

## TWO COMING OCEAN FLYERS.

The Giant Cunard Ship *Campania* Now Afloat on the Clyde.

Built in Lines for Capacity, Fleetness, and Beauty, She Exceeds the Limit of the Great Inman Twins by Over 2,000 Tons.

What are the limits of the marine architect in the building of mighty ships? A representative of one of the great lines thinks this question may be answered in Yankee fashion by propounding another, and that is: How big must a ship be before her running expenses exceed her receipts? Will larger ships than the giants of the Cunard fleet, *Campania*, launched last month on the Clyde, be sent forth to battle for commercial supremacy of the Atlantic? Other competitive lines doubtless will build, and we may not unreasonably expect to see within the next few years a flyer of greater tonnage and power than the *Campania*. An American engineer of large experience recently wrote to Mr. Vernon H. Brown of the Cunard line, congratulating him on the launching of the great *Campania* and expressing the belief that the day was not remote when the 1,000-ton ship would be in service between New York and Liverpool. Mr. Brown says he does not see what is to prevent the coming of

### THIS MARITIME COLOSSUS

if it can be demonstrated to the line that may order her from the ambitious British builders that she will yield a reasonable income. There is now no dock either in New York or Liverpool large enough to accommodate such a vessel. The biggest docks we have, recently lengthened for the twin-screw ships now in service, are not over 700 feet long, and they would not be wide enough, even if lengthened, safely to berth a 1,000-foot ship, whose beam would be close upon 100 feet. The Liverpool docks were not large enough for the *White Star* flyers, and these vessels are docked at Birkenhead, which bears the same relation to Liverpool that Brooklyn does to New York.

There was a stronger feeling among shipping men when the pioneer of the twin-screw Titans, the *City of New York*, was launched in 1883 that she would ruin the Inman Company. She turned out to be an immensely profitable ship, and in the important item of coal consumption she showed herself more economical by nearly \$100 a day than either the *Etruria* or *Umbria*, then the swiftest merchant ships afloat. The sister *Campania* burns about 350 tons, and the *City of New York* and *City of Paris* burn each about 325 tons a day. The conservatives opened their eyes when they heard that the *Campania* line was building two 600-foot ships. They had supposed that no company would venture beyond the 10,500 tons of the *City of Paris*, and they shook their heads after the ancient custom of shellbacks, and looked a big doubt they did not care to utter after the first twin screw. The *Campania* is more than 2,000 tons larger than the sister ships of the Inman line. The only vessel ever launched that was bigger than the *Campania* was the ponderous *Great Eastern*, whose designer sought

### TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM

of swift ocean navigation by bulk, combined with the comparatively insignificant horse power of 6,200, applied to paddle wheels and propeller. The *Great Eastern* was 680 feet long and 83 feet broad, or 60 feet longer and about 13 feet broader than the *Campania*. The builders of the *Campania* expect her engines to develop, after she has been in service a season or two, between 29,000 and 30,000 horse power, or nearly five times as much as the *Great Eastern* used ineffectually and with much expense, owing to the marine engine of her time. The *Campania* Company feel so well assured that the *Campania* will be a swift and profitable ship that they have duplicated her in the *Lucania*, which will be launched next month.

The *Campania* slid from the ways at the yard of the Fairfield Company, the builders also of the *Etruria* and *Umbria*, on Sept. 8. The Clyde was dredged immediately opposite the yard, as there was fear that the deep draught of the ship would cause her to strike bottom. She made hardly any commotion when she took the water. She is built somewhat on the lines of the *Umbria*, having a straight stem and an elliptical stern. She will have, when completed, two pole masts. She measures 620 feet over all and 600 feet on the water line, and thus has an overhanging stern of 20 feet. Her extreme beam is 65 feet 3 inches, and her depth of hold from the upper deck is 43 feet. She will have sixteen water-tight bulkheads, so constructed that in case of damage to any two of them she will still be able to float. She is built to meet admiralty requirements, for serving as an armed cruiser in time of war, having decks especially arranged and strengthened to carry guns, and her vital parts protected. Unlike the other twin-screw ships, the *Campania* has an opening in the stern frame similar to that in a single-screw steamship. This is intended to give the propellers more freedom of movement. No brackets are fitted to the stern frame to support the outer end of the shafts. Instead the frames of the hull are bossed out and plated over so as to form the stern tubes. At the outer end of these are strong castings of steel which answer the purpose of brackets, and being a continuation of the lines of the hull are supposed to offer the least resistance to propulsion.

It may be assumed from this description of her business end that the *Campania* was built for a racer. Her designers and constructors have done away with almost every conceivable hindrance to speed that exists in the best of the twin-screw fleet in service. But the most marked difference between the *Campania* and the *City of Paris*, fleetest of steamships, is in their engines. The engines of the *City of Paris* are triple expansion; that is, each set has three cylinders, one high pressure, one intermediate, and one low pressure. The engines of the *Campania* although nominally triple-expansion, might not improperly be called quintuple expansion. Each set of engines is fitted with five inverted cylinders, two of which are high pressure, two low pressure, and one intermediate pressure. The forward and after cylinders are tandem, that is, the high pressures are placed above the low pressures. The exhaust is from the high pressures to the intermediate, and thence to the double low pressures. Engineers say that these are the

### MOST POWERFUL ENGINES

ever constructed. The cylinders are arranged to work on three cranks, set at an

angle of 120 degrees with one another, and all having the same stroke. Steam is generated for the engines in twelve big double-ended boilers, arranged in two groups, with one funnel for each group. Each boiler has eight furnaces, ninety-six in all.

Excepting her rudder, the *Campania* is entirely of British build. No British firm had the machinery necessary for making the rudder, which is formed of a single piece of steel, and was rolled by Krupp, the gunmaker of Essen.

With the advantages her constructors have had through studying the weak points of the racers of this season the *Campania* ought to carve a large slice of the record in a year or so, when her engineers begin to understand her. Since June, 1888, when the *Etruria* held the record, then 6 days 1 hour and 25 minutes the twin-screw speeders have queued the time between Sandy Hook and Queenstown by 11 hours and 31 minutes. In the next four years we may not reasonably expect the power of steam, which has its limitations even when exerted through triple expansion engines, to knock another eleven hours or more off the record. But we may hope to see the *Campania* fulfill the expectations of her owners, just as the other big ships have sometimes done after disappointing first efforts by covering the ocean race track at the average rate of 22 knots an hour, thus bringing Queenstown within five and a quarter days of New York. Should she develop 23 knots and maintain it for the voyage, the *New World* and the *Old* will be divided by only five days.

### Some Recent Wife-Sales.

According to a Welsh newspaper, a man employed at the Cyfarthfa ironworks sold his wife, in 1863, to a fellow workman for the sum of two pounds ten shillings, with the understanding that another half-sovereign should be spent in drink. The wife, it is said, was more amused than indignant at the transaction. On the fifth of July, 1872, a well-dressed woman applied to the Exeter magistrates for a summons against her husband, who had refused to support her children. To the utter astonishment of the justices she stated that her husband had sold her to a man with whom she was then living for fifty pounds, he undertaking to support two of the children. He appeared, however, to have gone back on his bargain, and refused to do anything for them, and the magistrates very wisely declined to interfere. In 1877 a wife was sold for forty pounds, and, what is more remarkable, the articles of sale were drawn up and signed at a solicitor's office, the money paid, and the chattel handed over with all the gravity of law. In the course of a County Court case at Sheffield in May, 1881, a man named Moore stated that he was living with the wife of one of his friends, and that he had purchased her for a quart of beer! During the hearing of a School Board case in the course of 1881, at Ripon, a woman informed the Bench that she had been bought for twenty-five shillings, and had assumed the name of the purchaser. At Alfreton, in 1882, a husband sold his wife for a glass of beer in a public-house, and the wife gladly deserted her legal lord. One cannot expect a wife for less than two-pence half-penny! Two years after this bricklayer at Peasholme Green, Yorkshire, sold his wife for one shilling and six-pence, a "legal" document being drawn up to make the bargain binding on all sides. In the *Globe* of May the 6th, 1887, there appeared an account of a well-to-do weaver at Burnley, who was charged with having deserted his wife and three children. He admitted the soft impeachment at once, but urged that inasmuch as he had sold the wife family to another man before the alleged desertion, he was acquitted of all responsibility for their maintenance. It was nothing to him whether their purchaser provided for their wants, the law had better see to that. For himself he had duly received three-halfpence, the amount of the purchase money, and there his interest in the affair began and ended!

### A Momentous Time.

When Mrs. Spudkins called on her friend, Mrs. Dinsmore, the other evening, she could see at once that something unusual was about to transpire. The latter was dressed in her very best gown, and she bravely tried to repress the tears that came involuntarily as she smiled upon her little daughter, and tried to make the tot happy in a hundred ways that only a mother knows. "I want her to remember me as she sees me now," said Mrs. Dinsmore. "I want her always to think of her mamma as handsome and sweet. For this reason I have arrayed myself in my very best before I change my clothes and go away from her." And the mother wept again; but wiped away the tears before the child saw them. "Mercy!" cried Mrs. Spudkins, as the nurse carried away Mrs. Dinsmore's daughter, "what is going to happen? Are you going to India as a missionary and leave your family here?" "Oh, no!" "Are you going to a hospital to die of an incurable disease?" "No." "You haven't—you haven't—got a divorce, with child given to the father?" "Oh, no!" "Then, why all this solemnity of farewell?" "I am going to take my first lesson on the bicycle."

### No Wonder he was Anxious.

He was a very old man, hair white, teeth gone, but very fond of fishing. Day after day I used to see him at the end of the pier with his line and hook, and generally with a group of little darkies around him with their hooks and lines. One day one of these boys lost his balance and tumbled in. The water was over his head, and it was apparent if he did not get help he would drown. Then the old ducky threw down his rod, jumped in, and rescued the boy. I was much impressed with the old man's heroism. "He is your son?" I said. "No, sah." "Your grandson, then?" "No, sah." "No relation?" "No, sah." "Then you risked your life to save that of a child who was nothing to you, which makes your act even more heroic." "Well, you see, boss, dat mizzable chile had all de worms in his pocket."

The longest canal in the world is that which connects the frontier of China with St. Petersburg. Its length is 4,472 miles.

It is calculated that there is property value £10,000,000 at the bottom of the Atlantic.

## VERY INTERESTING.

About two thirds of the men in this country use tobacco.

An electrical machine in the London Mint counts the coins.

There are 300,000 commercial travelers in the United States.

A revolver has been invented that shoots seven times in a second.

New Mexico is enjoying the first rainy season it has had in four years.

Chinese control almost the entire shoe-making business in California.

In India there is a species of crow that laughs just like a human being.

George Eiffel is said to have made £2,000,000 as his share in the Eiffel tower.

There is but one sudden death among women to every ten among men.

A man of science in Germany maintains that it is from meteors that all our diamonds come.

Glass in oven doors is a new contrivance. It enables cooks to watch the food without opening the doors.

A Russian can plead infancy for a long time, as he does not come of age till he is twenty-six years old.

The Amazon Indians use a blowpipe with which they throw an arrow 200 yards with wonderful precision.

In a year the food eaten by a horse is nine times his weight; that of a cow, nine times; that of an ox, six times.

The Romanian crown is made of metal from the cannon captured from the Turks at Plevna in 1877.

It is stated that there are 50,000,000 volumes in the public libraries of America, while there are but 21,000,000 in Europe.

On a clear night a red light can be seen at a greater distance than a white light; but on a dark night the reverse is the case.

The Indian exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair will include representatives of every tribe from the extreme north of Terra del Fuego.

There is a tooth of Buddha, preserved and worshipped in an Indian temple, which probably all the gold in the world could not buy.

The longest canal in the world is the one which extends from the frontier of China to St. Petersburg. It measures in all 4,472 miles.

Hercule the new French explosive, is so powerful that half a pound of it, in a recent test, displaced a stone weighing thirty tons.

The Czar of Russia is the largest individual landowner in the world. The area of his possessions is far greater than that of the entire Republic of France.

A submarine electrical lamp has been tested in Toulon at a depth of thirty feet. It illuminated a radius of 100 feet. Fish surrounded it like insects about a lamp.

It is said that smelt spots can be removed from a kalsomined or painted ceiling by gently brushing the spot with water in which a handful of soda has been dissolved.

Algeria is the greatest cork-producing country in the world, having 2,500,000 acres of cork forests, of which 300,000 are made to yield regular crops. The finest cork is obtained from that province.

The Italian Ordnance department is considering the purchase of a projectile which, when it bursts, will produce a luminous disc of 100,000-candlepower. It would light up an enemy's camp with great brilliancy.

Three-quarters of a second is the time occupied by the fall of the knife in the guillotine. The knife is weighted by 120 pounds of lead, falls 9 feet, and cuts through flesh and bone as easily as through a bar of soap.

There are reported to be more Jews in three of the twenty-four wards of New York city than in the whole of Great Britain and Ireland.

In Sitka, when an Indian wife has lost her husband by death, she goes into mourning by painting the upper half of her face a deep black.

Three good washes are received by an Abyssinian during his career—at his birth, on his marriage morn, and at his death. At all other times he shuns soap and water.

Drowning, as a punishment for crime, was legally enforced in Scotland up to the year 1611. The same punishment prevailed in England up to a few years before this date.

England imports annually about 50,000 tons of palm oil; but it is considered that this is a very small amount compared with what might be the case were the enormous supplies fully or even moderately realized.

It is not generally known that an orange hit in the exact centre by a rifle ball will vanish at once from sight. Such, however, is the fact. Shooting it through the centre, scatters it in such infinitesimal pieces that it is at once lost to sight.

There is a tree in Jamaica known as the life tree, on account of its leaves growing even after being severed from the plant. Only by fire can it be entirely destroyed.

The oldest arm-chair in the world is the throne once used by Queen Hataka, who flourished in Egypt 1600 B. C. It is made of spongy, beautifully carved, and is so hardened with age as to appear to be carved from black marble.

In a cave in the Pantheon, the guide, by striking the flaps of his coat, makes a noise equal to that produced by firing a twelve pound cannon. In the cave of Smellin, near Viborg, Finland, a stone thrown down a certain abyss makes a reverberating echo which sounds like the dying wail of some wild animal.

In Turkey, if a man falls asleep in the neighbourhood of a poppy field and the wind blows from the field towards him, he becomes narcotised, and would die, if the country people, who are well acquainted with the circumstances, did not bring him to a well or stream and empty pitcher after pitcher of water on his face and body.

Of all vegetable phenomena in tropical climates the Palo de Vaca is one of the most remarkable. Although it frequently grows upon the bare sides of a rock, and has dry coriaceous or leathery-like leaves, yet it is productive of a very glutinous liquid. For months its leaves are not moistened by a single drop of rain, and its branches and boughs appear entirely dried up; but when the trunk is pierced it gives out a pteous supply of yellow juice, having a balsamic perfume, and is said to be as nourishing as the milk of the cow.

## A CITY OF THE DEAD.

The Awful Convulsion which Buried Beautiful Pompeii—The Calamity Recalled by a Visitor to the Scene.

"Day was turned into night, and light into darkness; an inexpressible quantity of ashes and dust was poured out, deluging land, sea and air, and burying two entire cities—Herculeanum and Pompeii—while the people were sitting in the theatre." Such, being interpreted from the Latin, is the brief allusion made by Dion Cassius in one of his histories (Lib. lxxvi.) to the fearful catastrophe of an August night in 79 A. D., when the recently-restored city of the Pompeians was finally overwhelmed and hidden beneath twenty feet of debris from Vesuvius, for seventeen hundred years. For Pompeii had been shattered to its foundations only a few years before, by a terrible earthquake of Vesuvius. In A. D. 63, a violent oscillation of the mountain, accompanied by lightning and great noise, shook the city; the walls crashed and fell, the stone streets were upheaved, and the citizens reduced to a state of utter panic and distress. But they did not despair. At once they set to work to rebuild their Courts of Common Appeal, their Forum, and their private houses; they drew their best architects and artists together, and, with the improved ideas of Roman art, adorned their newly-built city with beautiful frescoes, sculptures, and mosaics. No pains were spared to beautify it—a poor humble village of little fame, threatened hourly by the wrath of the mountain towering above it; yet in our eyes a city of exquisite art, the highest perfection of Roman skill in sculpture and painting, and a standing object of wonder that such skill should have been twice lavished on a city doomed to destruction. Yet, from histories written at the time, and soon after the time of the destruction of the city, we learn much definite fact—that the city was beautiful to a high degree, that wealthy Romans and Neapolitans, as well as Pompeians, occupied houses in it, and lived in luxurious style and splendour. We also learn some interesting facts as to the topography of the land at that time. The sea almost lapped the southern gate of the city, and thither it was that the chariots used to be driven down, where the citizens embarked in their ships, and merchants landed their goods. The force of Nature, however, altered the contour of the land considerably, and Vesuvius sent its streams of lava, scoria, and rapilli for three or four miles southward where now, between Pompeii and the sea, oranges, lemons, pomegranates, and vines grow in profusion, scenting the hot air. Pompeii, in short, is now—what is left of it—an inland city, and a city of the dead.

To-day no togas flaunt the sunlight with their bright dyes; no sandalled feet nor rattling chariot wheels echo through the narrow, stone-paved streets; Nydia, the blind girl beloved of Glaucus, is heard no more singing her song—

Buy my flowers, oh buy, I pray,  
The blind girl comes from afar;  
If the earth be as fair as I hear them say,  
These flowers her children are.

Only wild maidenhair now grows in the nooks and crannies of the ruined walls; and bats at sunset flit and flap in the shadows, haunting the silence. Parasols and shades and patterns, white flannel trousers and trousers and "blazers," cameras and opera glasses, tell by day of the revolution of seventeen centuries. Those whose time is limited will at least observe the deep ruts worn by the chariot wheels in the stone-paved streets, also the beautiful mosaics which here and there have been left untouched by the hand of the vandal or by time; the fragmentary frescoes which still adorn the walls of the private villas; and the devices employed in those remote days for the conveyance of water. Lead piping is visible in many places, with neatly executed taps and jets—a marvel of what the citizens could do in their day. One is inclined to think, when beholding these things, that the ancients were more skilled than ourselves—certainly they had reached the highest pitch of art and culture when the dark pall fell and silenced them for ever.

With visits to Pompeii we must combine visits to the famous Museum in Naples in order to learn fully the history of the ancient arts of sculpture and painting. The Museum contains, as is well known, many priceless relics in marble and bronze—not only priceless in themselves as high works of art, but also as affording an admirable insight into the life of the citizens—the food they ate, the vessels they drank from, the dress they wore, the jewellery, and the ordinary necessities of daily life. But it is given to few to devote time to the full appreciation of these valuable relics rescued from Herculeanum and Pompeii; few may afford time to linger over the incomparable figure of young Narcissus as he listens to the song of Echo; to mark the exquisite grace of Diana as she bends forth to the bow; or to study with satisfaction the fine bust of the Emperors of fallen Rome.

Then we are again among the silent streets of the buried city, listening for the shout from the Theatre, the splash of water from the baths the rattle of chariot wheels in the by-ways. But we listen in vain! Far away down the twinkling, roasting shore, the din of Naples comes to us in a low monotone; or long, glassy waves come rolling in upon the beach in heavy pulsations.

Look down from the ramparts into the Theatre below—the Tragic Theatre, where once Tragedy was acted in its fullness. Grass and maidenhair fill the crevices between the dislodged stones. All is confusion and lack of symmetry; all is a deathly stillness. Yonder, without the city wall, stands the dismantled amphitheatre; and beyond it, hugged to his neck with scoria and ashes, the destroyer of the city—Vesuvius. Already the sun has purpled him and veiled his robes with a faint mist. Out seaward Capri is sleeping in a lap of blue; and Castellamare, Sorrento, and their neighbours huddle the shore or crown apparently inaccessible heights. Again the sound of traffic and busy life comes to us as we stand gazing northward to the city where 300,000 souls are toiling, hurrying, clamouring, in bustle and activity. There, an unending motion of life; the city sleeps not by night nor day, it knows no rest, no peace. Here, an intense silence, where sombre shadows fall through the twilight, and gossamers deck the spider's web at day dawn; it is a silence that may be felt. Ruin has laid her hand on Pompeii. She is a captive for ever—a city of the dead.

Wasps' nests often catch fire from the chemical action of the wax upon the paper-like material.

## LATE FOREIGN NEWS.

Thirty years ago there was a great outcry against the lighting of St. Stephen's Cathedral at Vienna by gas. The Arch-bishop has now introduced electricity.

A visitor to Marshal MacMahon says that the Marshal is still a great sportsman. He starts out with his gun at six in the morning and walks twelve or fifteen miles a day. His hand is firm and his aim is sure.

According to statistics compiled by the International Telegraph Bureau, there were despatched in Europe during the year 1891, 207,595,000 telegrams; in the remaining portion of the world, 88,422,000, a total of 296,017,000.

A resident of Lawrence, Kan., received a letter last week which was mailed in Chicago twelve years ago. It was "accidentally discovered" in a ventilator shaft with a wad of other mail.

The Tourist Zeitung publishes a list of Alpine accidents for 1892. There were 32 fatalities in all, 26 having occurred in ascents without guides and 6 with guides. Twenty-six were tourists and 6 were guides. Ten were rescued by attempts to gather edelweiss.

The river Nile has a fall of but six inches to 1,000 miles. The overflow commences in June every year and continues until August, attaining an elevation of from twenty-four to twenty-six feet above low-water mark, and flowing through the Valley of Egypt in a turbulent body twelve miles wide. During the last one thousand years there had been but one sudden rise of the Nile, that of 1829, when 30,000 people were drowned.

Since the war of '70-'71, twenty-two years, the military expenditures of France have been fifteen milliards three hundred and sixty-eight millions of francs, or about \$3,800,000,000. This sum is exclusive of the five milliards paid to Germany as an indemnity, of the sum expended on the navy, and of the amount used in building strategic railroads and the payment of military pensions.

An English Railway carriage company is building for an Indian potentate three superb railway carriages, which will constitute a palace on wheels. In the framework of each carriage is to be used £40 worth of teak to resist the ravages of insects. The suite of carriages includes day and night apartments for the prince and his retinue, and also a cuisine department—the latter having the facilities to carry two tons of water and two tons of ice.

At the manoeuvres near Spandau, Germany, special orders were issued that the country between Gatow and Carolinshoehle should be cleared of everybody outside the army, as the troops were to practise with the new ball cartridges. Despite all warnings, a servant girl went to work in a garden on the outskirts of Gatow. A stray bullet shattered her arm and entered her left breast. She was removed to a Spandau hospital, where she died a few hours later.

British postal cards of the value of one halfpenny—corresponding to our one-cent cards—have always sold at three farthings each. The penny cards recently put on sale for foreign correspondence sell for just one penny, the simple amount of the postage, as all cards sell here. The British people now want to know why cent post cards don't sell for a cent, and one member of Parliament has figured that the revenue from the extra farthing on each post card brings in to the Government over \$10,000 a year. The annual sale of postal cards is about 230,000,000.

The desire to serve the country by holding public office, be the post ever so humble, seems to be about as strong in France as anywhere else. The Prefect of the Seine had recently 1,071 offices at his disposal, of a minor importance, and for these offices he had over 40,000 applicants. The offices were mostly as supernumerary clerks, porters, local customs collectors, tobacco shopkeepers, and even chief funeral mutes and cemetery rangers. There was only one office that lacked a candidate. That was the office of teacher of manual labour in the elementary schools. There was no aspirant for this position.

The Roman journal *L'Italia* says, since the French manoeuvres, that "the work that the French have accomplished during the late manoeuvres is admirable beyond question, and it gives a clear idea of their powerful military organization including the railway service. Without being jealous of our neighbors, we would be glad if their example could be followed in our country. In truth, we are far, indeed, from the French organization, and our inferiority is rendered more painful by the fact that it is completely ignored. We believe that we are almost on the top of the mountain, when in reality we are at the foot."

News has just reached Rome of a shocking occurrence in a sulphur mine near Palermo. While work was in progress an accumulation of noxious fumes took place at an unexpected point, and five men were immediately overcome, and shortly afterwards succumbed. An alarm was soon raised, and two gendarmes and a man entered the mine in the hope of succouring the unfortunate men. These courageous people were also suffocated, and it has been found impossible for the present to recover the bodies.

Lieutenant Walder, a French officer, has completed his ride from Sedan to Rheims and back in 24 hours, with 40 minutes to spare, on his mare Incartade. Starting from Sedan at one o'clock in the morning, he reached Rheims about half-past nine, and after a short rest commenced the return journey, arriving at Sedan at 20 minutes past midnight. Altogether about 151 miles were covered, and the feat was performed under very unfavourable conditions, for a strong wind was blowing and the rain came down in torrents nearly the whole of the time.

Hans Nielsen, of Copenhagen, has had the probably unique experience of being sentenced to death three times. Such is the lenity of Danish law, or rather the indisposition of the authorities to proceed to extreme measures, that this notorious criminal has already been reprieved twice and relegated to prison for a long term. It was in prison that he committed his last offence, for he murdered one of his jailers. Nielsen began his career of crime at the age of eight by setting fire to a farm-house, and it is doubtful whether he has ever earned an honest penny in the whole course of his existence. He was formerly resident in London.