

duty. The removal of these obstructions to trade is the hope and purpose of the new English National Policy. Speaking as Free Traders from profound conviction; holding as we do that there is not enough Free Trade in the world; and unreservedly condemning the principle of Protection as radically unsound,—while not committing ourselves to an approval of any form the new National Policy in England may hereafter take—or to its every detail,—we regard it in its inception as an eminently statesman-like measure: one likely to prove most beneficial to Free Trade in its broadest and full meaning.

A "GASTRONOMIC feat" performed the other day at New London, U.S., by a retired fisherman known as "Jerry Jones," has excited much interest and admiration in that city and its neighbourhood. Jones, who now keeps a restaurant and is highly respected, made a bet of five dollars that he would eat 100 smelts at one sitting; the time allowed for the performance being twenty minutes. The wager was decided on the evening of the 20th of November, when Jones, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators, swallowed the 100 smelts, heads and tails included, in seventeen minutes and thirty seconds, washing them down with a pint and a half of strong coffee. The smelts weighed, before being fried in crumbs, $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.; and as the last of the fish disappeared in his mouth deafening cheers arose from all assembled. At the conclusion of the repast Jones offered for a consideration to eat one dozen boiled eggs; but the crowd was awed by the evidence he had given of his voracity, and no one would bet against him. A touching incident occurred with reference to the feat. A few doors from Jones lived an undertaker, who declined to leave his house that evening to join his weekly whist party; having taken odds that he would be called in before morning, as he expressed it, to "box up" his neighbour.

ST. ANDREW must have been a wonderfully popular saint in his time; if one may judge from the number and importance of the duties which his votaries have laid upon him. Thus he is the patron not only of Scotland but of Russia, of the Order of the Golden Fleece, and of the Royal Society; the last a fact which the scientific men of Charles II.'s time were careful to bear in mind. "This was the first anniversary of our society for the choice of new officers," writes Evelyn in 1663, "according to the terms of our patent and institution. It being St. Andrew's Day, who was our patron, each Fellow wore a cross of ribbon on the crown of his hat." Three years later the saint was under a temporary cloud: so that Pepys, who notes with pleasure the wearing of the crosses, is constrained to add that "most did make a mockery at it, and the House of Parliament, contrary to practice, did sit also; people having no mind to observe the Scotch saint's days till they hear better news from Scotland." It must be confessed that St. Andrew has not been uniformly kind either to Scotchmen or Russians. On his day in 1292 John Baliol was crowned at Scone, as a vassal king, having just sworn fealty to Edward. In 1698 Peter the Great founded the first and principal order of Muscovite chivalry in honour of St. Andrew; and on the 30th of November, 1700, saw himself ignominiously defeated at Narva. The day is also memorable for the birth of Swift in 1667, and the death of Marshal Saxe in 1750.

SELDOM, if ever, has a wedding taken place under more difficult and romantic circumstances than one which came off the other day at Chatham Hill Gaol, a few miles distant from the town of Marion, in Virginia. A few minutes before midnight on the 13th of November a buggy was driven to the walls of the gaol. It contained Miss Mollie Downes, aged eighteen years, one of the most prepossessing young ladies in the district, her brother, Mr. Thomas Downes, and a minister. On arriving at the prison young Mr. Downes stood upon the seat of the vehicle and Miss Mollie Downes climbed upon her brother's shoulders, grasping a strong hand which protruded from between the bars of the gaol-window. The minister then, also perched upon the seat, recited in an impressive manner the marriage service, uniting the young lady to James Fauntleroy, the owner of the hand in the window. When the ceremony was concluded some little inconvenience occurred owing to the bride persisting in kissing and crying over the bridegroom's hand, until her brother reminded her that she weighed 135 pounds and that he was beginning to feel exhausted. Mrs. Fauntleroy at last reluctantly descended from her elevated position, and the buggy was then driven off at a rapid pace. It seems that Mr. Fauntleroy is in prison for an alleged attempt to murder a farmer, by name Dugan, who was his rival for Miss Downes's hand. It was at first thought that Dugan was fatally injured; and as Miss Downes would at the trial be the only witness, it was arranged that she should marry Fauntleroy, so that she could not be compelled to testify against him. It was not until the next morning that the fact of the marriage was made known to the town constable, who was so disgusted at being outwitted

that he at once took to his bed, where by latest accounts he remains in a state bordering on coma.

THE gradual extinction of American wild animals is attracting much attention at present in the United States, owing to a paper just published by the American Geographical Society, in which Mr. Ernest Ingersoll makes some striking observations on the subject. Speaking of buffaloes, which less than a quarter of a century ago literally swarmed upon the great plains, Mr. Ingersoll states that he has himself seen steamboats brought to a standstill on the Upper Missouri by swimming herds of "these finest of wild cattle." They are now becoming scarce, owing, it is said, to the extension of the Pacific Railways; but probably their extermination is due in great measure to the delight which the civilized man takes in killing every wild animal he can lay hands on. The elk, moose, and deer are becoming extinct like the buffalo. The elk, which eight years ago were seen in thousands on the plains of the Sweetwater and in the Wind River Mountains, have now practically been driven to their last refuge in the southern Rocky Mountain plateaus. The not unnatural panic that has induced all surviving wild animals to scamper away as fast as they can from their destroyers has extended from the land to the sea. The seals, once numerous on the Atlantic coast, have wisely retired to the coasts of Newfoundland or Labrador. Even the oyster is becoming alarmed, and is retreating from an inhospitable shore where it is allowed no comfort or repose. As for birds—the prairie chicken, the wild turkey, ducks, and "such-like"—they are being slaughtered without mercy, and they will probably ere long be only conspicuous by their absence. It is suggested that legislation is required for the protection of all these birds, beasts, and fishes; but nothing short of the extinction of man is likely to effect the desired object.

A CORRESPONDENT calls attention to a remarkable fact not generally realized—namely, that America is in truth a part of Kent. This curious circumstance was referred to by Sir James Marriott, in a speech he made in the House of Commons in 1782, as an argument in favour of the right of Great Britain to tax American colonies. After maintaining that the American war was just in its origin, he pointed out "that, although it had been frequently pretended that the inhabitants of the colonies were not represented in the British Parliament, yet the fact was otherwise, for they were actually represented. The first colonization by national and sovereign authority was the establishment of the colony of Virginia. The grants and charters made of these lands and of all the subsequent colonies were of one tenor, and expressed in the following terms: 'To have and to hold of the King's or Queen's Majesty, as part and parcel of the manor of East Greenwich, within the county of Kent, *reddendum* a certain rent at our castle of East Greenwich,' etc. So that the inhabitants of America were, in fact, by the nature of their tenure, represented in Parliament by the knights of the shire for the county of Kent." This, it must be remembered, was the opinion of a high legal authority, Sir James Marriott being the judge who presided in the Court of Admiralty, and therefore not likely to make a mistake on a matter of no slight interest and importance.

IN the *Times* Mr. Robinson tells the world what treasures are still buried in the old Seraglio at Constantinople. They are very much what might have been expected. The Turk has plundered the richest homes of Eastern and of Western art for centuries; but he has robbed without discernment. His treasure-house still holds the booty dear to a barbarous Asiatic soldier. Rare weapons and splendid suits of armour deck the walls. Delicate fabrics from the best days of Eastern design; sumptuous saddle-cloths and horse furniture, stiff with gems and gold, lie piled together. Above all, jewels and precious stones of all qualities and all sizes abound. There are jewelled thrones and jewelled weapons. There is a golden tankard (possibly, says Mr. Robinson, from the spoils of Matthias Corvinus), encrusted with 2,000 large table diamonds. There are turbans and scimitars set with "a bewildering profusion of precious gems." But the Turk has made a clean sweep of all that Mr. Robinson most hoped to find. No trace is left of the ancient treasures of Constantinople, classical or mediæval. With the exception of some rare Oriental china, there is little in the South Kensington of the Sultans which has not been preserved solely for its intrinsic value. Still, amongst the *débris* of successive hoards of plunder enough remains to fill the curators of every museum in Europe with envy, and to bring no inconsiderable sum into the Sultan's coffers.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S farewell address as President of the Royal Society was such as he, perhaps, alone amongst English men of science was competent to pronounce. He indicated very briefly a few of the chief achievements of the interpreters of nature within the limits of his own life. Within his memory, he reminds us, men could travel no faster than in the days of Achilles or of Ramses Majmuz. Within his memory the arts