

ing the emigrants from the "sharks" is oftentimes as beneficial to them as though they had received a large portion of their ocean fare. Then, again, we have a system whereby employment is, if possible, obtained for the emigrant either before or on arrival at the destination, and, consequently a good portion of my spare time is taken up, on landing, in despatching the people to situations which had previously been obtained for them. The means to this end have proved very satisfactory up to the present, and are as follows:—On arrival at Kamouski I send telegrams to all the Government and labour agents stating what class of people I have with me, and invariably, on landing at Quebec, I find replies almost sufficient to absorb the entire contingent: telegrams from one for agricultural labourers, from another for domestic servants, from a third for bricklayers or blacksmiths, and so on. And then, despatching the people straightway to their destination, instead of allowing them to seek lodgings elsewhere, makes the benefits of the system obvious. There is one thing we have studiously avoided since taking up this scheme—viz., to endeavour to take emigrants out on any kind of false pretence; our desire is to benefit both the people and the colonies, and hence it would be injudicious to recommend everybody to go, even supposing they have desires that way and the necessary cash. Indeed, we go so far as to publish at intervals statements with regard to the rates of wages, relative advantages of the various cities and provinces, qualifications of emigrants, instructions as to mode of procedure of the intending emigrant, &c. As evidence that we do not charge the emigrant anything for the advantages narrated, I will, with your permission, quote from our list to Canada: Female domestic servants and agricultural labourers, £3; mechanics, £4; this including ample supply of excellent provisions and all the advantages peculiar to such well-regulated lines of steamers. We also, I may say, have special arrangements with the railway companies, whereby passengers are booked from the various stations to Liverpool at considerably less than the ordinary rates. Independently of the parties I send out every week, I have managed a series of personally-conducted parties for the present season. My first personally-conducted party is on May 3rd, when I expect between 300 and 400 persons will leave Liverpool per ss. *Ocean*, of the Dominion line, and a large number are already booked for my succeeding trip on June 28th.

Thus, Sir, you will see that we, at least, are doing our share to the end of facilitating the passage of emigrants to the Dominion of Canada, and probably your insertion of the foregoing may have the effect of stimulating others in a similar direction.

Apologising for the length of my remarks, I beg to remain, Sir, faithfully yours,

JOHN JAMES JONES,  
Director of the London Samaritan Society.

AN INTERESTING LETTER OF  
CARLYLE.

The following unpublished letter of Carlyle is very pleasant reading, and is also interesting in illustrating the peculiar characteristics of the writer. It was written to a lady of New York City in answer to a request for information concerning his translation of Goethe's works:

CHELSEA, LONDON, October 21, 1866.

You pretty, but unreasonable, child! I never translated "Goethe's Works," nor any part of them but the "Wilhelm Meister," and some short fragments scattered up and down among my own writings. The "Wilhelm Meister," (both parts) I would willingly send you, but the Publishers here informs me that the conveyance, etc., to New York will outweigh any advantage to you, and that the direct and easiest plan is that you apply to "Johnson & Co." (address inclosed) who are close at hand, in case you actually want a "Wilhelm Meister" which is itself uncertain to me.

Don't calculate on seeing me when you next come to London. I am grown very old; have no desire—but the contrary—for being "seen"—and find my little remnant of time all occupied with infinitely more important things. Read me, read Goethe, and if you will be a good girl, and feel a call to do so, read all the good books you can come at; and carefully avoid (like poison) all the bad, so far as you can discriminate them, which will be more and more, the more faithfully you try. Happy is he (still more is she) who has got to know a bad book by the very flavor; and to fly from it, (and from the base, vain and unprofitable soul that wrote it) as from a thing requiring to be left at once to leeward! And let me tell you further, pretty little Juliette, reading, even of the best, is but one of the sources of wisdom, and by no manner of means, the most important. The most important, all-including is, that you love wisdom loyally in your heart of hearts; and that wherever you learn from a book, or elsewhere, a thing creditably wise, you don't lose time in calling it or thinking it "wise," but proceed at once to see how, with your best discernment, energy, and caution, you can manage to do it! That is the rule of rules; that latter.

May your years be many, and bright with modest nobleness; "happy" enough they will be, in such case—and so adieu, my pretty child.

Your truly,  
T. CARLYLE.

THE HUMOURS OF EXAMINATIONS.

As a rule, examinations are not regarded by the outside world as occasions on which a display of humour may be expected. But if exceptions prove the rule, then may examinations claim to afford a very rich fund of ludicrous incidents. There are naturally varied circumstances in examinations which call forth the wit of the candidate. The humor varies, in fact, with the particular person who is being examined, and what is the topic of conversation between examiner and candidate. There is to be distinguished a medical as well as a legal humor; and conspicuous amongst the occasions which afford opportunity for the display of the ludicrous, are those examinations which, dignified by the name of "general knowledge" trials, afford a very wide and rich field for the ingenuity of candidates.

A thought may suggest itself to readers who reflect upon the subject of examination humor, that of all circumstances, the position of a candidate at an examination table is the least likely situation to evoke a sense of the humorous. The racking of the brain to find an answer to an oral question, the knowledge that the examiner is waiting with a fixity of gaze for one's reply, and the desperation with which at last the candidate may rise to the occasion, form a series of circumstances, out of which a joke might be regarded at least likely to arise. But it is this very desperation which is frequently the natural parent of the witticism. The candidate makes up his mind to say or write something, and that something, as often as not, is, in an innocent moment of inspiration, a joke.

One of the frequent causes of humor at examinations is of course the ignorance of candidates. A person was once asked to answer the question, "Who was Esau?" His reply was highly characteristic. "Esau," said he, "was a man who wrote fables, and who sold the copy-right to a publisher for a bottle of potash!" The confusion of "Esau" and "Esop," of "copyright" and "birthright," of "potage" and "potash," is an example of humor of by no means an unusual class. Another student was asked to give some account of Wolsey. His reply was unique. "Wolsey was a famous General who fought in the Crimean War, and who, after being decapitated several times, said to Cromwell: 'Ah, if I had only served you as you have served me, I would not have been deserted in my old age!'"

In an examination destined to test the general knowledge of young ladies about to enter the ranks of professional student life, a series of questions was put as tests of the reading of the candidates. The following were some of the replies obtained from the aspiring youths. "What was the Star Chamber?" Answer: "An astronomer's room."—"What was meant by the Year of Jubilee?" Answer: "Leap-year."—"What was the Bronze Age?" Answer: "When the new pennies became current coin of the realm."—"What are the Letters of Junius?" Answer: "Letters written in the month of June."—"What is the Age of Reason?" Answer: "The time that has elapsed since the person of that name was born."

The replies given to questions of a scientific nature are often of a remarkably curious, not to say extraordinary kind, and appear frequently to result from a want of appreciation of the exact meaning of the teaching. We know, for example, of a student in a popular class of physiology, who on being asked to describe the bones of the arm, stated in the course of his reply that the bone of the upper arm (named *humerus* in anatomy), "was called the *humorous* and that it received its name because it was known as the 'funny bone.'" The Latin name of the bone had evidently become confused in the student's mind with the popular name given to the elbow, the nerve of which on being violently struck, say, against a piece of furniture, gives rise to the well-known sensation of "pins and needles" in the arm and hand. Another answer given in an anatomy class is worth recording. The teacher had described the *tarsus* or ankle-bones—the scientific name of course being simply the Latin equivalent for the ankle. No such philological idea had troubled at least the student who replied to a question concerning the ankle, "that it was called the *tarsus* because St. Paul had walked upon it, to the city of that name!" Still more ludicrous was the confusion of ideas which beset a student who was questioned regarding the nature of the organ known as the *pancreas* or "sweetbread," which, as most readers know, is an organ situated near the stomach, and supplying a fluid of great use to the digestion of food. The reply of this student was as follows: "The sweetbread is called the *Pancreas*, being so named after the Midland Railway Station in London." Anything more extraordinary or ludicrous than the confusion of ideas as to the relation between St. Pancras Railway Station and an organ of the human body, can hardly be conceived.

It is related of a rough-and-ready examiner in medicine that on one occasion having failed to elicit satisfactory replies from a student regarding the muscular arrangements of the arm and leg, he somewhat brusquely said: "Ah! perhaps, sir, you could tell me the names of the muscles I would put in action were I to kick you!" "Certainly, sir," replied the candidate, "you would put in motion the flexors and extensors of my arms, for I should use them to knock you down." History is silent, and perhaps wisely so, concerning the fate of this particular student.

The story is told of a witty Irish student, who, once upon a time, appeared before an examination board to undergo an examination in medical jurisprudence. The subject of examination was poison, and the examiner had selected that deadly poison, prussic acid, as the subject of his questions. "Pray, sir," said he to the candidate, "what is a poisonous dose of prussic acid?" After cogitating for a moment, the student replied with promptitude: "Half an ounce, sir." Horrified at the extreme ignorance of the candidate, the examiner exclaimed: "Half an ounce! Why, sir, you must be dreaming! That is an amount which would poison a community, sir, not to speak of an individual." "Well, sir," replied the Hibernian, "I only thought I'd be on the safe side when you asked a poisonous dose." "But pray, sir," continued the examiner, intent on ascertaining the candidate's real knowledge, "suppose a man did swallow half an ounce of prussic acid, what treatment would you prescribe?" "I'd ride home for a stomach-pump," replied the unabashed student. "Are you aware, sir," retorted the examiner, "that prussic acid is a poison which acts with great rapidity?" "Well, yes," replied the student. "Then, sir, suppose you did such a foolish thing as you have just stated," said the examiner; "you ride home for your stomach-pump; and on returning you find your patient dead. What would you, or what could you, do then?" asked the examiner in triumph, thinking he had driven his victim into a corner whence there was no escape. "What would I do?" reiterated the student. "Do?—why, I'd hold a post-mortem!" For once in his life, that examiner must have felt that dense ignorance united to a power of repartee was more than a match for him.

Incidents of a highly ludicrous nature frequently occur in the examination of patients both by doctors and by students. A professor on one occasion was lecturing to his class on the means of diagnosing disease by the external appearance, face, and other details of the patient. Expressing his belief that a patient before the class afforded an example of the practice in question, the professor said to the individual: "Ah! you are troubled with gout." "No, sir," said the man; "I've never had any such complaint." "But," said the professor, "your father must have had gout." "No, sir," was the reply; "nor my mother either." "Ah, very strange," said the professor to his class. "I'm still convinced that this man is a gouty subject. I see that his front teeth show all the characters which we are accustomed to note in gout." "Front teeth!" ejaculated the patient. "Yes," retorted the professor; "I'm convinced my diagnosis is correct. You have gout, sir!" "Well, that beats everything," replied the man; "it's the first time, sir, I've ever heard of false teeth having the gout. I've had this set for the last ten years!" The effect of this sally on the part of the patient, upon the inquisitorial professor and his students, may be better imagined than described.

Occasionally within the precincts of colleges and universities, a rich vein of humour may be struck in a very unexpected fashion. On one occasion a professor, noticing that certain members of his class were inattentive during the lecture, suddenly arrested his flow of oratory, and addressing one of the students, said: "Pray, Mr. Johnston, what is your opinion of the position of the animals just described, in the created scale?" "Mr. Johnston" was forced to say that "really he had no views whatever on the subject." Whereupon the professor, turning to a second inattentive student—who had evidently not caught "Mr. Johnston's" reply or its purport—said: "Mr. Smith, what is your opinion of the position of these animals in the classified series?" "Oh, sir," replied the innocent Smith, "my opinions exactly coincide with those just expressed so lucidly and clearly by Mr. Johnston!"

There are examiners, and examiners, of course; some stern, others mild and encouraging; some who try to discover what a student knows, and others whose aim appears to be rather that of elucidating the ignorance of the candidates who appear before them. But to the end of time, there will be humour mixed with the grave concerns of testing knowledge, which is, for both sides, a hard enough task. The student who, when asked by a stern examiner what he would recommend in order to produce copious perspiration in a patient replied, "I'd make him try to pass an examination before you, sir!" had a keen sense of humour, which it is to be hoped the examiner appreciated. His answer was in keeping with the question which has been argued by us and by others, whether the whole subject of examinations, as at present conducted, should not be thoroughly overhauled and revised.—*Chambers' Journal*.

MAKING THE SONGS OF A NATION.

"Where do you get your ideas when you want to write a new song?" asked the reporter. "That's simple enough," returned the poet, taking what he called a "swig at the ale." "There are enough ideas in the songs already written to make it unnecessary to think about new ones. Now take that well-known song, 'The Danube River.' Here is the first verse. I think I've got it right:

"Do you recall that night in June upon the Danube River,  
We listened to a Landler tune and watched the moon-beams quiver?"

I oft since then have watched the moon, but never, love, oh, never, Can I forget that night in June upon the Danube River."

"Well," the man of verses continued, "I read that through very carefully. My first thought is to localize it. Then I put in the name of a fair one. Next, I have it set to slightly different music and in a few weeks Thomas Lenten's latest sentimental success is going over the land. It becomes a perfect rage and every one sings:

"My sweetest June, I think of you when on the Schuykill River;  
I idly float and steer my boat and watch the moon-beams quiver.  
We once were there, you, Jane and I, upon that boat together,  
So when alone I dream of you upon the Schuykill River."

LITERARY.

MR. LOFFIE has completed the "History of London," on which he has been many years engaged. It is strictly historical, and professes to describe among other things, the movements of political parties in the city during the Middle Ages.

THE *Home Journal* says:—We published a manuscript some weeks ago entitled "Home Life in Germany." It came to us as original, but we find it was copied from a magazine, *Good Company*, published some years ago in Springfield, Mass. The true author of the sketch is Emily F. Wheeler, 69 Chester Square, Boston. From the person who robbed her of the credit of a good article, and imposed upon us and the *Home Journal* readers, we have been able to get thus far no response.

A WHIMSICAL WOOING, by Anton Giulio Barrili. This comical and artistic little story is cleverly rendered from the Italian by Clara Bell. It is the romance of a man who was ennuied of everything and who would not marry because it was too much trouble to fall in love. However he did fall into it quite accidentally, and he had a very lively and curious time of it. The strangest part of the story is that he never got out of it again. He was in silken fetters forever after, and as quite cured of his indifference to this world.

AN ancient life of St. Patrick in Latin has recently been brought to light in a manuscript in the Royal Library, Brussels, which formerly belonged to an Irish monastery at Wurzburg. This life, it seems, says the *Athenaeum*, much resembles the account of St. Patrick extant in the manuscript known as the "Book of Armagh," ascribed to the ninth century, of which portions have been published in the "Facsimiles of National MSS. of Ireland," edited by Mr. John T. Gilbert, F.S.A. The initial part of the life of St. Patrick, which has long been missing from the "Book of Armagh," is extant in the Brussels manuscript, which will shortly be published by the Bollandists.

PERSONAL.

THE coaching mania is said to be rapidly losing favor in England, all but four coaches having been taken off the road. Yachting, however, is gaining in popularity.

PROF. ROBERTSON SMITH contemplates leaving Edinburgh shortly, and taking up his residence permanently in Cambridge, where he is now the occupant of the chair of Arabic.

THE big trees of California are rivaled by the peppermint trees (*Eucalyptus piperula*) of Australia. Baron F. von Mueller, of Melbourne, describes one of the gigantic height of four hundred and eighty feet.

A STATUE of Lamartine is about to be erected by subscription, and each subscriber is to receive as a premium a lock of the poet's hair—a delightfully French notion—furnished from the reliques saved by his barber.

THE Right Hon. Lyon Playfair, M.P. for the Scotch Universities and lately Chairman of Ways and Means in the House of Commons, who married three or four years ago a Boston lady, has become Sir Lyon Playfair, K.C.B.

PROF. WILHELMJ intends to rebuild his villa at Biebrich into a conservatory of music, more especially a high school for violin playing, with a large concert hall attached, in which grand musical performances may be given.

KING LOUIS of Bavaria has appointed Madame Johanna Jachmann-Wagner, a niece of the late Richard Wagner, Royal Professor of the School of Music, the first appointment of this kind in Germany ever conferred upon a lady.

ON the occasion of the coming coronation of the Czar in Moscow, four operas by Russian composers—Rubinstein, Glinka, Naptawulk and Rinsky Korsakoff—will be played, and on the day of the coronation an orchestra of one thousand players will perform on the square before the palace.

A MEMORIAL to Prime Minister Gladstone, declaring that no further extension of the franchise will be satisfactory which does not include women who possess the necessary qualification, has already been very influentially signed by members of Parliament.

IN Protestant circles in Germany busy preparations are going on to render the four hundredth anniversary of Martin Luther's birthday, on the 10th of November this year, a festival worthy of the great reformer. Every town and hamlet will have its festival in honor of the Wittenberg monk.

DURING the past winter, at a large number of private and official soirées in Paris, the electric light has been used from storage batteries in a very simple manner. The accumulators are carried in a vehicle which is stationed in front of the house, and electric wires are conducted into the building through the windows. Incandescent lamps are placed in the ordinary candlebrackets, and the fitting of the most complex lighting is an affair of a very few hours.