

(From Ballads and Songs of "The Brigade," by Lt. Col. C. Cortis Grant.—Unpublished.)

It is but a soldier's story,
Yet the lines we sadly trace;
He died for Ireland's glory
And the honor of "The Race."
To her "Truant" ever tender,
Yet with all the soldier's pride,
Take the broken blade I send her,
"Tell my mother how I died."

While she listens for the breaking
Of the ripple on the shore,
In sleeping or awaking
Clasps me to her heart once more.
Dreams of her boy returning,
To "Blackwater" and "The Bride";
While "the watch-fire" yet is burning,
"Tell my mother how I died."

Ah; a dearer one I cherished
In our island far away;
Tell her, "Comrade," when I perished
On my heart her token lay.
She may prize the recollection
More than all the world beside,
Take this pledge of her affection,
"Tell my mother how I died."

The Inductive Action of Lightning—A Note from Professor Mayer.

To the Editor of the Scientific American:

Astonishing as is the fact of the concentration of the power of a lightning flash into such a minute interval, yet, as wonderful is the extent of the earth's surface affected by it; as will be seen from the following experiments of the writer, never before published: A galvanometer consists of a delicately suspended magnetic needle surrounded by a coil of copper wire, through which a current of electricity can pass; whenever this passage takes place the needle rapidly turns around its point of suspension. This being understood, I connected one end of the wire coil of the galvanometer with the water pipes of Baltimore, while the other end of the wire coil was joined to a gas pipe of the house which is situated in the northwestern part of the city. Thus a vast system of metallic wires stretched away three miles to the northwest, to the reservoir, and also extended to the gas works, distant two to three miles to the southeast.

A thunder storm was raging at the time, at so great a distance in the north that only the illumination of the clouds told when a flash occurred. Yet, whenever that flash took place the needle of the galvanometer was instantly deflected through 10 to 20 degrees. The two occurrences were simultaneous, apparently, for I could detect no difference in the instant of their manifestation. Indeed, so sure an indicator of the flash was the galvanometer, that when I shut myself up in a dark room, signalling to an observer of the storm when the needle moved, and receiving from him a signal when a flash of lightning occurred, our signals were simultaneous. The next day it was ascertained that the storm was twelve miles distant to the north; therefore, at least five hundred square miles of the earth's surface had its electrical condition changed at each flash of the lightning.

ALFRED M. MATHE.

South Orange, N. J.

Rapid Photographing.

Mr. Muybridge's method of photographing horses in rapid motion has lately been applied in San Francisco to the study of human action, particularly that of athletes while performing their various feats. In order to display as completely as possible the movements of the actor's muscles, they wore brief trunks only while performing, and thus all the intricate movements of boxing, wrestling, fencing, jumping and tumbling were instantaneously and exactly pictured.

The first experiment was in photographing an athlete while turning a back somersault. He stood in front of the camera motionless, and at a signal sprang in the air, turning backward, and in a second was again in his original position, and in his very tracks. Short as was the time consumed in making the turn, fourteen negatives were clearly taken, showing him in as many different positions.

The same man was also taken while making a running high jump. The jumping gauge was placed at the four foot notch, in order to give an easy jump, as in making it fourteen stout hempen strings had to be broken, as in photographing trotting horses. From the camera to a point beyond the line on which the jump was made, a number of strings were stretched. The two base lines were only a few inches above the ground, and from them to the apex the strings were placed an equal distance apart. In jumping, seven of the strings were broken in ascending and seven in descending. The strings were tautly drawn, and so connected with the camera that as each one parted a negative was produced.

Other pictures were taken of men raising heavy dumb bells, and the various movements of boxing, fencing and the like.

Needlework in Public Schools.

In the London Board schools all assistant mistresses and female-pupil teachers after the second year are required to teach cutting out, and all other branches of needlework to the children under their charge. The youngest pupils are taught needlework for three hours a week during afternoon school; girls in the old classes are taught four hours a week. The materials required are supplied by a requisition upon the Head Office, made once a quarter, every teacher being held responsible for the same, and required to account for it. Every head teacher is also required to dispose to the best of her ability of the articles made by the children; all these garments are sold at cost price, including the various materials put into them, but not the implements used for making them. In every school the needlework is inspected once a year, and specially reported upon to the Board. In this system of teaching sewing the great difficulty which the Board has had to overcome, has been the finding of competent teachers.

Sad Story of a Woman's Fall.

NEW YORK.—In court on a late morning were arraigned Emma Hamilton, nee French, aged twenty eight, but seemingly fifty, her husband, Wm. Hamilton, and an eight-year-old son, William. The previous day the woman applied for a warrant to arrest Hamilton, who beats her brutally because she refused to supply him with money. A few years ago Mrs. Hamilton was a happy wife, one of the most fashionable women in the city, and possessed a carriage and diamonds. On the death of her first husband she became dissipated and sank lower and lower until she met and married Hamilton, who has since lived on the pious of her shame. Justice Morgan committed the unfortunate woman for examination, sent the boy to a juvenile asylum and held Hamilton to answer a charge of assault.

Next to the action of rain and rivers comes the gnawing effect of coast waves. The wave thunders against the cliff, which mocks its seemingly impotent rage by dashing it back ward in a cloud of foam and spray, but it returns again and again to the charge until persistently wins the day. The sea coast of England, which has for centuries been fast yielding to the attacks of the German ocean, furnished Sir O. Lyell with the majority of his illustrations in the interesting chapters upon the action of tides and currents. That eminent geologist tells us how towns and villages marked by name in old maps now lie fathoms deep beneath the waves. In one case, which came under his notice, houses had within the memory of living men stood upon a cliff 50 feet high, but in less than half a century houses and cliffs were all engulfed, and sea and water deep enough to float a frigate occupies their site. As many as twelve churches, each farther landward than the last, have been built in one parish, and all but one have been swallowed up by the sea. Churches have consequently been destroyed in many places, the corpses and skeletons having been washed out of their graves and floated away by the tide. Sir O. Lyell himself saw human remains protruding from the cliff at Beaulieu, in Kent, in 1851. And he humorously alludes to a scene depicted by Bewick which, he says, numerous points on that coast might have suggested; the graveyard of a ruined abbey, undermined and almost isolated by the sea, with a broken tombstone in the foreground serving as a perch for the cormorants and bearing the inscription, "To perpetuate the memory of—" one whose very name is obliterated and whose monument was ready to fall into the waves. And he aptly, though somewhat sarcastically, suggests that such a tombstone would have been a fit tribute to the memory of "some philosopher" who had taught "the permanency of existing continents," the "era of repose," or "the impotence of modern causes."

Prisoners from the Salvation Army.

(From the London Telegraph.)

South Wales has been thrown into a state of dire commotion by the recent arrest and subsequent committal to jail of Miss Lock, "Captain," and four other members of the "Salvation Army," for obstructing the public thoroughfare at Pentre. Four or five thousand people, chiefly women, assembled to see the prisoners depart by train for Pontypridd, their ultimate destination being Cardiff Jail. Hymns were sung, and a Mr. John Lloyd, at whose house Miss Lock had been a visitor, came into the street and offered up a prayer for the conversion of Sergt. Noot, by whom, in the discharge of his duty, the Salvationists had been arrested. Copious floods of tears were shed by the police as well as by the public, and the local report adds: "The wives of the male prisoners accompanied them to the station, singing and weeping, and Mrs. Lock, the mother of Miss Louisa Lock and Miss Mary Lock, her sister, were also in attendance and in tears." Offers to pay the fines were rejected by the prisoners, who preferred the mild martyrdom of one or two days' imprisonment. Miss Lock prayed a good deal for the Sergeant, and it is satisfactory to know that a resolution commencing: "Fod y cyfarfod hwn, yr hwn sydd yn cynryholio holl gynulleidfaoedd y gwahanol enwadau crefyddol yn y lle, yn gywrthdystio yn y modd myaf penderfynol yr ebyrn yr ymyriad diachos presenol a'n hawliau, ac a'n rhyddid crefyddol," was passed at a public meeting on Saturday.

Russian Losses in Asia in the Recent War.

From the reports furnished by the different army divisions to the staff of the Russian army it is learned for the first time how enormous were the losses sustained in Asia during the recent war. The figures far exceed the numbers hitherto assumed. The storming of Kars in particular appears to have worked dreadful havoc in the Russian ranks. The total actual loss is as follows: Officers dead, 453, or 4.3 per cent. of the whole number; wounded, 1,663, or 15.3 per cent.; missing, 18, or 0.17 per cent.; total, 2,139. Men, dead, 14,690, or 3.02 per cent.; wounded, 51,332, or 10.5 per cent.; missing, 4,456, or 0.9 per cent.; total, 70,478. This total is divided between regulars, irregulars and militia. If it be borne in mind that in Asia particularly a number were placed hors de combat through sickness, who are not included in the above return, it will be admitted that the losses of the Russians during the campaign referred to are almost unparalleled.

A SAGACIOUS DOG.—Some one at the British Association's meeting at Dublin read a paper on the intellect of animals. He cited no case so remarkable as that of Uchino's dog, which lives on this boat. This, and the steamer which runs to Desenzano—fifteen miles away, at the southwest corner of the lake—start from Riva, at the north end of Garda. The dog was familiar with the crews of both, and with the other craft, but he had never made a trip by her. For a long time he watched her course down the other side of the lake, and saw her drawing farther and farther away, until she was hidden by the projecting point. One day, his mind fully settled to its theory, he proceeded to verify it. He marched deliberately over to Desenzano, took passage, came safely to Riva, and went back to his familiar kitchen with an air of entire satisfaction. He could not be induced to make another trip by that boat. He had "done" it, and had no more worlds to conquer in that direction. He had reasoned out a plan of action, and had found his reasoning correct.—Harper's Magazine for October.

HYMN BOOK REVISION.—The General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada appointed a large Committee of Ministers and laymen to revise the Wesleyan Hymn-Book, long in use, and prepare a new edition for publication under the auspices of the Methodist Book Room in this city. The Committee has been for sometime in session in Cobourg, and it is understood its work is nearly completed. Considerable changes have been made in some of the hymns, and many familiar ones have, for various reasons, been expunged, while a large number of the more modern productions, especially those adapted to particular occasions, have been introduced. Much difference of opinion, we understand, exists amongst the Methodist people as to the necessity for any revision at all, while the omission of any of the old hymns is looked upon by many with great disfavor, and the introduction of inferior efforts by the later poets is warmly criticised.—Globe.

How Forbes Brought the News of the Great Victory.

Francis, of the Times, and myself rode back as a gallop to the laager in front of the troops as soon as the retreat following the fight and the burning of Ulundi had been commenced. We knew that Guy Dawney, Lord Downe's brother, who had come up with despatches the night before, and so had the luck to be in the fight, was under orders to return to the frontier with despatches the same night (that of the 4th). We wished to send telegrams by him so as to ensure their being forwarded early and speedily. I had finished by half-past five and then I went to headquarters with my packet, intending to hand it over to Dawney, whom I expected to find waiting to start. To my surprise Colonel Creslake told me that headquarters were not despatching a courier that night, and Lord Chelmsford added that they were waiting for accurate returns of the casualties. I confess I lost my temper, and spoke impulsively. "Then I'll start myself at once!" I exclaimed. I give you my word I was not thinking of myself, for a despatch next morning would have answered my personal turn quite as well, nay, better, since the delay would have given more time to elaborate and add to my description. It was only Friday night, and the mail from Cape Town for which we were wont to telegraph from Landman's Drift did not sail till Tuesday evening. What angered me was the apparent supineness in holding over the despatch of intelligence, the communication of which was obviously of the deepest importance to Wolsley in view of further operations on the other line of advance. It is a primary axiom in war that intelligence of important events should be disseminated to all concerned with the utmost swiftness; and here was this axiom seemingly wantonly ignored.

I think on the whole I was sorry I had spoken the moment I had spoken. It was already dusk. I had been in the saddle almost without food for five o'clock in the morning. All my horses had been out, and were no longer fresh. My first stage (to our standing camp on the ridge) would consist of some fourteen miles through thick bush and broken ground, in close proximity to the great military kraals burnt on the 28th ult. It was all but certain that broken groups of Zulus were lurking in this bush or poking about among the embers of the kraals. A considerable movement of troops round both our flanks to our rear in the direction of our standing camp had been observed on the previous day. All these considerations flashed across me much more quickly than I can put them on paper, after I had spoken the words of self-committal; but I had not courage enough to retract them. Nor would my pride allow me to ask for an escort, which was not tendered. I volunteered to carry any communications which Lord Chelmsford might have ready, and his military secretary gave me a packet which he specified to contain "private telegrams," to be handed in at Landman's Drift. So I said adieu to headquarters, and went to get ready for the start.

Many men tried to dissuade me; my enterprise was freely characterized as "madness" and "d—d foolhardiness." Evelyn Wood was the last man to urge an objection, and when that had no avail he gave me a telegram for his wife. The night was just falling as I rode up the steep, rugged track from the laager into the bush. I was riding a dark chestnut horse whose pluck and staying power I knew well, and I meant to test both. My great effort was to traverse as much ground as possible before it got quite dark, for I did not like the interval of pitchy darkness before the moon should rise about eight o'clock. So I sent the chestnut along at his best pace. It was a gruesome ride, and I would sooner be shot at for two hours at a stretch than do it again. There was no road, only a confusion of wagon tracks through the long grass, made by our vehicles in their advance. Everywhere the bush, in detached clumps some ten feet high, clustered thick around and among these tracks. I dare not smoke for fear the striking of a match might perchance betray me. All that there was left for me was to trust to luck, see that the flap of my revolver case was open, and keep the good horse's head straight.

On we went, down into black gullies, where half a regiment might have lain hidden, through little patches of tall thorn brake, whose prickles tore my clothes and lacerated my skin, stumbling over fallen trunks, wading through long rank grass, always with ears cocked, and every sense on its fullest tension. Several fires were visible through the bush foliage to right and to left, doubtless the night fires of straggling bodies of Zulus. Behind me seethed the Gehenna of the blazing Ulundi and the other kraals fired that day. Their lurid blaze helped me on after darkness fell, which they served to mitigate. But at length I came to a dead halt near the region where the two columns camped on their march between the ridge of Entongeni and the White Umfaloosi. The multiplicity of tracks confused me. I had fairly lost my way. I could dimly see close to me the charred relics of the great Slipane Kraal, and I knew I must be near a bog, into which, if I strayed, my horse at least would never emerge. There was no recourse now to halt where I was, and wait, with what patience I might, for the moon to rise. I daresay she kept her time, but I must say I thought her shockingly slow. At length the great disc showed above the ridge, and illumined the basin below. After a few casts, I hit off the spoor, and in ten minutes more was climbing the open grassy slope that leads up to the standing camp on the Entongeni. Here the chestnut was done, and right well had he done; but Major Upher, of the 24th, who was in command, first ordered his men a lot of rum each in honor of the good news I brought, and then furnished me with a fresh horse, and a party to guide me on the devious way. Steadily I rode on all through the bitter night under the moonlight without adventure save an occasional misstep and recovery of the road. I had an escort for two stages, and then went on alone. I passed within a few miles of the spot where some days later the bodies, pierced with assegai wounds, of poor young Scott Douglas and Corporal Cotter, of the Lancers, were found. About four in the morning the blinding fog came down, and then it was a case of groping for the track. On the hill above Fort Marshall the fog was so dense that I had to dismount and feel in the wet grass for the wagon-ruts leading down the steep slope to the fort. Once there, dear old Colonel Collingwood gave me some tea in the grey of the morning, and set me up with a

rod into Landman's Drift between two and three in the afternoon of the 5th, having ridden about 110 miles, using six horses. It was not much of a ride for speed—110 in twenty hours; but look at the delays in losing and finding the road, in getting fresh horses, etc. I know that I never halted in any one place more than half an hour, and that I made good speed is evident from the following fact. After I had left, Lord Chelmsford changed his mind, and started off Guy Dawney, an hour later, under escort, with his formal despatch. I am nearly three stone heavier than Dawney, and weight tells infernally on these colonial ponies. Yet Dawney did not reach Landman's Drift till ten p. m., on the 6th inst. Leaving the Umfaloosi one hour behind me, he did not reach Landman's Drift until seven hours behind me.

I made straight for the telegraph office, and knowing that Sivewright, the general manager of the Cape telegraphs, was in Maritzburg, and was bound to know Wolsley's whereabouts, which I did not, I sent Sivewright the following message: "Please acquaint Clifford, make public, and forward to Wolsley following: 'Arohald Forbes to Sir Garnet Wolsley. Landman's Drift, 5th July: Brilliant success yesterday. While both columns were marching on Ulundi in hollow square, were attacked nine a. m., on all four sides, by 12,000 Zulus. Affair lasted half-hour. All troops behaved admirably. The Zulus came within sixty yards of square, when they began to break. The cavalry slipped at them. Lancers out fugitives into lineament. Shell-fire rained on Zulus till last man disappeared. Our loss ten killed and sixty wounded. I calculate dead Zulus about 800. After short rest, columns moved on Ulundi, cavalry preceding, fired it, and all other military kraals surrounding it. Forces returned to laager before night. Lord Chelmsford to-day falls back on standing camp, and means to retire on Kwamagwaza. Has fifteen days' rations to good, but grass failed utterly, mostly burnt, everywhere bare. No further communication from Ketswayo, who left Ulundi on the 3rd."

Sir Garnet found this message waiting for him on arrival from Stanger at Fort Pearson, about sundown on the 5th. It was pleasant to receive the same night the following acknowledgment:

"Brackenbury, Fort Pearson. "Sivewright, Maritzburg. "Sir Garnet will be much obliged if you will express to Forbes his sincere thanks for his most welcome news, the first intelligence of the success. Congratulate Forbes on his energy, from Billy Russell and myself."

Next morning came, too, the following from Cape Town:

"Littleton, Cape Town. "Sivewright, Maritzburg. "Will you heartily congratulate Forbes for his Excellency (Sir Bartle Frere) on his great ride from Ulundi."

It so happened that but for my pushing through, Wolsley, instead of hearing of the success on Saturday evening (the 5th), would not have known of it for two days later. On the morning of the 6th he quitted Fort Pearson for Fort Durnford. But the military wire to the latter place had broken down, and Sir Garnet did not receive Lord Chelmsford's despatch (brought down to Landman's Drift by Dawney, and telegraphed on from thence) until late on the 7th inst.

The nuisance was that in a newspaper sense all this speed did me no good. Had there been a cable to England it would have been a repetition of the old Plevna and Shipka Pass business, but as it was I rather lost by it than otherwise, for a fellow can't be riding and writing at the same time. I hope, however, that the Commander-in-Chief's acknowledgment of service rendered may score as entitling me to the Zulu medal, if one be granted to the troops engaged.

My riding, it appeared, was not yet over. On the morning of the 6th it occurred to Gen. Marshall, in command of Landman's Drift—Marshall is about the clearest-headed of our chiefs—that sometime might elapse before direct communication could be opened up between Wolsley and Chelmsford and that what I would be able to tell him regarding details might be of service to the former if I were to hurry through with all speed to Fort Durnford. I wasn't in the best case for another long ride, it was true. In the fight I had a thwack on the leg with a spent bullet. It had not broken the skin, but made a contusion, and the long ride had set up not a little inflammation. But it was not bad enough to let it beat a fellow and off I set from Landman's Drift about one in the afternoon of the 6th, bent on reaching Pietermaritzburg, a distance of 170 miles, before stopping. All that afternoon, evening and night I rode on, steadily on, halting only for a fresh horse. At Ladysmith, at three in the morning, I found a genuine good Samaritan in Bowling, of the 58th, who gave me meat and drink, and sent me on my way rejoicing. All next day I jogged on steadily. At Escourt, when I had still sixty miles to cover, it began to rain, and the rest of the journey was through a deluge. I don't wish my worst enemy a more damnable spell than the one I had between Howick and Maritzburg. I had borrowed a vehicle, for my leg had swelled too big to ride; it was pitch dark; the track lay over a mountain, and the mud and slush averaged a foot deep. I don't know how often that "spider" and I rolled over together in the mud. It went over me several times. Often I lost the road, and only regained it by luck. I walked more than half the distance (fourteen miles) and reached Maritzburg at length about nine o'clock, more dead than alive, having done the 170 miles from Landman's Drift in thirty-five hours, without a halt longer than half an hour. I was pretty well played out; for from four a. m. on the 4th till two a. m. on the 8th, a period of ninety-four hours, I had only six hours sleep. I was such a spectacle of filth and rage that they would not at first allow me into the Maritzburg Hotel, and when I crawled round to the officers' mess one of the oldest friends I have in the world didn't know me from Adam. Cecil Russell gave me champagne, and I fear it went to my head.

Next morning I set off to Durban, and the day after sailed in the Natal with General Colley and Baker Russell for Port Durnford. So bad was the surf that we could not disembark for two days, but even with this delay I found on reaching Wolsley that no communication had been opened up between him and Chelmsford, so that Marshall's sagacity had not been for naught, and I think I was able to give some useful intelligence on matters of detail to His Excellency. He at least was good enough to say that I had been of service, and to speak very nicely and flatter-

My leg by this time had got so bad that I could barely walk, and now the place has sloughed out and be hanged to it. However, it will heal on board ship, whither I am going in a day or two. I mean to trek for home, perhaps I shall outspan for a few days at Cape Town; perhaps I shan't off saddle at all. This is a fearful long yarn, but once I began it I could not leave off.

The Most Married of Women.

Benjamin Abbott, one of our old citizens, died in this town on Saturday last in the eighty-second year of his age. He was a nephew of the celebrated Rev. Benjamin Abbott, the great Methodist revivalist of the early part of this century, and came to this State from New Jersey when a young man and settled in the "Neck," east of this town, where his active life was mostly spent. But the notable feature in Mr. Abbott's otherwise uneventful life is the remarkable fact of his being the seventh husband of his widow, who survives him. This much-talked-of and much-published event (for it went the rounds of the press of the nation) when he for the second and she for the seventh time bowed before the altar of Hymen occurred on June 30, 1875, he then being 78 and she 83 years old. Mrs. Abbott's history in the marital relations of life stands perhaps without a parallel in the records of the nation, and tradition has it there is to be yet another. It is currently stated without contradiction that some years ago she had a vision in which eight men stood before her in a peculiarly impressive manner, which she has ever regarded as prophetic of the number of conquests she was to make. The eighth is just as likely and as reasonable as the seventh, and already public gossip is beginning to mark this and that man as the victim of the next conquest. Her maiden name was Williams, and she has been successively Mrs. Traux, Mrs. Biggs, Mrs. Farrow, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Berry, Mrs. Pratt and Mrs. Abbott. In every instance, save the first, she has married widowers, some of them with a good number of children, and on one occasion in her early married life she went to the almshouse and took therefrom three children and raised them. She never had any children of her own. All her life has been spent in this vicinity, and all her husbands were buried by the same undertaker.—Smyrna (Del.) Times.

"Punch," Sept. 13.

NEW SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.—First Mamma—"I see that your children paddle." Second Mamma—"Yes. Don't yours?" First Mamma—"No; I've managed to make my three boys believe that it is vulgar and ungentlemanly either to get their feet wet, or sit in a thorough draught, or bolt their food, or eat goodies between their meals, or go to juvenile parties, poor dears. They're rather soft, perhaps, but they're twice the size of any other boys of their age, and they've never had an hour's illness in their lives."

"THE FLESH POT."—The Parson—"I'm very sorry to hear, Mrs. Brown, that you were present, last night, at a 'Plymouth Brethren's tea-meeting.' I have often told you that these doctrines are highly erroneous!" Mrs. Brown—"Erron'ous, sir, their doctrines may be; but their cake, with Sultanly raisins, is excellent!"

A CONSIDERATION.—Sir Charles—"I should like of all things to see you in Parliament, Charley." Son and Heir—"Well, sir, I don't mind; I believe it's a very good sort of place; and then it's so handy to the aquarium."

LEGISLATION AND LUNG-WORK. How much can "Parliament out of Session" help "Agricultural Depression?" As much, by talk, mere talk, no doubt, as when 'twas in, so now 'tis out.

A Wonderful Clock.

Felix Meler, of Detroit, has devoted ten years and \$7,000 to the construction of a clock. It is eighteen feet high, eight broad, and weighs two tons. It has a great variety of automatic devices, but the most remarkable are those connected with the striking of the time. At the end of every quarter hour an infant in a carved niche strikes with a tiny hammer upon the bell which he holds in his hand. At the end of each half hour a youth strikes, at the end of three-quarters of an hour a man, and at the end of each hour a graybeard. Death then follows to toll the hour. At the same time a large music box begins to play, and a scene is enacted upon a platform. Washington slowly rises from a chair to his feet, extending his right hand, presenting the Declaration of Independence. The door on the left is opened by a servant, admitting all the Presidents from Washington's time; also de facto President Hayes. Each is dressed in the costume of his time, and the likenesses are good. Passing in file before Washington, they face, raise their hands as they approach him, and, walking naturally across the platform, disappear through the opposite door, which is promptly closed behind them by a second servant.

A long tabular statement setting forth in detail the establishment of every regiment in the regular forces, the disembodied militia and the yeomanry cavalry for 1879-80, has been issued from the British War Office. The establishment may be summarized thus: Household cavalry, 1,302 of all ranks and 825 horses; Cavalry of the Line, 15,998 of all ranks and 10,984 horses; Royal Artillery, 35,216 of all ranks and 12,816 horses; Foot Guards, 5,950; Infantry of the Line, 120,000; First and Second West India regiments, 919; Royal Malta Fencible Artillery, 369; Army Service Corps, 2,990 and 1,106 horses; Army Hospital Corps, 1,745; Artillery Militia, 17,622; Engineer Militia, 1,815; Infantry Militia, 118,625, and Yeomanry, 14,610; total, 336,755 of all ranks and 25,725 horses, or including the last establishment return of the Volunteer forces (244,263), 581,018.

The numerous gossiping stories that have been circulated about the young Prince Imperial are thus briefly disposed of by an exchange: "The Prince Imperial was not engaged to marry the Princess Beatrice, nor was he married to a German blonde, nor has any mysterious woman claiming to be his widow been endeavoring to force her way into the presence of the ex-Emperor at Uxehurst. Upon the private character of the dead boy there is not one spot. He was strictly pure in his habits, frank in manner, and without deceit."

THE MIDGE.—As this insect has made its appearance in some localities, it may be well for some of our farmers to again introduce the old variety of midge proof wheat and sow it again this fall on a small scale. Should the midge next year again threaten to do harm, they will find they have made a good investment.