

AN EVENING HYMN.—BY W. J. DAWSON.

When'er the dying sun goes down,
And silence stills the daily strife,
Some frail, committed sin I own,
Some failure in my plan of life.

And when I think that Thou art just,
And hasten that which I have done,
Then I remember, from the dust,
Thou once didst wear an erring one.

O Christ! beyond the trembling stars
As morn and night my prayers shall rise,
And leap Thy heaven's jasper bars,
And find Thy way in the inmost skies.

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THE IMPERIAL DYNASTY.

Prince Jerome Napoleon the Accepted Successor of the Prince Imperial.

LONDON, Eng.—A Paris despatch states that a delegation of Bonapartists from Marseilles, Lyons and other cities of Southern France to day waited on Prince Jerome Napoleon. They presented him with an address, accepting him as the legal head of the Bonaparte family and as the rightful leader of the Imperial party. The Prince made an address which had evidently been carefully studied and prepared. He declared himself the head of the Bonaparte family and dynasty. This, he said, was by no act of his own—it was simply the result of the rules of succession established by Napoleon I., and now brought to bear in his own case by the death of the late Prince Imperial. As head of the family and of the dynasty he would know how to fulfil his duties, and he trusted that in the end the verdict of posterity would be that he had discharged them well and faithfully; but, he continued, "I must be allowed to choose my own time in all my actions, and to wait the course of events. The Republic is at present by right the legal Government of the country, and so long as its administrators preserve the confidence of the people by peaceable and legal means it is the duty of Frenchmen to support it. As chief of the Bonaparte family I emphatically oppose and discontinue every intrigue which may be set on foot for the purpose of placing the Bonapartists in a position inconsistent with their origin, their duties, and their cause." The address was received with many expressions of approbation. The Prince entertained the delegates, and conversed with them informally upon the prospects of the party. It is understood the party of the Prince received within the past few days several important accessions, among them several ladies of rank and position, who heretofore have been ardent partisans of the immediate restoration of the Empire.

Two Zulu Fortresses.

Cetwayo's new kraal is said to be established in a deep ravine, which is approachable only through rugged defiles, besides being protected by a strong fortress called Umbombani. The whole "neck" leading to the fort is covered with military kraals, and is about six miles in length. There is no other known way of getting into the place and unless one can be discovered, which is, so far as known, improbable, the difficulty of taking the place will be of the most serious character. Of course much execution can be done by shelling and the like; but even with all the appliances of modern warfare, it will call for much skill and strategy, as well as bravery and determination.

The stronghold of the rebel Basutos in the Drakensburg range of mountains, in which Morosi and his followers are, is an almost impregnable natural fortress, which will cost much trouble and considerable bloodshed to reduce, unless the defenders can be starved out. It is situated in a detached mountain rising abruptly from the Orange River on one side and its tributary, the Quithing, on the other. The middle portion consists of a steep, grassy but rugged slope, which is capped by a huge mass of rock rising perpendicularly to a height of some forty feet to one hundred and fifty feet, except on the southeastern side, where it is guarded by a ridge of about 400 yards in length, ending in a steep but comparatively easy ascent to the summit. On this ridge sharpshooters are stationed by the rebels, who themselves hidden from sight have a long range of view over the surrounding country. The road to the top of the mountain runs along this ridge, and from the point where they meet runs a chain of walls eight feet or nine feet high, right up to the summit. The walls are from three feet to four feet thick and loopholed in all directions, so that should a storming party reach the fort wall they would be raked from all sides by cross-fires from above. The very summit of the mountain is strongly barricaded. Some field guns have been despatched to the force guarding the mountain, and their use may hasten the surrender of the place, which will be deferred for many weeks if starvation alone is depended upon.

Railway Risks from Defective Vision.

Railway risks from color blindness have attracted much attention of late, and a system of railway signals, using bars at different angles, has been proposed as a substitute for color-signals. Dr. Garretson, of Philadelphia, calls attention to a new source of danger from such signals, arising from the great frequency of the optical defect known as astigmatism. This condition exists in regularities of the refracting media of the eye, and is a defect so common as to be met with very much more frequently than color-blindness, the evils of which are sought to be remedied. The eye affected with astigmatism sees bars or lines with clearness only when these are at certain planes with the horizon; lines or bars at other planes seem dimly or not at all. An astigmatic eye, having the bar signals alone for guide, would certainly wreck the train under any direction. If the new system be adopted, railway officials will owe it to the community, and for the protection of the companies against damages from accidents, submit every employee for examination to competent surgeons. Accidents arising from such neglect would assuredly be with a excuse.

To him that goes to law nine things are requisite: 1st, a good deal of money; 2nd, a good deal of patience; 3rd, a good cause; 4th, a good attorney; 5th, good counsel; 6th, good evidence; 7th, a good jury; 8th, a good judge; 9th, good luck.

Canadian Fall Heir to Large Fortune.

Mr. Robert Honeywell, of this city, is at present on a visit to Kingston, mainly for the purpose of consulting with Mrs. Thomas Robinson and others of that place in reference to that immense fortune in the United States to which Mrs. Robinson and other heirs have for sometime past laid claim. Mr. Honeywell and Mrs. Robinson are first cousins, and it is said that, in comparing notes on this subject of mutual interest, they, in common with other Canadian heirs to the estate, have become more than ever convinced of the validity of their claim, and of the probabilities of success in pressing their suit. It may not be uninteresting, says the Kingston *Whig*, to revert just now to the salient features of this remarkable case. Three generations ago the only children—two married daughters—of a Col. William Baker emigrated from the States to Canada and settled near the Rideau in the Ottawa region. In process of time two unmarried brothers of Col. Baker—like himself soldiers of the Revolutionary war—died, leaving to him the large properties which they amassed, and which with his own, he bequeathed to his daughters at his death in the year 1801. Owing to some ignorance, either of the whereabouts or of the demise of their father, the daughters at the time laid no claim to the property, which has, in the three-quarters of a century that has since elapsed, become enormously enhanced in value. About thirty grandchildren of Hannah and Betsy Baker now survive in Canada and Northern New York, and are joint claimants to the estates, which, it now transpires, were definitely willed to the above named daughters of Colonel Baker. The property, once no doubt, considered of small amount, is now of tremendous value, a large part of the City of Philadelphia, for example, having since been built upon one portion of it. In addition to that, it is said to include a valuable tract of land of over eleven square miles in area upon the shores of the Hudson River; another in the coal fields of Pennsylvania, besides scattered properties in New York city and elsewhere. The coal mining property was leased by Col. Baker himself for a period of 99 years, and this lease is just now on the point of expiring. When this occurs it is expected that the claims of the heirs will be recognized, and this part of the property recovered. There seems to be no doubt whatever about the identity of the claimants, their descent being easily traced as grandchildren to the above-named daughters of Col. Baker, who, in his will, made them the sole heiresses of his property. So sanguine of success is the eminent lawyer in New York, who has charge of the case for the Canadian clients, that he is devoting his energies to the prosecution of the claim to be remunerated only when the property is realized. The property in all is estimated to be worth over two hundred millions of dollars, so that there will be ample means of paying him well and of furnishing a handsome pile to each of the heirs besides. It is to be hoped that the various members of this lucky family will soon realize their expectations of generous fortune.

The sybaritic surroundings of the cadets at Woolwich and Sandhurst are somewhat remarkable. At Woolwich 14 lbs. of meat are allowed per diem for the dinners of every nine cadets. In addition they have either fish, sausages, hash, cold ham, cold pie, or eggs and bacon at breakfast. The supper dietary is not mentioned, as the cadets have to furnish that meal in their private rooms out of a monthly allowance of 4s. per head provided for the purpose. It is stated, however, that a store containing tongues, potted meats, hams, etc., is at their service so long as their funds hold out. These young gentlemen are not required to fast until dinner. At half-past eleven they are served with what is called "morning luncheon," consisting of "bread, biscuits, butter ad lib, and one pint of beer per head." When afternoon comes there is another light repast for those who choose to pay an extra 3d. per diem, called "afternoon luncheon," consisting of tea, coffee, bread, butter, and milk ad lib. Between five and six p. m. tea is placed on the table, the allowed quantities being 1oz. tea, 3/4 quart of milk, 1oz. of sugar, 1/2 lb. of bread, and 1oz. of butter per head. Thus, altogether, there are no less than six meals during each day, at three of which meat may be partaken of. It would be a very sad thing if these young gentlemen were deprived of liberal diet, but as neither Woolwich nor Sandhurst are industrial institutions of the workhouse type, but establishments where embryo officers of the army are reared, it is not surprising that the authorities are looking into the matter. The immortal "Joe" in "Pickwick" ought to have been a military cadet.

The terrible tragedy in which one of the oldest families of New York State was involved has not been forgotten. When it was reported that young Walworth had killed his own father the community listened to the recital with a thrill of horror; nor did sympathy succeed in securing any feeling in the young paricide's favor, although he claimed to be avenging a mother's wrongs. After imprisonment—young murderers less prominent in their family connections would have been sentenced to death—Walworth was pardoned out upon the ground that his physical condition was such that he would die in prison if not soon released. Escape from duress vile has had a good effect upon him. We read that he is still at the old homestead; his health is poor, but he is reading law. It cuts him to the quick that many of his old friends turned their backs upon him, though he could hardly have expected to be received as a hero. It is stated that he and his mother will soon leave for Europe to seek some spot where there will be nothing in the surroundings to stimulate unpleasant reminiscences.

WHAT SCARES A WOMAN.—Notice a woman when she receives a telegram. How it does scare her! She trembles like a dish of jelly and imagines all sorts of things. Her husband has fallen down the hatchway at his warehouse. Her Johnny has gone out sailing and is drowned. Her sister Maria has been scalded to death. Nothing short of a fatal accident quite fills the bill of her imagination. When she finally summons courage to tear open the envelope, she finds a message from her husband warning her that he will bring a customer home to dinner, and she immediately calls the children together, and instructs them not to ask twice for raspberries, as there's just enough to go round and give the visitor a few extra.—Puck.

THE VIRGINIA DISASTER.

Atlantic Liner Run Aground.

FOUR WOMEN AND FIVE CHILDREN DROWNED. HALIFAX, Nova Scotia.—As intimated in our yesterday's despatches, when landing the passengers on the island four women and five children were drowned in the surf. The purser of the wrecked steamer arrived here to-night and reports that the steamer State of Virginia, 2,500 tons, of Glasgow, G. B., of the State Steamship Company, limited, left New York on the 10th inst. On the 11th they experienced a dense fog, which continued up to Saturday at 8 p. m., when the steamer ran aground on a sandbank, seven miles from the end, on the south side of Sable Island. We tried to get off without success. On Sunday morning, in order to lighten her, we commenced throwing cargo overboard. We found it was no use, however, the steamer settling down in the sand. We fired six minute guns, which brought the Governor of the island, Mr. McDonald, to our assistance in the surf boat. This boat took ashore eleven women, four men and the purser, four officers and the doctor, all of whom were safely landed, though the surf was very heavy. Two more boats left the ship with eighteen persons. The second boat, when about fifty feet from the shore, capsized, and all the occupants were thrown into the water. Some of those struggling in the water succeeded in clinging to the bottom of the boat, which presently was righted and was washed ashore, those clinging to her being badly bruised, but thankful to have escaped with their lives, as it was found that nine had been drowned. The dead were Miss Marie G. Monton, about fourteen years of age, her mother was saved; Alice Wilson, a child of four years, her mother was also saved; Mrs. Mary Peden and two children, her husband was saved; John Widestend, aged thirteen, parents saved; Miss Coleman, Mrs. Walker and Mrs. McGlue, who had no friends among the passengers. The bodies of Mrs. Walker and Miss Coleman were recovered and buried. The other boats went around to the other side of the island the next day, and all were safely landed. On Monday night at 10.30 the third officer with the purser and nine men started in an open boat for the main land. The first night, it was raining and foggy, and a most uncomfortable night was past. On Tuesday night they made the main land, but the sea was running too high to land, and they waited till morning, when they succeeded in landing safely at Port Bickerton, and drove to New Glasgow, whence they came by train to Halifax. On Sunday night the vessel had settled down in the sand. There were six feet of water in the main hold, nine feet in the engine room, and nine in the after hold. The weather was fine, but the prospects of getting the vessel off were not very bright. The cargo consisted of 104 head of cattle, American produce and general cargo. A number of the cattle which had been thrown overboard to lighten the steamer got safely ashore, and part of the cargo was also washed ashore.

It is feared the steamship Virginia, which ran ashore on Sable Island on Saturday, will prove a total wreck. She is an iron steamer and was built on the Clyde in 1873. Dimensions: 350 feet long, 89 ft. beam, 26 ft. depth of hold and 3,500 tons burthen. Her engines are six hundred nominal horse power, and it is claimed her sea-going qualities are unsurpassed. Her agents claim that nothing was wanting to make the vessel first-class in every respect. Her value is estimated at between \$400,000 and \$500,000. Captain Moody, commander of the Virginia, was a faithful and efficient officer of long experience. He said the Company had been quite free from accidents heretofore.

HALIFAX, N. S.—Mr. William Ross, agent at this port of the steamship company has made arrangements for despatching the Government steamer Glendora at noon today to bring back the survivors. If she has fair weather she should reach here on Monday morning. The sea was breaking over the vessel when the purser left, and there were no hopes of saving her. A quantity of the cargo which was thrown overboard had floated ashore. There is reason to believe that the ship was running fast when she struck. The officers were far out of their reckoning and had no idea they were so near Sable Island. When the purser and his party left the island, the steamer had settled well in the sand and had nine feet of water in the engine-room. The crew and passengers on the island were being made comfortable in the government buildings. There is a fair supply of provisions there and about sixty-five head of cattle and a quantity of provisions saved from the ship. There is no danger of supplies running short. As to the steamer there is no hope of saving her. Once a vessel becomes fixed in the sands of Sable Island there, she may as well be given up to the wreckers, as all that can be saved will be such pieces as their skill and daring can secure.

Yesterday morning the sailors of the various English war ships in Halifax (N.S.) harbor marched to the Common preceded by the Marine Artillery with three breech-loading guns and a Gatling gun. The band of the Bellerophon headed them, and played selections during the progress of the review. The men went through the usual formula of a review, and marched past the Admiral at the double. His Excellency afterwards inspected the men, who were drawn up in open column. After the review a sham fight was engaged in. The repelling of cavalry, forming squares to resist cavalry, dismounting and disabling artillery, skirmishing, bayonet drill and cutlass exercise were all attended to, and even the minor points of removing the killed and wounded from the field were carried out to the letter. The dead were removed on stretchers and placed in a row near the point occupied by the Admiral and staff, and when the programme was completed and the bugle sounded the assembly, considerable laughter was caused by the dead men jumping up and joining their companies in the ranks. The whole force marched off the Common, headed by the band, and immediately went on board the ships.

Sympathy.—Little girl: "Mamma, dear, I do so pity you." Mamma: "Why, dear?" Little Girl: "Because Nurse says you have to go out and eat another great big dinner after all the mutton chops and tapioca pudding we had in the middle of the day, and Nurse says you must pretend to like it or they would be very, very cross."

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher on the Subject.

The cable despatch published in the *Herald* descriptive of the funeral of the Prince Imperial was yesterday the topic of Mr. Beecher's discourse. He read that portion of the *Herald* special in which the funeral and its surrounding circumstances are described with great feeling and in the midst of an attention on the part of the large congregation that was almost solemn in its unusual silence. The services had somewhat of a funereal character. Before the sermon an adaptation of the melody of the Russian hymn was sung to the words:

God, the all terrible Thou who ordainest.

At the conclusion of the sermon the Spanish hymn was sung to a slower tune than usual to the words of

Far o'er hill and dell in the winds stealing,
Lies to the tolling bell mournfully pealing.

The sermon was founded on the following text: Isaiah xi. 9—"They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." Already, said Mr. Beecher, ages have rolled away and men have begun to think that this is but a poet's dream. The one conflict in this world has been the spirit of hurting and the spirit of helping. The two things that have divided empires have been the God of hate and the God of love, and every morning the promises hang like the golden clouds before the sun, and every evening the sun goes down in a bluish canopy of darkness. And so nations have come and passed, and nations have come again and perished, and revelations seem to have been brought forth nothing but blood, and for generations, while the race seemed to have gone upon an ascending scale, they have been precipitated again. The light of civilization in Egypt was quenched and has not been rekindled; and the glory of the Oriental monarchies went into night as the morning passes into evening, and the grandeur of the Solomonic empire ceased. The Jew is still the Wandering Jew, and for the first time has taken root, but not as a Jew, but as a citizen of America.

THE GREAT BATTLE IN THE AIR.

Is mankind like the vegetables of the earth that are sown in spring and out down and known no more? Where are the hopes that cheer great men in dark times, that the earth should be filled with the knowledge of the Lord? What is the prospect to-day of this great battle in the air between hate and love, between the God of organism and reconstruction, and the spirit of all evil treading under foot goodness; and everywhere ruling and ruining? The spirit of love, how does it compare to-day with that of any other age? Remembering that the kingdom of God is as a leaven that is hidden, I think that I may venture to say that there are unquestionably thousands of indications that the great battle is turning out more in favor of beneficence, and that the spirit of the age works through sympathy, kindness, benevolence and the love of God. It is true that the spirit of love is nowhere so absolute and so perfectly developed as in the household. In business relations selfishness more or less modified is the law; also between nation and nation the central principle is selfishness. Individual selfishness clothes itself with kindness to accomplish its own ends. If you rise higher than the selfish business affairs of men, or, in other words, to the realm of politics, selfishness is still more the law of procedure, and certainly the law of love is not the law of politics. If you go still higher and look at national and international life it would seem as if selfishness almost gloried; it scornfully repels all conceptions of sentimentalism—as it is pleased to call the gospel of benevolence—as against its interests, and for the same reason, as kindness would be abhorred by diplomats, statesmen and rulers almost the world over. Religion itself has largely joined hands with popular administration in the attempt to re-establish right thinking, right worship and the principle of justice, not well understood; religion itself has been found not infrequently fighting on the side of selfishness and against true benevolence. While there is baseness in politics and in nations or lack of amity in religious administration, there is a change from winter toward spring, and from spring toward summer, although not enough change to plant seed, still less to gather fruit; yet long before the spring comes the farmer can discern the change that is approaching.

One event indicative of this change has taken place, as it were, and yesterday—one of those rare dramas. It is like a book. A single thing a book is, but of a thousand pages, comprising in itself even the history of ages. An event may be the last link of a chain that runs back a thousand years. The burial of the hope of his mother, the hope and ambition of his people in the Empire of yesterday—young Napoleon, named—is one of the most remarkable events of my time. Simple, comparatively, yet it has in it, as it were, a thousand years of history. As I presume that many of you have not read an account of the services at his funeral I shall take occasion to read a description which I find in the *New York Herald* this morning, and upon that I shall base some remarks. Mr. Beecher here read the *Herald's* special despatch descriptive of the funeral.

ENGLAND'S BLOODY CROSS.

Mr. Beecher here commented at some length upon the progress toward peace that had been made between nations, and said that France and England were now joined together when for centuries they had been at enmity, and that enmity had made itself felt in England in its literature, its armies, its navies and its whole people. To speak well of a Frenchman was almost to deride yourself. There had been enough treasure expended between these two nations to have given every peasant a house to live in and an education. That had been for hundreds of years the spirit of these two adjacent peoples. Through the policies of Bright and Cobden and such true statesmen England formed a commercial alliance with France, and for nearly a quarter of a century they have lived hand in hand in peace with one another. The lion and not exactly the lamb, but the leopard, had lain down together.

When the latest heir of the imperial throne sought a home he sought it in England and found it. He entered her armies, having been a cadet in her military school, and in gratitude for his military education volunteered to enter that unrighteous war which, as usual, Great Britain is waging with the ends of the earth. The flag of Great Britain is the most typical flag that ever waved. It is the cross emblazoned on a ground of

blood. If there has ever been a kingdom on earth that has in it the cross and the power of the cross, it has been Great Britain. If there has ever been a nation since the time of sacred history that has buried the cross in blood it has been Great Britain. The cross on a field of blood is the most emblematical and typical flag that floats to day in the sun of heaven. Yet it was Great Britain that had opened her bosom and gave her sympathy to this young Frenchman. He had become, as it were, one of her sons, loved and honored; for he seems to have been a young man rich in genius and not altogether wanting in ability, though of that he was too young to have made proof. In this nation, or two such nations, divided only by language and by a narrow water, that have been in antagonistic relations through long years, is there no sign or token of the way in which the people are going? Is there no sign of gradual progress and simple kindness and benevolence? Look at the benevolence shown in Great Britain and almost universally felt the world over. I do not suppose that there is anywhere the band of liberality so open as there is in Great Britain, not even in our own country. Our people have not had the chance to develop that Great Britain has had. The interior life of that island is the most liberal exposition of charity that has been known in history. And here, on such an occasion as the burial of this young Prince, may we not suppose that at last in that grave was also laid to rest that uniform spirit of interference which has made her at once the almoner, and I had almost said the dictator, of a royalty by which the people have been oppressed?

THE WIDOW'S GRIEF.

At Chiselhurst the central figure was not Victoria, the Queen and Empress; it was Eugenie. Her youth was spent in Spain, brilliant and beautiful. By unexpected developments she was transferred by the Emperor to the most brilliant court in the world. Then suddenly the scene shifts and from the very top of power she is a refugee; not a wanderer, but a guest in Great Britain, and now a widowed mother, in all her glory she was not so great as she is to-day in her desolation. They gather about her from the Court of Great Britain—the noble Queen who has known the sorrow of the heart, and whose heart is easily opened in sympathy and sorrow to others, and all her royal sons and daughters-in-law. This poor, uncrowned woman left upon the kindness of a foreign nation— they made procession from the throne and the palaces to the doors of her humble dwelling; they wept with her; they followed her son to the grave, and they made her weep there, too. There are no pearls, or necklaces, or tiaras that are of such priceless value as the tears that were shed by her and hers. Yet, sublime in her grief, and now, by this last trial of death, made a citizen of the world in the relation of every heart, she stands to-day in her deep desolation and grief not one step higher than the 10,000 other mothers who have broken their hearts over the cradle, and is not removed a hair's breadth from 10,000 other widowed mothers who are more pitiable and less able to speak their sorrows.

Whom Victoria has Outlived.

(From the London Hornet)

And now, as she looks back on the two-and-forty years of her reign, what changes has Her Majesty seen in the personnel of her Privy Council, her Parliament and her Cabinet Ministers, to say nothing of her judicial and episcopal bench! She has outlived by several years every bishop and every judge whom she found seated on those benches in England, Scotland and Ireland. She has witnessed the funeral of every premier who has served under her except Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone. Not a single Cabinet minister of her uncle and predecessors' days now survives; and of those who held inferior offices under her first and favorite premier, Lord Melbourne, I can find among the living only Lord Halifax (then Mr. Charles Wood) and Lord Howick (now Lord Grey).

Of the members of the privy council which sat at Kensington Palace on that bright summer morning in June, 1837, to administer the oaths to the girlish Queen, I can find in the land of the living only four individuals—Mr. George S. Bingham (now Lord Stratford), Sir Stratford Canning (now Lord Stratford de Redcliffe), Lord Robert Grosvenor (now Lord Ebury), and the veteran Earl of Wilton.

Indeed, it may be said that Her Majesty has lived to receive at court in very many, perhaps in most instances, the successive wearers of the same coronet, and she has seen four Lords Beaconsfield, four Lords Aberdeen, four Dukes of Newcastle, four Dukes of Northumberland, and five Lords Rodney. She has received the homage of four Archbishops of Canterbury, of four Archbishops of York and of five Bishops of Winchester, Litchfield and Durham successively. She has filled each of the three chief justiceships twice at least, she has received the addresses of four successive Speakers of the House of Commons; she has entrusted the great seal of the kingdom to no less than nine different Lord Chancellors and she has commissioned eight successive premiers to form no less than thirteen different administrations.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE.—How few of us acquire this science until we are old enough for life to have lost half its charms! The science of life consists in knowing how to take care of your health, how to make use of people, how to make the most of yourself, and how to push your way in the world. These are the things which, the *Herald of Health* thinks, everybody ought to know and which very few people do know. How never to get sick, how to develop your health and strength to the utmost, how to make every man you meet your friend—all these and many other things are to be included in the science of living, and the pity is that we only appreciate it at its true value when the bloom of life is gone.

LOBSTERS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.—A large quantity of live black and striped bass, eels, and lobsters from the Atlantic coast have lately been distributed along the California coast. This is the first time that lobsters in good condition have reached the Pacific. Their successful transportation is attributed to the unremitting attention of Mr. Livingstone Stone and his assistants, in whose charge they were. The lobsters were taken at once to Point Bonito, and liberated. On the way to the Point they were placed in a fresh supply of water from the incoming tide, which greatly delighted them. They were all females, ripe for spawning, and were estimated to carry 1,000,000 eggs.

Every phenological Torontonian reaches for acquisitiveness in the Hanlan soul.