Thermopylæ.

Like the blades of the grass, like the drops of the rain,
Like the locusts that swarm o'er the African plain,
The Persians strove for the gem of the earth,
The beautiful country where Freedom had birth.
With banners of scarlet and corselets of brass,
And weapons that glittered like dew on the grass,
They came, like the winds o'er the waste of the sand,
Or the stars from the East when the night is at hand.

O who would dare stand in their conquering path?
Who, who would dare bosom the bolts of their wrath,
To be scattered like chaff, to be broken like glass?
None but Greeks, and they stood at Thermopylæ's pass.
"Yield, Spartans," said Xerxes, "or here find a grave!"
"Come, take us," the answer Leonidas gave.
But thrice round the world did the day chase the night,
Ere the legions of Asia thronged to the fight.

All the day, and the next, to the set of the sun,
The battle continued, at morning begun,
And the moon, as it stared on the heaps of the dead,
Saw the Greeks at their post and the enemy fled;
But a traitor a path in the mountains revealed,
And the fate of the heroes of Hellas was sealed;
Assailed and outnumbered in rear and in van,
They fought till they died, and they died to a man.
They died, and the victors, with hurrying feet,
Pressed on to the doom of o'erwhelming defeat;
To melt like the drift in the glare of the sun,
For Athens and Sparta were welded in one.
They died, and, with yellow and long-flowing locks,
Lay stiffened and grim in the shade of the rocks,
With the earth for their pillow, the sky for their sheet—
But their conquests began when their hearts ceased to beat.

The eyes of the Median mother are dried,
And the Spartan maid's heart has forgotten its pride;
The kings and the kingdoms have sought their dark beds,
And the ages file over their low-lying heads;
But those dead heroes live, and they camp, and they fight,
Wherever the fettered arise in their might;
The mountains may crumble, the oceans may dry,
But the good of a deed that is great cannot die.

The Arabs Never Surrender.

(From the London Telegraph.)

As at Teb and Tamai, the wounded Arabs refused to be made prisoners, and great caution had to be exercised in moving about the field, not only to avoid the covert stabs dealt by the bleeding Arabs, but the rushes and cuts of the fanatics who shammed death in order that they might the more surely get a chance of burying their weapons in one of us.

Exploring along this wady a party of our men came upon six dead and four wounded Arabs lying under a bushy dwarf mimosa tree. The soldiers had an interpretor with them, and the Arabs were called upon to surrender and come out. That they said they could not do; would the soldiers therefore come and take them. The four wounded men still held their spears in their hands. "Very good," said our soldiers, "put down your spears, and we will see you are well treated, and do all we can to cure your wounds."

The answer of the four Arabs came fierce and concise: "Put down our spears, infidel dogs! By God and the prophet, never!" There was a crack of Martini-Henrys. You can guess the rest. It was again, as at Teb and Tamai, almost impossible to take prisoners, and we secured but two of their wounded alive.

The third prisoner I assisted to bring in, but he was hardly a capture, for the man gave himself up. He had a Remington and over 100 rounds of ammunition. His story was that he had been one of the Berber-Egyptian garrison, and since the fall of that place had been forced into the Mahdi's army. He was glad to escape from them, he declared, and I must say the fellow looked cheerful at being taken. A trooper of the 19th conducted him to Gen. Stewart. He was our one unwounded prisoner!

Leprosy in Britain.

Scotland is excited over a case of leprosy. The subject of it is under treatment in a hospital at Edinburgh, but was recently brought to Glasgow and exhibited to the medical students. The occurrence of leprosy in Great Britain has caused the doctors to examine the history of their profession in regard to this terrible disease. The old books are full of accounts of the appearance and spread of leprosy in the British Islands. Leper hospitals were common institutions in England during the fifteenth century. By a statute passed in 1427 every borough in Scotland was required to support a "lazar-house." The patients were generally fed and clothed at public expense, but they were cared for by the Knights of St. Lazarus, an order which was specially instituted for this purpose. King David of Scotland took great interest in the cause of lepers, and numerous laws were passed during his reign in respect to their treatment. Buildings erected to serve as leper hospitals are still standing. Large hospitals for the treatment of lepers were established at Glasgow, Aberdeen, Greenside, St. Albans and Edinburgh. The records state that King Robert Bruce died a leper and that Henry IV. was a victim of the same disease.—*Chicago Times.*

Trusted the Princess Louise.

A correspondent of the San Francisco *Bulletin* recalls a reminiscence of the visit of the Princess Louise to Victoria, B.C. One morning as she was passing by a little toy shop she saw two poorly clad urchins gazing longingly at the many dazzling allurements displayed in the show window. She stopped and inquired what it was they particularly wished, adding that if they would tell her she would buy it. Two cheap and gaudily bedizened dolls had attracted the children's attention, and the Princess stepped inside the shop to make the purchase. The amount was 25 cents; but, alas! the Princess had left her purse at home, and the little children's faces began to fall as they saw their prospect growing fainter and fainter. Annoyed and vexed at the oversight, she turned to the shopman and asked him if he would trust her for a little while. The old shopkeeper, all unaware of the identity of his royal customer, scanned her over carefully and finally remarked: "Well, yes. You have an honest face, and I guess it is safe enough."

Dan Rice, the circus clown, is running a ten-cent circus in the French quarter of New Orleans. He talks sadly of the good old days when his Floating Palace was the sensation on the Father of Waters, and thousands upon thousands of people swarmed from far and near to see him.

Latest Ladies' Fashions.

The German ladies are trying to introduce crinoline again.

The hair remains dressed high in spite of all attempts to introduce an opposite style the front hair is cut short and frizzed.

For spring, loose flowers, garlands, sprays, bouquets, ferns—in fact, any designs from nature—are reproduced in dress goods to please the fancy of the fair.

Very few jewels are observed in the evening; there are leaders of fashion who wear scarcely any, others who wear none at all, just as their own fancy dictates.

With plain plaited skirts are again appearing the narrow flounces reaching up to the waist which in their materials, and to low-cut bodices with short sleeves, are especially becoming and suitable as ball dresses for young girls.

The scarf has now become the favorite finish for the peasant skirt. It can be made of either silk or ribbon, and relieves the monotony of these new skirts. It can be made to fasten either at the side or back, and easily made to harmonize with the rest of the toilet.

Silk stockings are all the rage for evening; open-worked or lightly embroidered in shades of one color to match the toilet. Plain satin or kid shoes of the same hue cut low are still fashionable, but the newest styles are embroidered in silk, chenille or beads, with a very small bow or coquille of narrow lace.

Fencing is a very fashionable accomplishment just now among ladies, and some very pretty costumes can be designed. One worn by a fashionable belle is of black satin, picked out with terra-cotta and consisting of Turkish trousers, short kilted skirt, with rows of narrow red braid, blouse with sailor collar of red silk, terra-cotta stockings and a curious little cap of the two colors.

At the court ball in the imperial castle at Ofen the Empress Elizabeth of Austria wore a grey-blue brocade dress, embroidered with gold, trimmed with gold lace, and to this splendid diamond jewelry. The Crown Princess Stephanie had on a light green satin robe trimmed with pink tulle and silk, an emerald necklace and a diadem composed of pearls and diamonds. The Grand Duchess Isabella appeared in a green velvet dress trimmed with lace, and the Grand Duchess Clothilde in a similar red velvet toilet. The Princess of Saxe-Coburg wore an especially uncommon dress, a pink moire antique trimmed with lace and stripes of beaver on the long train; to this, blue velvet bows. The dresses worn by the young ladies who danced were chiefly remarkable for their simplicity and similarity; they all appeared in short white tulle or gauze skirts, with silk bodices and only a little flower trimming, without any further ornaments. The latter were, however, especially fully and valuably made up for by the married ladies, who had almost unanimously chosen feathers and lace. We must not omit to mention that all the ladies were long white gloves reaching above the elbow.

Countess of Caithness' Fancy Ball.

The most brilliant affair of the season thus far, has been the fancy-dress ball given by the Countess of Caithness. Those who remembered that lady when she visited the United States some fifteen years ago, may readily picture to themselves her magnificence in the garb of a mediæval Italian duchess. Her dress, copied from a painting by Paris Bordone, was in white stamped velvet, and blazed with diamonds. She wore a ducal coronet in diamonds from beneath which flowed an ample tulle veil. The Duke de Pomar, her son, personated Monte Carlo. His dress, fashioned like that of a herald of the Middle Ages, was all in black and red, one leg being encased in red silk and the other in black. One of his shoes was red, spangled with gold coins, and the other was black, with silver coins. His broad hat, slashed and puffed like those of the soldiers in Faust, was looped at one side with a white dove, in allusion to the pigeon shooting at Monte Carlo. A superb costume, which was the creation of Worth, was worn by an English lady. It represented Night and Day, one half of the dress being in gold tissue, veiled with floating clouds of pale rose-tinted and lavender gauze, the other half being in dark-blue satin, starred with silver, and with clouds of black gauze clasped upon the hip with a large diamond crescent.—*Nice Letter in Philadelphia Telegraph.*

Malapropos.

Things said and done malapropos are sometimes very amusing. Here is an example:

On a certain charge of one of the Methodist Conferences in the Valley of Virginia there was a change of preachers. The newly-appointed preacher's name was Wolf. His predecessor was a serious, solemn man, who could scarcely appreciate a joke when made, much less be guilty of perpetrating one. This preacher was present with the Presiding Elder of the district at the first quarterly meeting. The P. E. requested him to close the morning service on Saturday in the usual way. Taking the hymn-book, the preacher looked rather hurriedly for a hymn, and read, with a solemn air:

Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep
To Thee for help we fly;
The little flock in safety keep
For, oh! the *wolf* is nigh.

It comes, of hellish malice full
To scatter, tear and slay;
It seizes every straggling soul
As his own lawful prey.

The preacher, absorbed in his reading, never noticed the amused smile that lighted up every face in the congregation.—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for April.*

A recent return shows that out of 285 men of the battalion of Marines landed at Suez on Dec. 31st last, 140—as nearly as possible one-half—were in hospital. In the course of three months 600 men had been in hospital of whom only 205 had been considered fit to return to duty, the remainder being sent home or to other hospitals in the Mediterranean. These men, who have been condemned to garrison Suez, Suakim, and other Egyptian seaports deserve a great deal of sympathy. They have suffered almost as heavily as though they had been in the field, without any of the compensations of active service.

Mr. John Ryder, the actor, is dying of dropsy.

FRENCH SUPERSTITION.

A Foolish Sorceress Condemned to Twenty Years' Imprisonment.

The sorceress of Villejoint has just been condemned to twenty years of imprisonment at hard work, and after that to twenty years of surveillance by the police. Last summer this woman, Pommier, made acquaintance in the church at Blois of a rich old lady, Mme. Duval. "I have succeeded," said she, after some preliminary conversation, "in discovering the secret which formerly rendered the sorcerers so powerful, and what they used to do I can do. I can restore harmony and peace in the home of your daughter, and I can also, if you desire it, give you a large fortune; I have the power to make gold come up out of the earth like water flowing from a spring." Fascinated by these remarks the old lady took the woman home with her, to Villejoint, a village two miles from Blois, and gave her the best spare bedroom. Then the next morning she gave her a sum of money, which the hag locked up in a bureau drawer, and, handing Madame Duval the key, said: "I have pronounced the charm, and as soon as I am gone it will begin to work; but if you should during my absence open the drawer the spell will be broken." The woman went away, promising to return on the fifth day. This she did, and, on entering the room where the money was, she exclaimed: "I am inspired; I see all around me buried in the earth. If I had only four 100-franc notes, two of 500 francs and 2,000 francs in gold I could draw up thousands of millions from the earth." The sum she asked for was added to the treasure in the drawer, a crucifix was placed on it, another charm pronounced, and the old thief departed, promising to return on a fixed date. On her third visit more money, all the jewellery and silverware in the house were added to the pile in the drawer. On the fourth and last visit she gave Mme. Duval a white powder that was to be burned the following Thursday after she had carefully closed all the doors and windows of her room. "As soon as it is consumed," said she, "the earth will open and give forth it's treasures." Mme. Duval obeyed instructions. On the day and at the hour named she pounded the powder into a small brazier and a terrible explosion followed; the windows were smashed, the ceiling torn open, the walls cracked, and when the neighbors rushed in they found Mme. Duval lying on the floor in such a state that she was supposed to be dead. On her recovery she was finally induced, after much persuasion by the local magistrate, to relate all the circumstances of this most extraordinary affair.—*Paris Letter to the New Orleans Picayune.*

One States Girl Abroad.

"Speaking of your American girl abroad," said a party from Canada, "I don't care where you find her—and I've travelled a bit myself—your American girl is usually up with the procession. I met her once at a ball in Hamilton, Ont. There were a lot of English army fellows there, and they have a pretty good notion of their personal importance. The girl in question had just come from Chicago, and was quite a craze in Hamilton society. One of the fellows suggested to Capt. ———, of the Guards, that he'd like to introduce him. 'Awh, an American girl, eh?' said the captain, twirling his moustache. 'Wants to know me, eh? Well, I don't mind, me boy, trot her up, if you like.' A friend repeated this to the lady, and when the captain was introduced, she calmly surveyed him and said: 'Ah, it's an officer, isn't it? I don't like it—trot it back.'"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Bridal Toilets in Germany.

At weddings, writes a Hanover correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, the bride often wears black. We were at a wedding in the fine old Market Church the other day, at which the bride wore a black satin dress, white tulle veil with the myrtle (periwinkle) wreath, and the conventional garland of myrtle around the neck. These garlands are made by the intimate friends of the bride, and one evening before the wedding is set apart for making the Brant kranz. And it is observed in all classes. There is a custom, however, in the Lutheran churches of preaching a long discourse to the bridal pair just before the ceremony, and there they have to stand for nearly an hour. It seems as if all that was to be said to them could be done in private before the ceremony, especially in such cold weather, when these huge churches are as cold as the weather outside.

Millions of Snakes.

Prof. Carpenter, a school teacher of this county, says an East St. Louis despatch to the Atlanta *Constitution*, reports that yesterday when he opened his school-room he found it full of snakes of various sizes. The snakes were crawling all about the floor, on the desks, the teacher's table, the window sills, and under the stove. As there was not room for the snakes and the children, the latter fled pell mell from the room. In the panic many of the children were painfully bruised. It is supposed the school house being at the foot of the bluff the snakes at the approach of winter crawled down the bluff, and sought refuge under the house. The warm weather of the past few days and the heat of the stove thawed them out, and they crawled through the cracks and holes into the school-room.

Queer Funeral Customs.

Funerals here in Germany, writes an American correspondent, are conducted very differently from ours. Instead of an undertaker a woman, "todt frau," walks before the heavy, lumbering hearse bedecked with black nodding plumes, and carries one or more green wreathes on her arm. She wears a long black cloak. Two or three carriages follow, and a procession of men on foot. No women, except the one with the wreath, appear. Waggon-loads of green trees and shrubs are carried to the house to ornament the room where the dead is laid, and removed after the funeral.

One of the latest anecdotes of Fred Burnaby is that when in Africa with Gordon one of the native tribes, captivated with his feats of strength, wished to make him their king. To convince him of their sincerity they threw the old king into the river, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that Burnaby succeeded in inducing them to allow the monarch to swim out.

CAN WE DO WITHOUT CLOTHES?

A Tantalizing Question to Ask in These Cold Days.

(London Free Press.)

Seeing that there have been forty consecutive days, ending on Friday last, during which the temperature was at or considerably below zero, the suggestion that we may all be able to do with fewer clothes sends something like a shiver through one's bones. Yet it is seriously advocated. Not here, just yet, it is true, but still in other portions of the "temperate zone." A correspondent, "Hallyards," suggests the following examples:

1. Aristophanes bewails (in the clouds) that the youth of Athens had recently given up the habit of marching (for drill) naked, with the snow on the ground. But, even then, boys spent hours naked in the gymnasia, and all athletic contests were gone through by men perfectly naked, though Thucydides tells us that this custom was copied from the barbarians. Surely all this must have been perfectly safe, or it would have been changed.

2. Some ancient friezes, etc., represent all warriors perfectly naked, save sword, buckler, helm and greaves. They would hardly have left their kit in camp if they had had one.

3. Virgil says, "Nudus ara, sere nudus." If this farm-work was done naked in Lombardy (exposing to chills from over-heat, like war), could it be said clothes were necessary?

4. St. Peter (and, *a fortiori*, all his contemporaries) fished perfectly naked (John xxi. 7.)

5. At the Saturnalia in Rome, in mid-December, young men used to run about the streets naked. They would hardly have found fun in this if it had entailed bronchitis.

6 St. Gregory the Great uses naked wrestlers as an illustration.

7. Froude cites, as an example of the barbarism of Ireland in the Tudor period, a chief named O'Kane, who comes into his own hall, perfectly naked, and sits down by the fire, having been hunting all day in that state.

8. In 1856 two women were condemned in Bedfordshire for having kept a girl, their daughter and sister, entirely without clothes, until her death at the age of 17. Her stomach had never been distended with a full meal, and was the size proper for the age of 5. She was kept constantly at lace-making. Now, if a naked person can resist cold without natural food for seventeen years, I do not see why, with due nourishment, clothes might not be dispensed with entirely.

9. Mr. D. Urquhart kept a son of his own entirely naked for the first years of his life, night and day, in the bitter winter wind even.

10. Many persons, from sheer necessity, wear a mere apology for clothing in the severest weather.

11. Many men, from choice, wear nothing on the chest but a thin fold of linen. The chest is the weakest part. What it can bear all the rest can, and linen is hardly to be called clothes.

12. I have often gone out in frost, in kilt, without drawers, never regretting absence of trousers.

13. Mr. Williams tries to show that the Britons could not have gone naked in winter—when "the Roman armies rarely marched." True, but how could they live in winter quarters without seeing a great deal of the natives, from whom alone they could obtain provisions? Where have I read of a Canadian chief who explained his indifference to nudity in that climate (far more severe than that of Britain as Cæsar knew it) by saying, "*I am all face!*" No doubt, if we wore cloth masks, with holes, from infancy, we should be half destroyed if we ever left them off.

14. He urges himself that wild beasts disputed caves with man for the sake of warmth. Indeed, lions, foxes and rabbits have not yet discarded dens, earths and warrens. "Sauce for the goose, sauce for the gander." If man lived *with* the beast, why not *as* they?

Those Troublesome Felons.

I wish to tell those who may suffer from that terrible scourge, felons, of a painless remedy that will effect a cure in twenty-four hours, as I had occasion to prove within the last three days, says a writer in *Farm and Fireside*. A lady came here who had been suffering over two weeks with a felon on the end of her middle finger. I saturated a bit of grated wild turnip the size of a bean with spirits of turpentine and applied it to the affected part. It relieved the pain at once. In twelve hours there was a hole to the bone, and the felon was destroyed. I removed the turnip and applied healing salve, and the finger is well. The writer of the above has seen this remedy tried for felons with success in one or two cases. Spirits of turpentine is a useful remedy in several complaints. The writer used it last fall in a very bad case of sore throat by applying it to a red flannel woollen rag and then put it on the throat, which gave relief in a few hours and a cure in a few days.

What is Zero?

Fahrenheit was a mathematician and knew that a circle was divided into 360 degrees. He found that steam and ice were the most natural fixed points in temperature, at opposite poles. He therefore naturally divided the distance on his glass tube between ice and steam into the number of degrees in the diameter of a circle, which is 180. He wanted an instrument which could be cheaply made, and which would measure above steam and below ice, so far as would be used in every day life. He found that artificial cold could be produced which would cause the mercury to fall just thirty-two of the space he had marked off on his glass between ice and steam, and he there, sensibly or not, placed his zero or point from which he could count. Hence ice or freezing is thirty-two degrees above, and steam or boiling water is the diameter of his circle or 180 degrees above ice, or 212 degrees above zero.

Field Marshal Von Moltke has just published an historical sketch of Poland, in which he holds that Poland might have continued free had she not clung to serfdom.

Sunday Schooling: Teacher — What does one mean by "Heaping coals of fire on some one's head," now, Harry Hawkins? Harry Hawkins—Givin' it 'im 'ot, teacher.

HIS AUNT'S TEETH.

A Moment of Agony for a Small Boy and a Big Newfoundland.

"Please, sir, give me an emetic, and quick, please."

The uptown druggist peered over his counter at the customer and saw a small 9-year-old boy and a big Newfoundland dog. The boy's face was dirty and tear-stained; the dog's face was weary and lugubrious.

"An emetic!" exclaimed the druggist, and then, seeing that the boy's hands clutched his gastric region in agony, he hastily compounded the draft and handed it over the counter.

Hastily the little hands clutched the glass and lifted it, not to the mouth associated with them, but to the dog's. Too much surprised to interfere, the druggist breathed a mental prayer and watched the proceedings. The dog scented the nauseous stuff, touched it with the tip of his tongue, shook his head in disgust and squatted down on his haunches.

"He won't take it," sobbed the boy, bursting into tears, "and there's no other way I can get them out of him."

"Get what?" stammered the druggist.

"Why, sir," was the agonized reply, "he has gone and swallowed Aunt Julia's teeth, and she's going round the house like mad because she can't find them, and I want to get them out of his body before she finds out where they are. Oh, sir, do help me, or I'll be whipped to death if Aunt Julia finds it out. Besides, she can't eat a mouthful of dinner until she gets them."

The druggist took pity on the child, and, as Tom Hood would say, conciliated the dog into permitting his internal regions to be revolutionized, and in a short time a smile came over the boy's face and he hurried homeward with his deluded relative's dental apparatus in his pocket and the Newfoundland following sadly at his heels.

MADMAN OR FIEND?

Horses and Cattle Wantonly Cut and Slashed in the Darkness.

The most dastardly outrage in the history of the township of Percy, East Northumberland, was perpetrated Wednesday night. George Thompson and Jacob Oliver, returning home from a sale, stopped at the Arlington House and put up their horses under the hotel shed. Between 10 and 11 the hostler found Oliver's horse bleeding profusely from a dreadful cut in the breast, which severed the jugular vein. The horse died shortly after. A search was immediately made for the miscreant, but without result. When Thompson returned he found that his horses were gone. He immediately went home, and on his arrival found that they had preceded him. They, too, bore several gashes, which shows that the villain or villains had attempted to take their life also. The halter was broken, and it would seem as though their escape is due to their fright and efforts to get away rather than to the intentions of the perpetrators of this horrible deed. In the morning the greatest excitement prevailed, which was increased when it was learned that a similar crime had been committed about a mile from the village. Two horses and a cow belonging to a farmer by the name of Broadworth were found to have been butchered in a like manner. As yet no clue has been found to lead to the discovery of the inhuman monsters. No reason can be assigned for the diabolical act. The Council is talking of offering a large reward for information that might lead to the arrest and conviction of the parties concerned. Had they been discovered within twenty-four hours it is feared they would have fared roughly at the hands of the infuriated populace.

Scottish News.

Dr. Bain, Lord Rector of Aberdeen University, is said to have been invited to become the Radical candidate for Sheffield.

Major Bell, of the Bell Farm, N.W.T., has just returned from England, where he made arrangements for the establishment of an agricultural college in connection with his farm.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, of New York, has very generously sent a donation of £100 to the Dunfermline Branch of the People's League as an expression of his sympathy with its objects.

Major-General A. J. H. Elliot, C.B., has been appointed to the command of the forces in Scotland in room of Major-General Alastair MacDonald, who has retired. Major-General Elliot has had a long and active military experience. He was present at the battle of Balaclava and the siege of Sebastopol, and has served through an Indian campaign.

Mr. George Anderson, one of the M.P.'s for Glasgow, having accepted the appointment of Master of the Mint at Melbourne, the Glasgow Six Hundred met on Monday night, the 2nd inst., and selected Mr. Russell, of Ascog, as his successor.

Equality in the South.

Respectable colored persons who buy first-class tickets on any railroad in South Carolina ride in first-class cars as a right, and their presence excites no comment on the part of their white fellow-passengers. The law in this respect is explicit and emphatic, and is recognized and cheerfully obeyed by the people of this State. It is a great deal pleasanter to travel with respectable and well-behaved colored people than with unmannerly and ruffianly white men, and it is only the latter class who object nowadays to the presence of self-respecting colored persons in public vehicles.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

The Beau Ideal.

Beatrice wants to know what the beau ideal is. The beau ideal is the beau with a purse that will stand the ice cream all summer and the oysters all winter; who will come when he is wanted and go when he is not; who will—but of the things that the beau ideal will cheerfully do and cheerfully not there is no end. Strive to attain unto him, Beatrice. The beau real you will find rather a shabby fellow in comparison.—*The Judge.*

President Barrios, the Guatemalan usurper, married his wife when she was 15 years of age. He went to the convent where she was at school and commanded the authorities to give her up. He assumed so bold a front that they were glad to let im have her to get rid of him. He has seven children.