

A Mother's Wall.

They buried my babes from my falling sight,
The two, side by side, in one grave;
Wee Willie, my babe, with his eyes so bright,
And Benny so strong and so brave.
It was his hand, so hard, that they both should go,
That I moaned in my sore despair;
"Thy will, oh my God! since it must be so,
But do thou the other spare."

I know they are safe with the Lord of Life,
In the arms of His love divine;
He will keep them safe till all sorrow and strife
Is over for me and mine.
But oh, for a smile of the innocent eyes!
For the tones I must ever miss;
For a tiny hand in sweet baby-wise,
Upheld for my lips to kiss.

When the spring time comes, and the long, long days,
When the summer sun is high,
How my heart will ache for my babe's sweet ways
And his brother's deep dark eye.
Oh, friends! no comfort can words impart
To lighten my love's sore strain;
For only those who hath made the heart,
Can sound all its depths of pain.

It may be that, at some future time,
I shall think of my loss not be calm,
And the thought of them safe in that deathless
Oh me!
To my heart will be healing balm.
But now, oh! now I can only weep,
And smelt 'neath the suds, a glow;
When I think of my babes, side by side, asleep
In the cemetery under the snow,
Hamilton, Feb 3, 1880. J. L.

"RUBY."

A Theatrical Episode.

I am a prosperous manager now, but in the old times, long ago, it was quite different. Then I was an actor, and a very bad one at that. Nearly all actors begin by meeting difficulties and knowing poverty. It is rarely that any one succeeds without having a struggle. There is scarcely a successful actor living who has not known what it is to be penniless, hungry and, what is harder to bear, to be in debt for some miserable trifle among strangers.

But in every case I am happy. The Lord has blessed me with plenty of this world's goods. Everything in my neat suite of rooms is orderly and comfortable. I have a real satisfaction in the feeling that they belong to me. But how lonesome they are!

A man has just passed my window, his wife on his arm and she leading a little child. They chatted and laughed so merrily.

Well, I might have been happy once, and had a loving wife, too, but for a "friend's" perfidy. Yes, and Annie's, too, for she was as much to blame as he.

Ned Douglass was my friend. Ah! Bah! How hollow that word sounds. We were like brothers, he brought up by my father, adopted in our family when a little child. I could only look upon him as a brother.

I wonder if either of them is to blame? Love goes where it is sent, and I am sure they could not help loving each other. He was such a splendid fellow—so handsome and manly; looked so grand in the juvenile tragedy. All the women went wild about him. So how could I blame her, when every one else worshipped him as well as she? And he had such brilliant indications of talent about him. I should like to know what has become of them. It is strange I have never heard what their fate has been since that fatal night they so mysteriously disappeared. I have scanned all the theatrical journals of the country, but have never read a line by which I could trace their whereabouts.

She was to have married me on my birthday. Ah, well! here I sit by my comfortable fireside. There are a few silver threads in my hair, and I indeed comprehend my abject loneliness. My heart seems a deep, dark grave, where all my hopes, ambition and affections are buried.

Oh! if I could only see them once again, how willingly would I embrace them both! How they would fill the vacancy in my sore heart! And now five years have slowly dragged along, and still no information. I would gladly share my wealth with them if I could only see their happy faces at my hearthstone. I am frequently attacked with the blues, and I felt them to-day more than ever, so I impatiently threw away my cigar, hurried on my overcoat and started for a walk. I will seek some excitement this Thanksgiving morning. How crisp the snow is under my feet, and how sharp the November wind cuts! The streets are thronged with happy, merry faces. If I only had some one to make happy. Ah, there is a crowd of new boys! "Come here, you little rascals, I want to buy your papers. Come, how many have you? There, keep the change and the paper too. I don't care to trade to-day." They are so overjoyed that they forget to thank me, and depart joyfully to their different homes. Now they are gone, the old yearning after something returns to me, and I go slowly back to my bachelor rooms again.

Upon my return I found a child sitting on my steps. Though poorly clad, her face was peculiarly striking. The baby form was perfect in symmetry; the large violet eyes fringed with long lashes; the mouth a perfect little rose-bud. She looked so contented that I at first thought she belonged to some of the neighbors. But oh, no! I knew every face. There was not a child in that quarter of the city that I had not fondled and caressed. I thought I would open the conversation, so I addressed her:

"Well, young lady, you appear comfortable."

She looked up in my face with her large violet eyes, and said, with a charming baby lip:

"I know 'ou; how 'ou do?"

"You know me! Well, I must say, you have the advantage of me. What's your name?"

"My name's Ruby."

"So your name is Ruby. Why, my pet, you look more like a pearl. Where are your parents?"

"What is zat?" looking up into my face with an enquiring glance.

"Where are your papa and mamma?"

"I don't know."

"Where do you live?"

"Wite here. My muzzer told me I waz to 'ay wite 'ou."

"With me?"

"Es. She said 'ou would dit me a dolly wite white hair, an' oh! such lots of potty boys."

I was for once in my life non-plussed. "By Jove!" said I, "this is going it pretty strong."

"Es, 'ou is strong 'nuff to tarry me!" said the golden-haired little fairy.

So I brought her into the house. But what a fix I was in! I called for my landlady and left the child in her charge, while I started out to find the parents. I searched in vain. I advertised in all the papers, but to no purpose. My friends at the theatre chaffed me. In fact, I was in a most lamentable condition for a bachelor.

Time grew on apace. Who the child was, or what the object in palming her off on me, remained a mystery for years. At first I was savage whenever I would stop to think or some friend of an enquiring turn of mind would question me too closely.

But my little darling grew in grace and beauty, and became the very light of my soul. She seemed to fill a void in my heart, and as the years passed rapidly by, I could see her with pride growing into womanhood.

What was it that would sometimes make me start at the sound of her voice? There was something familiar about it. There was a strange resemblance in the contour of the face, in the halo of the golden hair, to some one in the long ago.

She had all the love and ambition for my profession that I had felt at her age, so I determined at her sixteenth year she should make her debut.

It was prominently advertised in all the city papers, for I had written a new drama for her. She had been so long under my instruction I felt certain of her success.

The night came at last. The house was packed. The orchestra had just finished the overture. I sat in my managerial box, nervous and impatient for the curtain to ascend. How intensely did I watch the play; how closely criticised the company. The resemblance to some forgotten friend seemed more striking than ever.

Surely I had known some one at some time of my life like my beautiful darling? I listened to her and watched her with the pride a parent can feel at the triumph of a loved daughter.

Finally the last act came on. Never shall I forget the picture at the end. She was supposed to be dying, betrayed and of a broken heart, in the play; she was kneeling in the bed in a loose white robe, with hands clasped around her lover's neck, with tender eyes upraised; the whole mass of golden hair falling in one wavy cascade about her shoulders, like a halo of light; her face so pure, so tender, that I seemed transported to another world, until the curtain hid her from my sight.

A scream burst upon me from the audience. It was a woman's voice. Why did I leap to my feet? The long years of the past seemed to glide by like a wondrous panorama.

I struggled through the crowd and at last reached her.

"Oh, Annie! Annie!"

There is little more to relate. I conveyed her to my home—to her child. She was broken-down, weary and heart-sick, aged before her time. She knew her daughter, and Ruby loved her with all the affection her rash young heart was capable of.

Ned had died soon after Ruby was born. Annie was left almost penniless, but too proud to return to me; battled hard to support herself and child. At last she was forced to adopt the plan of sending the child to me.

She was sinking rapidly. I sat by her bedside.

"Oh, Hugh! let me lay my head upon your dear breast, that I may feel your breath upon my cheek!"

"You have come back, my treasure; we will live for each other," I replied.

"Oh! kiss my lips, Hugh; but don't look at me; press me to your bosom; let me see the last of your dear manly face. Forgive me. Oh! say you forgive! Remember He forgave them, even at the foot of the cross. Let him who is without sin cast the first stone!"

I called her by name—

"Annie." No answer. "Annie, oh! Annie!"

My desire was granted. In a moment she opened her eyes and recognized me. I spoke again:

"Live, oh, live! If not for me, for your daughter."

Her eyes brightened for a moment with the old look of love, she strove to raise her head, but the effort was in vain. Her love was greater than her strength.

She moved her head a little, as if she would be closer to me; looked once more with her suppliant eyes into my face, and died.

And then, holding my dead love in my arms, while the great warm tears ran down my cheeks, I sat in the lonely room until the gray dawn came stealing in at the window, and the sun arose in all its golden splendor, giving promise that, in the future—

We shall meet in that land where the spring is eternal.
Where darkness ne'er cometh nor sorrow, nor pain.
Where the flowers ne'er fade, in that clime ever vernal,
We shall meet and be parted, ah! never again.

Scientific Settings.

A ladies' social science association has been formed in New York. Sanitary science constitutes its fourth department.

Pizzzi Smyth, the Scotchman, well known for his "astronomer's experiment"—which consisted in carrying a powerful telescope up the Peak of Teneriffe to test the optical advantages of the mountain air—and for his celebrated theories of the Great Pyramid, predicts that the coming summer will be a hot one. He fixes the centre of the heat wave at nearly the middle of October, and as these waves of temperature are something like a year in length, we may expect the beginning of the warm period about April.

It is stated that the Western Union Telegraph Company has begun to substitute dynamo-electric machines for batteries in its New York office. These will consume coal, instead of zinc and acid, in generating the currents used in telegraphing; twelve tons of machinery will replace at the New York office alone seventy-two tons of battery cells. The substitution has been achieved by the use of several Liemen's machines, connected in series, and having their field magnets excited by a current supplied by a single dynamo machine.

A New York physician relates that one of his patients, a child, had the typhoid fever, and, wanting a drink of milk, he with an invalid's petulance, insisted that his mother should bring it to him herself. The latter complied, and on opening the refrigerator was astonished at the noisome odor which came from that receptacle. On enquiry of the servants she found that such smells were common. Examination showed that the refrigerator drained into the soil pipe, and that sewer gas found its way freely into the part where the food and milk were kept. This is a common arrangement in many city houses, and should never be allowed.

A sequel to Mr. Jenkins' last pamphlet, "A Blot on the Queen's Head," has been issued in London. It is entitled, "Ben Changes the Motto," and is illustrated with fanciful designs by Linley Sambourne, the eccentric draughtsman of Punch.

IRISH COLUMN.

Two brothers named Rochford were nearly beaten to death on Friday night week during a party riot at Ballinadare, County Mayo. Four arrests have been made.

Hardy Eustace, who was recently rate-collector in Dublin, and who has been arrested in Glasgow, will be charged with certain defalcations in connection with his office.

Charles Phibbs, of Doobey, Sligo, has requested the Government to set up a temporary police barracks near his residence. A police guard is at present stationed at his house.

A woman had walked with her children from Cahirciveen, a distance of 40 miles, and on the way one of the children had died of exhaustion and hunger, presented herself at the Killarney Union.

The death is announced of Elias H. Thompson, J.P., who has been for a long time connected with the trade of Belfast. His demise leaves a seat vacant on the Municipal Council for Dock Ward.

A Tinahely correspondent states that a man named Patrick Whelan, a road contractor, has been waylaid and severely beaten by a man named Pelson. No hopes are entertained of his recovery, and his depositions have been taken.

The Marchioness of Waterford presided at a grand charity concert which was given in Carrick-on-Suir, and which realized a sum of £50 for the local poor. She obtained a well merited vote of thanks and the praises of the Very Rev. Dr. Fitzgerald, P.P.

The Cork Corporation will at their next meeting consider a proposal for borrowing from the Local Government Board the sum of £100,000 to enable the Corporation to carry out an efficient system of drainage, and also for block paying the principal streets.

The Roman correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* records a rumor to the effect that a Cardinal's hat is about to be conferred on Mgr. Kirby, Rector of the Irish College at Rome. He adds that it is considered certain that Pope Leo desires to have an Irish prelate in the Sacred College.

The female operatives at the flax spinning mills of Messrs. Shaw & Co., Cork, have struck, and the factory has been thrown idle with 630 hands. The strike has been for an increase of ten per cent. in the wages of spinners. There has been a slight revival in trade recently, hence the strike.

At Castlebar, John Keane, aged 22, from Roscommon, was put forward in custody, charged with having obtained money under false pretences. Prisoner explained: "On the 25th of December I said I would bring Ireland to get thirty-five shillings to bring me to America. I am guilty so far."

On Friday week a sad case of drowning occurred at Donaclooney, near Lurgan. It appears that a woman named Mrs. McCullagh left her home, having previously thrown out mysterious hints as to her intentions. She was soon missed and a search instituted for her, and her clothes were found at the side of a river which is not far from the house.

Thomas Lee, M.P. for Donegal, has forwarded the subscription of £100 to the treasurer of the Letterkenny and District Relief Fund. The fund was recently started by the inhabitants of Letterkenny, with a view to relieving the prevailing distress in the northern and western portions of Donegal. Mr. Lee is one of the greatest advocates of woman's suffrage in the British Parliament.

A number of Irishmen hold commands in the armies both of Chili and Peru. The chief officer of the Peruvian artillery is a Col. O'Horgan, and, according to the gazette of Lima, there are five majors, thirteen captains and over two scores of officers of inferior grade, either Irish by birth or descent, fighting in the army of Peru, while the Irish element in the victorious forces of the hostile republic is even greater.

In the Recorder's Court at Dublin last week, the appeal of William Ward and Frank Clifton, against the decision of Mr. Erham, sentencing them to three months' imprisonment each, for forcibly kissing Susan Jones and Mary Beardman, when the latter were returning from Harold's Cross Church on a Sunday evening, was heard. His Lordship reserved his decision, intimating that he considered the ends of justice might be met by a less severe sentence.

A melancholy suicide has taken place in Cork. A young gentleman named Kenny, employed as a clerk in the Munster Bank, was recently attended by a doctor at his lodgings for a bilious attack. He expressed a wish on Thursday evening of last week to see the priest, who administered the last rites. Sometime afterwards he said to a friend, who was near his bedside, that he would be soon in heaven. He then remarked that the devil was in him, and plunged a knife into his stomach. The friend called the landlady, while he ran for the doctor. The deceased, who appeared to have been delirious from his illness, suddenly jumped from the bed. The landlady ran downstairs apprehending an attack. The deceased rushed into an adjoining bed-room and threw himself through the window. He died from his injuries. The deceased had been most regular in his habits. He did not drink, and so far as can be ascertained no irregularities can be discovered in his accounts.

Some of the Irish papers are pointing to the cost of the Vice-regal household, and asking that in a time of famine the pomp should be diminished, the salaries curtailed and the balance of the estimate given to the starving people. The Lord Lieutenant receives £20,000 a year, his private secretary £829, and Mr. Burke, as Ulster King of Arms, £750. The remaining salaries are contemptible. Lord Wallecourt gets £200 as gentleman usher; Mr. Lawless, £185, as gentleman in waiting; Mr. Lambert, the chamberlain, £200, and the two Gentlemen at Large (a title which recalls memories of the Fleet and the King's Benob) receive £129 each. The insignificance of these salaries gives a peculiar emphasis to Thackeray's immense scorn of the "sham coat and its sham splendor." The whole cost of the Viceroy and his household is £27,000 a year, leaving £7,000 to be divided among two noblemen, a knight, two honorables, two colonels, a captain, two sides-de-camp and a small mob of people officially called "other salaries and charges."

"Is there any way," writes an agricultural correspondent, "of keeping eggs from turning bad?" Well, no really tangible means have been discovered, we believe, but a hound pup, about six months old, will come as near it as anything else, if you leave the henry door open. About one pup is sufficient for a farm of 280 acres.

SCOTCH COLUMN.

Rev. A. B. Gibson, of Patna, has been inducted into the church and parish of Carnoustie.

Lady Tarbat, during her stay at Castle Leod, has been very mindful of the wants of the poor.

Andrew Hall, Esq., of Culrosae, has sent £50 for distribution among the poor of the parish of Clyne.

A new Roman Catholic School, to cost about £10,000, is to be erected in the east end of Greenock.

Mrs. Henry W. Chetwynd (nee Davidson of Tulloch), has a new work in the press, entitled "Life in a German Village."

Mr. Thomas Wynes, Superintendent of the Inverness Police, has been elected to the office of Police Superintendent of Aberdeen.

The death is announced of an old resident of Patteneytown—Mr. Donald Sutherland, fish-curer. Mr. Sutherland had reached his eightieth year.

The Princes of Wales, as Grand Master of the English Freemasons, has appointed Lieut.-Colonel Shadwell H. Clarke, Past Grand Deacon, to the post of Grand Secretary.

In order to prevent the spread of hydrophobia, Sheriff Steele, of Dumbarion, has ordered that all dogs in the parishes of Luss and Arrochar be shut up for two months.

The Dundee and District Temperance Representative Hundred are to support the candidature of Mr. Edward Jenkins and Mr. Frank Henderson for the representation of the burgh.

The late Mr. Alex. Cormack, Aberdeen, has bequeathed to the Free Church at Ray (his native parish) £500 as an endowment to increase the stipend of the minister of that congregation.

There died at Broughty Ferry, on the 8th ult., William Skirving, at the advanced age of eighty-four. For many years William acted as the village bellman and beadle of the Parish Church.

The prize given by Lord Hartington as Lord-Rector of the University of Edinburgh for the best essay on "The Share of Scotland in the Creation of British India," has been awarded to John Ohlsholm, M.A.

The Liberals of the County of Inverness have agreed to contest the seat for the county at the next general election. Sir Kenneth S. MacKenzie, of Gairloch, Bart., will be asked to stand as candidate.

To show the mildness of the season, it is noticed that in a kitchen garden in Lanark there were some cowslips in full bloom on New Year's Day, and on the 6th inst., in the same plot, a lot of daisies were almost bursting into flower.

Mr. C. B. Smith, rector of Montrose Academy, died on the 10th ult. He was born at Canobie, Dumfriesshire, and was a distinguished alumnus of Edinburgh University. In 1853 he was appointed rector of Montrose Academy.

A letter has been received by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh stating that the Lords of the Treasury are unable to sanction the insertion of any sum in the estimates for the ensuing financial year towards the completion of the buildings of the Museum of Science and Art.

Mr. Alex. Stronach, of Drummillan, advocate, Aberdeen, died on the 13th ult. at the age of 87. He was appointed clerk and factor to Robert Gordon's Hospital in 1834, and held that position until a few months ago. He was the representative of the Fife family in Aberdeenshire.

The Marquis of Bute has promised to the Benedictine College at Fort Augustus a subsidy of £500 a year to enable the fathers to obtain for their pupils, or rather for their teaching staff, the supervision of a classical and scientific professor from one of the national universities.

In a certain church in Aberdeen on Sunday the clergyman intimated that the collections on a previous Sunday had amounted to 17s and a peppermint lozenge, and remarked that the depositor of the peppermint might have his contribution returned on application at the vestry.

The death is announced of General Sir John Low, of Olatto, in his 92nd year. Sir John entered the Madras army when in his 17th year, and spent nearly fifty years of his life in the service of his country in India. He was the father of Mr. Malcolm Low, the Conservative candidate for the St. Andrews Burghs.

A blind man named James O'Neil was found lying on the pavement below his house in Moodie's Court, Argyll street, Glasgow, on Saturday week, with his skull fractured, and he did while being removed to the Police Office. His wife and a lodger named Joseph Miller were apprehended on a charge of having thrown him from the window at a height of three stories from the ground.

The application by Professor Swan for leave to retire, on the usual retiring allowance, from his Professorship of Natural and Experimental Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews, which on Tuesday week was recommended by the University Courts to the Queen in Council, has been made on the ground of the Professor's falling health.

Mr. William Wilson, burgh and parish registrar, Dunfermline, died on Sunday night week from the effects of injuries he sustained on the previous Friday from accidental burning. The deceased was in his seventy-fifth year. For twenty-five years he held office as registrar, and he also acted as keeper of the Abbey Church and Palace ruins and grounds.

Lord Craighill has granted a decree of separation in the action at the instance of Mary Douglas Straton or Burns, Bernard Terrace, Edinburgh, against her husband, Michael Burns, coalmaster, Abbotsford Park, Edinburgh, on the ground of the defendant's ill-treatment of his wife, and awarded the pursuer alimony at the rate of £400 per annum.

About a month ago Mr. Peter Fleming, under-gamekeeper to Sir James Colquhoun, Bart., of Luss, received a bite from a dog. The wound not healing it was deemed advisable for the unfortunate man to go to the Glasgow Infirmary, which he did last Saturday. On his way thither he was very much excited. The symptoms gradually became more serious, and after enduring much agony he died on Wednesday week.

In the efforts to recover bodies from the Tay the services of a clairvoyant were brought into requisition. She was taken out in a yacht and professed to see 20 bodies lying

together at the bottom, but it was then too dark to grapple for them. The North British Railway Company propose to rebuild the bridge at a lower level—60 feet is suggested—if the requisite authority can be obtained from Parliament. The cost of rebuilding is estimated at £65,000.

Elizabeth Smith or Kinnear, about fifty years of age, dressmaker, residing at St. James' Terrace, Kinning Park, Glasgow, was found dead in her house on Tuesday night week. A neighbor, named Mrs. Gow, who resides in the house above that of deceased, states that on the 6th inst. she was called downstairs by Mrs. Kinnear, and asked to read a letter for her, which she had received that evening from the postman. This, however, she declined to do, remarking that the deceased would be better able to read it in the morning herself. On going down in the morning to visit the deceased, Mrs. Gow found the door locked. Suspicion having been aroused, the police, who had been communicated with, burst open the door, whereupon they discovered the deceased lying near the bed, her ears, lips, and a portion of her face having been eaten off by rats. On closer inspection, the officers discovered a wound at the back of the head, which, it is supposed, deceased sustained by falling on the floor. Deceased had been living alone for the past four or five years. It is said she was of intemperate habits.

NAPOLEON.

A book containing memoirs of the Great Napoleon, recently published, has awakened widespread interest. It is a plain, unvarnished tale of the private life of the renowned French soldier and monarch. It tells how and what he ate, how he slept, what his manners were, and how he carried himself towards the servants who observed his every nod. The sight thus afforded of his private character and behavior is one which does not increase esteem for him; but rather tends to draw away gaudy trappings and leave him but a very ordinary man. So was it with the Great Napoleon, if the "Memoirs of Mme. de Remusat" record the truth. In figure he was ungainly, his bust being out of all proportion to his limbs. He had pretty hands and feet, of which he was very vain. His laugh was fascinating. He was sadly lacking in education. He never gave in to a grammatical rule. His sentences were always broken. In his lips language lost all grace. His spelling was abominable, as his love epistles to Josephine prove. His nerves were very unmanageable. He would on slight provocation cry hysterically. He was often subject to fits of passion. He would throw his hat on the floor in his rage, and Prince Metternich once let him pick it up again himself. He would bully and scold the valet who was dressing him, and would sometimes fling into the fire any article of clothing which would not suit him. If the scissors were not sharp enough to trim his nails, he would get angry and break them. The barber never could please him, so he took to shaving himself. He was deficient in manners. He did not know how to enter or quit a room according to etiquette. He would kick the fire with his boots, and many a pair he spoiled in this way. He ate greedily from any dish that happened to be nearest him. Rarely was his hair decently combed. He could scarcely be civil to any diplomatist who had business with him, but perhaps would leave him when the matters were only half arranged. Talleyrand's remark of him seems true—"A great man, pity he is so ill-bred." He loved pomp for its own sake. Once when the plan for some ceremony was shown to him, he exclaimed, "There isn't pomp enough in it, it won't cast dust in any one's eyes." Josephine was annoyed with him because of his infidelities and desertions. His conduct towards his wife was anything but gentlemanly.

HOW NUTMEGS GROW.—Nutmegs grow on little trees which look like small pear trees, and are generally over 20 feet high. The flowers are very much like the lily of the valley. They are pale and very fragrant. The nutmeg is the seed of the fruit, and mace is the thin covering over this seed. The fruit is about as large as a peach. When ripe it breaks open and shows the little nut inside. The trees grow on the islands of Asia and in tropical America. They bear fruit for seventy or eighty years, having ripe fruit upon them at all seasons. A fine tree in Jamaica has over 4,000 nutmegs on it yearly. The Dutch used to have all this nutmeg trade, as they owned the Banda Islands, and conquered all the other traders and destroyed the trees. To keep the price up they once burned three piles of nutmegs, each of which was as large as a church. Nature did not sympathize with their meanness. The nutmeg pigeon, found in all the Indian islands, did for the world what the Dutch determined should not be done—carried the nuts, which are their food, into all the surrounding countries, and trees grew up again, and the world had the benefit.

AGES OF POPULAR ACTORS.—The following are the names and ages of some of the most popular actors of the day:—James E. Anderson, 61; S. B. Bancroft, 39; Miss Kate Bateman, 37; John Billington, 50; Dion Boucicault, 59; John Bringham, 71; H. J. Byron, 46; William Chippendale, 79; John B. Clarke, 46; John Clayton, 35; William Creswick, 67; Charles Dillon, 60; Helen Faucit, 63; Miss Glynn, 57; Henry Howland, 68; Charles Irving, 42; Joseph Jefferson, 50; Mrs. Charles Keen (Ellen Tree), 75; Fanny Kemble, 71; Miss Nelson, 30; John Ryder, 66; Edward A. Sothern, 49; Barry Sullivan, 56; Lydia Thompson, 42; J. L. Tull, 48; Ulman Vezin, 50; Benjamin Webster, 82; Edwin Booth, 46; J. L. Wallack, 51; William Warren, 68.

Mr. Augustus Meves, of Hanwell, England, who died recently, was a singular kind of claimant. His father professed to be the Dauphin who was imprisoned in the temple at the French revolution, from which in some mysterious manner he declared he had been able to escape. The son believed firmly in the legitimacy of his claim, and sometime ago published a book in which he attempted to establish it.

The Bishop of Chester has appointed the Rev. W. E. B. Gunn, M.A., incumbent of St. John's, Egremont, near Birkenhead. About three years ago Mr. Gunn received £800 stg. as minister of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Kirk, Liverpool. He has since joining the Church held an appointment worth £19 a year and no house.

London Academy.—"It is clear that, speaking roughly, the idiosyncrasy of any man or writer is determined by his temperament plus his circumstances."

He said her hair was dyed, and when she indignantly exclaimed, "Tis false!" he said he presumed so.