

at issue was a heavy one,—nominally an old gray hat on the one hand and a few rebellious Thugs on the other. The event forms one of the most interesting of the "*Contes Eccentriques*" of Adrien Robert. The Thugs, according to the French writer, who wished to have it all their own way in India, having failed in five attempts to stab, poison, and blow up the governor of the East Indian company, attributed their want of success to a talisman in the shape of his gray felt hat, unknown till then in India. His passion was chess, and it was determined by the chief of the sect to challenge him to that game. The stakes arranged were as above mentioned. A chess board one hundred yards square was marked out on the plains of Barrackpore. There were elephants, knights of armour and living pawns. The governor's men were supplied at £25 a-piece by his rival. The game lasted all day, for all the pieces were killed as they were taken, and just as the Thugs' queen was in danger, the imperturbable governor adjourned to lunch, where he stayed two hours. His rival, who had hitherto considered himself invincible at chess, was in anguish, for the queen was his own wife. On his return the magnanimity of the Englishman stepped in, and instead of allowing her to be killed, he took her a prisoner. This generosity so demoralized his opponent, that in a few more moves the game was over. The conspirators were handed over to the tender mercies of John Company, and India was saved.

FROM "across the border" we hear of a new out-door game for ladies and gentlemen, which has been named "Enchantment." Light hoops, not unlike "grace hoops," are used, and by means of wands are thrown so as to encircle successively upright posts placed some distance apart. The real end and aim of the game appears to be to exhibit the grace and elegance of the figure, though it is reasonably claimed that there is sufficient physical exertion to afford healthful action for every part of the system, and that there is sufficient excitement to give real interest. A moderately large piece of ground, whether smooth or not, is suitable. The bounds of the game are indicated by eight coloured flags on posts driven into the ground, lending ornamental appearance to the lawn. A small amount of practice will secure a good degree of success in the game. It will probably be found on sale at the fancy stores.

It is well known with what amazing rapidity rabbits multiply. In New Zealand the pigs deposited there by Cook have become so numerous as to necessitate a price being put upon their tails, but that horses in a state of wildness should have propagated in such numbers as to be destructive to vegetation, would not generally be credited. It is but a little over a century since the first horse was imported into Sydney, Australia, and whether this equine prodigy, as the first settlers regarded him, came from Valparaiso or the Cape of Good Hope is still a disputed question. Not many years elapsed from the introduction of horses to a country where soil, climate and the natural surroundings lend themselves admirably to the propagation of the race, before a few specimens escaped into the bush. The result is that thousands and tens of thousands of horses now run wild in Australia. They are for the most part spindle-shanked, flat-sided, cat-hammed, straight-shouldered brutes, and would be dear at five dollars a-piece.

AN American writer points out, in touching the question of the "emancipation of women," that one possible effect would be the infusing into the female character that sort of virility which produces a readiness to shoot at sight. The advocates of woman suffrage maintain that female virtues will remain just what they have always been, only "more so." Conservatives, however, maintain that as they are clothed with the rights of men, many feminine traits will be lost. The old-fashioned feudal woman always had an excessive aversion to gunpowder; the noise of a pistol or gun being painful to her nerves. She seems, however, in modern times to be gradually growing fond of it; and the ladies who get into "shooting scrapes" explain their connection with them in a way which resembles that of the Southern Colonel or Major. The Countess de Raconska, who had to shoot little Willie Coad in Philadelphia the other day, explains it by saying that her landlady, Willie's Aunt, had annoyed her by keeping the gas in their boarding house too low, and making too much noise. She therefore thought she "would fire" next time, and accordingly did so. It looks as if the possession of a revolver had just the same effect on woman that it has on man.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR is said to have dined and wine every member of both Houses of Congress and his wife this winter. His plan is to take them by sections of forty or fifty. At his last dinner a correspondent of the New York *Sun* says that "covers were laid for fifty, and there were

twenty courses, each more elaborate than its predecessor. All the floral decorations were horizontal. It has been established as the mode at the White House that all monster elevations in the middle of the table shall be abolished, and nothing but flat decorations used, except bowls of long-stemmed roses placed at intervals. This gives the President an opportunity to let all the ladies make eyes at him at once, so there can be no partiality."

BARNUM has been outdone, and Willing should die of chagrin. The boldest advertiser who has lived hitherto may as well hide his diminished head. Here is the latest development of the faculty for obtaining publicity. It appeared *verbatim et literatim* in the columns of a very largely-circulated London daily paper—"Twenty bald-headed men wanted, as perambulating signs, willing to have the words '——' burnt in on the back of their heads. Apply for address at any retail chemist's." The force of advertising could no further go. The tattooed man who offers his back for a permanent advertisement is nothing to this. Fancy the degradation of a man who would submit to become an object of scorn and derision for the sake of a few dollars taken from a chemist! It is very far from consoling to think that the twenty men were probably found.

In the prevailing business gloom, the *Nation* takes pleasure in calling the attention of its readers to any sign of cheer and hope; and one of the most significant of these, our contemporary says, is a notice that Mr. Emanuel Delmar, late associate editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*, is going to "start a paper." His "salutatory," which is for some reason published in advance, gives the name of the new paper as the *Great Republic*, and fixes the circulation at 200,000 a week, and "as much more as possible." It is to be a large, handsome eight-page semi-weekly, and will appear on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The name of the editor-in-chief is not given, but his services have been secured, and he is described as "a gentleman and scholar of the highest social and political standing," and a "Republican of national reputation."

GERMANE to the remarks which have appeared in these columns on suppers, the American *Caterer* insists that late suppers are not in themselves bad if one knows how to eat them. The essential error consists, not in indulgence, but in ignorant indulgence. It is necessary to understand the likes and dislikes and the capacity and caprices of the stomach which is relied upon to digest the late supper we thrust into it. An ox fills himself with food suited to his occasion and lies down to digest it. If man would imitate the ox and only eat what was good for him he might fare as well.

THE London correspondent of the Liverpool *Mercury* says: "American journalism has been so far well imitated in England that a newspaper which was recently started to give the people old stories, literary extracts, and stale jokes has lately given a villa to a prize-winner in one of its recent contests. I understand that the villa cost the proprietor no less than £600. Such a prize is, I believe, absolutely unprecedented; and it proves that we are getting on in the journalistic world as well as in other directions."

THE announcement that Edmund Yates, "the reckless and pert editor of the London *World*," as an American writer dubs him, has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment for libel, has caused quite a sensation amongst "Society journalists." Taking advantage of the average Englishman's reluctance to figure before the courts even as an injured prosecutor, conductors of papers which pander to the unhealthy appetite for scandal and personalities have attacked private reputations in a wholly indefensible manner, and Lord Lonsdale has done the public yeoman's service in at once clearing himself and showing that this reckless disregard for sensibilities shall not in all cases be permitted to slaughter reputations with impunity. Almost anything is possible to the man of means to appeal, and it is not at all certain that Mr. Yates will be imprisoned; but if he were, though it might close some doors to him, the result would eventually be to his advantage. His burly form would be missed by scandal-mongers in "The Row;" he would be looked upon as a martyr—particularly as the libelous paragraph was not seen by him before its insertion; and his paper would sell all the better. It will be remembered that Earl Lonsdale was accused of eloping from the hunting-field with a lady of noble birth. The Springfield *Republican* says of this matter:—

"The incident is interesting for the light it throws on the way these London boulevard weeklies get their news. Yates said that the libelous article was written by 'a person of title,' who is a paid contributor to his paper. Yates has got a respite pending a law point."