THE ACTON

FREE PRESS

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WM. HEMSTREET,
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For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS Office, Acton, or at my residence in Rockwood, will be promptly attended to.
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CARDS, Billheads and Circulars of every description executed neatly at the ACTON FREE PRESS office, the best local paper of Halton County.

COMMUNICATIONS on local questions of interest will gladly be received by the ACTON FREE PRESS, the best local paper of Halton Co.

ENVELOPES printed in the neatest style, and at the lowest prices, at the ACTON FREE PRESS, the best local paper of Halton Co.

IF you have farms or farm stock for sale, advertise them in the ACTON FREE PRESS the best local paper of Halton Co.

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AND
CONFECTIONERY.

MESSRS. B. & E. NICKLIN would inform that they have opened up their

NEW BAKE SHOP

on the

Corner of MILL and MAIN Sts.
ACTON,

And that they will always be supplied with A 1 Bread, besides Buns, Cakes, Pastry, &c., &c., &c.

A LARGE STOCK OF CHOICE

Confectionery

will be found on hand, which is all new and fresh—

OATMEAL,
CORNMEAL,
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,
CRACKED WHEAT, &c.,

always in stock.

This will be found to be the place where the best goods will be kept at the lowest prices.

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Shingles,

Which will be sold

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Elm and Oak Staves,
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of the best quality, also manufactured and delivered F. O. B. the G. T. R. cars here at the lowest possible prices.

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Custom Logs cut to order on the shortest notice and at reasonable rates.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Orders Solicited.

EDWARD MOORE.
Acton, April 2nd, 1879.

HARNESS, HARNESS.

ANY person in want of a good sett of Harness, either

SINGLE OR DOUBLE;

Should call at

Creech's Saddlery,

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Where they can get better value for their money than any place in the County.

A good assortment of

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On hand, all of which will be sold cheap for cash.

☞ Repairing promptly attended to.

R. CREECH.

Acton, Feb. 20, 1879.

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THE design of the above institution, and the work it is most successfully accomplishing, as shown in the great success of its graduates throughout the country, is to prepare boys, and young and middle aged men for Commercial Pursuits by giving them a THOROUGH and PRACTICAL Education in Book Keeping in all its forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Correspondence, Grammar and Spelling; Banking methods; how to deal with notes, drafts, bills of exchange, checks, and all kinds of business paper.

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who have four months course and taken their diplomas, are each week stepping into good positions, in which, owing to the completeness of their knowledge they speedily attain promotion.

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☞ The College Journal, containing full particulars, and specimens of penmanship are sent on application.

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MANHOOD,
HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.

WE have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the RADICAL AND PERMANENT CURE (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses.

☞ Price, in a sealed envelope, only six cents, or two postage stamps.

The Celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Address,
The Culverwell Medical Co.,
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Post Office Box 4586.

The Heartless One.

BY FRANCIS LEVERIDGE.

Oh, my darling's beaming eyes
I pilfered my rapture from;
Upon my darling's cherry lips
An epigram I made;
My darling has a blooming cheek,
Up-nosed a song upon it,
And if she had but had a heart,
Her heart had had a sonnet.

Eyes.

Sweet baby eyes!
That look around with such a grave surprise,
What do you see?
A universe new world, where simple things
Engender wild imaginings
And fancies free?
A resting-place that is not home,
A paradise wherein to roam
For years may be?

O placid, wondering baby eyes,
The mystery that in you lies,
Oft puzzles me.

Glory, bright eyes,
Whose fearless glance upon ghostly devices
Trouble and cave;
When baby hood is past and gone,
What is it that you gaze upon?
A Land most fair:
A sunny shore with pleasure rife,
And that great, glorious gift of life
To bliss to share.

O happy, trustful, boyish eyes,
Let mayst sorry, fool's surprise
The faith you wear.

THE VILLA POTTIER.

CHAPTER II. (CONCLUDED.)

"Yes, try the Kirsch," said the notary; "the only reminder of the German occupation that is not altogether distasteful." It was tried and pronounced good, and our host, having himself swallowed a glass of the compound, and made a very wry face over it, proceeded with his story, refreshed.

"Some one had been waiting for us at the Villa Pottier, for when we reached the side door—the great door had been abandoned to the use of the Prussian inmates—it was opened quickly and noiselessly. I received a soft warm pressure of the hand—not intended for me, alas!—a pressure that made me for the moment feel envious of my younger brother, even in his present plight. There-se had been waiting at the door, listening for Ernest's footsteps; for the younger servants could not be altogether trusted, and the old housekeeper, who was known to be faithful, was watching over my poor Susette, whose loyalty was also suspected, though, as it proved, unjustly.

"My pious fraud was almost justified by facts. The excellent Madame Pottier was actually ill in bed, overcome by the troubles and anxieties of this dreadful time. The suite of rooms occupied by her and her daughter were the only parts of the house absolutely secure against interruption, and at Madame Pottier's bedside we held our family council. Gathered about her couch, in low, sad tones we consulted as to Ernest, who now in his own proper garb stood beside Therese, holding her hand in his. Should we let him go—him upon whom depended the happiness of two families, the very existence of his own?

"'Ernest,' began Madame Pottier, in a low, broken voice, 'my child may soon lose the protection of her mother. Remain here and guard her in the troubles and perils that may beset her. Here we are all assembled; your brother will draw out the contract of marriage on the spot; it shall be signed to-night, and to-morrow my Therese will have a protector.'

"'To-morrow,' murmured Ernest; 'to marry Therese to-morrow; oh, my dear belle mere, you tempt me sorely. But my comrades who wait in the forest!'

"'I own that I forgot for a moment the claims of honour and patriotism. I thought only of the dear mother deceased, recalled only her dying words confiding the much-loved son to my care.

"'Remain here, Ernest,' I cried; 'remain here and live for our sakes. In the name of our dead parents I bid you remain; your comrades shall be warned.'

"'But I am their leader,' he said: 'without me they are lost. Tell me, my friends, can any asylum be found for them in this place?'

"We looked at each other, but felt that it was impossible to rescue them. With every house occupied by soldiers, and a strict watch kept upon all, to attempt to harbour this little band would be only to lead them to destruction, and useless slaughter upon the peaceable inhabitants of the town. Ernest we could save, but the rest must save themselves. He saw the answer in our faces.

"'Then I must go,' he cried.

"'Speak to him, Therese,' I said to the young girl; 'remind him of the rights that you have over him. Forbid him for your sake to throw away his life.'

"I watched her face anxiously, the ingenuous face of a maiden who had hardly left her mother's side since infancy, who had known no world except that of the affections, and who so softly damning passion had been engrossed by one alone. He was all the future to her now, this bright young lover, as her parents had been all her past. Surely the mother's voice would find an echo in her. She, too, would bid him to stay. How could he resist her voice, the gentle appeal of her tears? for tears ran unheeded down her cheeks, while her soft, swimming eyes were fixed upon him. A sob quivered in her slender throat, and her lip trembled like that of a child in deep tribulation. But her voice was clear and firm as she clasped her hands on his shoulder and said, leaning against his breast:

"'You must go, dear Ernest. If I have the right over you, as they say, still I must bid you go; it is better to die with honour than live disgraced.'

"We all wept like children, for we felt that the girl was right, and yet it seemed to be sending him forth to certain death.

"The merry music from below now broke out in wild rocking strains, and the house shook as the waltzers whirled swiftly round. Ah, how our enemies rejoiced, while we gathered stealthily together and in silence and grief devoted our youngest and best to death and sorrowful separation!

"That night I lay in bed, but not asleep—with my clothes on, indeed, and a cloak beside me, ready to throw over my shoulders. It was a cruel night—real wolf-cold, and I thought bitterly of poor Ernest in his miserable bivouac awaiting the approach of the hour that was to bring release or death. At three o'clock the tide would be at the lowest, and that was the hour fixed for the attempt to steal through the Prussian lines. At the clock struck three I arose and went to my window, an upper window which commanded the river. The fog had cleared away and the stars were shining brightly. The frost had congealed the vapour, and everything was covered with a white shroud. By the soft diffused light the landscape was visible in a faint, filmy way, but I strained my eyes in vain to make out the point where I knew the lighthouse to be. I could see nothing distinctly, although the frozen part of the river showed all ghastly white with a dark channel of deep water winding through it.

"Then I heard a shot—a second followed a moment afterwards, and then a rattling fusillade all along the line, fearfully distinct in the still night, and rolling back from the hills in thunderous echoes. A trumpet rang out a call to arms. My inmates were at once on the move, and in a few moments were off at the double to the place of assembly. The town was now astir, every house gave forth its complement of soldiers, and the peaceful inhabitants, aroused from their slumbers, peered cautiously out from behind shutters and blinds at the gath ring troops. Something had happened, and hope whispered fondly, something wrong for the Prussian—an evacuation, perhaps, following some cowardly disaster. We dreamed of such things then—of armies breaking through our iron bonds, of victorious legions issuing forth from Paris—we dreamed of such things, to wake to realities of fresh woe and disaster.

"After awhile the excitement subsided, the troops returned to quarters. Also came back my two inmates. They did not go to their room. They stopped at my door and knocked gently. With a swift presentiment of misfortune I opened to them. 'What is the matter?' I asked.

"'Nothing, we hope. A small band of your countrymen tried to break through our lines and cross the river. One was shot by a man of our company, who, hastily snatching him, found this man.'

"The chart was there before me—the chart that I had given my brother the night before! It was all too clear. The poor boy had fallen. I turned away, that our enemies might not see my grief.

"'A moment; we notice that your name is stamped on one corner. You sent it to a friend perhaps?'

"'To my brother—my only brother—whom you have killed.'

"The two murmured some sympathetic sentences, with looks that seemed to say, 'Do not think us to blame.' Then the older went on to say: 'The man we must deliver up to our superiors; but the name upon it, leading to the inference that it had been sent by the owner to one of these irregular soldiers—would it not be an act of common prudence to cut it off? See, here is a knife; we will turn away.'

"No, I would not avail myself of the chance. It was not for me to disown my brother in his hour of death. Let them do what they liked with me. Still, I was touched with the good feeling of these two young fellows, who perhaps risked a good deal to serve me. We even shook hands, a thing I had never thought to do. 'They were brave fellows,' they whispered; 'whatever happens, do not blame us. Let us part friends.'

"I slept after this, quite worn out, a heavy unrefreshing slumber, broken just at daybreak by a tramping of feet past my window. A detachment of Prussians was hurrying past, and in the mist a stretcher borne upon men's shoulders, the burden hastily covered with a soldier's great-coat, but showing the rigid lines of a corpse. Was it Ernest? I hastily prepared to go out and see.

"Just as I was going out there was a loud knocking at the great door. I opened, and there stood a sub-officer with a guard of soldiers. They hurried me away with scant ceremony, and in spite of my protests at thus being made a victim of barbarous force. People who were going to work looked back at the procession and murmured: 'Ah, there goes poor M. Brunet. May the bon Dieu be merciful to him!' just as if it were my funeral. And this I felt it to be.

"I was marched into the large hall of the Mairie, and there I found the Mairie, dragged from a sick bed; and so the worthy Pottier, and the rest of the Municipal Council, each under an escort of bayonets. It was then, by the way, as we waited in silence and suspense our fate, that I entrusted to my brave friend the secret of the exact spot where my strong box was buried. Soon after a fierce, white-headed Gena al appeared, and mapped out a rude address in his native tongue; rude and malevolent we felt it to be, and even when translated by translation into our own language it appeared sufficiently truculent. Last night, or early this morning rather, it seemed that a sentry had been killed at his post. The culprit must be found, and handed over to the military authorities with sufficient evidence to justify his being shot. Disperse, and use every effort to discover this dreadful crime, and meet me here at noon with the culprit, or by Him in heaven one of you shall die for it—settle among you which.'

"This was the conclusion of the address, and we looked at each other in wonder and dismay. Then we were marched out into the ante-room to view the body of the dead sentry. There he lay, stiff and stark, a fine tall soldier, killed by a knife driven into his heart. The knife lay by his side—one of the pieces of evidence—and I recognised it in a moment as my own—the silver-mounted dagger that Ernest had appropriated.

"Man of peace as I am, a book-worm to whom arms are hateful, I felt a fierce throb of joy as I saw this proof of my brother's prowess. He had not died a coward after in vain, and it was now for me to justify the deed, and take the burden of it.

"'Tell your General,' I said turning to the officer who had us in charge, 'that I know the man who did the deed; he was my brother, but it was no assassination; but a fair blow struck for the lives of five good Frenchmen. The knife that did the deed is mine, and if another victim is required—'

"'No,' cried the brave Pottier, 'he was mine, my son; it is my right to suffer for him.'

"'Settle it among you,' cried the officer roughly.

"And we were thrust into the street, with orders to come back at noon precisely. Pottier walked back with me to my house. There we saw two female figures, in deep mourning, and closely veiled, waiting for us in the passage. Madame Pottier had risen from a bed of sickness to bring her daughter down to visit the body of her *fiancé*, which, owing to the kindness of my German friends, had been brought to my house.

"'You will be glad to hear, dear brother,' whispered Therese, who bore up with a fortitude quite marvelous in one so young, 'that poor Ernest did not sacrifice himself in vain. The five others got safely across the river and were seen to plunge into the forest beyond.'

"They had disposed the glorious tricolour about the body, and some one had laid a sprig of laurel across the breast. I went reverently to uncover the face of the corpse. It was not Ernest's—the face of a brave man stonily compressed, and yet composed, in death, but not Ernest's.

"I turned to Therese, who had followed me into the darkened room. 'It is not he! He lives! he has escaped!'

"Therese fell fainting into my arms. I gave her to her mother's care and left the house. My task seemed easy now; I could picture to myself the future. Ernest and his wife—their children clustered about them, as he tells them the story of the good old uncle who was killed by the Prussians. The sacrifice was not so hard, after all; but I thought a little regretfully of the unfinished monograph—how it would be, one day, swept up among the rubbish of my library, and consigned to perdition. And I wandered out to my favourite spot just below the Villa Pottier, where a sweet panorama of hills and broad plains and winding river gleamed softly under a ray of winter sunshine. Farewell to all this!

"At noon I presented myself at the Mairie, passed through a file of soldiers to the grand salon, and found that my colleagues of the Municipal Council—all except Pottier—were already assembled. My resolution to offer myself as a victim, if one were demanded, was generally applauded, but a resolution accepting it passed without a dissentient voice. It was promised that my name should be inscribed on the records of the town as one of its noblest citizens. All very well, no doubt, in its way.

"There was a general crash of arms as the General entered the salon, accompanied by an officer whom I recognised as the Prince L. Pottier, at the same moment, slipped in behind us, and gave my arm a reassuring squeeze.

"There was no victim to be offered up after all. Pottier had appealed to his distinguished guest, Prince L., telling him the whole affair, and the Prince had spoken to the General, and the latter now announced in somewhat sadly disappointed accents that the penalty of death to a Municipal Councillor was commuted into a fine on the Commune of twenty-five thousand francs.'

"Soon after we had news of the armistice, and in a little while Ernest was once more among us. Lucky fellow, to have a Therese to welcome him home and lets him as the greatest hero of the war! They were married soon after, and removed to Paris, where Ernest is now practising at the bar. It seems that it was not Ernest himself who killed the sentry, but the brave fellow who was shot, to whom Ernest entrusted the chart and the knife. Ernest would have done the same, he says, had he been in the way of it; but I think Therese is rather glad that it was not so. I hope I shall never see my two German friends again, although we parted on excellent terms. They accepted from me a case of champagne, as a memorial—which I did not care should be too lasting—of their occupation of my humble dwelling; and the other day I had in return sundry bottles of the veritable Kirschenwasser of the Black Forest, which, I hope, is to your taste. And now let us talk about the Exposition."

Villages of the Prairie Dog.

The barking squirrels, or prairie dogs, live together in great societies, especially upon those portions of the prairies where the so-called buffalo-grass grows most luxuriantly, this grass and succulent roots constituting their chief food. They live in burrows, which they dig in the ground at a distance of twelve or fifteen feet apart; a hard-beaten path runs from burrow to burrow, and would seem to give evidence of the sociable disposition of the animals; and at the mouth of every burrow there is a little hillock, formed by the earth thrown out of it, which serves the occupant as a watch-tower. These burrows are usually so numerous upon favourable pieces of ground that the space occupied by them is quite populous, and presents a scene of considerable animation when the inhabitants are out in the pursuit of their business or their pleasure, and hence they are in common parlance spoken of as "towns" or "villages." Their curious appearance is heightened by the almost constant presence in them of numerous small owls, of the species known as the burrowing owl, a widely-spread species, which in some places digs its own subterranean habitation, but on these prairies saves itself the trouble by taking possession of the deserted abodes of the prairie dogs. These birds are diurnal in their habits, and are to be seen mixed up with the prairie dogs in their sociable haunts. Another inhabitant of the burrows is the rattle-snake; and some of the earlier observers thought that the prairie dogs, owls, rattlesnakes, and some other animals, such as horned frogs and an ece sional to-tise, occupied the same burrow, and lived there on the most amicable footing. Unfortunately, this paradise picture is an imaginary one. It is true that the rattlesnake does take up his abode in the prairie dog's burrows, but its either selves a deserted one or dispossesses, and perhaps devours, the rightful owner; and his object in his residence among the lively little marmots is anything rather than peaceful, as they constitute his favourite food. The little burrowing owl has also been said by some writers to feed on the young prairie dogs; but this is not proved, and the food of the owls is known to consist chiefly of grasshoppers and crayfish. According to the latitude in which they live, the prairie dogs seem to be more or less subject to torpidity during the winter.

The Present Mode of Courtship.

(From the New York Star.)

"There is too much sickly, silly sentimentality among young people," said Rev. Mr. Goss at the People's church, speaking on "Mistakes in Courtship," "too much small talk between lovers. The subject of courtship is of importance to every body. There are seventy-three references to it in the scriptures. God has put on the pages of His own book repeated threats and commands as to the right performance of the duty of marriage. When we look at the newspapers and see the divorces we know there is something wrong socially.

"Now, courtship is the first step to marriage, but lovers do not regard it in its true light. As lovers, they talk too much. They are not like the Indians, who think that this gabble is an evidence of a weakness in the head. Frankness, out-spoken advice, generous sympathy, must take the place of this small talk. It is a disgusting fact that this palaver of lovers is worse than the purring of cats. I denounce the senseless kwaddle which is now called courting. A man ought to straighten himself up when conversing with the lady he hopes to make his wife, and with whom he intends sharing his joys and sorrows. Women know a thing or two on this point, and even giddy girls can admire a sincere, honest, manly fellow who seeks their love. Lovers should not go round the question, but come to it in a straightforward manner. Don't insinuate things to each other, but speak boldly of all that ought to be known. If you are afraid to speak out squarely, go home and read your bible and learn your duty. A man should know as much about a woman and a woman about a man before marriage as after, then there would be an end of divorces and fewer dead-houses. Of the tricks and trade of society, and about all the traps for catching husbands and wives. Why don't you let nature alone? She would regulate matters, and all would come out right. It would be better even if parents would stand back in this matter. Even the Church has become a great modern institution for catching wives; it offers so many opportunities for social life, but this may be carried too far.

REFERRING to the allowance of pin money given to English ladies, the London *Queen*, a high authority, in an article on the subject says that $2,500 a year is the usual sum allotted in the highest grade of life, even in the case of men who have from $100,000 to $150,000 a year. A lady whose husband has from $15,000 to $30,000 would get annually from $1,000 to $2,000.

Political Assassins.

A Glance at Some of the Most Notable Would-Be King-Killers.

Few more interesting subjects can be found than the history and ethics of political assassination. It is certain that at different periods the lawfulness of regicide or tyrannicide has been regarded as an open question, as when the Athenians ostentatiously celebrated the memory of Harmodius and Aristogeiton by way of protest against the tradition and possible revival of personal despotism, or the opponents of Cæsar defended his taking off as an heroic act. In later days the element of religious fanaticism tended to suppress humane or conscientious hesitation, and the expediency and lawfulness of assassination were established to the satisfaction of bigoted moralists. The rise upon which Philip II of Spain proceeded to burn heretics enabled him without any shock to his conscience to contrive the assassination of William of Orange, and with the same moral complacency ecclesiastical conspirators arranged the murder of Henry VIII. and Henry IV. of France. Sixtus V. he'd up Jacques Clement as an example of the force of the judgments of God. Henry III. was a Catholic but he was an anti-leaguer, and the blood of the Duke of Guise was on his hands. Ravaillac was a half crazy bigot who hoped to reach heaven by slaying the enemy of his Church, for Henry IV. was believed to be at heart a Protestant. The English gunpowder plot was religious, and the Rye House plot partially so, though it is by no means clear that the murder of Charles II. was seriously intended. Louis XIV., during his long, disso'ute and arbitrary reign of seventy-two years, was never molested, and but for Damiens' pen-knife scratch Louis XV.'s disgraceful reign of fifty-nine years would have been as uneventful in this respect. Damiens suffered from a determination of blood to the head, and had further muddled his brain by reading the discussions concerning the archbishop of Paris and the *billets de confession*, and may be called an irresponsible man; if not, his declaration that he did not mean to slay the king but only to punish him is entitled to respect. The "bed of steel" to which he was strapped, the pouring of melted lead and boiling oil, pitch and sulphur into wounds torn in his flesh by pincers, and his final pulling to pieces by four horses—"Oh, the poor horses!" cried the ladies present when the sluggish animals had to be lashed into performing their gruesome task—are familiar to all readers. Frederick the Great and his father sorely vexed Prussia with their passion for war and vexatious disposition, but the life of neither was attempted, and they died venerated by their much-abused subjects. Peg Nicholson, the would-be assassin of George III., was palpably insane. In fine, up to the time of the French Revolution madmen and fanatics had practically a monopoly of the business of regicide.

After 1789 people's minds were disabused of the notion that the persons of kings and governors were sacred, and the old classical rant about the lawfulness of slaying tyrants for the good of mankind was revived. Marat was one of the warmest admirers of Harmodius, and was killed by Charlotte Corday. From that time to the present the attempts upon the lives of rulers in Europe have been incessant, and considering the facilities which murderers enjoy as regards choice of deadly implements, it is decidedly surprising that in so few instances has a sovereign fallen by the assassin's hand. March 16, 1792, Gustavus III. of Sweden, was shot and fatally wounded at a masked ball in the Stockholm theatre by Col. Ankerstrom. The four accomplices, all gentlemen of good family—Horn, Ribbing, Lilliehorn, and Peschlin—escaped. Ankerstrom was executed, after having been for three days scourged so mercilessly with iron chains that he was almost flayed alive. Napoleon procured the butchery of the Duke of Enghien, and left 10,000 francs in his will to the non-commissioned officer who fired at Wellington in 1818. The Duke of Berri was murdered by Louvel; and he lived the Bourbons might still be on the throne of France; and Chateaubriand declares that, "the poignard of Louvel must have for its handle a liberal idea." But Louvel was a pauper workman without any fixed principles and a tendency to celebral congestion. Louis Philippe was shot at repeatedly—on the Pont Royal in 1832, by Fieschi in 1835, by Alibaud and again by Meunier in 1836, by Darmes in 1840, by Quenisset in 1841, by Lecomte in 1845. The would-be homicides were all sane, though they differed in character. Fieschi, Pepin and Morey, who constructed the infernal machine by which the gallant Marshal Mortier and over a dozen other innocent folk were slain, were guillotined. Fieschi, a Corsican political spy and hired bravo, did his work for the pecuniary reward, turned craven on the scaffold and was decapitated in a swoon; the saddler Morey and grocer Pepin, ultra-republicans, died with dignity. Alibaud, a brave and honourable soldier of twenty-six, died bravely, as did Marine Darmes, the vigour of whose defence before the chamber of peers was long remembered. After the Fieschi affair Thiers proposed a vigorous bill for repression of the press, which availed no more than did the law of general safety, passed after Orsini launched his bomb at Napoleon—by the way, Marshal MacMahon was the sole opponent of the bill in the senate, where he made an excellent speech exposing its unconstitutionality. The present generation has forgotten all about Bellingham's assassination of Mr. Perceval—the act of a madman it was without a doubt—and the Russian royal murders have been left out of the usual lists of political crimes. Paul was killed at St. Petersburg March 23, 1801, and Alexander I. probably escaped a violent death by taking refuge—from a conspiracy so extensive and mysterious that to this day nothing is clearly understood of it—on the shores of the Euxine. Queen Victoria's life was attempted by Edward Oxford, the pot-boy, who was weak of mind, but was discharged cured after long confinement in Bedlam; by Francis, who was irresponsible, and by the silly hunchback, Bean.

Since 1848 attempts at assassination have been even more frequent, and have been made in every quarter of the globe. Napoleon III. was as much shot at as Louis Philippe, and, like the citizen king, died in his bed. In 1852 an infernal machine was discovered at Marseilles at the time of his visit. In 1853 he was fired on opposite the Opera Comique, but escaped unhurt. April 28, 1854, Pianori fired at him twice at the corner of the Rue Balzac. Pianori was decapitated on May 14. Sept. 3, 1856, Edouard Bellemarre, who was insane, tried to shoot the Emperor as he entered the Italiens. In 1857 Tibaldi and two other Italians vainly attempted the Emperor's life. On Jan. 14, 1858, Felix Orsini, Rudio, Gomez and Pieri threw their bombs filled with detonating powder beneath the carriage in which Napoleon and Eugenie were riding along the Rue Lepelletier to the opera. The carriage was smashed, a horse was killed, the coachman was wounded, fragments of glass struck the Emperor and Empress and fourteen people were killed or wounded. Orsini, an accomplished gentleman, wrote to the Emperor from Mazas, while awaiting execution, to urge him to acknowledge the independence of Italy. In 1859 a rural watchman fired at Napoleon in the forest of Compiegne, and up

Young China.

The first Cotton Mill established in the Empire.

Being one of the projects of the young China party of progress, says the Shanghae correspondent of the London *Times*, under date of Feb. 14, the first mill, at Hait, is to be a semi-government institution, with an imperial edict for a charter and mandarins for foremen. I have just read the prospectus of the company, a long and imposing document, consisting of copies of official correspondence between the promoters and the governor-general, Li Hung-Chang. The prospectus begins by reciting, in grandiloquent style, that for China to be powerful and wealthy there are two grand requisites. Such things as foreign countries require of Coins, Cinnamon should export; and such things as the produce of foreign countries she herself should manufacture. Scores of millions of taels are taken out of the country to pay the imported cotton piece goods, and if Chinamen wove these for their own millions of taels would be saved. A stupendous project, truly, will already loom in your eyes, but the speculation, not profit, will be the result. The cloth produced at the factory will be charged with a duty equal to the import duty on cotton goods. If it is sent up country for home consumption, it must pay, just as foreign piece-goods do, a half-duty besides; when a transit pass will be issued to cover it, and it will thus compete fairly with foreign goods, uniformity will be preserved, and partiality shown to no one. In buying machinery, hiring foreign workmen and erecting buildings, you must be particular. All foreign firms in Shanghae excel in cheating; they will swindle you first and go to law with you afterwards. To be cheated first and sued afterwards is unbearable, so take care."

The factory is to be an 800-loom one, capable of producing from raw cotton 260,000 pieces of finished cloth to 450,000 pieces, according to the quickness and dexterity of the mill-workers. There is to be no work done on Sunday, and no reason is assigned for this innovation, except that the factory is to be worked according to English custom. It is estimated that 13,000 peculs (of 133 pounds each) of raw cotton and 2,000 piculs of starch and clay will be worked up yearly, so that the cloth is evidently to be made after the English custom also. On the lowest scale of production it is calculated that a profit of 30 per cent. will be made, and the prospectus adds that words fail to tell what the profits will amount to when the production attains its maximum. The capital is $125,000, and the annual charge for the wages of the hands $2,000. In the hands of merchants merely the scheme might be a success, and Manchester might have in future another Asiatic rival than Bombay; but the connection of the Chinese government will blight this enterprise, as it has blighted the great Chinese steamer company. The machinery has been contracted for and a site selected near the arsenal.

IN some parts of Germany physicians are not permitted to dispense medicines when there is an apothecary to do it for them. In Regensburg, three homœopathic physicians were practising, when an apothecary came among them and notified them to send him their prescriptions. Two of them refused to obey, and were brought before a court, and fined $5. The case was carried to a higher court, and the medicines (pellets) sent to the University of Erlangen for chemical analysis. The chemists reported that the pellets were made of pure sugar and did not contain any medicine, whereupon the judge reversed the decision of the lower court, and declared there was no law against physicians distributing sugar plums as freely as they chose.

THERE are more than a million Welsh-speaking people in Great Britain. In the Isle of Man 25 per cent. of the population in 1871 understood Manx. In the same year it was computed that not more than 5,000 persons could read Irish, and no newspaper was published in that language, whereas in 1851 there was scarcely a county in which that was not more or less spoken. Now it is scarcely heard except in the extreme west. Clare, Galway, Donegal, Kerry, Mayo, and the western islands are the strongholds of the ancient language.

BOERS people are born to be contrary, and they fulfil their mission with religious zeal. They are, like the Irishman's dog, who, he said, always stood up when he sat down, and always sat down when he stood up.