

day. Everybody, in all the different rooms below-stairs, peeped out to watch the beautiful young lady, and the elegant young gentleman, as they ascended the three flights to Mrs. Kent's apartments. Miss Delafield's velvet dress, and her furs, and her plumes, and her diamond ear-drops, were matter of wonder for a month afterward; and Susie's Paris doll broke the hearts of all the little girls in the house with envy.

For Miss Delafield had not forgotten the doll, and Captain Meredith had brought Tom such a pair of skates, and such a four-bladed knife, as he had never dared to dream of, to say nothing of a box of French *bonbons*, that was "a thing of beauty and a joy"—as long as the sweeties lasted!

Never was such a merry Christmas—in Bleeker Street, round the corner from the Bowery, at all events. And the best of it was, that it was really the beginning of brighter days for the Kent family. Miss Delafield was an energetic young lady when once she took a thing in hand; and Captain Meredith was only too happy to join hands with her in any way, literally or metaphorically. Between them they secured for Mrs. Kent the literary recognition and support that she deserved. They read her nice little books, and told people about the author; they sent her poems and stories to clever editors who appreciated their grace and freshness; they found a way, without hurting her pride or delicacy, to get her established in more suitable quarters than the Bleeker-Street lodging-house, and so put her in reach of social advantages.

The dwellers on Madison Square and Park Avenue are not always shoddy or Flora McFlimsey. There are plenty who fare sumptuously every day, yet are glad to reach out warm, helping hands to the toilers below them. And the captain's "adorable," and the captain himself—to his own astonishment when he waked up to the fact—belonged to this "better part" of our modern society. They might not, however, have discovered the talent they possessed for doing good, if it had not been for Susie, number two. So a merry Christmas to you, Susie, pampered little absurdity as you are; and may your cushions be soft, and your chicken-wing tender, and your shadow never be less!

MARY E. BRADLEY.

MISCELLANY.

Selections from New Books and Foreign Journals.

DARWIN ON EXPRESSION IN MAN AND ANIMALS.*

OUT of the inexhaustible stores of his observation of Nature and his diffusive reading, Mr. Darwin has given us another copious series of proofs from natural history, which, if no more than minor affluents of the main stream of the "Origin of Species" and the "Descent of Man," he regards as illustrating the great law of the unity and continuity of life. Although dealing with a more limited and special class of phenomena than most of

* "The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals." By Charles Darwin, M. A., F. R. S., etc. With Photographic and other Illustrations.

his earlier works, the present treatise readily connects itself with the general scheme of investigation and reasoning which has won for the author a distinctive name in the history of philosophy. His leading idea is that of tracing the law of evolution as displayed in, or accounting for, expression, or the play of features and gesture in man and animals—the inarticulate language, as it has been called, of the emotions. For the scientific basis of such an investigation, it is necessary to go far down into the ultimate structure of organic life, and to study the manifestations of character in their simplest forms. So long as man and all other animals are viewed as independent creations, an effectual stop is put, Mr. Darwin pleads, to such an attempt. The inherent defect in the treatment of the subject by writers so able as Sir Charles Bell, Gratiolet, Duchenne, and others, adduced by Mr. Darwin, has always been, he considers, the taking for granted that species, man of course included, came into existence just as they are now, wholly distinct from each other. The tendency to draw as broadly as possible the distinction between man and brutes, led Sir Charles Bell to deny to the lower animals any expression beyond what might be referred more or less plainly to acts of volition or necessary instincts, their faces seeming to him to be chiefly capable of expressing merely rage or fear. The facial muscles in man he thought to be a special provision for the sole object of expression, and so far distinctive of humanity. But the simple fact that the anthropoid apes possess the same facial muscles that we do, renders it most improbable, apart from any reference to teleology in general, that we were endowed with these muscles for any such purpose, still more that monkeys had special muscles given to them solely for the purpose of exhibiting their hideous grimaces. Since distinct uses can with much probability be assigned to almost all the facial muscles, we may look upon expression, as but an incidental result of muscular or organic function. Mr. Darwin's early inclination toward the doctrine of evolution, or the origin of man from lower forms, led him, five-and-twenty years ago, to regard the habit of expressing our feelings by certain movements, innate as it has now become, as having been in some manner gradually acquired at the first. Seeking back for the origin of movements of this kind, he in the first place was led to observe infants as exhibiting emotions with extraordinary force, as well as with a simplicity and an absence of convention which cease with more mature years. Secondly, the insane had to be studied, being liable to the strongest passions, and giving them uncontrolled vent. Dr. Duchenne's ingenious application of photography, representing the effects of galvanism upon the facial muscles of an old man, gave some assistance toward distinguishing varieties of expression. Less aid than was expected was found to be derived from the study of the great masters in painting and sculpture; beauty in works of art excluding the display of strong facial muscles, and the story of the composition being generally told by accessories skillfully introduced. More important it was to ascertain how far the same expressions and gestures prevail among all races of mankind, especially among those who have associated but little with Europeans. With this view a list of sixteen questions was circulated by Mr. Darwin within the last five years, to which thirty-six answers have been received from missionaries, travellers, and other observers of aboriginal tribes, whose names are appended to Mr. Darwin's introductory remarks. The evidence thus accumulated has

been supplemented by the close and keen observation of the author himself through a wide range of animal life. It seemed to him of paramount importance to bestow all the attention possible upon the expression of the several passions in various animals, "not of course as deciding how far in man certain expressions are characteristic of certain states of mind, but as affording the safest basis for generalization on the causes or the origin of the various movements of expression." In observing animals we are not so likely to be biased by our imagination, and we may feel sure that their expressions are not conventional.—*Saturday Review*.

THE TENSION IN CHARLES DICKENS.

A great sculptor, commenting to the present writer on the physical features of the bust of Dickens, drew attention especially to "the whip-cord"—"the race-horse tension"—in all the muscles; all the softer and vaguer tissues in the face and bust were pruned away, and only the keen, strenuous, driving, purpose-pursuing elements in it left. The second volume of Mr. Forster's life of Charles Dickens brings out that criticism with extraordinary force. It is like reading the biography of a literary race-horse. The tension and strain go on through the whole ten years, 1842-'52, which the book covers. There is no rest in the man's nature, even when he is professedly resting. He once proposed to himself to write a book like "The Vicar of Wakefield." He could just as easily have written a play like "Hamlet" or the Odes of Horace. He had not a touch of Goldsmith's ease and leisurely literary air. His nerves were never relaxed. A great element in the force of his genius, and a very great element in its principal limitations, is due to their constant strain, which spoils almost all the sentiment, makes it theatrical and always on the stretch, and not unfrequently lends a forced ring to the greatest of all his faculties, his humor. He is always on the double-quick march. If he hits the exact mark, and his humor is at its best, it is still humor marching sharply on to the particular end in view. You can see its steady, swift current, none the less easily for the enormous wealth of detail which he snatches from all sides wherewith to enrich it. If he fails to hit the mark, and talks excited nonsense, it is all in the same vein, jocosity stretching eagerly toward a given aim, though the aim is falsely taken. Consider, for instance, this answer to an invitation to dinner sent by Maclise, Stanfield, and Mr. Forster:

"DEVONSHIRE LODGE, January 17, 1844.

"FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN!—The appeal with which you have honored me, awakens within my breast emotions that are more easily to be imagined than described. Heaven bless you! I shall indeed be proud, my friends, to respond to such a requisition. I had withdrawn from public life—I fondly thought forever—to pass the evening of my days in hydropathical pursuits and the contemplation of virtue. For which latter purpose, I had bought a looking-glass. But, my friends, private feeling must ever yield to a stern sense of public duty. The man is lost in the invited guest, and I comply. Nurses, wet and dry; apothecaries; mothers-in-law; babbies; with all the sweet (and chaste) delights of private life; these, my countrymen, are hard to leave. But you have called me forth, and I will come.

"Fellow-countrymen, your friend and
"faithful servant,
"CHARLES DICKENS."

The idea is forced and the gayety unnatural, but the whole letter is written up to the idea, and you see the straining whip-cord even in that bit of laborious comedy. But his true and most marvellous efforts of humor have all the

same swift-running current in them, though, of course, when the tide is triumphant, and sweeps all sorts of rich spoils upon its surface, there is not the same sense of *effort*—by which we usually mean force not quite adequate to its purpose. . . . We are not in the least degree endeavoring to explain away his genius, but only to show that one feature in it—the *constructive* power of his mind—his accurate and omnivorous observing faculty being taken for granted—depended on the extraordinary tension he could put on one or two leading threads of association, by the help of which he drew from his resources what they, and they alone, demanded. No man was ever able to stretch one or two lines of conception so tightly, and to exclude so completely all disturbing influences from the field of his vision. It was the source of his power and the source of the limitations on his power. It produced his great successes—Pecksniff, Mrs. Gamp, Moddle, Micawber, Toots, and a hundred others. It produced also, when applied to types of character that would not bear so keen a tension of one or two strings, all the failures due to overstraining, like Little Nell, Carker, Mrs. Dombey, Dombey, and a hundred others. You see the strain of the race-horse in all he did; and in creations which, with his wonderful wealth of observation, could be produced under sharp tension of the one or two humorous conceptions devoted to each creation, he succeeded triumphantly; while, wherever the creation wanted a leisurely, reflective, many-sided mood of mind, he failed. In sentimental passages, the string is almost always strained until it cracks. . . . His very idleness, as Mr. Forster well says, was “strenuous,” like his work. He walked eighteen miles in four hours and a half, in the full heat of a glowing summer’s day, simply as a sort of relief for the strain of his nerves. On another occasion, Mr. Forster says: “But he did even his nothings in a strenuous way, and on occasions could make gallant fight against the elements themselves. He reported himself, to my horror, thrice wet through on a single day, ‘dressed four times,’ and finding all sorts of great things, brought out by the rains, among the rocks on the sea-beach.” When he is living in Genoa, in the middle of winter, he dashes over to London just to try the effect of reading “The Chimes” to his intimate friends. Between Milan and Strasbourg he was in bed only once for two or three hours at Fribourg, and had sledged over the Simplon through deep snow and prodigious cold. His dash into the editorship of the *Daily News* and out of it within three weeks was highly characteristic of the high pressure of his nervous decision. *A propos* of this matter, Mr. Forster says very truly that, “in all intellectual labors, his will prevailed so strongly when he fixed it on any object of desire, that what else its attainment might exact was never duly measured, and this led to frequent strain and uncommon waste of what no man could less afford to spare.” Every thing he did, he did with this imperious resolve to let his volition take its own way, and it led him no doubt into some of the greatest mistakes of his life. He liked to have every thing just as he had imagined it. His mind strained intensely toward the particular ideal he had summoned up in his fancy; nothing else would satisfy him for a moment.—*London Spectator*.

“THE GREAT IDEA.”

From Mr. Tuckerman’s recently-published “The Greeks of To-Day,” we derive the following interesting account of a great hope animating the people of modern Greece:

“Greece,” says Mr. Tuckerman, “has many sins to answer for in the eyes of Europe—sins of omission and sins of commission—but above all rises one mountain of iniquity of such stupendous dimensions—‘singing its pate against the Torrid Zone’—as to diminish the ‘Ossas’ of brigandage, bankruptcy, and political corruption, to very warts. Brigandage is nothing to it, since the candid observer cannot but admit that the root of that evil is not wholly indigenous, and that the government does really make some exertions to repress it. It is worse than being in arrears for debt, for people are sometimes excusable for not paying what they owe, especially when they have nothing wherewith to pay it. It is not to be compared with political corruption, because Cowper told his countrymen long ago that

“‘The age of virtuous politics is past:
Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,
And we too wise to trust them.’”

So Greece can hardly be considered as setting the world in defiance in that regard. The sin of sins that I refer to, and which excites the irony, if not the indignation, of the critics of Greece, is called ‘La Grande Idée.’ This ‘Great Idea’ is a component part of the Greek brain and the Greek heart. It permeates all classes of society—the toothless baby draws it in with the maternal milk, and the toothless mouth of age pledges to it in long draughts of the native resined wine. The shepherd dreams of it in the cold mountain air under his shaggy sheepskin, and the rich proprietor traces it in the graceful smoke-cloud of the incessant cigarette, and perhaps wonders if it is not quite as evanescent. If I treat the subject in a poetical way, it is because the subject itself pertains more to the realms of fancy than of fact.

“Briefly defined, the Great Idea means that the Greek mind is to regenerate the East—that it is the destiny of Hellenism to Hellenize that vast stretch of territory which by natural laws the Greeks believe to be theirs, and which is chiefly inhabited by people claiming to be descended from Hellenic stock, professing the Orthodox or Greek faith, or speaking the Greek language. These, in the aggregate, vastly outnumber the people of Greece proper, and are regarded by ‘Free Greece’ as brethren held in servitude by an alien and detested power. There are in European Turkey and its territories not far from fifteen millions of people, of which number less than four millions are Ottomans. The rest are Slavonians, Greeks, Albanians, Wallachians, etc., who profess the Greek religion or speak the Greek dialect; and, although in morals and character these are far below the independent and educated Greeks of Athens and the chief towns of Greece, this inferiority may doubtless be largely ascribed to the political restraints still pressing upon them. The Greek in Turkey does the work and receives the money. He vitalizes the sluggish mass around him, but is quite as unscrupulous as his masters. How can it be otherwise when he possesses all the characteristics of a conquered race? ‘At the sight of a Mussulman,’ says an intelligent observer, ‘the rayah’s back bends to the ground, his hands involuntarily join on his breast, his lips compose themselves to a smile; but, under this conventional mask, you see the hatred instilled even into women and children toward their ancient oppressors.’”

“If this be the prevailing sentiment of the Greek population in Turkey, it may well be asked, Why, with corresponding influences at work in the Hellenic kingdom, cannot the Great Idea be made to bear practical fruits? With the elements of revolution, why is there no revolution? With the general desire of the

people for unity and territorial grandeur, why does the prospect of political and national amalgamation grow more and more illusory, and the shores of the Bosphorus and the minarets of Constantinople (as the ideal capital of the Hellenic kingdom) recede farther and farther into the landscape, like the mirage of cities and of fountains mocking the wearied eyes and parched lips of the traveller in desert lands? There are many reasons, of which a few only need be cited. Greece has no organization of forces sufficient to make the first attempt to deliver her countrymen. Occasional spasmodic movements in Epirus and Thessaly have only resulted in defeat and disgrace. A large proportion of the Greeks under Turkish rule, especially those who are place-holders and those who are engaged in gainful commercial pursuits, prefer the proverb, ‘Let well alone,’ to that of ‘Nothing venture, nothing have.’ They distrust the result of revolutionary movements, and the political restraints of King George’s kingdom do not tempt them to change the temporal advantages of their present position for the chances of prospective independence, however golden with patriotism.”

THE ANGEL.

We had made acquaintance with Wilson’s grandson, a boy about twelve years old, and one day when we were up in the tower (for we three often went there when our mother was out and nurse wanted to get rid of us) we talked to this boy about several things that Mr. Mompesson had told us of, specially, as I remember, about angels.

“Oh, Titus,” I said to this boy, “I wish I could see an angel.”

“And why shouldn’t you?” he replied, “I could show you one very easy—my father’s got one in his shop.”

“An angel!” I exclaimed, “has he got a real angel—a live angel?”

I was little more than five years old—let that fact be an excuse for the absurdity of the question.

Snap was absorbed in his book and took no notice.

“Is it alive?” I repeated.

“I don’t know what you mean,” he replied; “it ain’t alive, nor it ain’t dead—but it is an angel, and has long wings and a crown on its head.”

“And how did he catch it?” I exclaimed, in the plenitude of my infantine simplicity.

“He didn’t catch it,” replied Titus, “he borrowed it of another man.”

I shall never forget the awe, the ecstasy which thrilled my heart on hearing this. “Do you think,” I inquired, “that he would let me see it?”

Titus replied that he would with the greatest of pleasure.

He was a very stupid boy, and when I inquired whether it would be wicked in me to go and see it he stared vacantly, and said I had better come at once, for very soon it would be his dinner-time. I would rather have waited, but then I thought perhaps that might be my only opportunity, as no doubt the angel would shortly go home again to heaven; so I followed, longing and yet trembling, and Titus took me out-of-doors and into a yard where there was a great shed. It was a large place full of chips and shavings, and at the end farthest from the entrance there was a table covered with a large white cloth which had settled to the shape of a figure lying beneath it, and gave evident indication of limbs and features.

“There,” said Titus, “that’s the angel; father keeps it covered because it’s such a handsome one.”

My heart beat high, but when I marked the bier-like appearance of the table, and that there was a recumbent figure beneath the drapery, I snatched away my hand, and shrieking out, "Oh, it is dead, the angel is dead!" fell down on the floor, and lost recollection for a moment from excessive fright. Presently I saw that Titus was standing by me, staring in alarm, and I sat up, shaking, and feeling very cold.

"I told you, Miss, that it wasn't alive nor it wasn't dead," he observed; "how should it be? Don't be afraid, come and look at it."

I felt sick, and shut my eyes while he led me to it, and put back the drapery; then I ventured to open them, and, oh, unutterable disappointment! it was a wooden angel, and there were veins of oak upon her wings.

"Now," said Titus, "what were you afraid of?"

"This is not the sort of angel I meant," I answered, and added, "I meant an angel that had been in heaven."

Titus, stupid as he was, looked at me with astonishment on hearing this, and answered with reverential awe, "Miss, you must not talk in that fashion. That sort of angel doesn't fly down here."

"Are you sure?" I inquired.

"Why, of course I am," he answered, sincerely enough, though strangely. "If they came in snowy weather, they would get their wings froze."

"I know they do come," I replied; "God sends them with messages; Mr. Mompesson told me He did."

Titus, as I remember, did not clear up this mystery for me, but he answered: "This is an *imitation* angel. Father is making two for the new organ. The man that he borrowed it of made it."

"Then had he seen an angel?"

"No, sure."

"How did he know, then, what angels were like?"

That Titus could not tell.

"Where did that man live?"

"He lived at Norwich."

This reply entirely satisfied me. Norwich I knew was a great way off. It might be a good deal nearer to heaven than was the place where I lived. I cannot say that I distinctly thought it was, but it was remote and utterly unknown. All things therefore were possible concerning it. I looked down on the angel's wings as it lay on the long, low table, and I believed that it was rightly carved, and that they knew all about angels at Norwich.—*Off the Skelligs,* by Jean Ingelow.

A JEWISH WEDDING IN ALGIERS.

Lady Herbert, in a recent English work entitled "Algeria in 1871," gives a description of a Jewish wedding which possesses features new, we imagine, to most of our readers:

"We paused in our sight-seeing to go with Madame de C— and her beautiful daughter to see a Jewish wedding, for which she had kindly obtained us an invitation. We were received in an alcoved room, where a breakfast of sweetmeats, cakes, and sweet wines, was set out, the bride and her parents being seated on a divan at one end, dressed in rich Jewish costume. After a short time, we were told to precede the young lady to the Moorish vapor-bath, which is the next part of the ceremony. Such a marvellous scene as there met our eye I despair of reproducing on paper! About fifty young Jewish girls, from twelve to twenty years of age, whose only clothing was a scarf of gold or silver gauze round their loins, with their beautiful dark hair all down their

backs, and their lovely white necks and arms, covered with necklaces and bracelets, were seen dimly standing in the water through a cloud of steam and incense, waiting for the bride, and when she appeared received her with loud, shrill cries of 'Li! Li! Li!' in a continually-ascending scale. Among these girls were hideous negresses equally scantily clothed, and one or two of them with their black, woolly hair dyed bright orange-color: these were the bathing-women. They seized us by the arm and wanted to force us to undress too, which we stoutly resisted; and took refuge on the raised marble slab which surrounded the bath, and where the pretty little bride, with her mother and aunts, was standing waiting to be unrobbed too. They took off her heavy velvet clothes, and she appeared in a beautiful gold-figured gauze chemise and some lovely short red-and-gold drawers; they then led her, with the same cries, into an inner room, which was stifling with wet vapor and steam, and here the poor child, who was only thirteen, remained for three mortal hours, the women pouring water on her head from picturesque-shaped gold jars, and every kind of cosmetic and sweet scent being rubbed upon her. Being unable to stand the intense heat and overpowering smell any longer, we escaped for a time into the open air; but returned after about an hour to find another bride going through the same ceremonies. Some of the bridesmaids were very beautiful; one especially, though a Jewess, had regularly *golden* hair and blue eyes! And the whole scene was like a ballet at the opera, or rather a set of maids or water-nymphs in a picture; not like any thing in real life! Their glorious hair floating over their shoulders, with their beautifully-modelled arms rounded in graceful curves as they disported themselves round the bride, would have driven a sculptor or painter wild with delight! But I could not get over the indelicacy of the whole thing; it was a *scene in the nude* with a vengeance!

"At half-past three o'clock the following morning, we got up and went to the bride's house for the conclusion of the ceremony. A great crowd of men and musicians were grouped in the lower court. Above, the bride was sitting in state, in the deep recess of a handsome Moresque room, veiled in white gauze, while a red-and-gold figured scarf hung in graceful folds behind her head. On either side of her were two venerable-looking old men with long, white beards, and in front of her another, holding a candelabrum with three candles. They were Rabbis, and chanted psalms alternately with songs of praise about 'the dove with the beautiful eyes,' etc.; in fact, a sort of canticle. All this time the minstrels in the quadrangle below were 'making a noise,' while over the carved gallery above, looking down upon them, leaned a variety of Jewish women, all beautifully dressed in brown velvet and satin, with stomachers and girdles richly brocaded in gold, and gold-embroidered lappets hanging from the black-silk head-dress which is the invariable costume of their race. This went on *for hours*, till the poor little bride looked quite worn out. From time to time spoonfuls of soup were put into her mouth, which she strove to resist; and then she was conducted into the court below, where the same ceremonies were gone through, except that a species of buffoon danced before her, and was rewarded by ten-franc bits put into his mouth, which he kept in his cheek while drawing out a queer kind of song, which we supposed was witty, as the audience were in fits of laughter. Every thing was done, both up-stairs and down, to make the bride laugh, even to chuck-

ing and pulling her under the chin. But she remained impassive, it being part of her business to look grave, and to prove by her demureness that she was old enough to be married. All of a sudden, the same unearthly cry or yell of 'Li! Li! Li!' was heard in the outside court, caught up instantly by every one in and out of the house. I thought of the words, 'Behold the bridegroom cometh!' so exactly were the old traditions preserved. A very ordinary-looking youth, in a frock-coat and red fez, accordingly, made his appearance, and then the women covered their faces with their gauze handkerchiefs, and the men, who never ceased eating and drinking at intervals during the whole night, formed themselves into a procession; while the bride's father (a venerable-looking old Jew, with a long, white beard, white turban, and crimson sash) led her to the carriage which was to take her to the bridegroom's home, we all following, and the women's cry of 'Li! Li! Li! Li!' resounding through the narrow streets."

THE CRY FOR PROTECTION.

Edmond About has written a book on social economy, soon to be reprinted in this country, from which we quote a few characteristic passages:

"The French do not hate being protected; they are a people of a monarchical temperament. But they do not all interpret protection in the same way.

"'Protect me!' says the agriculturist. 'I have had a good grain-harvest; my neighbors, less fortunate, have barely doubled their seed. Before a month is over prices will rise, if the information in my newspaper be accurate. I hope to get thirty francs the hectolitre, and empty my granary under the best conditions in the world. I shall do this unless, through culpable weakness, the door is opened to foreign grain! America threatens us, Egypt holds plenty suspended over our heads like the sword of Damocles; Odessa, infamous Odessa, thinks to glut us with her produce. Help! Let the door be shut! Or, if you permit the importation of foreign grain, have the humanity to tax it heavily, in order that the cost of purchasing on the spot, the transport, and the import duty, should raise the price to thirty francs the hectolitre! If every thing goes on as I should wish, I count upon proceeding to Switzerland, and bringing back four pairs of oxen.'

"'Protect me!' says the grazier. 'Shut the door upon foreign cattle, if you wish me to earn a livelihood. We are promised a rise in the price of meat, and I count upon it; but the admission of Italian, Swiss, German, Belgian, and English cattle would create plenty for everybody and be my ruin. Protect me by prohibiting or by taxing all the products which come into competition with me. Let grain enter; I do not grow any, and I like to buy bread cheaply. Permit the entry, free of duty, of the combustibles with which I warm myself, the glass out of which I drink, the furniture which I use, the stuffs with which I clothe myself, and all manufactured products in general. Oh, visible providence of citizens, arrange so that I shall not have any competition to fear as producer, but that in what I consume I may enjoy all the benefits of competition!'

"'Protect me!' says the manufacturer. 'Cause all the products which compete with mine to be seized at the frontier; or, if you suffer them to enter, load them with a duty which will render them unsalable. The interest of the country enjoins upon you to serve my personal interest. Do you not take pity upon the national industry doubly menaced by superior qualities and lower prices? My for-

aign comrades may reduce me to destitution by inundating France with good merchandise at cheap rates. As a citizen, I fear no one in Europe; as a manufacturer, I am afraid of everybody. The feeblest foreigner is stronger than I. Strive then that I may preserve the monopoly of my products; but be generous as regards all that which I buy but do not sell. Allow grain to enter, in order that my workmen, being fed for next to nothing, may be satisfied with low wages. Allow the raw materials I employ to enter, and the machines which assist my labor.'

"Do nothing of the kind!" exclaims the machine-maker. 'If the foreigner should come and compete with me, there will be nothing for it but to shut up shop. Stop, or tax, the products which resemble mine; content yourself with opening the door to the metals I use, and you will usefully protect the national industry as far as I am concerned.'

"Hold, there!" replies the iron-master. 'If foreign iron be admitted, I must put out my furnaces. Leave me the monopoly of my industry; only allow me to import freely the minerals and combustibles which are my instruments of labor.'

"No, a hundred times no!" reply the shareholders in mines and coalpits, and the proprietors of forests. 'Is our industry less worthy of protection than the others? Now we shall be ruined if foreigners are permitted to introduce plenty and low prices among us.'

"Deafened by such a concert, it is not surprising that statesmen should have been induced to tax all imported articles, or nearly all. Under a tutelary government which concentrated, so to speak, the people's initiative and responsibility in the chief's hands, the chief thought that he did well in according to each industry the kind of protection it desired. The mass of consumers, eaten up by all these privileges, did not know enough to put its fingers on the mischief, and, besides, it had no voice in the council."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE backwardness of England in certain things, as compared with the Continent, is almost as striking as her superiority in respect of general enlightenment. While she solved long ago political problems which are still cabalistic mysteries to France and even to Germany, she is slow to adopt some of the means of civilization which have been in vogue for years in Continental countries. Germany is far in advance of England in her system of general education; France is in advance of her, not only in the arts, but also in the establishment of free public libraries. Paris had seven of these before London had one, for the British Museum is not a free library; Dresden had four; Berlin, Vienna, and Munich, each, two; Copenhagen, three; and Florence, six. Indeed, it is only twenty years since the first free public library was established in Great Britain. There are now forty, and, the success of the earlier experiments having been demonstrated, they are springing up rapidly in all parts of the kingdom. A writer in the October *Westminster Review* collects from recent reports upon the subject some interesting data respecting British

free libraries. It appears from these that the Public Libraries' Act, authorizing towns to establish free libraries, and to lay a tax for this object on the ratepayers, was passed, after much Tory opposition—even so enlightened a man as Roundell Palmer speaking against it—in 1850; and that Liverpool took the lead in availing itself of the act, in 1852. It is noteworthy that the first towns to establish free libraries were places whence almost every liberal and radical movement of the century has proceeded. From Liverpool and Manchester, in the county of Lancaster, came the organized effort to abolish the corn laws; these were the centres of the agitation for electoral reform; it was thence that Bright and Miall were sent to the House of Commons to advocate bold measures against the feudal power still remaining, and the disestablishment of the state Church; here was and is the stronghold of dissent, and the heart of the trades' union agitation. Liverpool was the first, Manchester the second, and Salford (also in Lancashire) the third town to confer upon their inhabitants the blessing of free books. At first only towns of ten thousand population and upward could avail themselves of the act, but in 1867 its benefits were thrown open to all communities, however small. Each town decided for itself, by a vote of the burgesses, whether a library should be established; and, if the decision was in the affirmative, a tax, at first of a halfpenny, and latterly of a penny in the pound, was allowed to be levied by the town council. In many cases, donations of buildings and books from wealthy and public-spirited men rendered such a tax unnecessary. At Liverpool, Sir William Brown gave thirty thousand pounds for a building, and the library itself was formed in the main by voluntary gifts. The working-people of Manchester contributed eight hundred pounds to the library-fund, and ten thousand pounds were easily raised by subscription. The largest of the English free libraries is that at Manchester, which contains one hundred and six thousand volumes; next comes Liverpool, with ninety-three thousand; Birmingham, with sixty thousand; and Salford, with thirty-four thousand. They include works of reference and works to be lent; the former are consulted at the libraries themselves, the others are issued for home-reading. In some cases they are exclusively reference libraries, in others exclusively lending—but most of the libraries combine the two. The larger number, also, have reading-rooms and news-rooms, where free access is had to the leading periodicals and newspapers of the day. The books are generally well selected, and embrace the widest variety, from the heaviest theology to the most feathery fiction.

— Mr. Ruskin, in his usual pungent manner, particularly requests that, if he ever murders anybody, he may be immediately shot. He doesn't think he ought to be

hanged, declaring, with small reverence, that no one "but a bishop or a bank-director can ever be rogue enough to be hanged." Apart from Mr. Ruskin's grim humor, his position in this matter is, we believe, a sound one. The severity of hanging as a punishment, the horrors that pertain to it, designed originally as a means for preventing the commission of crime, have resulted in rendering conviction so difficult as almost to give the murderer immunity for his offence. It is now, in the present condition of the public mind, rapidly defeating its own end; and hence it is incumbent upon us to revise our criminal laws so far as this method of execution is concerned. It is idle for us to attempt to arrest the tendency of public feeling in this matter. We may denounce the juries as sentimentalists who refuse to bring in verdicts of guilty; we may deplore the increase of sensibility and the decay of robust manliness; we may point out to juries, with all our eloquence, that they have nothing to do with consequences, but are bound to act upon facts and evidence, regardless whether the criminal is to receive from the judge a rose or a halter, and yet we will still find that juries are men who reflect the current aspect of public sentiment, and who are certain to act in accordance with prevailing prejudices and theories. We must, therefore, wisely adjust our laws to a correspondence with those sentiments. Hanging as a mode of punishment originated when people's sensibilities were blunter, when men were of ruder feelings and harsher tastes, when punishments of all kinds were severer than now—was extended even to unfortunates like idiots and lunatics—when the theory of pure force characterized not only all governments, but all relations of superior and inferior. But hanging has become now, with the growth of humaner sentiments, intensely repugnant to the imagination of most people. A very large class are advocating the abolition of capital punishment altogether; and it is by no means certain, notwithstanding the derision with which the theory is received in some quarters; that this plan would not have the desired effect, which is to render punishment, whatever it may be, conducive to the security of the community. But, if abolition of capital punishment may not be essayed, it would at least be practicable to test Mr. Ruskin's theory, without Mr. Ruskin's exceptions, it is, of course, unnecessary to say. It may be argued that there is nothing ignominious in shooting; that soldiers are shot down in the honorable discharge of duty; and that a murderer who is shot suffers nothing more than his victim. To the first point it may be answered that death by the bullet is ignominious or not, according to how it is inflicted; that, while a soldier shot in battle dies gloriously, one shot for cowardice or insubordination dies ignominiously. And, to the second point, it may be said that the object of killing a criminal

is not to avenge a crime, nor to do him a wrathful injury merely that he may suffer, but to suppress lawlessness and give the public security. No matter what we do with a criminal, if we attain these ends. At present those ends are very far from being attained; crime increases, the public peace was never so often violated, or the public security so much endangered. It is often justly pointed out that celerity of punishment is the only means to keep down crime. If it were certain that a man killing to-day would be tried to-morrow, and shot on the third day, this fact would strike terror among the criminal classes. But why, the reader may ask, is this not also true with hanging? It is, undoubtedly; but we have seen that when the punishment is one that excites a general public horror, juries hesitate and judges are complacent. The philosophy of this matter is, to bring our penal laws down to that point which is in full accord with public sentiment; then so adjust the administration of these laws that punishment comes upon the evil-doer with the certainty of fate and a swiftness that concentrates public indignation.

— For a lady to devote herself persistently for a period of seventy years to the study of abstruse mathematics, and those branches of science with which this study is more intimately allied, is a phenomenon well worthy of note and comment. Still more remarkable is it that she should embody the results of her contemplations in works which have been pronounced superior to Humboldt's "Cosmos," and in her eighty-eighth year should write a treatise upon molecular science, challenging the approbation of critics easy to offend and hard to please. Such praise is due to Mary Somerville, who expired a few weeks since, at Florence, when she was fast approaching her ninety-third birthday. Mrs. Somerville was a Scotchwoman, and seems to have inherited the Scotch fondness for exact science. There is an impression in some minds, which is either a profound popular fallacy, or meets with a very emphatic exception in Mrs. Somerville's case, that the gentler sex is inferior to its lords in the powers of reasoning. There are no modern scientific works which more conspicuously and constantly exhibit this power, added to that of masterly generalization, than Mrs. Somerville's "Connection of the Physical Sciences" and "Molecular Theory." Her style is most sober, most compact, and clear. She economizes words, and eschews the ornamental arts of composition, and challenges learned opinion simply on the soundness of her reasoning and the justice of her conclusions. Mrs. Somerville was married, and entered London society, as long ago as 1804. She might possibly have seen Johnson, Gibbon, and Cowper, and probably did see Sheridan, Fox, and Pitt; early recognized as a woman not less of extraordinary philosophical talent than of true feminine grace and gentleness, her ad-

mission to scholarly and literary circles was not long postponed. She frequented Holland House, where she met Byron and Madame de Staël, Talleyrand and the Princess Liéven. She knew Mackintosh, Bentham, and Wilberforce, Rogers, Moore, and Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey, Brougham, Canning, and Plunket. It may be—it surely is to be hoped—that, in the intervals of her severer studies (which she ardently pursued up to her very death), she may have written notes of her recollections of a most interesting life; for such recollections would cover a period prolific in genius in every department of thought and art with which Mrs. Somerville was familiar, and which none could portray with more graceful or zealous pen. Our readers will probably recollect that we gave a portrait, accompanied with a brief biographical sketch, of this distinguished lady, in the JOURNAL of May 11th last.

— Christmas comes again—"comes but once a year," says the old song, but comes with all its associations as fresh as if it came but once in a lifetime; and it comes now as it has ever come, stirring all the better and sweeter impulses of humanity; comes with festivities historically interwoven with many picturesque customs, and identified with some of the most felicitous fancies of our race; comes with its visions of delight to younger folk, and with its tender reminiscences for the elder; comes with its Christian celebrations, its anthems and carols, and ecstasies of praise; comes with new repeatings of that old, ever-strange, and wonderful, yet always-cherished story of Bethlehem; comes with its family reunions and restorations of ancient friendships; comes with its new impulses of charity, with its fresh desires to carry peace and good-will to all men; comes with its special devotion to our little ones, who gather at Christmas-tide such tokens of affection, such proofs of love and remembrance, that old age will never cease with delight to recall them; comes with its bays, and its wreaths of evergreen, and its lighted Christmas-trees: with its decorated churches and memorial mottoes in radiant green; with its sprigs of holly in the parlor, and its sacred immortelles around the portraits of the lost ones; comes with its abundant gift-giving and all those interchanges of tokens that make friendship sweet; comes with all its suppression of self, its lessons of generosity, its awakening of kindness, its out-going to others; comes bringing a Name that transmutes all natures into something better than they were, scatters bad passions, and calls forth holy impulses, touches hearts, awakens memories, sweetens pain, chastens success, and exalts the spirit—comes with all these boons and blessings, and yet comes bringing nothing that it has not always brought, having no lesson to teach that is not as old as Christianity, but coming, nevertheless, with a freshness and beauty that no novelty could

possess, no invention, however fortunate, could supply. We can welcome Christmas with no new phrases. We can accompany it with no new interpretations. We can describe it with no new terms of affection or appreciation. We can illustrate it with no new ideas or sentiments. But these facts give it its greatest charm; these are the very conditions that bring it so near to the heart of the world—it is its wealth of association, of remembrance, of memories, of tradition, of long-cherished ideals and beauties, of thoroughly familiar sentiments, that give it every quality endearing to mankind.

MINOR MATTERS AND THINGS.

— Mistresses afflicted with bungling Bridgets and saucy Abigails will be interested in hearing that the people of Montreal have been discussing the universal servant nuisance, with an eye to the amelioration of the condition of both employers and employed. The meeting was called by a number of the most prominent Protestant clergymen of the city, who invited the "masters and mistresses" to come together for a free interchange of opinion on the vexed question. The ladies turned out in force, but the discussion seems to have been a failure, so far as they were concerned, since they permitted the parsons to monopolize the talking. A number of theories were advanced by these gentlemen to account for the modern differences between mistress and maid, the most ingenious of which was that of a reverend gentleman from the East Indies, who thought all the difficulties were "due to the want of knowledge of the patriarchal age," clinching his argument with the assertion that Abraham and his servants had no trouble. This point did not make much impression on the audience, who evidently were not prepared for a return to antediluvian simplicity. Dr. Corder, the Unitarian preacher of Montreal, replied that, until recently, an agent had been stationed in that city who gave good girls twenty dollars to pay their expenses to the United States, which was not the case in the patriarchal times. He did not hope for much help from Abraham, nor from a study of his house-keeping. The secret of all the trouble, he said, lies in the fact that society is changing. The lower classes have now so many more avenues of labor thrown open to them than formerly, at once less arduous, less menial, and more remunerative in character, that they are attracted from domestic service. Here Dr. Corder struck directly at the root of the matter; and his remarks are no less pertinent when applied to the United States than to Canada. Men and women will not remain content in menial positions if they can obtain independent employment at equal rates of pay. If our servants are to be retained, their labor must be made lighter or their wages increased. The other alternative is for society to do its own work.

— These remarks are as applicable to John Chinaman as to Patrick or Bridget. When the Chinese immigration to this country began, great hopes were entertained that

the problem of the age was about to find a solution. We heard on all sides of the neatness, the aptness, and the industry of the Celestials; and many long-suffering house-keepers regarded their advent as a special dispensation of Providence. But their gratulations were short-lived. The Mongol proved to be shrewder than the Yankee. John was quick to learn the true value of his labor, and showed a determination to get the full worth of it. He could make more money in working on his own account than in a menial position, and so he refused to go into the kitchen. Bridget, therefore, still rules the roast, and there is no help for mistresses but to make a compromise with her. Perhaps, in time, some genius may win a fortune and immortality by inventing a machine that will do household drudgery without the intervention of human mind and muscle; or, what is more likely, society may advance to the point of banishing servants from the dwelling, and of having the more arduous work done without the house. This would entail on the ladies of the family some of the lighter labors now performed by menials, but there is no doubt that they would be the better for it. Until that happy day arrives, however, society and Bridget must make mutual concessions, if they would live together peaceably. We know of no other way of bringing about a cessation of hostilities than that suggested above.

London has now got a free city-library, which is likely to become a very fine thing. Before the fire of 1666, there was an institution of this kind, containing many precious volumes; but, after its destruction, no steps were taken to revive it until 1824. Since that year, additions, which slowly came in, were stowed away in a gloomy room, of bad approach, in the Guildhall; but, now the corporation have taken the matter in hand, a splendid apartment has been provided, and it turns out that the collection is, in one respect, preëminently what it should be, viz., richer in topographical works relating to London than even the British Museum itself. Why could not our corporation—now that it has got rid of its Tweeds and Sweenys—have a room devoted to works relative to New York? Such a collection, steadily kept up, would be invaluable in 1972, even if it only taught our grandchildren what to avoid.

The Grand Hotel at Paris, which suffered so severely during the war, seems to have since taken a more prosperous position than ever. Among other special attractions of this establishment are concerts twice a week, which afford an admirable opportunity to observe the occupants of that human menagerie. To such an extent are all nations now brought to this common centre, that a Parisian declares it to be quite unnecessary to travel. Only go to the Grand Hotel, and you once more have the Tower of Babel. When recently his doctor ordered him abroad for change, he assented, but, in truth, merely took up his abode at this establishment. There he lived with the people of all lands, conversed with them, listened to their descriptions, and thus became familiar with their countries. After two or three months, when he went to see his doctor, he

was pronounced a complete recovery. "Ah! doctor," he laughingly said, "the beauty of those charming Constantinople girls cured me." He did not add that he made their acquaintance at the Grand Hotel. To sum up, it is averred that these advantages, with excellent food and wine, may, if you don't mind a journey to the fourth floor in the elevator, be had for three dollars and twenty cents a day, even now.

The walls of the Lenox Library building have already risen to a noble altitude, and present, from several points in Central Park, a very effective feature. From some situations the pile appears to be erected on an elevation, and the granite walls lift above the trees with an imposing dignity that captivates the beholder. We learn that the site for the new Metropolitan Museum of Art has been selected in the immediate vicinity of the library, and that the projected Episcopal Cathedral will, in all probability, be erected in Fifth Avenue, facing the Park. These architectural piles will give a superb setting to our pleasure-ground, and add immensely to its beauty and dignity.

The Museum of Art is to be built on the east side of the Park, between Eighty-first and Eighty-second Streets. A large force of men are at present engaged in making the necessary excavations for the building, which is ultimately to cover several acres, and, when completed, will be eight hundred feet long and five hundred feet wide. The foundations will be laid at once, and the building carried forward vigorously in the spring, so that by 1874 a sufficient portion of the vast structure will be completed to receive the works now contained in the Art-Museum in Dodworth's old Dancing Academy in the Fifth Avenue. The new Conservatory, another charming feature of the Park, will be completed in the autumn of 1873. It is to be erected on the border of Fifth Avenue, opposite Seventy-fourth Street, and the foundations are already completed. It is to be both a floral and musical conservatory. The upper story will be used for botanical plants and flowers, and the lower for music. The dimensions of this building will be two hundred and fifty feet in length by fifty in width. It will be surmounted by a handsome ornamental dome of iron and glass.

Joe Cowell, in his book of theatrical reminiscences, describes the annoyance actors experience by the ceaseless fumbling of programmes and turning of leaves in their "books of the play" by the audience. Actors are not the only sufferers from the restlessness of concert and play goers. There are people in every audience who are in perpetual struggle to keep up a connection between the performance and the programme, and twist and turn their handbills in this vain effort, as if an entertainment consisted of perusing the account of it. Then there are others who *must* read the libretto or the "book of the play," and only occasionally give their regards to the performers, tormenting themselves to find where the speaker or singer is now, why this is omitted, why something is done that is not down on the book, and so on. Then there are others—principally ladies—who keep up a continual dis-

turbance with their programmes. They fold them, turn them, rattle them, crush them, make fans of them, ceaselessly find something to do with them that will make a noise, to the exasperation of every attentive listener in the assembly. If the writer were a great tragedian or a singer, he would certainly stipulate, as a condition of his appearance, that programmes and books of the play should be excluded from the audiences whenever it was his mission to entertain. What with rattling programmes, noisy ushers, musicians who always come stumbling in to their places, to the ruin of the last scene of every act of a play, and go stumbling out again at the opening of every first scene; people who come bustling in too late, and people who go bustling out too soon; people who come to talk, and people whose ears, responding a flash too late, are forever asking what the last speaker said—between these combinations the man who likes to enjoy a play deliberately and freely is put in a nervous torment enough to make him forswear public entertainments forever!

The late King of Sweden set an example, which we hope to see every day more extensively followed here, by bequeathing to the national museum of his country such of his pictures as relate to national scenes, together with a very valuable collection of armor and other valuables. In former days a wealthy New-Yorker, who desired to benefit his native city in such manner at his death, was placed in this difficulty, that, unless he specially founded an institution for the reception of his gift, there was no place to receive it. Happily, in the last two years, we have changed all that. No collector need now be at a loss; full justice will be done to the inanimate objects dear to his soul when he starts on that last journey where no luggage is allowed, if he will but bequeath them to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. One of the best points about this institution is, that it has nothing individual in its origin. No great name obscures all other donors, as in the case of the Astor Library. Thus we hope to see the time when we shall pass from room to room called after some celebrity in art and taste, who has thus contributed to the education of his countrymen by a beneficent bequest, and whose memory is handed down for all time to a grateful posterity by the chamber which bears his name, and the bust or portrait of him which fills the most prominent position in it.

The Hartford *Courant* asserts that one of the chief sources of Horace Greeley's power was his humor, which was of that homely sort that characterized Franklin, not too fine for popular appreciation. But this gift, although a great force in his writings, interfered, it thinks, with his influence in some other directions. "It is still true," says the *Courant*, "that, in the popular mind, a certain gravity, which may border on stupidity, is considered essential to a great man, especially to a man who is to occupy public position. People are a little afraid of wit, and the man who makes others laugh too often gets laughed at himself, or, if he is not laughed at, he is not trusted." Perhaps the popular instinct in the matter is not very far

wrong, although a marked exception to the operation of the rule existed in Mr. Lincoln's case, whose humor not only greatly endeared him to the people, but strengthened their faith in him. He is the only man we can recall who made humor a political power. But if we take a glance at humorists as a class, we will discover that, however delightful their gifts, they have not been men whom the world could safely trust in places of responsibility. Sterne, for instance, was a delightful character; we love the man with all his foibles, but we would never dream of placing important trusts in the hands of a man of his character; and Sterne is an excellent representative of the wits—men of fancy, quickness of imagination, and geniality of temperament, but men whose susceptibility often played strange pranks with their judgments. We are not to be understood as asserting that Mr. Greeley belonged to this class; far from it, for his humor was only an embroidery, and not the fabric of his talent; but the *Courant's* intimation that popular judgment is blunt and stupid in this matter is what we question; for the judgment is supported by the dramatists and novelists in their delineations, is illustrated by the essayists and the poets, and is abundantly confirmed in biography and history.

— "Hung be the heavens in black!" exclaims the mourner in the Shakespearian play; but, on the occasion of Horace Greeley's funeral, recently, the heavens in Broadway were fairly hung in scarlet and blue, so great was the display of bunting. Flags at half-mast convey to every one the idea that some one is dead whose memory it is desirable to honor; but flags at half-mast are no more solemn or grave than flags at the height of the staff. The "stars and stripes" that flutter in the breeze are always full of color, brilliancy, and animation. The American colors are exceedingly radiant, and, when flung forth in a bright sun, give marvellous sparkle and life to a picture, whether the occasion be a solemn one or not. This fact leads a correspondent to suggest the adoption of a mourning-flag, or a banner which in its color should express the sentiment of the occasion for which it is displayed. He suggests a black flag—but that would be piratical in its expression, unless a wreath of green in the centre relieved the black. As an alternative, our correspondent recommends a black ground set with stars—which certainly would be appropriate. But there is no reason why one uniform model should be adopted. So, without deciding which, in our judgment, would be the better plan for a mourning-flag, we simply commend the suggestion to the consideration of the public.

— People in New York, who like studies of interiors, have an excellent opportunity to indulge their tastes by rides on the elevated railway. This route, which runs on the level of the second-story windows, and so near that one may almost extend his hand to the shutters, gives to the inquisitive passenger a ceaseless succession of queer glimpses into other people's apartments. The inside views thus afforded are not generally of very elegant modes of life, but for this reason they are all the more novel and suggestive. Ele-

gance is monotonously circumspect; but the struggle for respectable existence in second-story fronts shows life under a good many individual aspects. It is true the glimpses we get are rapid, and sometimes almost too fleeting for special observation; but, by repeated rides, one may multiply impressions to an extent that will give him a very good idea of how people live in the quarters thus unceremoniously exposed. There is not much neatness of apparel, although ladies are often seen before their mirrors giving finishing touches to their toilets. Bureaus are occasionally seen, prettily set out with ornaments; but taste, as a rule, shows itself sparingly. There are numerous tumbled beds and other evidences of slovenly house-keeping. The newspaper is not neglected, but the idlers, for the most part, are in groups for the purpose of gossip. The children are not commonly in attractive trim, although the wash-tub and the sewing-machine are actively employed. There are some tidily-kept rooms, but even the better apartments are not inviting—they look gloomy, lack sunlight, and cheer of every sort. The succession of pictures is a little curious, but not calculated to give pleasant impressions of city home-life.

Literary Notes.

DR. DÖLLINGER seems to think that the great, perhaps the only, obstacle to the union of all the various sects of Christendom into one common "household of faith" is presented by the papacy; at least, we gather this impression from reading his "Lectures on the Reunion of the Churches." (Dodd and Mead.) All Protestants and old Catholics will doubtless agree that he is right in part, but most of these will see breaches between certain Protestant communions which are almost as wide as the one between Protestantism and the papacy itself. For the benefit of those who are in any doubt as to the good to result from the establishment of a universal church, the doctor devotes his first two lectures to a review of the religious condition of the world at large, and to pointing out the great hindrance that delays the performance of an acknowledged duty to the heathen. This hindrance, as may be supposed, is, according to the author, the dissensions that prevail in the Church, a view he well sustains by bringing forward the moral effect on unbelievers of the fruits that appear from such division. To show how he does this we quote from the close of the second lecture (pp. 30, 31): "Christ says that every kingdom divided against itself shall be destroyed. We understand the failure of missionaries. And that is not all. What is to Christians the holiest and most venerable of all places, the birth-land of our faith, where Christ taught, lived, and suffered, is now the meeting-place of churches that hate one another. Greeks, Russians, Latins, Armenians, Copts, Jacobites, Protestants of various sects, all have there their fortresses and intrenchments, and are intent on making fresh conquests for the rival churches. To the shame of the Christian name, Turkish soldiers have to interfere between rival parties of Christians, who would else tear one another to pieces in the holy places, and the pacha holds the key of the holy sepulchre." The third lecture is a *résumé* of the causes leading to the separation of the Eastern and Western Churches. Then

we have a brief history of the German Reformation, which is characterized as a movement "deeply rooted in the needs of the age," and that "sprang inevitably from the ecclesiastical conditions of the centuries immediately preceding it." Luther and his colleagues receive no blame, except for interrupting the order of apostolic succession, for which there was no external necessity. The loss of this is found a "peculiar difficulty" in the way of reunion between certain classes of Christians, and one which, the doctor thinks, ought not to have arisen. The fifth lecture treats of "The Reaction toward Union in the Seventeenth Century;" the sixth, of "The English Reformation; its Nature and Results;" and the seventh and concluding one of the series, of difficulties in the way of union, and the ground of hope for its ultimate accomplishment. The doctor is careful throughout to hold up the cruelties of the popes and the intrigues of the Jesuits as largely to blame for the continued division of the Church, and his "ground for hope" seems to lie in the reaction that has set in from the culmination of the papal idea in the famous decree of infallibility. The "lectures" are popular in style, and will doubtless command much attention from all who have any interest in the weighty question at issue.

A somewhat peculiar story is attached to the posthumous work, by M. Villemain, "The History of Gregory VII.," which is about to be published in Paris. The deceased academician commenced this voluminous dissertation more than forty years ago, and did not complete it till 1851. After M. Villemain's death, which took place on the day when seven and a half millions of eyes were being elicited by the last of the Napoleonic *plébiscites*, his family were about to publish the work which, for some unaccountable reason, the author had kept so long in reserve, when their plans were quite upset by the outbreak of the war. When Paris was seriously threatened by the Germans, the manuscripts were sent out of the capital. Their transportation was no easy matter, for M. Villemain had the habit of never burning a single scrap of paper, and all the notes, copies, articles, etc., connected with this work, made up a heavy load of literature, added to, as they were, by an unpublished translation of "Pindar," and fragments about the Restoration. From Paris they were sent to Angers, and, when that town was threatened, Lord Lyons was asked to take them under his protection, but he seems to have thought that he could hardly be expected to do so. Eventually the precious deposit appears to have reached Bordeaux, whence it was sent back to Paris just before the conflagrations in the Rue de Lille and the Rue de Verneuil. The house in which the manuscripts were lodged was in this quarter, but luckily escaped destruction, and the book has at last reached the hands of the printer.

Literary treasures are often brought to light in quite unpromising quarters. One does not expect much, for instance, from such a field as heathen India, yet from time to time the students of its unfamiliar literature point out gems of art that would do credit to any people. In a recent article in the *Pull-Mall Gazette* on "Heathen Poetry," we find such specimens as this from Tamil authors:

THE SHEPHERD OF THE WORLDS.

"How many various flowers
Did I in by-gone hours
Cull for the god, and in his honor strew!
In vain how many a prayer
I breathed into the air!
And made, with many forms, obeisance due.

"Beating my breast, aloud,
How oft I called the crowd
To drag the village-car ! how oft I strayed
In manhood's prime to lave
Sunward the flowing wave ;
And, circling Saiva's fanes, my homage paid !

"But they—the truly wise—
Who know and realize
Where dwells the Shepherd of the Worlds, will ne'er.
To any visible shrine,
As if it were divine,
Deign to raise hands of worship or of prayer."

This is more remarkable from its protest against idolatry.

The paper in question recalls some beautiful quotations given in Rimmel's "Book of Perfumes," from kindred authors. One of the finest of these is from "Sakoontálá," a sacred drama of the Hindoos. Kanwa, the father of Sakoontálá, and chief of the hermits, offers a sacrifice of fragrant woods, exclaiming :

"Holy flames that gleam around
Every altar's hallowed ground ;
Holy flames, whose frequent food
Is the consecrated wood,
And for whose encircling bed
Sacred Kúsa-grass is spread ;
Holy flames that waft to heaven
Sweet oblations daily given,
Mortal guilt to purge away ;
Hear, oh, hear me when I pray,
Purify my child this day !"

In this same drama occurs the following, in reference to the custom of conducting such ceremonials in sacred groves as well as temples :

"The sprouting verdure of the leaves is dimmed
By dusky wreaths of upward-curling smoke
From burnt oblations."

From an Indian ode we have this :

"The rose hath humbly bowed to meet
With glowing lips her hallowed feet,
And lent them all its bloom."

From another poem, this :

"A hundred flowers there are beaming,
The verdure smiling and the hushed waves
dreaming.

Each flower is still a brighter hue assuming,
Each a far league the lovesick air perfuming.
The rose her book of hundred leaves unfolding.
The tulip's hand a cup of red-wine holding.
The northern zephyr ambergris round spreading,
Still through its limits varied scents is shedding."

From what we have given we are sure that many a reader will wish for more, and join us in hoping that the excellent translations which have long been made from some of the most noted of the Indian poets, may soon be given to the public in a dress that will secure their acceptance by that large class who have an appreciation of good things quite out of proportion to the means for obtaining them. The expensive editions in which such works are too often issued, is an effective barrier against their introduction with those who would often love them the most.

Professor Hart's "Manual of American Literature" (Eldridge & Bro.) is the companion to his "English Literature," issued a few months since. It is designed as a text-book for schools and colleges, but will be also an acceptable substitute, in many cases, for the more bulky cyclopædias, which are cumbersome as well as expensive. One cannot look for completeness in such a work, yet there are some authors omitted from this one which should, by all means, have place in even the very briefest treatise on the subject. It can hardly be accounted for why a score or more of prominent names should receive no mention, while at least an equal number have been included in the "Manual" that require notice

only in dictionaries or cyclopædias. We are sorry that a book, otherwise so good, should have its value thus impaired, and we hope the professor will supply the omissions in a second edition.

Under the title of "Oriental and Linguistic Studies," Scribner, Armstrong & Co. have issued a series of papers contributed from time to time to several periodicals by Professor William D. Whitney. These papers are on the Veda, the Avesta, and the Science of Language. As popular expositions they cannot fail to be welcome to the many who, without time for thorough study, wish accurate knowledge on the interesting subjects of which they treat. The professor is receiving well-deserved commendation of his work from the critics, and is especially complimented on the "elegant plainness" of his diction, and on his success in imparting an interest to philological studies, which are, unfortunately, too often rendered uninviting by the dreariness of dull teachers.

The merits of "The Lillingstones of Lillingstone" (Dodd & Mead) depend much upon the point from which it is viewed. If intended as an addition to such libraries as are usually selected for younger persons, it may be accounted a very worthy book ; but, if designed as a more pretentious work, a candid critic must own it rather commonplace, or that it at least appears so, by contrast with the brilliant fictions now so familiar to all story-readers. The fortunes of the Lillingstones are, however, made to teach good lessons in morals and religion, and the narrative deserves praise for its healthy tone, a virtue too often wanting in what are otherwise more successful stories. The volume has twelve full-page illustrations, which are unmistakably English in design, and well executed.

Jean Ingelow's first novel, "Off the Skelligs," scarcely equals the expectation formed from her reputation as a poet. The story is not romantic, and is narrated in a very matter-of-fact manner. It never runs beyond the usual commonplaces of every-day life ; there is little display of strong emotion ; the tone and feeling accord well with that social etiquette which forbids enthusiasm of every kind. To many, however, this may be the best praise that we can give it. The chief charm of the story, to us, is in the quiet gentleness and sweetness of the maiden who is writing of her own early life, and it seems as if Miss Ingelow had sometimes written from personal reminiscences. On the whole, the book, while pleasing, and containing not a few good descriptions of character and well-told incidents, has scarcely advanced the author's fame.

A dainty little work, "Treasure Trove," exhibits some of the fairest mechanical handiwork of those tasty book-makers, Messrs. Osgood & Co. "Treasure Trove" is a rhymed caricature on the "Lion-hearted" Richard—on chivalry—on the ways and manners of his time in general ; and, although it is another blow at the legendary ideals we have so long looked upon with reverence, yet its *animus* cannot but commend it to all who are not afflicted with a belief in the "divine right" of kings. As a literary performance the book is quite clever, and its interest is increased by a liberal number of excellent illustrations, from the pencil of the well-known S. Etyngge, Jr.

Mr. Evans has evinced the most praiseworthy industry in the preparation of his "Ancient Stone Implements, Weapons, and

Ornaments of Great Britain." The scattered results of innumerable researches are here collected into a large yet handy volume, which is almost an encyclopædia of these curious remains. The work is profusely illustrated with woodcuts, which are both artistic and, as the author assures us, faithful to the antiquities they represent. We are not content to pass so important a volume with this brief mention, and we hope to refer to it again in a future number of the JOURNAL. (D. Appleton & Co.)

There is an effort now being made in the South to aid the widow of the poet Henry Timrod by the issue of a subscription edition of his poems. Earnest efforts are made to obtain a wide circulation of the volume, not only in behalf of the poet's widow, but with a laudable desire to promote a better knowledge of a poet too little known. The volume will be accompanied by a biography, and edited, we believe, by Paul H. Hayne.

A forthcoming memoir of Miss Susan Ferrier contains some unpublished letters by Robert Burns. It is said that the work will present a lively picture of literary life in Edinburgh. Miss Ferrier's best-known novel, "Marriage," was published in 1818, and was praised by Sir Walter Scott as containing some of the happiest illustrations of Scottish character.

A Paris publishing-house having announced that it will speedily issue "The Letters of Eugénie de Montijo, prior to her Marriage to Louis Napoleon," the prefect of police has prohibited the publication of the work.

Old M. Guizot has three new books in press, among them a work on the Second Empire. In the preface he says that Louis Napoleon frequently importuned him with offers of important official positions.

Earl Russell has completed a volume of essays on the "Rise and Progress of the Christian Religion in the West of Europe, from the Reign of Tiberius to the Council of Trent."

Many readers have no doubt been puzzled to understand what Tennyson meant by the word "spate," occurring in his last idyl :

"The last tall son of Lot and Bellicent,
And tallest, Gareth, in a showerful spring,
Stared at the spate."

Spate is an old Saxon word, meaning the flooding of a stream by heavy rains.

The library of the Escurial, which so narrowly escaped destruction a month or two since, contains over fourteen thousand MSS. in Hebrew, Arabic, and other languages.

It is reported that Merle d'Aubigné has left two nearly completed volumes on the Reformation, carrying his record to the death of Luther.

Chambers's well-known "Cyclopædia of English Literature" is undergoing revision by the Rev. Dr. Carruthers, of Inverness, Scotland.

Curiosity will be stimulated by the announcement that Baron Nathaniel Rothschild is preparing a history of the Rothschild family, extending from 1806 to the present time.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag: Shawl-Straps," by Louisa M. Alcott, author of "Little Women," "An Old-Fashioned Girl," "Little Men," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"For Conscience' Sake." By the author of "Alice Lee's Discipline," etc. New York: Dodd & Mead.

"What Katy Did." A story: By Susan Coolidge, author of "The New-Year's Bargain." With Illustrations by Addie Ledyard. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"Science for the Young;" "Force." By Jacob Abbott, author of "The Franconia Stories," "Marco Paul Series," "Young Christian Series," "Abbott's Illustrated Histories," etc. With numerous Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"Our Young Yachter's Series: Vol. ii., Left on Labrador; or, The Cruise of the Schooner-Yacht Curlew, as recorded by Wash." Edited by C. A. Stephens. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

"Dr. Wainwright's Patient: A Novel." By Edmund Yates, author of "Black Sheep," "Wrecked in Port," "A Waiting Race," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Scientific Notes.

THE preparations for the English circumnavigating exploring expedition give promise of results of great value to both science and civilization. The vessel set apart for the purpose is H. M. S. Challenger, a main-deck corvette of two thousand three hundred tons. Her commander is Captain G. S. Nares, well known as the author of a valuable work on seamanship. Second in command is Commander J. P. Maclean, son of the late astronomer royal at the Cape of Good Hope, who will have charge of the magnetic observations which will form part of the work of the expedition. The Challenger has been put in thorough repair, and specially fitted out for the occasion. Stages have been erected amidships, from which the dredges will be worked; and immediately aft of these is the steam winding-in apparatus. A chemical laboratory and naturalist's work-room have been fitted up in the after-part of the vessel; and the fore-magazine is set aside for the storage of the large quantities of spirits required for the preservation of natural-history specimens, and of the many thousand stoppered bottles which will contain them. Among the stores are traps of various forms, harpoons, a harpoon-gun, and fishing-tackle of all kinds, including trawls, trammels, a seine, shrimp-nets, fish-traps, and lobster-pots. From the latter, used in deep water, great results are expected; and it is not improbable that living specimens of nautilus may thus be procured. The scientific staff, under the direction of Professor Wyville Thomson, numbers five able and experienced scientists. The route to be followed by the Challenger, though not yet fully determined, will be nearly as follows: Leaving Portsmouth about the middle of November, she will sail for Gibraltar, the first haul of the dredge being made in the Bay of Biscay. From Gibraltar she will proceed to Madeira; thence to St. Thomas, the Bahamas, Bermuda, and the Azores; thence to Bahia, touching at Fernando de Noronha; then across to the Cape of Good Hope; thence southward to the Croset and Marion Islands, continuing in this course until ice is reached. Australia, New Zealand, the Campbell and Auckland Groups, Torres Straits, New Guinea, and New Ireland, will then be visited. A year will be spent among the Pacific islands; Japan, Kamtchatka, and the regions farther north, thoroughly explored; the return being made by the way of Cape Horn. The voyage is expected to take about three years and a half, as the deep-sea work—the main object

of the expedition—is to be supplemented by that of a general inland exploration, with accurate investigations of many of those distant and almost unknown islands of the sea. The interest with which the public watched the progress of the late Hassler expedition furnishes sufficient evidence that their sympathy and well-wishes will be with the Challenger and her gallant and learned officers, till they have doubled the Horn, and are again safely moored in Portsmouth Harbor.

At the first announcement of diamond discoveries in Arizona, the San Francisco and New York Commercial and Mining Company engaged the professional services of Clarence King, the eminent geologist, who, with an able corps of assistants, was to explore the regions from which the diamonds and precious stones were said to have been obtained. From the final report of Professor King, as lately presented to the officers of the company, it is evident that a gigantic fraud has been perpetrated; and, as the results prove, not without gain to certain enterprising and ingenious rascals. In justice to the company above named, it may be added that they seem to have acted in good faith and with honest purpose. The report of Clarence King gives the operations of his survey in detail. Referring to the discovery of certain gems, it is stated that, in the vicinity of Table Rock, diamonds and rubies were found on the surface and in the crevices; but, in every instance of a "find," there was evidence that the soil had been tampered with. In crevices where there were no traces of the work of man, no evidence of the existence of precious stones was discovered. Some diamonds were found in what were evidently artificial holes. From further reports, as received from San Francisco, it appears that Arnold, the man who sold the original discovery, received for it from the Harpending Company one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Now that the swindle has been exposed, this prince of impostors will doubtless return to the deserted fields, map in hand, to recover from the cracks and crevices what stones yet remain concealed in them.

The Chicago papers announce the successful trial of a new pumping-engine, said to be the largest in the world, which was designed and constructed for the water-works of that city. The steam cylinders—of which there are two—have each an internal diameter of seventy inches, and allow a twenty-foot stroke of piston; the fly-wheel is twenty-five feet in diameter, weighing thirty-three tons, and the cast-iron walking-beams, measuring twenty-seven feet between the ends and centres, are seventy-five inches deep in the middle, and twenty-four inches at the ends. Mr. Chesbrough, under whose direction the lake-tunnel was constructed, estimates that this engine will be capable of raising thirty-six million gallons of water one hundred and fifty feet in twenty-four hours. In addition to this, the main engine, there are three others, with a capacity respectively of eighteen thousand, twelve thousand, and eight thousand gallons. An interesting and significant fact, illustrating the rapidity with which Chicago has recovered from the disastrous fire, is that, during the past year, there have been laid in that city twenty miles more of pipe than was ever laid before in that length of time.

A most remarkable instance as illustrating the powers of physical endurance is afforded by the terrible experience of four of the survivors from the wreck of the ocean-steamship Missouri. Eight days at sea in an open boat,

with their bodies half immersed in salt-water, and without a drop to drink, or a morsel of food, these four men yet live. The story of those eight days, as narrated by Assistant-Engineer John Freaney, is substantially as follows: Having remained near the burning vessel till she sank, the small boat, containing eight men, was put before the wind, her progress toward land, wherever it might be, being aided by the four remaining oars. "On the second and third days," as the account reads, "we were still before the wind, and suffering terribly. On the fourth day one of our crew died, and that night two others, having become crazy, jumped overboard. The boat was always full of water, and ourselves sitting waist-deep. On the fifth morning another man died. . . . On the sixth and seventh days our situation was unchanged. On the eighth day we sighted land, and succeeded in landing at Powell's Cay, near Abaco, in the evening. On the ninth day we found a few tomatoes, which we boiled, having found a few matches and a pot in one of the boats." These tomatoes were the first food that they had tasted since leaving the ship, eight days before, and the strength thus feebly renewed sustained life till the following day, when a friendly hand rescued and supplied them.

Soap-stone, or steatite, has recently found a new application as a raw material for buttons, dominoes, and other similar objects. Chips and refuse pieces of the mineral are ground to powder and mixed with silicate of soda, water, glass; and, after a repose of some hours, dried on a plate, and the mixture again pulverized. The powder thus obtained is then subjected to powerful pressure in suitable moulds, and afterward baked in air-tight crucibles. The pressed objects are again soaked in a silicate-of-soda bath, and again heated out of contact with the air. The hardness of the product is said to depend, in a great measure, upon the number of times the heating is repeated. The last stage in the process of manufacture consists in washing in water in a rotary tub, drying, and then agitating in a suitable vessel with soap-stone powder, this last operation giving to the surface a bright polish.

A writer in *Les Mondes* describes an interesting and simple experiment by which it is demonstrated that the light of the Geissler tubes is intermittent. Take a chameleon top—such as may be purchased from any dealer in toys—and place upon the centre one of the prismatic disks which accompany it. Instead of producing the singular optical illusions usually obtained from these disks by stopping their revolutions with the finger, simply illumine the table and disk with a large Geissler tube. The result is described as beautiful. The most varied combinations of colors and designs succeed each other without any need of touching the disks and thus checking the movement of the top.

In the report of certain commercial analyses, as made by Professor Allen, of Sheffield, England, is that of five samples of butter which were purchased in that city, and submitted to a careful examination. The results are as follows. No. 1 contained eight per cent. of water, with much salt and dripping; No. 2, seven per cent. of water, a large quantity of salt, and a little lard; No. 3, seven per cent. of water, a very large quantity of salt, a considerable quantity of lard, and some *rag pulp*, the original fibres and colors of the rag being readily visible under the microscope; Nos. 4 and 5, water seven per cent., with salt and lard. The presence of water and salt is not to be won-

dered at, but many a good housewife will have her faith shaken in humanity when she reads of the lard and rag pulp.

At Krupp's steel-works at Essen, Prussia, 8,810 workmen, and engines amounting to 9,595 horse-power, are employed. Last year the establishment manufactured 150,000,000 pounds of cast-steel, an increase of 20,000,000 pounds over the product of 1870. There are 528 furnaces for smelting, heating, and converting, 169 forges, 260 welding- and puddling-furnaces, 245 coke-furnaces, 130 other kinds of furnaces, 342 turning-lathes, 130 planing-machines, 73 cutting-machines, 172 boring-machines, 94 grinding-benches, 209 various other machines, 174 steam-boilers, 265 steam-engines (from 1,000 horse-power downward), and 58 steam-hammers (from 30 tons downward).

English farmers use nearly a million tons of artificial and chemical manures annually, the materials for which are obtained from all quarters of the globe. It is by this system of judicious and repeated fertilizing that the land is made to yield such heavy returns without "working out," as have the abandoned tobacco-fields of Virginia.

On the 27th of October last, an interesting *fête* was given by the municipality of Florence, Italy. The occasion was that of the inauguration of the new Florentine Observatory, that stands on a striking eminence, from which, in former times, Galileo made most of his discoveries.

It has recently been demonstrated that plates of polished slate may be used as a substitute for boxwood for engraving. These plates will furnish over one hundred thousand impressions without loss of detail, do not warp, and are not affected by oil or water.

Home and Foreign Notes.

THE Russian Government has demanded from the King of Belgium the extradition of one Vashtenew, one of the *valets de chambre* that accompanied the Grand-duke Alexis to the New World. Vashtenew was sent by the grand-duke with a portion of his trunks from Cuba to Russia. He delivered all trunks but one to the imperial family on his arrival at St. Petersburg. But the trunk he kept contained the letters which the grand-duke received while in the United States. Among them are many *billets-doux* from foolish American women. The faithless valet took the trunk to Brussels, and sold the letters to a young bookseller, who has since then announced as in press a volume which will probably prove painfully interesting to some of our countrywomen. Its title is: "The Private Correspondence of a Prince on his Travels round the World." The Russian Government claims that Vashtenew is nothing but a common thief, and wants the Belgian Government, on that ground, to send him back to St. Petersburg, together with the stolen and interesting trunk.

Intelligence from the arctic regions indicates that the season has been unusually mild and propitious for the various polar expeditions in that region. In a letter from Greenland, dated September, Mr. Edward Whympy writes to a London friend that, when he arrived there in June, the "land was covered with flowers, the butterflies were beginning to appear, and almost all snow had vanished from the sea-level up to two thousand feet." Since that time the writer mentions the very remarkable fact that, with the exception of the bad week in the Waigat, he had "enjoyed the most exquisite weather that it is possible to imagine." This intelligence is corroborated from Germany by Dr. Petermann, the renowned geographer, whose geographical journal stated that the seas which wash the indented shores of Spitzbergen are free from ice for several

months in the year, and this year have been peculiarly iceless. The further discovery in September of an open sea to the eastward of Spitzbergen by Captain Nils Johnsen, the last explorer to make report, looks very much as if the American expedition under Captain Hall, and also the far-advanced German voyagers under the Austrian leaders Payer and Weyprecht, had struck upon a year remarkably auspicious for their perilous endeavor.

Some of the Mid-England papers are considerably exercised over an event which has occurred in connection with the Prince of Wales's visit to Lord Aylesford in Warwickshire. According to the modern unsportsmanlike fashion, grand *bathos* were among the principal amusements of the visit, and to the first of these events some reporters gained admission. The result was, a severe criticism on game-butchery in a Birmingham paper, and on the following day the reporters, on arriving at Packington Hall, were met by a policeman, who announced that he had his lordship's orders to see them off the ground. The incident is likely to aggravate the bitter feeling engendered by the exaggerated system of game-preservation which for some years has been in vogue, and has caused very strong feeling on the part of tenants. It was strongly condemned by Lord Derby in a speech last spring, and the impression is general that its days are numbered.

The *Lancet*, which has recently published a series of reports by a special commission appointed to investigate fully the accommodation afforded to steerage-passengers from Liverpool to the United States, seems inclined to the opinion that, although there is not a little to condemn, yet there is not cause for wholesale fault-finding. As regards the provisions, they were pronounced good in quality and abundant in quantity, the supposition being made that few of the emigrants fared so well previous to embarking. The arrangements for ventilation are very defective, and the sexes are mixed in a way that tends to promote indecency. The hospitals are inconveniently situated, and in some instances there are no lavatories and very imperfect closet arrangements for the women and children. Taking the reports in the most favorable light, it is evident that there is needed a change in the construction and the supervision of emigrant-vessels.

One of the London papers reproduces "an interviewing" of Mr. Froude, during which the reporter asked whether the "swell young *militaires*" of the Household Brigade were not as idle and useless as those French officers who lounged on the boulevards of Paris, whose lack of vigor both in mind and body their last campaign so palpably proved. Mr. Froude supposed that they were, but added that there were but few of them; and, further, pointed to the fact that, at Waterloo, in the Crimea, and elsewhere, they had certainly done excellent service. The really redeeming point about English officers, from a service point of view, is that, unlike their French brethren in arms, they are, for the most part, men of very active bodily health and fine physique. Although, with rare exceptions, wonderfully illiterate—probably more so even than the French—they can ride, shoot, swim, and fence, and have a vast amount of pluck and endurance.

The new Turkish grand-vizier, Mehemet Rouchdi Pacha, has risen to power from a very humble station in life. The son of poor parents, he joined the army as a private soldier in his sixteenth year, but his talents soon raised him in the service. He devoted himself earnestly to the study of the French language and of military science, and, having translated a French military book into Turkish, Sultan Mahmoud recognized his talents, and became his patron. When but twenty-six the war-ministry was tendered to him, but he soon resigned, resuming it, however, shortly before the breaking out of the Crimean War, during which he greatly distinguished himself by his administrative ability. He is the author of several works on strategy and fortification that rank high.

A widow lady named Mellen, who said she was from New York, has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment at Frankfort-on-the-Main for collecting, in May last, subscrip-

tions for *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*. In pronouncing sentence, Judge Miller said that he regretted exceedingly that, under the law, he could not send her to the state-prison for several years. He ordered a bailiff to burn the copies of the paper which were found in the woman's possession.

Netschayeff, the International leader from Russia, has been delivered by the authorities of Switzerland, where he had taken refuge, to Russian policemen, on the ground that he was a common murderer. Upon reaching Warsaw the unfortunate man was placed before a court-martial, and sentenced to be branded with a red-hot iron on the forehead, to receive one hundred lashes with the knout, and to be sent to Siberia. He survived the barbarous punishment, and is now on his way to Tobolsk.

The Paris papers tell of a duel on a piano between two musicians. They played for forty-eight hours without food or drink. Having commenced with pieces of a sedate character, they passed on to waltzes, and thence to operatic music. One had played the *Misere* in "Il Trovatore" five hundred and eighty times, and was commencing on the five hundred and eighty-first performance when he sank to rise no more. The other was conveyed to the hospital, his life being despaired of, and the four seconds are suffering from mental aberration.

Queen Isabella of Spain looks younger and healthier since she left the country which she governed so miserably. She enjoys Paris and its amusements with undisguised relish. She gives, twice every week, a reception, which, strangely enough, are largely attended by the literary men of France. At her last Jules Janin, Louis Ratisbonne, and Jules Sandeau, were introduced to her.

Highland Lake, East Andover, New Hampshire, has been the home of a pair of herons for nearly half a century, and the good people of the town had come to regard these venerable and long-legged fowl as birds of good omen. But lately a sacrilegious fowler shot one of them, when popular indignation rose to such a pitch that the sportsman narrowly escaped with his life.

The Emperor William drinks but very little wine; his nephew, the Russian Czar, drinks a great deal of *votky* (Russian whiskey); President Thiers is fond of a bottle of Chamberlain; King Amadeus loves the sweet wine of Alicante; Queen Victoria sticks to her port; the sultan and the khédive relish Bordeaux; and the Emperor of Austria takes his Tokay regularly.

Private contributions have made good one hundred thousand dollars of the loss of the Harvard University by the Boston fire. But Harvard needs a hundred thousand more to place her where she stood before, and her graduates and friends should come up to the mark.

A Spanish editor, having called King Amadeus several hard names, and intimated that the people would do well to send him and his wife back to Italy, has now time to cogitate over the beauties of the freedom of the press in Spain at the city-prison of Seville, where he will have to remain for the next twelve months.

The trustees of Columbia College have purchased a splendid site on Washington Heights, to which it is proposed to remove the college. The plot of ground comprises nine acres, and is located just above One-hundred-and-sixtieth Street, extending from the line of the Boulevard to the river-front.

The sultan and all his vassals, including the Khédive of Egypt, the Hospodar of Roumania, and young Prince Milos of Serbia, will be at the Vienna Exhibition next year. The Emperor of Austria will invite the rulers of all civilized countries to visit Vienna on the occasion, and the President of the United States will be strongly urged to attend.

"The burnt child dreads the fire," but it seems that Chicago does not; for, according to the *Chicago Tribune*, there are more wooden buildings in that city now than before the ravages of the fire-fiend.