

the same neighbourhood, in memory of that great and good man who, in his "Apology for the Bible," so unanswerably replied to the infidel work above alluded to,—Dr. Richard Watson, some time Bishop of Landaff and Regius Professor of Divinity in my *Alma Mater*, the University of Cambridge.

It has been said, I know not with what truth, that Paine, in consequence of his utter inability to refute the arguments of the Bishop, like another Judas destroyed himself.

It is, however, pretty certain that the publication of his infamous work lost him the regard of most of his American friends of that day, that he was prosecuted by the Attorney-General of England for issuing "a wicked and seditious publication," the "Rights of Man," that he narrowly escaped the guillotine in France, that he ran away with another man's wife, and that he finally "took to drinking."

And this is the man whose memory some of our neighbours across the boundary-line are now proposing to honour.

Verily "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

North Down, Feb. 12, 1872.

B. A.

THE STOCKWELL MURDER.

It is a relief to find that Mr. Justice Byle, who tried the Rev. John Selby Watson for the murder of his wife, supported by the Lord Chief Justice, has backed up the recommendation by the Jury, and that the life of the miserable old man will be spared, though its few remaining years in this world will be exhausted in penal servitude. Had he been executed no such an eventful incident would have occurred since the execution of the unfortunate clergyman William Dodd, for the forgery of a bond on June 23, 1777, in the 48th year of his age. On that occasion, petitions to the King, George III., to Queen Charlotte; and to the Home Secretary in favour of mitigating the sentence to banishment of life, was signed by 23,000 persons. The capital sentence was persisted in against every protest, and of all the deaths recorded of criminals that of Doctor Dodd is the most edifying and affecting, for its undeniable testimony to a sincere and unaffected repentance, for its exhibition of the sentiments with which a Christian ought to die. The crime of the present culprit was far more heinous. Every accessory to the act, the quiet Sunday afternoon, the precedent attendance together at public worship, the many years of married life, the apparent helplessness of the victim, the difficulty of discovering a motive for the crime, all tend to darken the horror, and to make it more than ordinarily revolting to the better feelings of humanity. The plea of temporary insanity which at first seemed the only possible clue to the labyrinth, was ignored by the verdict of the jury. The *Times* in its first day's leader after the trial endeavoured to lead the public mind to desire the full execution of the capital sentence. The argument is that there are other murderers besides Mr. Watson, and that justice to them may demand the refusal to exercise in this instance the prerogative of mercy. The rejoinder is a practical acceptance of the force of the question in the words of the celebrated Dr. Johnson in the petition written by him in behalf of Dr. Dodd, "That though life be spared, justice may not be fully satisfied with ruin, imprisonment, perpetual confinement, infamy and penury." We would like to ask one question: Why are there not some means of solemnly deposing a clergyman convicted of such a crime, so that he should not be only made amenable to the law of the State, but that the Church, by solemnly taking away his robe and office, should distinctly mark his conduct with the severest reprobation?—*Guardian*.

A sale is announced as about to be made in Paris of the puppets or marionettes which the late M. Ponsou du Terrail, the well-known romance writer, made use of when employed in composing the voluminous *feuilletons* for which he was so celebrated. These puppets, which represent the various characters of the author's different novels, are small dolls about one foot high; their faces were carved expressly for M. Terrail's use by M. Deilegus, a Swiss artist. These marionettes are divided into groups, each group bearing the name of the story in which the personages composing it played a part. For his great—in length at least—work of *Macabole*, the author had no fewer than 252 puppets. M. Ponsou du Terrail at one time contributed simultaneously five distinct novels to the *feuilletons* of five distinct journals in Paris. It is said that M. Paul Feral and M. Victorien Sardou also employ puppets.

To every monastery of any magnitude was attached a scriptorium or writing-room, in which the scribes belonging to the house sat to copy whatever was enjoined them by their superiors. I say belonging to the house, because there was evidently a class of professional writers, of whom I shall speak presently, who were not monks, and who prosecuted their labours at their own homes. The scriptorium appears to have been a large and commodious apartment, studiously adapted to the purpose for which it was intended. In some instances this writing chamber was sufficiently capacious to accommodate as many as twelve, or even twenty persons. It was under the direction of the abbot, who selected the scribes for their special qualifications. As monks in general were taught to write, all were compelled, if able and a pressure of work demanded it, to give assistance in the scriptorium when required; but, as a general rule, those only were employed who had been trained for that purpose.—*Sir T. D. Hardy's Catalogue of Manuscripts relating to British History*.

For the Little Ones.

BIRD-TRACKS.

BY MARY E. ATKINSON.

Wrap my little Nelly up well
In cloak and leggins and fur;
I'm going down to the brook in the grove,
And I must take Nelly and her.

Johnny has brought his fine new sled—
It is waiting now at the door;
Nelly shall ride while Johnny, her steed,
Goes prancing along before.

See how the slender icicles hang
From the roof in a glittering row!
See how the silver spangles shine
And sparkle out of the snow!

Nelly's cheeks grow red as a rose
In the fresh, clear frosty air;
Around the swan's down edge of her hood
Floats a cloud of golden hair.

Turn in here where the bars are down,
Into the woods so white;
They are hushed and still, for the trees are asleep,
And no living thing in sight.

You can hardly hear the gushing brook
Under the snow so deep;
Its voice is like Nelly's, under the quilt,
When she talks to herself in her sleep.

Do you remember the two flat stones,
So near, that we stepped across
To see the robin's nest up in the tree,
And gather the soft green moss?

These are the stones. Don't you think they
Like pillows soft and white,
Bordered with a lace of frostwork, spun
By the fairies, in the night?

Between them, here, for a little space,
We can see the water flow;
The rest of the brook is hidden away
Under the ice and snow.

Come, little Nelly, stand by me,
Close by the water's brink;
For this one break in the ice is the cup
Where all the birdies drink.

See the marks of their dear little feet
Set in a pretty row
Here, on the edge: such tiny tracks,
Laid on the soft white snow!

Crow and robin and bluebird come,
And dear little chick-a-dee-dee;
I think the robin looked up there
To see her nest in the tree.

It is full and piled with fleecy snow,
And an icy spike hangs down;
No, no, to-day, for her blue-green eggs,
Nor nor downy birdlings brown.

No, Johnny, dear, you need not climb
To bring us the frozen post;
We will leave it here for another spring—
The robin would like that best.

Sit down again, little Nell, on the sled,
For now it is time to go;
When the birdies come again, they will find
Our larger tracks in the snow.

TRIP AND KITTY.

Little Trip is a black-and-tan dog: he is a pretty old dog now, and looks as if he would need to wear spectacles pretty soon, for his eyes are growing dim. Still, as little Trip has never learned to read or write, perhaps he will never need to wear glasses. He can bark just as well as he could when he was young, and he seems to be very fond of it, for he barks from morning till night. Trip is very particular about his eating, but when he begins to eat anything he does not fancy, all his mistress has to do to make him finish it is to call Kitty. If Trip sees Kitty coming he immediately growls a little at her, and finishes the bit himself, rather than let her have it.

Did you ever see any children act like this?

But Trip is very polite to Kitty, unless she interferes with his breakfast. The other day grandma put Kitty and her four baby-kittens into Trip's bed by mistake. Trip lies on the lounge in the sitting room all day, but at night he sleeps in the wood house, in a nice box. So just think how

little Trip felt one night when he was very, very tired, barking all day at the butcher, and the baker, and the doctor, and everybody else who passed by, to go out to his nice little bed and find it all full—five in a bed! Old Mrs. Kitty and her four little kittens all fast asleep there, as snug as you please.

Trip wagged his little tale, and barked with all his might, but the little kitties took no notice at all, feeling perfectly safe with their dear mamma; and Mrs. Kitty just opened her eyes and looked lazily at Trip, as much as to say, "It's no use, Mr. Trip; Grandma put us here, and here we shall stay." And Trip, after looking at them a few moments, seemed to say to himself, "What can't be cured must be endured"; so he hunted about till he found a nice box, and there slept soundly all night.—*By W. H. S., in Our Little People*.

THE ADVANTAGES OF MATRIMONY.

At one of the recent sittings of the Academy of Medicine, M. Bertillon communicated to his colleagues the results of his researches on the question of "The Results of Marriage in a Hygienic and Medico-social point of view, as compared with those of Celibacy and Widowhood." It turns out that the hygienic results of the widowed state are less favourable than those of celibacy.

Considering first the male sex, M. Bertillon finds that from the age of twenty to twenty-five, 1,000 married men afford each year 6 deaths, whereas the same number of bachelors afford more than ten and the same number of widowers about 22; from thirty to thirty-five, 7 deaths out of 1,000 married men, 11½ out of the same number of bachelors, and 19 out of an equal number of widowers; from thirty-five to forty, the corresponding figures are 7½, 13, and more than 17.

These results take in a period of ten years (1856-65), and apply to France, Belgium, and Holland.

M. Bertillon states that these results are not due to the fact (as might suggest itself to the mind) that only the richer, healthier, and stronger get married, because in the case of widowers it is seen that the same individuals, when no longer enjoying the advantages of marriage, are subjected to causes which entail a heavier mortality.

Another important fact derived from these researches is that too early marriages are hurtful (and the term "too early," be it understood, the author means to apply to unions by young men of from eighteen to twenty), the mortality during this time of life in married men being as great as that of men from sixty to sixty-five. In respect of the female sex, marriage exerts the same protecting influences. They are less marked, however, during the period of life included between eighteen and thirty-five, on account of the consequences of parturition. But on the other hand, widows would seem to live much longer than widowers, and longer especially than females who have never been married. The advantages of the married condition are such that M. Bertillon sums them up thus: "Married men of from twenty to twenty-five may expect to live on forty years more, while bachelors have only to expect thirty five years, and spinsters thirty-six. So that a young man in becoming married actually gains a prolongation of life of five years, equal to a percentage of one-seventh, and the young female four years, or one-ninth per cent."

In conclusion, M. Bertillon studies the results of matrimony in regard to questions of crime, suicide, and lunacy. In all cases the advantages of marriage have been found to be paramount.

Here are a few figures about San Francisco Population, 165,000; area, 36 square miles; wharf frontage, 10 miles; paid in tariff duties last year, \$8,000,000; internal revenue, \$5,000,000; coinage by her mint since its establishment, \$321,000,000; public schools, \$7; cost \$700,000 a year, and accommodate 20,000 children; private schools 63, with 7,000 pupils; valuation, \$100,000,000; deposits in saving banks, \$35,000,000; debt, \$3,500,000; annual expenses about \$2,750,000; streets paved with wood, ten miles, with cobble stones, 23 mile, with planks, 65 miles; steam fire engines, 10; police, 104, costing \$130,000; expended for street improvements during 15 years, \$10,500,000; shipments of to East by railroad in September and October, 7,500,000 pounds; sewerage and improvements contemplated; too many wooden buildings; and pretty much determined to build a bridge across the bay, so as to bring the railroad directly into the town.