THE ACTON
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IS PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
AT THE
Free Press Building,
Next to the Methodist Church, Mill Street,
ACTON.

TERMS.—One Dollar a year, strictly in advance. If not paid before three months one dollar and a half will be charged; or two dollars if not paid till the end of the year. Single copies three cents.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One column per year	$60 00
" " 6 months	30 00
" " 3 "	20 00
Half column, per year	30 00
" " 6 months	20.00
" " 3 "	12 00
1 column, per year	20 00
" 6 months	12 00
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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.
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This will be found to be the place where the best goods will be kept at the lowest prices.
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EDWARD MOORE,
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Which will be sold
CHEAP FOR CASH
Elm and Oak Staves,
and Basswood Heading
of the best quality, also manufactured and delivered F. O. B. G. T. R. cars here at the lowest possible prices.
FIRST-CLASS LATH ALWAYS ON HAND.
Custom Logs cut to order on the shortest notice and at reasonable rates.
Satisfaction guaranteed. Orders Solicited.
EDWARD MOORE.
Acton, April 2nd, 1879.

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HARNESS.
ANY person in want of a good sett of Harness, either
SINGLE OR DOUBLE;
Should call at
Creech's Saddlery,
ACTON,
Where they can get better value for their money than any place in the County.
A good assortment of
TRUNKS AND VALISES
On hand, all of which will be sold cheap for cash.
☞ Repairing promptly attended to.
R. CREECH.
Acton, Feb. 26, 1879.

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GRADUATES OF THE COLLEGE
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.
Among our students are those who have been through the grammar schools and universities, as well as those whose education in early life has been neglected. The former come to receive a practical education, such as is needed in every day life, the latter to remedy past neglect, and all to secure that knowledge which will help them to success in the world.
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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.
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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.

Acton Free Press.

VOLUME V. No. 8.—WHOLE No. 217. ACTON, ONT., AUGUST 21, 1879. $1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

Outside Show.

Bright pearls lie deep beneath the salt sea waves,
Rich gems are hid in the darkest caves,
And the wealth untold of virgin gold,
The eyes of man will never behold!
Yet look on the wild wave's shining crest
The seaweed floats in its dark green nest,
And the debris light, with the foam so white,
Mere worthless things, first meet the sight!

The violet hides in the lonesome dell,
The nightingale singeth long and well,
While the world's asleep in slumber deep,
And the other birds their vigils keep;
Yet the sparrow, lacking numbers sweet,
Will chirp and scold at your very feet;
And the meanest flower that wears the shower
Wears gold bright robes for the summer hour.

And thus we never can seem to tell
What manner of meat lies in the shell,
Or whether the tree will a bearer be
Till the nut is cracked or the fruit we see;
And thus it is with friends and foes,
For the secret heart Heaven only knows,
And the friends who say with us to-day,
To-morrow, as foes, may go their way!

And that it is with all outside show,
The false from the real who may know!
The sorry and sad, from the gay and glad,
Or the angel fair from the demon mad?
And yet it is better the snare to warm
Than to leave the dove to the pelting storm,
For the time may come when we shall ken
The whys and the wherefores that trouble men.

Psyche's Feet.

Her feet, they are so small,
So delicate her tread,
The daisies do not heed at all
When she walks o'erhead;
But each looks up, and falls in love
With Psyche's tiny feet above.

She walks with such an air,
And steps so daintily,
If she should tread upon my heart,
Twould still unbroken be;
Unless 'twere by the loveliness
Which Psyche's tiny feet possess!

Railroad Yarns.

Engineers Haunted by Mishaps—Trains Wrecked Through Malice—A Collapsed Engine—Cars Thrown over Telegraph Poles.

I occupied the top of a trunk in a baggage car at the rear of a way train from Philadelphia, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, the other night, and every one of the train hands spun a yarn before we reached Jersey City. The general conversation was started by my asking about the occupation of a man I saw on the track carrying a flag and a white light, and walking along with his eyes on the ground. He looked like a geologist examining the soil. I was told that he was a "track-walker," and that the railroad employs many men—one every three miles—to patrol the track night and day, after the English plan. These track-walkers carry a wrench, hammer, spiker, switch key, and what not. They examine every inch of the rails, particularly the joints, repair whatever wears out of order, and undo any obstructions that may have been erected with mischievous intent.

"And are obstructions sometimes found by them?" the conductor was asked.

"More frequently than you'd think," was that official's reply. "That very man you asked about found a rail tied across the track twice in twenty-four hours, just above Bristol station. He found ties piled up more than once near a curve, and as for loose rails—they are found every night. Generally, loose rails are in the natural order of events."

"What does he do at night when he comes across an obstruction?" was the next question.

"He signals the endangered train," was the reply.

"Yes; but his light is a white one."

"Well, he carries a red glass cover to put over the white shade," the conductor made reply.

"And if he attacks or is attacked——"

"He is armed," the conductor interrupted.

A brakesman told a queer yarn about a wealthy old miscreant in Iowa, a farmer, who did not fence his land properly, yet grumbled when his cattle were killed. The railroad beat him in the courts, and he treasured up the hardest feelings against the company. One day a rail was tied across the track near the old farmer's land, and the first passenger train that came along was wrecked. It was believed at the time that the farmer had tied the rail to the track. Many persons were killed, and all the bodies but that of an aged woman were identified. The first day after the accident the old farmer did not go to the town wherein his body awaited burial, but on the following morning he visited the post-office and received word that his sister was coming from the East to visit him. He rushed to the morgue, and identified the body of the unknown lady as that of his sister. In less than a year he became a maniac, and, in his ravings, admitted that he had wrecked the train.

Another story was told of a stupid lamb that was seen to run between the wheels of a rapidly moving locomotive near Sunbury. The engineer suffered a pang of regret, for he was tender-hearted, and wouldn't run over a snake if he could help it. He looked back over the road for the corpse of the unfortunate lamb. To his astonishment he saw the lamb leap from the track behind the last car, and run off wagging its tail. It had passed under all the cars, and was uninjured.

Many persons are killed on double-track roads by stepping from one track to another, avoiding a train that they see and hear, and being killed by one that they do not think to look out for. Almost every engineer of ordinary experience has killed his man, and some have killed many. Railroad men never speak of "killing" men or animals on the road, but of "striking" them—which, however, generally amounts to the same thing.

A story was told of a Hudson River engineer who killed a man that suddenly stepped in front of his engine. He had been watching the man, and saw his face as he crossed over the track and walked into the engine. The man was blind. The engineer caught a glimpse of the victim's face as he was struck. His expression was one of terror. His scream was heard above the pounding of the engine. The sight haunted the engineer until he left the business. Every night at that spot that scene was re-enacted. He took a day train, but at noon the apparition haunted the spot. He even went into the service of another company, yet at unexpected moments the spectre of the blind man seemed to start up in the track, to throw his arms over his head wildly, to scream, and to be crushed under the locomotive. It was more than the engineer could bear.

It was reserved for the conductor to tell the least plausible of the really remarkable yarns. "This accident," he said, "that I'm going to tell you of will probably never have its parallel, because the combination of circumstances that led to it was most peculiar. That little stream we passed a few minutes ago was covered by a thick fog one morning—a dense belt of fog twenty feet wide and as long as the stream, although elsewhere the air was reasonably clear. One of our freights, a long train drawn by a whopping big six-driver engine, was nosing along close behind a slow passenger train. They both started from Tullytown together, and weren't many feet apart at the brook. The engineer of the 'freight' was keeping a close watch on the tail of the 'passenger,' when he suddenly found himself in a dense fog, unable to see three feet ahead. He is usually a clear-headed, cool man, but he lost his head at that moment, and he slammed on the steam brake so hard that it ground fire from the tires of the drivers and brought the train to a full standing. The funny thing was that the train was made up of empties except the last two or three cars, and they were loaded with very heavy stuff. Now, what I tell you I'll swear to, and so can many men along the road. When that big fifty-five-ton engine stopped dead, those heavy box cars on the farther end of the train pushed the empties so that the middle ones left the track and went up and up until the train was arched like a bow, and more than one car at the top of the arch was higher than the tops of the telegraph poles. The conductor—he lived in that house by the depot, and his father stood on the platform as we passed—the conductor, I say was braking in the middle of the train. He was squeezed to death, and his body and one of the cars were thrown over a telegraph pole into that field alongside of his house."

The only man in the baggage car besides myself who had not told a story was a Western railroad man, who had exhibited as a card of introduction an annual pass over the railroad. When he cleared his throat no one spoke. One could see by the expression of his face that he had a good story and knew how to tell it.

"We have not had much that's worth recollecting down my way," said he—adding in parenthesis, "I'm from Kentucky,"—"but perhaps you never heard of Captain Phillips's experience in a railroad wreck. It was a little singular. Capt. Phillips is a conductor on the Louisville and Cincinnati and Louisville Short Line road, and at the time I speak of was running a 'freight.' A heavy storm had followed his train from Cincinnati—a severe winter storm that was accompanied by fearful wind and rain, and had raged a considerable time. His train was just beyond Walton, thirty miles the other side of Cincinnati, and was approaching a bridge that spans a little creek that empties into the Licking River. Usually this stream is low, but on that night (this was some four years ago) it had become a swollen, roaring torrent. A passenger train had crossed the bridge safely, but it gave way under Capt. Phillips' train. He was in the caboose which was next to the tender. He was alone there. As the caboose rolled upon the bridge, Capt. Phillips felt car, bridge, and everything else suddenly sink beneath him. He felt the caboose and engine part, and then the caboose struck the rushing stream. The caboose light went out, and the water poured in upon the flooring upon which he stood. The captain was thrown down, but he regained his feet and managed to stand while the car was swept along. It was an awful position. The water poured in and rose higher and higher round him; the car floated, but it turned from side to side, pitching and rolling, and struck with fearful force upon the cottonwood trees that stood in the way of the torrent. Phillips did not lose his presence of mind, but struggled to reach the car door. Again and again he approached it, but the rolling and plunging of the car threw him back. The minutes seemed hours to Phillips. The water in the car rose higher and higher—past his knees, past his waist, up to his chest, over his shoulders, even up to his chin. Finally his head struck the top of the car whenever the car changed its motion. Suddenly, when all chances of escape seemed out of the question, the car door burst open, and, by a tremendous effort, Phillips reached and braced himself in its framework. The next instant he seized a limb of a cottonwood tree against which the caboose was carried. He held tight, and the car was swept on while he hung to the tree. The other cars of the train rushed past one by one, and more than once the tree to which he clung was struck by them. So great was the force of the torrent that the locomotive was carried many yards down the stream, and some loaded cars of wheat were swept into the Licking River and down to Cincinnati thirty miles away. Phillips was rescued in the morning."

A Remarkable Suit.

One of the most memorable of those cartoons of Matt Morgan's which for a while made the fortune of the extinct London *Tomahawk*, depicted the "Race to Ruin" in the form of a barouche and four on its return from the Derby. It did not need much knowledge of events of the day in London to discover that young Spendthrift, filling a bumper of champagne, was the last Marquis of "the ancient and time honoured" house of Hastings, or that the mephistophelian-looking companion who accompanied him was Mr. Padwick, his "man of business." Mr. Padwick, whether rightly or wrongly got the credit of having wrecked the fortunes of this young nobleman when he went to his grave at twenty-six, and thenceforward this "financial agent" (as he is described in some Scotch law proceedings begun last month in the case of The Duke of Hamilton vs. Padwick and others) found bigger fish to fry:

His Grace of Hamilton and Brandon, who is premier duke of Scotland, and a Duke of England to boot, has property of the value of over £150,000 a year, and is the representative of that magnificent noble whom Thackeray has made famous as the suitor of the lovely "Trix," in "Esmonde." His father married the Emperor Napoleon's first cousin, and, during the second empire, chiefly resided in Paris, where he died in 1863, in consequence of a fall while leaving the Maison Doree, after a wager as to who could drink the greatest number of *petits verres*. The present peer consequently became, while a minor, "lord of himself."

When, in March, 1866, he came of age, and wanted money, Mr. Padwick took him in hand, got himself appointed trustee of the estate, and, by degrees, became the comptroller of the entire property, even to being appointed deputy keeper of Holyrood Palace, of which the Duke is hereditary keeper. In 1873 the Duke married, when Mr. Padwick was reappointed comptroller of the property, and had a bond for $200,000 given him in requital for eight years' services. The Duke at that time also granted him a discharge as trustee of his estate. This he did merely on Padwick's assurance that all was right.

A few months ago Mr. Padwick informed Mr. Jamieson, the law agent of the estates, that it had become necessary to raise a further large sum on the property, upon which the debt had within a few years grown from $1,500,000 to over $3,500,000. This probably led to a serious remonstrance with the Duke by Mr. Jamieson, and at length the former's suspicions were aroused. Proceedings were accordingly taken to invalidate the discharge granted by the Duke on the plea that it was obtained under false pretences, and it is further claimed that, so far from Mr. Padwick being a creditor of the Duke to the extent of the $200,000 for which he gave a bond, it will be found on investigation that the balance is in his Grace's favour. The proceedings are likely to lead to startling disclosures, and to last a long time. Mr. Padwick is one of the most notorious persons of the period in England, so that, apart from the Duke, great interest attaches to the suit

Zulu Government.

An Interesting Account of the Ordering of the Zulu People—The Army and the King.

A Cape Town paper has the following account of the mode of "The ordering of the Zulu people," taken down from the lips of Zulus:

A new regiment is formed as follows: The boys, when they think themselves big enough to enlist—say from sixteen to eighteen years old—collect at the military kraals, each going to that to which his father belongs, and there they stay milking the cows into their mouths. This is a sign that they wish to be enlisted, and when the zinnoeku (king's officers) of the military kraals see that a good many such boys have collected, one of them reports the fact to the king, who then gives permission for the boys to be brought before him. The permission is not for any one kraal or tribe, but for all boys of about that age throughout Zululand; but there is no penalty for those who do not join, although, of course, they are not much thought of. Those who like may remain as they are, and there are numbers of men in Zululand who have come to put on head-rings and to grow old also without ever having been enlisted. Such men may marry when they please, and they put on the head-ring by permission of the headman of their kraal, as is the custom in Natal.

If, however, a man has once enlisted, and at some future time fails to appear when his regiment is called together for any purpose, it will then be enquired what has become of him. And if he cannot give a good reason for his absence, he may perhaps be killed by his regiment, but not by the king. He has not committed a crime, so why should the king take any trouble about him? A man who has enlisted also may not marry until the king gives leave to his regiment.

Well, the king gives the order to collect the boys to the offices who has reported them, who delivers it to the induna of the different military kraals—beginning with Mayamane, Mayamengwana, Hamo and Zetuta, the induna of the great kraal of Ulundi. The boys are collected at the different military kraals, and on the appointed day messengers are sent to the king to say "they are now coming." Thereupon the king has cattle killed for them, so that when they arrive they find the meat ready. The king then gives them a name, and appoints a head-ring man as induna over them, and either makes them into a separate regiment and orders them to build for themselves a new military kraal, or incorporates them with one of the regiments already formed, when they share the existing kraal. Thus the Indhluyengwe, a body of young unringed men, has been incorporated with the Tulwane, a head-ringed regiment. If, however, when the boys appear the king thinks them too young, he may send them back to their homes to keep the cattle till they grow bigger; as happened to the present set of boys—the Umsizi—who showed themselves to the king last year in the summer.

The king does not call together the rest of his people to be present when he enrols a new regiment, but of course it is known that the boys are being collected, and many people go to be present of their own accord. When the boys have built their military kraal, they disperse again to their homes, for the Zulu soldiers are not kept together always; they just live at home with their families.

Each regiment, however, has its own military kraal, presided over by two chief indunas, whose huts are placed opposite to one another in the circle, and who take charge of the whole kraal. They have some few of their wives and servants always with them, but not their whole households. There are of course a number of inferior indunas under them; and from ten to twenty or more izinceaku or king's officers are attached to each military kraal. It is the correct thing for the men to spend a certain time each year at their military kraal, thereby paying their respects to the king. This, however, is voluntarily; the men go when they like, and stay for as long or as short a time as they like, perhaps two months, perhaps five. There will be usually at one kraal, say, from ten to twenty men at one time. This applies to the military kraals generally. At the kraal where the king is living there are usually from fifty to sixty at a time, belonging to different military kraals. The men are occupied while in residence in the ordinary affairs of the kraal,—*e. g.*, repairing the huts or cattle kraal, planting amabele, etc. They eat mealies brought from their own homes, and, (not regularly, however,) beef, the cattle coming from the king.

There are no fixed times for calling together of the people besides the Umkosi, or feast of the first fruits. But the king calls them if he wants them for anything—perhaps one regiment, perhaps two, as he sees fit—either to build a new kraal, or to move an old one, or for hunting parties, or to hoe his amabele (Kafir corn) crops. This last week comes just before the Umkosi, and there are always plenty of people at that time "paying their respects."

The hunting parties go after wild pigs, and different kinds of antelopes. They used to hunt buffalo, also; but the king has forbidden that since his installation, as there are so few left. He was not quick enough on behalf of the elands, and they are quite finished.

One of the Zulus who furnished this account, being asked how often he himself had been called up by the king, and thinking that the question meant how often he had been called personally, answered quite reverentially, "Twice! once soon after the installation, and once about the time of the Umkosi, the year before last." Being asked "What for?" he said, "The first time the king asked how was my foot, as he had heard from the induna that I had hurt it badly some time before. The second time he enquired after my chest, which had been troubling me, as you see it does to this day." Afterwards he said that really he had been at work for the king so often that he could not count up the times; but he had four times helped in building at the great kraal at Ulundi; he had been at more than three hunting parties, and had hoed at the amabele every year.

When the time for the Umkosi draws near (about December) the king announces it, and the regiments all collect at their different military kraals for about twenty days before the appointed day, which time they spend in hoeing the king's amabele gardens in the morning, and afterwards in preparing their dress, tails, feathers, etc., and in learning new dances and songs for the occasion. People learn to fight in Zululand at home, at their fathers' kraals, when they are quite little, for when they are out herding cattle two boys will have a quarrel and fight it out, or the boys of one kraal will divide into two parties and fight with sticks, or those of one kraal will fight with those of another, and so they learn. They have no idea of putting one foot forward all together [keep step] like the white soldier; they just go.

The Umkosi is always held at Nodwengu, Panda's kraal. The king walks over from Ulundi early in the morning, escorted by the Isgobamakosi regiment, which was about to be enrolled and had been specially given to Ketshwayo by Panda before his death.

The Umkosi lasts one day only, all the regiments in turn dancing before the king. No weapons are carried at the Umkosi, for fear of accidents; the men have a stick only. In a fight the year before last between two regiments the Ngobamakosi had nothing but sticks, but the fight took place at the Tulwane's own military kraal, and they ran in and fetched their assegais from the huts. Afterwards they all disperse again, first to their military kraals and then to their homes. Some, indeed, who live near, do not use the military kraal either way, but doing straight from their homes and return to them at once. There are at present at the Umkosi all the women of the king's household, and, indeed, all, or very many of the unmarried and unencumbered women of Zululand. Any one may go who likes, but no one would think of going with young children to such a crush.

The girls in Zululand are also formed into regiments—that is to say, they just live at home and work for their father only, but all those of the same age are called by one name (those now growing up are the Umtiyane "ensnarers"), and may not marry until the king gives leave. When he does give leave they may marry any they like, except the young men of the regiments which have not yet received permission. Sometimes the king gives permission to a regiment of young men and to a regiment of girls at the same time, but it does not follow that the young men all get wives, as the girls may prefer men of other (previously permitted) regiments, or the young men may not possess any cattle, in which case, of course, no fathers will give them their girls. In Zululand at present a wife is labola'd with one, two, or three head of cattle. In Natal the number is limited to ten.

Some Odd Tales.

A few years ago, when in Europe, I took dinner with a relative of the famous diplomat and politician, Prince Talleyrand, who lives stylishly in one of the aristocratic quarters of Paris. After the repast, the party began telling yarns highly flavoured with the supernatural. But the following are some of the best of them:

My host, who was by the way a marquis, told a very curious story of his kinsman, Prince Talleyrand. The prince, in his youth, was enamoured of a certain very beautiful countess, who was beheaded during the Reign of Terror. One day as the prince was out driving in the Bois de Vincennes, many years afterwards, the coachman suddenly stopped, and Prince Talleyrand, looking out of the window to see what was the matter, saw two ladies standing by the side of the carriage. One of them, holding up a face between her two hands, presented the head of the dead countess at the carriage window, and then withdrew. The prince, in the greatest consternation, called out to the coachman to know the cause of his stopping, whereupon the latter, with a gesture, pointed to the two figures which were still visible. The prince, driving hastily home, and calling his sister apart related what he had just seen in the most terrible agitation. "My grandmother, who was this sister, told me this herself," quietly remarked the marquis, on finishing the narration.

"But I have a more weird story than this," resumed the marquis, after the conversation that his strange recital gave rise to had died out; "one in which I was a principal actor myself." It happened during the French expedition to Mexico, while the American civil war was raging. The French army was encamped before Puebla. One day the hostler of the marquis's horses—the marquis was an officer of cavalry—came to his tent and informed him that a civilian was desirous of being presented. The marquis left the tent and followed the hostler to one of the outposts, where was found the unknown visitor. He was dressed in black and had white hair. He informed the marquis that there was to be a battle that afternoon. The marquis, not a little surprised by his strange appearance and the confidence with which he predicted a battle, invited him into a tent where the fellow-officers of the marquis's regiment were dining. The marquis placed him by his side at the table. Pointing to a certain officer who sat opposite, the strange visitor said that he would be killed in the approaching battle, and told three others that they would be wounded, designating in each case the particular spot where the wound would be received. He also informed the marquis that he would be wounded, and was careful to say just where. While this was going on the bugles blew to horse, the officers hastily mounted and rushed into the battle which had already begun. The old man in black was not thought of until after the fight, when the marquis found that everything he had predicted had come true. The battle had occurred, he himself was wounded in the very spot foretold, the three other officers were also wounded and in the places designated, and the officer who was to die was killed among the first in the onset. But the most curious feature of the episode is that while the hostler remembered the strange visitor, how he had demanded the marquis and how he himself had brought the marquis to him, and while the sentinels from the extreme outposts to the heart of the camp all recalled the circumstance of a civilian dressed in black and with white hair having asked for the marquis, of such a regiment and squadron, none of the wounded officers had any recollection of the visitor or of the scene in the tent at dinner. "My fellow officers laughed a good deal at my credulity," said the marquis as he finished, "but the features of this apparition are still indelibly fixed in my mind; they were those of Prince Talleyrand."

Bank of England Notes.

The financial editor of the Philadelphia *Ledger* states, on the authority of official reports, that the notes of the Bank of England are made from pure white linen cuttings, never from rags that have been worn. They have been manufactured for nearly two hundred years by the same family, the Portals, Protestant refugees. So carefully is the paper prepared that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each workman is registered on a dial by machinery, and the sheets are carefully counted and booked to each person through whose hand they pass. The printing is done by a most curious process in Mr. Coe's department within the bank building. There is an elaborate arrangement for securing that no note shall be exactly like any other in existence. Consequently there never was a duplicate of a Bank of England note except by forgery. According to the *City Press* the stock of paid notes of seven years is about $4,000,000 in number and they fill 18,000 boxes, which, if placed side by side, would reach three miles. The notes placed in a pile would be eight miles high; or if joined end to end would form a ribbon 15,000 miles long; their superficial extent is more than that of Hyde Park; their original value was over £15,000,000,000, and their weight is over one hundred and twelve tons.

A CENTENNIAL history of Fall River, although published only three years ago, already needs revision in the part devoted to extravagant praise of "our old families." These families were five in number, and members of three of them are now in State prison, or under indictment, as thieves.

Fechter the Actor Dead.

A Man Who Played the Stage Hero in Three Languages.

Charles Fechter, the eminent actor, died on the 5th at his farm at Richland Centre, near Quakertown, Pa. His health had not been good for several years, and even longer than that he was a sufferer from gout and an acute form of dyspepsia. Latterly his physical troubles, which are understood to have arisen mainly from high living, settled down into something like Bright's disease of the kidneys; but the despatch giving the news of his death says that he died of a derangement of the digestive organs. As late as a month ago he expected to go on a professional tour next winter, and his agent, Mr. Leclercq, went to New York to make engagements with the manager of circuits; but at that time the precariousness of his condition had become known, and few except himself thought that he would ever act again. He died removed from stage associations, his home being in a quiet, rural neighbourhood, where the drama and all belonging to it was regarded belonging to the outer and wicked world. He owned a farm there, and the house in which he lived was not more pretentious than the dwellings of the Pennsylvania farmers, Quakertown is a village close by, but he disliked its people, and had as little as possible to do with them. His acting had brought him a fortune, and although heavy losses had impaired it, there was enough left to support him in some degree of luxury. He had no relatives in this country save a wife, who was with him at the last. All Mr. Fechter's success in the Old World as an actor did not follow him to the United States, for he was famous, indeed, in England, France, and Germany, and acted with great favour in the language of each; while in this country, although he was received appreciatively, he never became thoroughly popular. His whole name was Charles Albert Fechter. His father was a Frenchman, his mother was Italian, and he was born in London, fifty-four years ago. His father worked at making jewellery, and was a clever designer for a leading firm in the trade. The family returned to France when Charles was a young lad, and he, after a brief schooling, was put to work in his father's shop. At the age of 16 he acted in amateur theatricals, a generous brother-in-law buying him the privilege; but he did so well that he was soon able to obtain regular employment on the stage. His father strongly desired him to become a sculptor, and arranged to send him to Rome for education in art; but at about the same time he was offered an opportunity to act at the Theatre Francaise. It is said that he tossed up a coin to decide his vocation, and that the drama won. His first appearance at the Theatre Francaise was in 1844, and he remained in that establishment two years, playing a wide range of important parts. Subsequently he acted in other Paris theatres, and was the original *Armand* in Dumas's "Camille," making his greatest success in that character. He also played with moderate favour in Germany, in the German language, and in 1860 made his London debut in English, meeting with quick and decided success. Dickens became his intimate friend and ardent admirer, and he at once took a place in the front of his profession. Lady Burdett Coutts leased the Lyceum Theatre for him to manage, and he did it so extravagantly that money was lost in the enterprise; but he retained his popularity in London as an actor.

During the last four or five years of his life he was so untrustworthy that managers would not take the risk of depending upon him. This became so marked a characteristic that the theatre would be closed on one or more nights whenever he essayed to play a week. His last season of active work was marked with such disasters at the Broadway in New York and the Howard Athenæum in Boston. The managers accused him of drunkenness, but he resented such charges, and explained that gout, or some other ailment not caused by alcoholic excesses, had incapacitated him.

Mr. Fechter left a wife and several children in London. It is said that for a time he sent money for their support, and that they were afterwards helped by his London friends. Whether he was ever legally separated from his wife is uncertain, but she asserted only a few months ago that he had never attempted to get a divorce from her. A few years ago the announcement of his marriage to Miss Lizzie Price, the actress who had played with him during some of his tours in America, was published. She presided over his Pennsylvania household until his death, and was affectionately devoted to him. She had no children.

Walking Parties.

The *personnel* of such a party must be carefully considered. The parties may be as small as two, or may extend to any number. These, however, are extreme instances. We will, therefore, deal with our extreme instances before proceeding with the level averages. I was lately talking with a lady, the wife of a very distinguished man, who told me that she and her husband took long walking tours. They took no other luggage than what they could carry in their pockets for days together, sending on their traps to some central point, from which they diverged in their excursions. Though they had been married for years, they still had so much love for nature and for each other as to make them look forward to these holidays as the great charm of the long vacation. I have met enterprising young couples with alpen-stocks and travelling-bags beginning married life as a walking-party. Within the last twelvemonth a lady has written a book to tell how she and her husband have gone round the world, and another to describe all the drives they have taken. The most simple and natural way of going out walking "two-by-two," the common case of a great multitude taking a walk together, is more and more coming into prominence. We know several archæological and natural history societies where the pedestrian party is the great principle of the institution. In the summer there is a field-day once every week. The country is carefully mapped out, all the points of interest within walking distance are noted; the list is gradually cleared off, and when cleared off recommenced from the beginning. The members of these walking clubs become veritable Ubians from their knowledge of geography and their skill in pedestrian strategy. Of course, the members of such societies have their grand days occasionally, when they invite ladies, and give them champagne luncheons. But when they take their walks into distant villages, the wholesome general rule is not to go beyond the limits of bread-and-cheese and beer. At the universities the practical professors, such as those of geology or botany, often lead their pupils as a body into the country, and give lectures on rocks and plants, to the great astonishment of the bucolic mind that does not comprehend the reason of things. At the meetings of our great societies walking parties have come very much to the front in recent years.

It is becoming fashionable among intelligent men to send a card instead of going to a party. Being out all night dancing, and eating an indigestible supper while standing up, does not hurt the card.

JERUSALEM is becoming daily more and more German, and that language is very generally spoken there. The German settlers are both few and Christian, and recently a magazine, to appear once in three months, has been started, giving an account of all that is interesting "down in Judea," and bearing special reference to the archæological researches made in the district. The conductors of this periodical will pay particular attention to the various moot points as to topography in and around the Holy City. Mr. Trollope, in one of his novels, depicts his characters enjoying a picnic near Jerusalem, and it is quite on the cards that the Mount of Olives has been marked down as the site of a lager beer-garden, for, where Germans are, lager and gardens must soon follow.