast of a tack stuck to your finger by the head. Finally, driven to desperation, you get in a savage blow, about two and a half inches away from the object aimed at. No result? Oh yes—the other tack—the one you drove in fifteen minutes ago—jumps out again with the concussion.

So much for small tacks. And at your leisure you can just run over in your mind how many kind of small tacks there are—beginning with the dog tax. You will also readily perceive from the foregoing, suffering so much as we do by small tacks, how overburdened we will be—and indeed are—by large tax. Can we not apply to Mr. Edison for an invention—say the Taxaphone—to do away with the tax nuisance altogether? But in that case what would become of our carpets—and our carpet baggers?

Miss Arabella Root, the vocalist, was lately presented with a handsome diamond cross by Mme. Marie Roze, who said she wished to make Miss Root some present, to show her sympathy for that lady in her hard struggle to attain artistic excellence.

In church women think that they receive because they observe, and that they are meditating when they are only holding their tongues.

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GEO. D. MORSE & CO'S

SOAP PARLOUR

at the Provincial Exhibition? Walls, table, mantelpiece, clock, &c., were ALL OF SOAP.

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Business Items.

THE ladies unanimously vote Cooper's Shirts the best made. The buttons remain, button-holes perfect. Altering unnecessary. Order them at once at 109 Yonge St., Toronto.

IN another column will be found the advertisement of C. C. Stewart & Co., Toronto, Manufacturers of Rubber Stamps. With enlarged facilities, they are enabled to furnish goods at the shortest notice. One of their latest novelties is a patent rubber pocket stamp, self-inking and a very useful article, needed by every business man.

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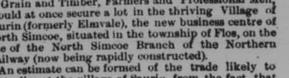

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