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Acton Free Press.

VOLUME IV. No. 86.—WHOLE No. 193. ACTON, ONT., MARCH 6, 1879. $1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

A Misprinted Pastoral.

Come, let us ponder o'er the green,
Pluck roses for our hair;
The clouds are gone, the sun shines out,
And oh! the day is fair.
The birds are gurbling on the spray,
And loud all sweetly hum
Amid the flowers fresh from the shower,
Aid, see! a rainbow's come!

The woolen brooks go babbling by,
And glisten in the sun!
The leafy trees are all astir,
The merry squirrels run.
So, Mary, put your bonnet on,
And tie it under your chin,
And let us away to the meadows gay,
Where tumbles the coaring lime.

The gentle breeze shall fan your brow,
And kiss your rosy curls,
And every bird will "Welcome" sing
To the dearest of all girls.
And should the silly bees try
To kiss that rosy cheek,
I'll wipe yours, and toss my head,
And foolishness evade I'll request.

So, gentle Mary, come with me
Over the grass and clover;
The soft dove coos unto her mate,
The rain is gone and over.
With roses let us twine our brows,
And banish cares that wrinkle,
Till daylight dies along the skies,
And care begin to twinkle.

The Great Revolution in Pitcairn.

BY MARK TWAIN.

Let me refresh the reader's memory a little. Nearly a hundred years ago the crew of the British ship Bounty mutinied, set the captain and his officers adrift upon the open sea, took possession of the ship, and sailed southward. They procured wives for themselves among the natives of Tahiti, then proceeded to a lonely little rock in mid-Pacific, called Pitcairn's Island, wrecked the vessel, stripped her of everything that might be useful to a new colony, and established themselves on shore.

Pitcairn's is so far removed from the track of commerce that it was many years before another vessel touched there. It had always been considered an uninhabited island; so when a ship did at last drop its anchor there, in 1808, the captain was greatly surprised to find the place peopled. Although the mutineers had fought among themselves, and gradually killed each other off until only two or three of the original stock remained, these tragedies had not occurred before a number of children had been born; so in 1808 the island had a population of twenty-seven persons. John Adams, the chief mutineer, still survived, and was to live many years yet, as governor and patriarch of the flock. From being mutineer and homicide, he had turned Christian and teacher, and his nation of twenty-seven persons are now the purest and devoutest in Christendom. Adams had long ago hoisted the British flag and constituted his island an appendage of the British crown.

To-day the population numbers ninety persons,—sixteen men, nineteen women, twenty-five boys, and thirty girls,—all descendants of the mutineers, all bearing the family names of those mutineers, and all speaking English and English only. The island is and stands high up out of the sea, and has precipitous walls. It is about three quarters of a mile long, and in places is as much as half a mile wide. Such arable land as it affords is held by the several families, according to a division many years ago. There is one church building,—used also as a capitol, a school house, and a public library. The title of the governor has been, for a generation or two, "Magistrate and Chief Ruler, in subordination to her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain." It was his province to make the laws, as well as execute them. His office was elective; everybody over seventeen years old had a vote,—no matter about the sex.

The sole occupation of the people were farming and fishing; their sole recreation, religious service. There has never been a shop in the island, nor any money. The habits and dress of the people have always been primitive, and their laws simple to puerility. They have lived in a deep Sabbath tranquility, far from the world and its ambitions and vexations, and neither knowing nor caring what was going on in the mighty empires that lie beyond their limitless ocean solitudes. Once in three or four years a ship touched there, moved them with aged news of bloody battles, devastating epidemics, fallen thrones, and ruined dynasties, then traded them some soap and flannel for yams and bread-fruit, and sailed away, leaving them to retire into their peaceful dreams and pious dissipations once more.

On the 8th of last September, Admiral de Horsey, commander-in-chief of the British fleet in the Pacific, visited Pitcairn's Island, and speaks as follows in his official report to the admiralty:—

"They have beans, carrots, turnips, cabbages, and a little maize; pineapples, fig-trees, custard apples, and oranges; lemons and cocoa-nuts. Clothing is obtained alone from passing ships, in barter for refreshments. There are no springs on the island, but as it rains once a month they have plenty of water, although at times, in former years, they have suffered from drought. No alcoholic liquors, except for medicinal purposes, are used, and a drunkard is unknown. . . .

"The necessary articles required by the islanders are best shown by those we furnished in barter for refreshments: namely, flannel, serge, drill, half-boots, combs, tobacco, and soap. They also stand much in need of maps and slates for their school, and tools of any kind are most acceptable. I caused them to be supplied from the public stores with a union jack for display on the arrival of ships, and a pit saw, of which they were greatly in need. This, I trust, will meet the approval of their lordships. If the munificent people of England were only aware of the wants of this most deserving little colony, they would not long go unsupplied. . . .

"Divine service is held every Sunday at 10.30 a.m. and at 3 p.m., in the house built and used by John Adams for that purpose until he died in 1829. It is conducted strictly in accordance with the liturgy of the Church of England, by Mr. Simon Young, their selected pastor, who is much respected. A Bible class is held every Wednesday, when all who conveniently can attend. There is also a general meeting for prayer on the first Friday in every month. Family prayers are said in every house the first thing in the morning and the last thing in the evening, and no food is partaken of without asking God's blessing before and afterwards. Of these islanders' religious attributes no one can speak without deep respect. A people whose greatest pleasure and privilege is to commune in prayer with their God, and to join in hymns of praise, and who are, moreover, cheerful, diligent, and probably freer from vice than any other community, need no priest among them."

Now I come to a sentence in the admiral's report which he dropped carelessly from his pen, no doubt, and never gave the matter a second thought. He never imagined what a freight of tragic prophecy it bore! This is the sentence:

"One stranger, an American, has settled on the island,—*a doubtful acquisition.*"

A doubtful acquisition indeed! Captain Ormsby, in the American ship Hornet, touched at Pitcairn's nearly four months after the admiral's visit, and from the facts which he gathered there we now know all about that American. Let us put these facts together, in historical form. The American's name was Butterworth Stavely. As soon as he had become well acquainted with all the people,—and this took but a few days, of course,—he began to ingratiate himself with them in all the acts he could command. He became exceedingly popular, and much looked up to; for one of the first things he did was to forsake his worldly ways of life, and throw all his energies into religion. He was always reading his Bible, or praying, or singing hymns, or asking blessings. In prayer, no one had such "liberty" as he, no one could pray so long or so well.

At last, when he considered the time to be ripe, he began secretly to sow the seeds of discontent among the people. It was his deliberate purpose, from the beginning, to subvert the government, but of course he kept that to himself for a time. He used different arts with different individuals. He awakened dissatisfaction in one quarter by calling attention to the shortness of the Sunday services; he argued that there should be three three-hour services on Sunday instead of only two. Many had secretly held this opinion before; they now privately branded themselves into a party to work for it. He showed certain of the women that they were not allowed sufficient voices in the prayer-meetings; then another party was formed. No weapon was beneath his notice; he even descended to the children, and awoke discontent in their breasts because—as he discovered for them—they had not enough Sunday-school. This created a third party.

Now, as the chief of these parties, he found himself the strongest power in the community. So he proceeded to his next move,—a no less important one than the impeachment of the chief magistrate, James Russell Nickoy; a man of character and ability, and possessed of great wealth, he being the owner of a house with a parlour to it, three acres and a half of yam land, and the only boat in Pitcairn's, a whale-boat; and, most unfortunately, a pretext for this impeachment offered itself at just the right time. One of the earliest and precious laws of the island was the law against trespass. It was held in great reverence, and was regarded as the palladium of the people's liberties. About thirty years ago an important case came before the courts under this law, in this wise: a chicken, belonging to Elizabeth Young (aged, at that time, fifty-eight, a daughter of John Mills, one of the mutineers of the Bounty) trespassed upon the grounds of Thursday October Christian (aged twenty-nine, a grandson of Fletcher Christian, one of the mutineers). Christian killed the chicken. According to the law, Christian could keep the chicken; or, if he preferred, he could restore its remains to the owner, and receive damages in "produce" to an amount equivalent to the waste and injury wrought by the trespasser. The court records set forth that "the said Christian aforesaid did deliver the aforesaid remains to the said Elizabeth Young, and did demand one bushel of yams in satisfaction of the damage done." But Elizabeth Young considered the demand exorbitant; the parties could not agree; therefore Christian brought suit in the courts. He lost his case in the justice's court; at least, he was awarded only half a peck of yams, which he considered insufficient, and in the nature of a defeat. He appealed. The case lingered several years in an ascending grade of courts, and always resulted in decrees sustaining the original verdict; and finally the thing got into the supreme court, and there it stuck for twenty years. But last summer, even the supreme court managed to arrive at a decision at last. Once more the original verdict was sustained. Christian then said he was satisfied; but Stavely was present, and whispered to him and to his lawyer, suggesting, "as a mere form," that the original law be exhibited, in order to make sure that it still existed. It seemed an odd idea, but an ingenious one. So the demand was made. A messenger was sent to the magistrate's house; he presently returned with the tidings that it had disappeared from among the state archives.

The court now pronounced its late decision void, since it had been made under a law which had no actual existence.

Great excitement ensued immediately. The news swept abroad over the whole island that the palladium of the public liberties was lost,—may be treasonably destroyed. Within thirty minutes almost the entire nation were in the court-room,—that is to say, the church. The impeachment of the chief magistrate followed, upon Stavely's motion. The accused met his misfortune with the dignity which became his great office. He did not plead, or even argue: he offered the simple defense that he had not meddled with the missing law; that he had kept the state archives in the same candle-box that had been used as their depository from the beginning; and that he was innocent of the removal or destruction of the lost document.

But nothing could save him; he was found guilty of misprision of treason, and degraded from his office, and all his property was confiscated.

The latest part of the whole shameful matter was the *reason* suggested by his enemies for his destruction of the law, to wit: that he did it to favour Christian, because Christian was his cousin! Whereas Stavely was the only individual in the entire nation who was *not* his cousin. The reader must remember that all of these people are the descendants of half a dozen men; that the first children intermarried together and bore grandchildren to the mutineers; that these grandchildren intermarried; after them, great and great-great-grandchildren intermarried; so that to-day everybody is blood-kin to everybody. Moreover, the relationships are wonderfully, even astoundingly, mixed up and complicated. A stranger, for instance, says to an islander:

"You speak of that young woman as your cousin; a while ago you called her your aunt."

"Well, she *is* my aunt, and my cousin too. And also my step-sister, my niece, my fourth cousin, my thirty-third cousin, my forty-second cousin, my great-aunt, my grandmother, my widowed sister-in-law,—and next week she will be my wife."

So the charge of nepotism against the chief magistrate was weak. But no matter; weak or strong, it suited Stavely. Stavely was immediately elected to the vacant magistracy; and, oozing reform from every pore, he went vigorously to work. In no long time religious services raged everywhere and unceasingly. By command, the second prayer of the Sunday morning service, which had customarily endured some thirty-five or forty minutes, and had pleaded for the world, first by continent and then by national and tribal detail, was extended to an hour and a half, and made to include supplications in behalf of the possible peoples in the several planets. Everybody was pleased with this; everybody said, "Now *this* is something like." By command, the usual three-hour sermons were doubled in length. The nation came in a body to testify their gratitude to the magistrate. The old law forbidding cooking on the Sabbath was extended to the prohibition of eating also. By command, Sunday-school was privileged to spread over into the week. The joy of all classes was complete. In one short month the new magistrate was become the people's idol.

The time was ripe for this man's next move. He began, cautiously at first, to poison the public mind against England. He took the chief citizens aside, one by one, and conversed with them on this topic. Presently he grew bolder, and spoke out. He said the nation owed it to itself, to its honour, to its great traditions, to rise in its might and throw off "this galling English yoke."

But the simple islanders answered,—

"We had not noticed that it galled. How does it gall? England sends a ship once in three or four years to give us soap and clothing, and things which we sorely need and gratefully receive; but she never troubles us; she lets us go our own way."

"She lets you go your own way! Slaves have felt and spoken in all the ages! This speech shows how fallen you are, how base, how brutalized, you have become, under this grinding tyranny! What! has all manly pride forsaken you? Is liberty nothing? Are you content to be a mere appendage to a foreign and hateful sovereignty, when you might rise up and take your rightful place in the august family of nations, great, free, enlightened, independent, the minion of no despised master, but the arbiter of your own destiny, and a voice and a power in decreeing the destinies of your sister sovereignties of the world!"

Speeches like this produced an effect by-and-by. Citizens began to feel the English yoke; they did not know exactly how or whereabouts they felt it, but they were perfectly certain they did feel it. They got to grumbling a good deal, and chafing under their chains, and longing for relief and release. They presently fell to hating the English flag, that sign and symbol of their nation's degradation; they ceased to glance up at it as they passed the capitol, but averted their eyes and gritted their teeth; and one morning, when it was found trampled into the mud at the foot of the staff, they left it there, and no man put his hand to it to hoist it again. A certain thing which was sure to happen sooner or later happened now. Some of the chief citizens went to the magistrate by night, and said:

"We can endure this hated tyranny no longer. How can we cast it off?"

"By a *coup d'etat.*"

"How?"

"A *coup d'etat.* It is like this: Everything is got ready, and at the appointed moment I, as the official head of the nation, publicly and solemnly proclaim its independence, and absolve it from allegiance to any and all other powers whatsoever."

"That sounds simple and easy. We can do that right away. Then what will be the next thing to do?"

"Seize all the defenses and public properties of all kinds, establish martial law, put the army and navy on a war footing, and proclaim the empire!"

This fine programme dazzled these innocents. They said:

"This is grand,—this is splendid; but will not England resist?"

"Let her. This rock is a Gibraltar."

"True. But about the empire? Do we *need* an empire, and an emperor?"

"What you *need*, my friends, is unification. Look at Germany; look at Italy. They are unified. Unification is the thing. It makes living dear. That constitutes progress. We must have a standing army, and a navy. Taxes follow, as a matter of course. All these things summed up make grandeur. With unification and grandeur, what more can you want? Very well,—only the empire can confer these boons."

So on the 8th day of December Pitcairn's Island was proclaimed a free and independent nation; and on the same day the solemn coronation of Butterworth I., emperor of Pitcairn's Island, took place amid great rejoicings and festivities. The entire nation, with the exception of fourteen persons, mainly little children, marched past the throne in single file, with banners and music, the procession being upwards of ninety feet long; and some said it was as much as three-quarters of a minute passing a given point. Nothing like it had ever been seen in the history of the island before. Public enthusiasm was measureless.

Now straightway imperial reforms began. Orders of nobility were instituted. A minister of the navy was appointed; and the whale-boat put in commission. A minister of war was created, and ordered to proceed at once with the formation of a standing army. A first lord of the treasury was named, and commanded to get up a taxation scheme, and also open negotiations for treaties, offensive, defensive, and commercial, with foreign powers. Some generals and admirals were appointed; also some chamberlains, some equerries in waiting, and some lords of the bed-chamber.

At this point all the material was used up. The Grand Duke of Galilee, minister of war, complained that all the sixteen grown men in the empire had been given great offices, and consequently would not consent to serve in the ranks; wherefore his standing army was at a stand still. The Marquis of Ararat, minister of the navy, made a similar complaint. He said he was willing to steer the whale-boat himself, but he *must* have somebody to man her.

The emperor did the best he could in the circumstances: he took all the boys above the age of ten years away from their mothers, and pressed them into the army, thus constructing a corps of seventeen privates, officered by one lieutenant-general and two major-generals. This pleased the minister of war, but procured the enmity of all the mothers in the land; for they said their precious ones must now find bloody graves in the fields of war, and he would be answerable for it. Some of the most heartstroken and inappeasable among them lay constantly in wait for the emperor and threw yams at him, unmindful of the bodyguard.

On account of the extreme scarcity of material, it was found necessary to require the Duke of Bethany, postmaster-general to pull stroke-oar in the navy, and thus sit in the rear of a noble of lower degree, namely, Viscount Canaan, lord-justice of the common pleas. This turned the Duke of Bethany into a tolerably open malcontent and a secret conspirator,—a thing which the emperor foresaw, but could not help.

Things went from bad to worse. The emperor raised Nancy Peters to the peerage on one day, and married her the next, notwithstanding, for reasons of state, the cabinet had strenuously advised him to marry Emmeline, eldest daughter of the Archbishop of Bethlehem. This caused trouble in a powerful quarter,—the church. The new empress secured the support and friendship of two-thirds of the thirty-six grown women in the nation by absorbing them into her court as maids of honour; but this made deadly enemies of the remaining twelve. The families of the maids of honour soon began to rebel, because there was now nobody at home to keep house. The twelve snubbed women refused to enter the imperial kitchen as servants: so the empress had to require the Countess of Jericho and other great court dames to fetch water, sweep the palace, and perform other menial and equally distasteful services. This made bad blood in that department.

Every one fell to complaining that the taxes levied for the support of the army, the navy, and the rest of the imperial establishment were intolerably burdensome, and were reducing the nation to beggary. The emperor's reply—"Look at Germany; look at Italy. Are you better than they? and haven't you unification?"—did not satisfy them. They said:

"People can't *eat* unification, and we are starving. Agriculture has ceased. Everybody is in the army, everybody is in the navy, everybody is in the public service, standing around in a uniform, with nothing whatever to do, nothing to eat, and nobody to till the fields."—

"Look at Germany; look at Italy. It is the same there. Such is unification, and there's no other way to get it,—no other way to keep it after you've got it," said the poor emperor always.

But the grumblers only replied, "We can't *stand* the taxes,—we can't *stand* them."

Now right on top of this the cabinet reported a national debt amounting to upwards of forty-five dollars,—half a dollar to every individual in the nation. And they proposed to fund something. They had heard that this was always done in such emergencies. They proposed duties on exports; also on imports. And they wanted to issue bonds; also paper money, redeemable in yams and cabbages in fifty years. They said the pay of the army and of the navy and of the whole governmental machine was far in arrears, and unless something was done, and done immediately, national bankruptcy must ensue, and possibly insurrection and revolution. The emperor at once resolved upon a high-handed measure, and one of a nature never before heard of in Pitcairn's Island. He went in state to the church on Sunday morning, with the army at his back, and commanded the minister of the treasury to take up a collection.

That was the feather that broke the camel's back. First one citizen, and then another, rose and refused to submit to this unheard-of outrage,—and each refusal was followed by the immediate confiscation of the malcontent's property. This vigour soon stopped the refusals, and the collection proceeded amid a sullen and ominous silence. As the emperor withdrew with the troops, he said: "I will teach you who is master here." Several persons shouted, "Down with unification!" They were at once arrested and torn from the arms of their weeping friends by the soldiery.

But in the meantime, as any prophet might have foreseen, a Social Democrat had been developed. As the emperor stepped into the gilded imperial wheelbarrow at the church door, the social democrat stabbed at him fifteen or sixteen times with a harpoon, but fortunately with such a peculiarly social democratic unprecision of aim as to do no damage.

That very night the convulsion came. The nation rose as one man,—though forty-nine of the revolutionists were of the other sex. The infantry threw down their pitchforks; the artillery cast aside their cocoa-nuts; the navy revolted; the emperor was seized, and bound hard and foot in his palace. He was very much depressed. He said:

"I freed you from a grinding tyranny; I lifted you up out of your degradation, and made you a nation among nations; I gave you a strong, compact, centralized government; and, more than all, I gave you the blessing of blessings,—unification. I have done all this, and my reward is hatred, insult, and these bonds. Take me; do with me as ye will. I here resign my crown and all my dignities, and gladly do I release myself from their too heavy burden. For your sake I took them up; for your sake I lay them down. The imperial jewel is no more; now bruise and defile as ye will the useless setting."

By a unanimous voice the people condemned the ex-emperor and the social democrat to perpetual banishment from church services, or to perpetual labour as galley-slaves in the whale boat,—whichever they might prefer. The next day the nation assembled again, and re-hoisted the British flag, reinstated the British tyranny, reduced the nobility to the condition of commoners again, and then straightway turned their diligent attention to the weeding of the ruined and neglected yam patches, and the rehabilitation of the old useful industries and the old healing and solacing pieties. The ex-emperor restored the lost trespass law, and explained that he had stolen it,—not to injure any one, but to further his political projects. Therefore the nation gave the late chief magistrate his office again, and also his alienated property.

Upon reflection, the ex-emperor and the social democrat chose perpetual banishment from religious service, in preference to perpetual labour as galley-slaves "with perpetual religious services," as they phrased it; wherefore the people believed that the poor fellows' troubles had unseated their reason, and so they judged it best to confine them for the present. Which they did.

Such is the history of Pitcairn's "doubtful acquisition."

Feeding a Python.

(From Nature.)

The following details of a recent attempt to feed a python now at the Raffles Museum, Singapore, may be of interest as upsetting previous ideas as to the certainty of that reptile's attack: The python in question is a fine specimen, caught on the island for the sake of the reward given by the Police in such cases, and measures about 22 feet in length. It has been in my charge for about two months and a half, during which time it has not been fed. About ten days since it commenced casting its skin, and, as is usual after that proceeding, was unusually lively, snapping at a stick put into the cage, and in one or two instances narrowly missing the attendant's hand. The reptile, I should mention, escaped from its cage just before casting, but having taken refuge beneath some odds and ends of timber near the museum, was recaptured without difficulty, and was then placed in a cage about five feet square every way. A pariah dog having been obtained, it was introduced, muzzled, into the stage, the muzzle being then slipped. While entering, the snake struck twice at the dog's hindquarters, but without seizing it. The dog crept into a corner and sat down. Two or three more blows were then made by the snake, but, as before, without gripping, and the dog was then seen to have been struck by the teeth on the fore-quarters, the punctures slightly bleeding. For nine successive times the snake struck at the dog with the same ill-success, and, as it was then growing dark, the shutter of the cage was closed. Early next morning the snake was found coiled round the dog, which it had killed and commenced to swallow; but a Malay attendant, having touched the python with a rod, it untwined itself, and retreated to a corner of the cage, refusing to again touch its prey.

ONE who has tried it with benefit recommends salt as a gargle for the throat for those inclined to a hacking cough, or soreness of the throat or mouth. A teaspoonful of salt is dissolved in half a tumbler of cold water, and with this the throat is gargled just before each meal. Unusual freedom from coughs and sore throat is claimed to be the result of this simple remedy.

A Haunted Actress.

(From the Theatre.)

In 1744, soon after her *début* in Paris, Hippolyte Clairon made the acquaintance of M. de S——, a merchant's son. He was about thirty years of age, of good appearance, and clever at penning sonnets to her eyebrows. Before long he became desperately enamoured of her, and was supposed by the gossips of the *foyer* to have inspired her with a warmer feeling than friendship. But as time went on the actress found it necessary to stop the acquaintance. Her lover was of a gloomy and misanthropic turn, and wished her to fly with him from the world to some wild and deserted spot. This interesting project was not destined to be realised. Clairon loved her art, revelled in the applause she drew down, and had had too large and varied an experience of life to be very romantic. In the end she refused to receive letters from or to see him. M. de S—— pined away, and one evening in the summer of 1746 was told that his hours were numbered. He then sent a message to the actress, pathetically entreating her to see him once more. Clairon, who at that time was entertaining an Intendant des Finances and other friends at supper, was advised not to go, as her presence would embitter rather than solace his last moments. This advice she took, and soon after he had received her apparently harsh reply the unfortunate man died. For the next eighteen months or two years, according to her own account, the actress was subjected to a supernatural persecution. M. de S—— died as the clocks were striking eleven, and as soon as the sound had ceased a long unearthly cry rang through the room in which Clairon was entertaining her friends. The guests were lost in astonishment and terror; the actress, recognizing in the cry the voice of her lover, very naturally fainted. "Really, Mdlle.," said the Intendant, with ghastly humour, as she recovered, "the gentleman who has the honour to possess your affections should be told that his signals are much too loud." But, as events soon proved, this was no matter for jesting. The cry was frequently repeated at the actress's window at the same hour. The police kept watch both outside and inside, but could discover nothing. Nor was the power of the perturbed spirit confined to the actress's house. One night, as she was taking leave at her door of a president who had escorted her home, the frightful cry rang out between them. At another time, while riding with her in a coach from the Rue Saint Honore, Pierre Roselli—a handsome, high-spirited young actor, who could "rage like Cethegus or like Cassius die," declared that unless she invoked the ghost and received a reply there and then he would not believe a word of her story. The actress did as she was asked; the cry was again heard, and when the coach arrived at its destination the two players were found in a swoon! The form of the persecution was then slightly varied. Instead of the cry, she heard the report of a gun at her window. The houses in the street were placed under surveillance, but to no purpose. On one occasion she was invited to a little nocturnal fête at Mdlle. Dumesnil's, and at eleven o'clock left the Rue de Bussy in a fiacre with her femme de chambre. Her way was through the Boulevards, then but slightly garnished with houses. "Did not M. de S—— die there?" asking the tiring-woman, pointing to two houses which stood out in sharp relief against a moonlit sky. "From what I have heard, I think that he did," was the answer. The gun-report was again heard! The coachman, not doubting that thieves were at hand, lashed his horse into a gallop, and Clairon and her servant arrived at their destination more dead than alive. Therewith the persecution may be said to have ended. The unearthly cry and the scarcely less terrible gun-report, were not again heard. The ghost, indeed, gave token of its presence by a clapping of hands, which, as reminding the actress of the applause of the play-goers, had, if anything, a consoling effect. By-and-by this was changed to soft and melodious music, as though the ghost were lapsing into an amiable and forgiving mood. At this time, anxious for tranquility, Clairon removed from the Rue de Bussy to the Rue de Marais, to the house in which Racine had written his greatest tragedies and died, and in which Voltaire had closed the eyes of Adrienne Lecouvreur. The latter had embellished it in many ways, but in Clairon's eyes the bare walls would have been sufficient attraction. She had not been there long when a strange old lady desired to see her, and the request was at once granted. For some time thy gazed at each other in silence, and with instinctive interest. The stranger at length found her tongue, and after a good deal of circumlocution came to the object of her visit. The friend of M. de S——, she had been with him during his last moments, and now sought out the actress to ask why she had made him so unhappy. Clairon, in reply, related the story, premising that the heart was not subservient to the will. "I cannot blame you, Mdlle.," said the old lady, though you may be said to have killed him. More especially were his last moments embittered by your refusal to come to his bedside. He kept his eyes intently fixed upon the clock until his servant returned with your message. 'Wretch!' he vehemently exclaimed; 'the unfeeling wretch! But she will gain nothing by it; *I will follow her after my death as persistently as I have followed her in my life!*' He died with these terrible words on his lips."

Colour in Lawn-Planting.

(From Scribner's.)

As a rule, also, never plant a large, dark evergreen in front of, and very near, a brilliant, light-coloured, deciduous tree, for thus planted it will dwarf and weaken the effect of the latter. On some lawns, however, a few massive dark evergreens may be used with effect in the extreme, and, if possible, northwest corner of the lot. They will protect and give character to the place, and heighten the effect of the deciduous trees. A striking contrast may be obtained by interspersing a few white birches among, and in front of, these evergreens. They will serve, in this case, to brighten the picture, both winter and summer,—though usually we prefer not to mix evergreen and deciduous trees. This harmonious and contrasting disposition of colour requires careful study, and even perhaps a natural gift. For instance, it is better to introduce gay, bright colours in well-judged proportions. A few bright flowers of deep red, blue or yellow, will have a better effect dispersed here and there about the lawns than in one great mass. Introduce them, so that by means of their different natures there will be always during the season a few gay points in the picture.

AN eminent French coachman says: "I never build two carriages exactly alike, not because I do not build each one as well as I know how, but in building that I learn how to make the next one better. When I placed these carriages of mine in the Exposition building, I thought them perfect, but now that I have spent three months looking over the carriages of other builders, I see that they are not so. Here is an illustration of the value of these shows to intelligent tradesmen.

The Reigning House in Egypt.

The Strong Character of its Founder, Mehemet Ali, and of the Present Viceroy.

(From the London Times.)

ALEXANDRIA, Jan. 18.—This day sixteen years ago Said Pasha died somewhat suddenly; his nephew, Ismail, the present Viceroy and Khedive, ascended the throne of Egypt, and all loyal Egyptians have now come to Cairo to congratulate his Highness on the anniversary. This modern Macedonian dynasty seems as firmly planted on the banks of the Nile as was the Macedonian line of the Ptolemies. The hereditary succession is secured, the internal administration of the country is dependent of the Porte, tribute is almost the only proof of dependency, and foreign attack is impossible as long as the present protection of England and France is extended to Egypt.

Yet ninety years ago the grandfather of Ismail Pasha was a tobacco dealer at the little town of Cavala, in Albania; and if the first Napoleon had not stretched his conquering arms across the Mediterranean, Mehemet Ali would never have joined a volunteer corps raised to resist the French in Egypt, and his grandson would not now be reigning at Cairo. The history of the family is one of the strangest in the century. The grandfather was born to be a ruler of men. From the position of petty officer in a volunteer corps he rapidly rose to be the first man in Egypt. He destroyed the power of the Mameluke Beys, recognised tyrants by prescription of centuries; he reduced the country to order and obedience; he subdued the savage races of the Soudan; he conquered the fanatical tribes of Arabia; he captured Syria with all its strong places; he defeated the Turks and overswept the Balkan; and he would have certainly founded a second great Moslem empire, greater than Turkey itself, if the western powers, in 1840, had not checked his ambition and confined the limits of his rule to the valley of the Nile.

Thus thwarted, he turned his attention to internal administration, but without the same success. He cleaned out old canals, made new ones, introduced the cultivation of cotton, organized military schools, and called in Europeans to assist him. He even tried to make Egypt a manufacturing country and spent vast sums on factories and machinery. But he made no serious attempt to found a system based on just law, which would live after him. All his officials were Turks of the old school, and his rule did not in any way improve the condition of the Egyptian natives. His role was that of a conqueror, not lawgiver or administrator. His inexhaustible energy was constantly ill-directed, and amusing stories are told of his blunders.

He insisted on the existence of mineral wealth in Egypt; would not listen to engineers who showed the country to be pure alluvial deposit, and was not satisfied until vast holes had been dug in many districts without result. He had a plan for utilizing the stones of the Pyramids in the construction of public works, and only desisted on proof of the enormous cost of destruction and transport. He had an Oriental contempt for human life; the canal from the Nile to Alexandria was constructed by him in seven months; 300,000 men were taken from the fields and made to work, and 30,000 of them are said to have perished from sickness produced by exposure and want of food. Wanting to get rid of the Mameluke Beys, he invites them to his palace, and when they were assembled in the courtyard he had them all shot down without mercy.

Mehemet Ali died in his eightieth year, and his three immediate successors—Ibrahim, Abbas, and Said—bore little resemblance to him; but his grandson, Ismid, has the same intellectual activity. He works late and early, and his mind is crammed with administrative detail. Before the present regime he drove the State coach single-handed, and all his Ministers were mere subordinate officials. He can point to great results. When his grandfather died the national revenue was barely three millions; it is now variously estimated from eight to ten. The exports were two millions in value; the imports little over one and a half. They are now respectively thirteen millions and six. There were only two hundred miles of railway at his accession; there are now 1,200, and telegraphic communication has been extended over 10,000 miles. The Suez canal, the greatest engineering work of the century, has been constructed, and the network of local canals widely extended.

Still, all this material progress has not benefited the people, who are absolutely crushed by a heavy public debt, and are now crowding to Cairo to lay the tale of their grievances before the new Government. In fact, real progress cannot go at railroad pace, and education, good laws, and a fair administration are more efficacious, though they require more time, than vast public works and great extension of territory. Indeed, I might go further, and say that public works which are not of a directly remunerative character ought never to have been undertaken in Egypt. At any rate, when the history of this reign comes to be written, the material advance will be held of little count as set against the suffering of the people. The redeeming features will be the Slave Trade Convention, the establishment of real courts of justice, the yielding up the government of Central Africa into the hands of Col. Gordon, and the government of Egypt itself into the hands of Nubar Pasha and his English and French colleagues.

The Little Hand.

(From All the Year Round.)

Votive offerings were common among the Norwegian fishermen. A legend states that a mariner wished on Christmas Day to give the spirit of the waters a cake; but when he came to the shore, lo! the waters were frozen over. Unwilling to leave his offering on the ice, and so to give the spirit the trouble of breaking the ice to obtain it, the fisherman took a pick-axe and set to work to make a hole. In spite of all his labour he was only able to make a very small hole, not nearly large enough to put the cake through. Having laid the cake on the ice while he thought what was best to be done, suddenly a very tiny little hand, as white as snow, was stretched through the hole, seized the cake, and crumpling it up together, withdrew with it. Ever since that time the cakes have been so very small that the water-spirits have had no trouble with them. In this legend originated the compliment so often paid to a Norwegian lady, "Your hand is like a water-sprite's."

"ARTHUR SULLIVAN while in this country will be confronted with placards 'to right of him,' placards 'to left of him,' bearing the familiar name of 'Pinafore;' but he is accustomed to success in his own country, where in London, this same 'Pinafore' has already run more than three hundred nights, and seems likely to continue on the boards, *ad infinitum*; but he may not have expected that his 'American cousins' should take to it with such genuine enthusiasm. *Voila* the triumph of virtue! I advise our Parisian readers to 'make a note of it!'"

THEY were sitting around the conventional stove in the village tavern telling tall stories. The topic was horses. After several inferior tales, Old Hobbs began: "My horse was worse than the worst of defaulting bank presidents, for he was such a forger. Why, actually, his feet struck together