

BEUST AND BISMARCK.

It was in 1848, while Saxon envoy at Berlin, that Beust first met his future friend and enemy, Prince Bismarck, then a plain squire, known merely as a rough champion of anti-popular views in the Landtag. Bismarck was at the time staying with Savigny, the eminent jurist, and one morning when Beust called on Savigny, Bismarck came into the room in his dressing gown, smoking a long pipe. Their conversation turned on the news just received of the execution of R. Blum by the Austrian authorities for treason, and Beust having maintained that the execution was a mistake politically, Bismarck immediately struck in with the words: "You are entirely wrong; if I have an enemy in my power I must destroy him." Beust adds, "I have remembered the saying more than once." In that story we have the two men well represented before us, the constitutional statesman on the one hand, who would win opinion over, and the authoritative statesman who would drive it by force. They were different by nature and their duties led them into antagonism, but nothing seems to be farther from the truth than the common description of Beust as being animated by envy and hatred toward his more successful rival. On the contrary he always speaks of him in terms of personal liking, and while acknowledging that his opposition to Gortschakoff was personal as well as political, he says that his relations with Prince Bismarck were always sympathetic. They were never more so than at Gastein just before Beust's downfall in 1871. He says he found Bismarck one of the most charming companions he ever met, and that his ideas are not more original than his expression of them. One of the stories he tells of their meeting is very amusing. Bismarck asked him one day, "What do you do when you are angry?" adding, "I suppose you do not get angry as often as I do." "I get angry," was my answer (to tell the story in Beust's own words)—"I get angry with the stupidity of mankind, but not with its malignity." "Do you not find it a great relief," he asked, "to smash things when you are in a passion? One day I was over there, pointing to the windows of the Emperor's apartments opposite, 'and I got into a violent rage. On leaving I shut the door violently, and the key remained in my hand. I went to Lehndorff's room, and threw the key into the basin, which broke into a thousand pieces.' 'What is the matter?' he exclaimed: 'are you ill?' 'I was ill,' I replied, 'but now I am quite well again.'"—*Temple Bar*.

M. MOHL'S STORY.

"Now I will show you how they did things in those days. I will tell about the man who was assassinated. While I was on duty at night in the corps de garde, a man came rushing in to say that there was a terrible thing—they were assassinating a man in the Rue Cherche-midi. Well, instead of our going out as fast as we could to help this man who was assassinating or assassinated, the officer says to me, 'Go immediately and tell the Commissaire de police—he lives in the Rue Grenelle—under a red lamp.' Well, away I go, and find my Rue Grenelle and red lamp, and I make a great noise at the door for a long time; at last a head with a nightcap comes out of the window and asks me what in the world I want. 'The Commissaire de police,' says I. 'Well, I am the Commissaire de police: what do you want?' 'There is a man being assassinated in the Rue Cherche-midi.' 'Which side of the gutter?' says he. Well, I did not know anything about one side of the gutter or the other side, so I say at once boldly, 'The right side as you come down the street.' 'Ah! he says, 'that is in the other arrondissement; go to the other Commissaire. No. — Rue —.' So away I go, with my man being assassinated all the time, and I find my other Commissaire. 'Which side of the gutter?' says he. So I thought at any rate I would stick to my story, and I say, 'The right side coming down the street.' 'Ah! dit-il, c'est la me regarde. But how long is it since they have been assassinating him?' 'About three-quarters of an hour,' say I. 'Ah! then he is dead by this time; we must get two men and a stretcher to carry him away.' So away we go with our stretcher, and I went with them, for I wanted to see whether the man was on the right side of the gutter or not—and we found him lying stone dead, with his head in the gutter. But he was more on the right side than on the left, and he was stabbed through the heart, so the three-quarters of an hour did not signify. But that is the way they do things here."—*The Spectator*.

THE SHREWD EXAMINER.

An examiner who prided himself on his shrewdness determined that he would make it impossible for any copying to take place under his supervision. Accordingly he not only kept a very sharp and constant watch upon the candidates, but peered at them from time to time between the fingers of his hands spread before his face. At last he thought he had detected a man in something which looked very suspicious. Looking from side to side to satisfy himself that no one observed him, the man plunged his hand into his breast pocket, and, drawing something out, regarded it long and steadfastly, and then, hastily replacing it, resumed his pen and wrote with obviously increased energy. The examiner pretended not to notice this, but after a time he rose from his seat, and with his hands in his pockets, strolled round the room with an appearance of negligence and indifference to what was going on. By these means he succeeded in disarming suspicion, and, getting to windward of his prey, stole upon him from behind gradually and unperceived. Then, waiting patiently, his strategy was rewarded by observing that the man once more turned his head from side to side, yet not quite far enough to see him, and once more put his hand into his breast pocket. Then the examiner sprang forward in elation, and seized the hand in the very act of grasping the suspected object. "Sir," said he, "this is the fourth time I have watched you doing this. What have you in your hand?" The

man hesitated to reply, and this, coupled with his evident confusion, confirmed the suspicions of the examiner. "I must insist, sir, on seeing what it is you have in your hand." The man reluctantly complied, and, drawing his hand from the pocket, presented to the dismayed examiner the photograph of a young lady. That it was which had been his hidden source of inspiration. This had been the secret of his ever-freshened energy. Very humbly and sincerely did the examiner offer his apologies as he returned, crestfallen, to his seat, and it gives the finishing touch to the story to learn that the candidate married that young lady in due time, and that they are now living happily together in the employment of the blessings of their faithful love, so rudely tested and discovered.—*Temple Bar*.

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

KNOW-NONIAN.

AN ACROSTIC.

BY W. M., HAMMILL.

Knocks to pieces ancient shams,
Nicely nourishes our lambs,
Old and young enjoy his wit,
'Xcellence he cannot quit,
Oft severe when sin assails,
Or unjust who'er prevails.
In his pages he has planted
All his fond admirers wanted.
Nestor's name to him is granted.

Sept. 17, 1887.

HOW A LONDON PAPER GOT THE NEWS.

"At this time" [1811], Stuart says, "a struggle was going on whether the Regent should be a Whig or a Tory, and important letters were passing between his Royal Highness and Mr. Percival. At midnight George Spurrett, the porter, who slept in the *Courier* office, was knocked up; a splendid carriage and splendid liveries at the door; a portly, elegant man, elegantly dressed, wrapped up in a cloak, presented himself, and inquired for Mr. Stuart, for, as I was abused in the newspapers as the conductor of the *Courier*, the merit of which wholly belonged to Mr. Street, I was the person inquired for by strangers. George said Mr. Stuart lived out of town, but Mr. Street, the editor, resided on the Adelphi Terrace. A packet was delivered to George, who was enjoined to give it speedily to Mr. Street, as it was of great importance. This was a copy of the correspondence between the Prince of Wales and Mr. Percival. To be sure of its being genuine, Mr. Street went immediately to Mr. Percival to inquire. On seeing it Mr. Percival started back and exclaimed, 'This is done to ruin me with the Prince.' If it appears in the *Courier* nothing will persuade him I did not publish it as an appeal to the public against him. It must not be published!' 'No?' said Mr. Street, 'It's a very good article for the paper.' Mr. Percival explained and entreated; Mr. Street still remarking, 'It is a very good article for the paper; and what will partner Stuart say if he hears of my suppressing it?' 'Well,' said Mr. Percival, who held it fast, 'some news shall be sent to you as an equivalent.' Accordingly, a copy of the official despatch of the taking of the Island of Bandy, in the East Indies, was sent the same day and appeared in the *Courier* before it appeared in the *London Gazette*. I knew nothing of this till the evening, when I dined with Street at Kilburn, when we had a hearty laugh at these occurrences."—*The Gentleman's Magazine*.

PROHIBITION IN GEORGIA.

Take the famous case of Atlanta. Here was a city of 60,000 inhabitants that boldly entered this contest, and while not at all regardless of consequences, was yet willing to meet them. Perhaps as much as a million of dollars were invested in the liquor trade by her citizens, among whom were men of most exemplary character and high respectability. The houses for dribbling out the pestiferous numbered, probably, 150? and liquor selling and liquor drinking had about as fair prospects in Atlanta as one would easily find in any other city of like population. The nerves and faith of temperance men were severely tried by the predictions of the ruin that was to "follow fast and follow faster" upon the triumphs of sobriety and the suppression of that chief boon among "human rights," the privilege of becoming intoxicated whenever it so pleased. Notwithstanding these fearful vaticinations, the friends of temperance took the risk of all harm that was to come of doing right and making men better, and rendering unhappy women and children more resigned to their lot. The victory at the polls did not end by any means the labours of the Atlanta prohibitionists. For months after the contest closed, these wearied toilers were kept busy answering inquiries from every part of the Union as to the extent of the material damage which followed the city's exclusion of the liquor traffic. The old argument, killed as it had been by the facts of the case, was constantly resurrected, and was made to do service in many a succeeding temperance campaign. The tale of Atlanta's downfall, Atlanta's expelled capital, her empty stores and her coming desolation was vined into the ears of the friends and foes of temperance reform until men's patience was exhausted.—*Senator Colquitt, in New Princeton Review for September*.

We must always speak of the things of God reverently and seriously, and as becomes the oracles of God.

THE Rev. Robert McClean, M.A., late of New Luce, has been settled in his new charge at Walpawa, New Zealand.

THE call to Grief to Rev. W. P. Paterson, Biggar, has been sustained by Auchterarder Presbytery; it was signed only by 167 out of a roll of 757.

British and Foreign.

DR. VANCE SMITH has resigned the office of principal in the college at Caernarthen.

THE Rev. S. Baring Gould asserts that his family has occupied estates in Devon since the reign of Henry III.

THE Emperor of Germany has granted the band of his regiment of Guards permission to make a six weeks' tour in England.

THE Rev. Alexander Stewart, the new professor of Systematic Theology at Aberdeen, is a native of Liverpool, where he was born in 1847.

MRS. ETHERINGTON GUYTON, better known by her *non de plume* of Emma Jane Worboise, has died somewhat suddenly in her sixty-third year.

THE Rev. John Brand, Dundee, with Mr. Johnson, pastor of the Church, conducted special services at Dunoon lately; the collection exceeded \$185.

THE memoir of the late Ion Keith-Falconer has been undertaken at the widow's request by Rev. R. Sinker, B.D., librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge.

DR. DALE and his party, on their voyage to Australia, touched at Santa Cruz on July 21 and laid in a store of figs, bananas and grapes—all at 4 cents a pound.

THE new church at Gladsmaur, erected at a cost of \$2,500, in place of the one burned down in March of last year, was opened by Rev. Andrew Gray, of Dalkeith.

MRS. PARKER, of Dundee, founder of the British Women's Temperance Association, is going to take 1,000 Scotch women to California to be domestic servants.

PROFESSOR ROBERTSON conducted the services at the ordination by Aberdeen Presbytery of the Rev. Alexander Tomory, who has been appointed a missionary to Calcutta.

"CHILDREN'S DAY" will be observed throughout the Free Church of Scotland and the English Presbyterian Church on the second and third Sundays in October respectively.

MR. BRIDGE, who conducted the Government inquiry into the anti-tithe disturbances in Wales, recommends that no new prosecution should be instituted, and that the landlords should pay the tithes.

THE Queen attended the funeral of Euphemia Leys, a girl of nineteen, daughter of one of her Majesty's tenants, and a cousin of the late John Brown. Her Majesty placed a large wreath on the grave.

THE Chinese Mission recently sent to study in Europe comprises thirty-six students, nineteen of whom are in England, all but three at the naval college at Greenwich. The others are in France and Germany.

THE widow of M. Paul Bert, who is a native of Keith, in Banffshire, and a Presbyterian, is likely to receive the appointment of lady principal of the female colleges of the legion of honour at Eckorien and St. Denis.

THE Rev. M. Baxter, editor of a sensational weekly print, and who recently lectured in Canada, was denounced at Burnley as a hypocrite when lecturing on the end of the world, and the meeting broke up in wild confusion.

MR. CAMPBELL WHITE of Overton presided at a farewell meeting held in St. Peter's Church, Glasgow, under the auspices of the Presbytery, in connection with the departure to Santalia of Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson and Miss Sprot.

CARDINAL NEWMAN, replying to an inquiry respecting his hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," which has been translated into Welsh, says the hymn consists of three, not four, stanzas, and the fourth is an unwarranted addendum by another pen.

THE Rev. W. J. H. Orr, Antrim, Clerk of Assembly, was presented lately by his congregation with a purse of sovereigns and an address congratulating him on the double honour conferred during the year, viz., the Moderatorship of Assembly and the degree of D.D.

THE Rev. W. W. Tulloch, B.D., of Maxwell Church, Glasgow, preached at Balmoral on a recent Sunday morning before the Queen, and along with him the Earl of Cadogan and Mr. Campbell, the minister of Crathie, had the honour of dining in the evening with her Majesty.

MISS ROBERTSON, of Thorn Tree House, Dunzing, have presented to the U. P. congregation there a very handsome silver collection plate bearing an inscription in memory of their father, the late Mr. Andrew Robertson, J.P., who was an elder of the Church for half a century.

IN one of the London suburbs some Christian ladies and gentlemen have formed themselves into a choir for the purpose of giving selections of sacred music to the sick, especially to those who have little opportunity of hearing it in any other way. The experiment is said to be very much appreciated.

LORD DUFFERIN has advised the Government that the difference between the revenue from intoxicating liquors in India which in 1872 was \$11,500,000, until now, when it stands at \$21,225,000, is not the result of an excess in drinking. He says it results from the suppression of illicit distillation and smuggling.

THE Rev. James Christie, B.A., of Carlisle, was arrested as a German spy at Chartres in France. After answering a series of questions put to him by a military officer he was ordered to leave the place at once. Mr. Christie obeyed with alacrity, observing as he left the guard room that he had always been friendly to France and thought, he had not been kindly treated on this occasion.

MR. ALEXANDER THORNBURN, for fifty-seven years an elder of the Church at Stranraer, has died in his eighty-fourth year. He was one of the first to teach a Sabbath class in Stranraer, and to the last took a deep interest in all that concerned the religious welfare of the young. He was the last survivor in Stranraer of those whose names were put upon the voters' roll by the Reform Bill of 1832.