

suddenly. About noon on the 19th, hemorrhage set in, and in a few seconds his spirit was with God. With him perishes one of the few links that connect this generation with that of the French Revolution and the great upheaval of modern society of which it was the symbol and the forerunner.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.—Frederick Douglass, the new United States Marshal for the District of Columbia, was born at Tuckahoe, Talbot County, Md., about 1817, his mother being a negro slave and his father a white man. The first ten years of his life were spent as a slave on a plantation. He was then sent to Baltimore, and, while working for a relative of his master, he was secretly taught to read and write.

day, March 19th, Mr. Douglass drove up to the office of Marshal Sharpe, and, alighting, passed through a row of his friends to the Marshal's room, where he was received by Colonel George Phillips, the chief-deputy-marshal. After remaining a short time with this gentleman, he proceeded to the White House, and there received his commission. At 12:30 o'clock he returned to the court-house, and held a consultation with his bondsmen, Messrs. Hill and Alexander, who united with him in the execution of a bond of \$20,000 for the faithful performance of his duties.

SAN FRANCISCO NEWSBOYS.—The space before the offices of the San Francisco daily newspapers presents every morning and evening a picturesque spectacle. Spirited mustangs, carrying large leather pouches on each side in front of the saddle, are drawn up in line, waiting for their owners to receive their papers.

DR. SCHLIEMANN'S DISCOVERIES.—We have already given ample information of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries at Mycenae, but in connection with our full page illustration in the present issue, it may be interesting to reproduce the doctor's own account as given at a late reception recently tendered him by the London Society of Antiquarians. He there stated that he knew of no example in history of an acropolis having served as a burial place save the small building of the Caryatides in the Athenian Acropolis, the traditional sepulchre of Cecrops, first King of Athens.

age, and at or near the time of the tragic event by which the inmates of the five sepulchres lost their lives, because shortly after that event Mycenae sank by a sudden political catastrophe to the condition of a poor powerless provincial town, from which it had never again emerged.

FROM TOWER TO TOWER.—Our illustration gives a good idea of the view to be obtained from the top of the Brooklyn tower of the East River Bridge. The temporary foot-bridge stretches in a graceful curve from tower to tower, diminishing almost to a thread as it ascends on the farther side.

ECLIPSES OF THE MOON AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—The Turks have a superstition that the eclipse of the moon is caused by the struggle of that to them sacred luminary with a dragon. Hence, as lately happened, when there is a lunar eclipse, they fire their guns and pistols in the air, in order to drive away the dragon.

YORK MINSTER.—The minster is built of magnesian limestone from the quarries near Tadcaster, from the Huddlesstone quarries, and from quarries near Stapleton, Pontefract. Its length from base to base of the buttresses is 524 feet, and its extreme breadth 250 feet. It is thus twenty-four feet longer than St. Paul's Cathedral, and 149 feet longer than Westminster Abbey.

VARIETIES.

MIS-PRONUNCIATION.—It is possible that some one who reads this title may find himself guilty of failing to pronounce *et* like *sh* in *shun*. I find that my lady friend, who is very precise in her language, will persist in accenting "*etiquette*" on the first instead of the last syllable.

GOLDSMITH'S DESERTED VILLAGE.—The site of the Deserted Village is on the road from Athlone to Ballymahon; about six miles from the former town; and as crops of new "Auburnus" are springing up in all directions, it is only necessary to mention the poet's name in order to be set on the proper track to "Goldsmith's Au-

burn," as the Westmeath peasantry call it. At a little distance from the entry to Lissoy, and, at the same side of the road, is the very pool alluded to by Goldsmith, and the noisy geese are now as ever gabbling over it. It is bordered by a few stunted hawthorn bushes, having upon them a strange impress as of old.

The only left, of all the harmless train, The sad historian of the pensive plain.

The fields near her cottage were, up to recent period, covered with a deep embowering wood; but all this has been cut away, and now only the discolored stumps remain, as if to heighten the apparent desolateness of the scene. Ascending an incline, which certainly deserves not the name of "hill," we come to the cross of the "Three Jolly Pigeons," where the ruins of the alehouse may be seen; also the sycamore on which the signboard of that little inn used to be so invitingly hung in years that are over.

THE POET'S LAY.

I fain would sing, my queen, While my heart is full of song, Gaily sing of thee, my queen, And chant thy praises long. But thou hast said, my queen, If thy lover I may be, That I must not, my queen, Sing of lovely love to thee.

Malakoff, Oct. F. N. DEVEREUX.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

EDHEM PASHA, the present Grand Vizier, is a poet. He is the author of *Selim III., Johanna Gray,* and other dramas.

"DANIEL DERONDA" has been dramatised by a bold Californian, and will soon be produced at a theatre in San Francisco.

The *Whitehall Review* says the Earl of Beaconsfield the other night was at the Prince of Wales's Theatre with the Duchess of Sutherland and other persons of consideration: and not only expressed his great delight at all he saw, but was minded to say he considered Mr. Cecil's acting "the best piece of comedy he had seen since Liston."

The first appearance on the lyric stage of Mlle Fechter at the Opéra Comique, Paris, has been quite successful in *Mignon*. The friends of Mlle Fechter showed much sympathy; but it seems that the young *debutante* could have relied on her own ability for the cordial reception she met with, her acting being quite out of the common order, and her vocalization of a quality to insure, with time and practice, her position as a *prima donna*.

LONDON playgoers, there is reason to believe, will not be denied the pleasure of seeing another piece from the pen of the late Mr. Oxenford. Some years ago that gentleman adapted to the English stage a French comedy in four acts. The name of the play we cannot remember, but the principal character was a duchess who falls from her high estate to the condition of a work-house drudge, and is brought into somewhat invidious contrast with a woman of humble origin.

Mr. Irving has published the version as arranged by him of Shakspeare's *King Richard III.*, now in course of representation at the Lyceum. In a brief preface the tragedian speaks thus:—"In the task of arranging Shakspeare's *King Richard III.* for stage representation, which it has been thought desirable to place before the public in book form, I have been actuated by an earnest wish to rescue from the limbo of 'plays for the closet, not for the stage,' a tragedy which, in my humble opinion, possesses a variety of action and a unity of construction which readily accounts for its great popularity in the days of the author."

"OLD RELIABLE."

There are many reputed remedies for that very prevalent disease, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, but none which have given general satisfaction and become acknowledged standard preparations, except Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It continues to enjoy an unprecedented popularity. This reputation has been earned through the permanent cures which it has wrought, having proved itself a specific in the worst forms of the disease. Pierre's Pocket-Memorandum Books are given away at drug-stores.