OUR SPCIAL COLUMN.

LITERARY.

A book is soon to appear giving the wit, wisdom and pathos of Heine, the famous German author.

Cyprus is Hepworth Dixon's latest field, and his labours are to be given in a book one of these days.

An epigram "On the Accession of Leo XIII," translated into nearly fifty languages, will prove the wonder of literary circles. It is soon to appear in London.

The next number of *Macmillan's Magazine* is to contain extracts from the commonplace book of Robert Burns.

This seems to be the year of Almanacs, and several good ones have appeared, "The American Almanac," published in Washington is the best that has come under our observation. Another good one is issued from the New York *Evening Express* office which contains a mass of valuable information.

John Burroughs will shortly publish "Locusts and Wild Honey." It is to be printed by a Boston house.

Stoddard the poet is said to be contributing anonymously to *Harper's Weekly*.

The sermons delivered by Dean Stanley in America, are soon to be published in England.

The essays of Mathew Arnold, embracing "Democracy" and other famous essays, have just been published.

Justin McCarthy the wordy and sketchy novel writer whose magazine writing has so delighted American readers, has written "A History of our Own Time," which is unfavorably received in the New York *Herald*. It does not hesitate to tell that magazine writing is not history, and calls his work "Slapdash." Mr. McCarthy writes too much, consequently, much of it must be trash of one kind or another.

"The Life and Letters of the Baroness Bunsen" is a work attracting much attention. The attractiveness of the book may be judged of by the fact that the baroness lived through the most exciting period of the social and political history of England. Her acquaintance extended to Niebuhr, Overback. Thorwalsden and Neukorum, and many other foreign authors and musicians. She lived for a considerable time in Rome.

Canon Perry has given to the world perhaps the best "History of the Church of England" that has been written.

An interesting book has just been issued by Harper Brothers under the title of "Narrative of a Journey from Bombay to the Bosphorus," by Grattan Geary. It is full of exciting reading.

The history of a hunting parson is something of a novelty. A book has recently appeared which is the biography of the Rev. John Russell. He appears to have been a muscular christian throughout. The first money he made was a prize of thirty pounds at school, which he spent for a hunting horse. He was not a drinker, yet he would not refuse a toast. He married a wife who also had a *penchant* for the field, and could jump a ditch or four-barred gate with any horseman who followed the hounds. The following story is told of the Rev. "Jack" Russell, as he was called:

He was returning from a fox hunt when his progress was momentarily arrested by discovering that a bridge in his road, consisting of five arches, was under repair; four of these were only partially finished, while the space intended for the centre arch was left entirely open, the river running rapidly some fourteen feet below. Mr. Harris was on a Foxbury mare, and a perfect hunter. He rode over the hurdles that fenced off the bridge, then giving the mare her head she felt cautiously for a sure foothold amid the broken masonry, and, collecting herself, jumped to the top of the first arch and then on to the second, paused a moment on the brink of the centre arch as if measuring the exact width of the chasm, then rose coolly and collectedly and cleared it at a bound. The two remaining arches were easily topped; then came the hurdles, and away!

Mr. Russell in his seventy-ninth year hunted a whole week through bad weather, and on the afternoon of the sixth day looked at his watch and found it was two o'clock. Bidding his friends good-bye, he turned his horse's head homeward, and did not quit the saddle, with the exception of changing his horse midway, till he reached his own stable door at eleven o'clock in the evening, having ridden a distance of seventy miles. He then dined, slept, and the next day he performed three full services in his parish church. When a favorite hunter died he had the skin taken off, tanned and made into a chair covering, the legs and hoofs forming the legs of the chair. In 1873 he preached the Christmas sermon before the Prince and Princess of Wales, and opened the ball on New Year's eve with the Princess. He remained ten days with the Prince. Mr. Russell is still living. The book purports to be a memoir of this remarkable divine, who is now in his eighty-third year.

Collier, the great Shakespearean commentator professes to have discovered that Shakespeare was the writer of an anonymous play published in England in 1599, under the title of "A Warning to Fair Women;" and the quotations he gives from it go a long way to establish the belief he entertains. He stakes his reputation on the fact that the extracts he has given were contributed by the great dramatist. Only a single copy of the tragedy is known to exist.

The death of Elihu Barritt reminds us of the enjoyment of a pleasant half day with him many years ago. The genial old man was endeavoring to enlist support in favor of his pet project of ocean penny postage. Though the best linguist in America, he did not confine his studies to the languages, most of which he had mastered while following the trade of a blacksmith, to which he was apprenticed in his seventeenth year. Desiring to put his learning to a practical account, young Buritt tried school teaching, but his health failing he accepted the position of a commercial traveller, and subsequently settled in the grocery business, but the crash of 1837 ruined him, and he took himself again to the anvil which he followed until a turn for magazine writing and book making changed his course of life. "The Learned Blacksmith" was an admirable specimen of the self-taught humble and unassuming man.

A century has just passed since the birth of Humphrey Davey at Penzance, Cornwall, England, and what has the world not profited by the ingenuity he displayed? He published various works detailing his vast researches into the mysteries of science, and his inventions are world-famed.

Macaulay was very fond of children, and spent much time in amusing those around him. He found time from his studies to take to see whatever sights were to be seen in the metropolis and was always kind to them.

Torquato Tasso, the Italian poet, and author of "Jerusalem Delivered," was an extraordinary but unfortunate genius. For seven years he was confined in prison on the plea that he was a lunatic. He died on the evening previous to his intended coronation as the prince of poets. A letter of his is preserved, dated from prison, in which he desires five shirts washed, "all of them," he adds "also require mending." The fate of Tasso is a disgrace to Italy, and indeed civilized society.

A work on Afghanistan has appeared in England, by Col. Malleson, also the "Journal of General Abbott in Afghanistan."

Count de Turrune has just published in Paris a book of travel, entitled "Fourteen months in North America."

"The Geology of Ireland," by Mr. Kinahan has met with a good reception in England.

The latest poems is "Humanity and the Man," in blank verse, by Dr. Sharp.

M. Alphonse Daudet has taken the exiled Kings of Europe under his care, and has announced a novel under the title of "Le Rois en Exil." The late King of Hanover is the prominent figure in the novel.

An extraordinary book must be "A Military Essay, by an Austrian Major, on the strategy of Moses and Joshua."

Longfellow's new poem, "The Chamber Over the Gate," is disappointing, and by no means what it was expected to be. It is not worthy one of such poetic genius as Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, author of that grand poem "Evangeline." One of similar length has appeared in England, by Austin Dobson, the most promising poet of the day. We cannot resist repeating it:

AT THE CONVENT GATE.

Wistaria blossoms trail and fall
Above the length of barrier wall;
And softly, now and then,
The shy, staid-breasted doves will flit
From roof to gateway-top, and sit
And watch the ways of men.

The gate's ajar. If one might peep!
Ah, what a haunt of rest and sleep
The shadowy garden seems!
And note how dimly to and fro
The grave gray hooded sisters go,
Like figures seen in dreams.

Look, there is one that tells her beads;
And yonder one apart that reads
A tiny missal's page;
And see, beside the well, the two
That, kneeling, strive to lure anew
The magpie to its cage!

Not beautiful—not all! But each
With that mild grace, outlying speech,
Which comes of even blood;—
The veil unseen that women wear
With heart-whole thought, and quiet care,
And hope of higher good.

"A placid life—a peaceful life!
What need to these the name of wife?
What gentler task (I said)—
What worthier—e'en your arts among—
Than tend the sick, and teach the young,
And give the hungry bread?"

"No worthier task!" re-echoes she,
Who (closelier clinging) turns with me
To face the road again:
—And yet, in that warm heart of hers,
She means the doves', for she prefers
To 'watch the ways of men.'"

The opening verse in Longfellow's poem runs thus:

"Is it so far from thee
Thou canst no longer see
In the chamber over the gate
That old man desolate,
Weeping and wailing sore
For his son, who is no more?

How different from the smooth and faultless lines of Dobson's; yet Longfellow is the representative poet of America. Can it be that his powers are failing?

A good story is told of the great singer Mario, He appeared in Dublin as "Manrico" in the "Trovatore," beginning the first song, *Deserti sulla terra*, which is always sung behind the scenes; one of his admirers, like a true Milesian roared out from the gallery "Shure that's you, Mr. Mario! Arrah, now come out of your ambush."

"Pepy's Dairy" has been regarded as one of the most interesting books that has been handed down to us. The last volume of a new edition of the work is soon to appear in England.

Lord Houghton, better known as Richard Monckton Mills, member of Parliament and a poet of considerable fame, and now in his seventieth year, not long since carried off a literary prize of five guineas for an article in a London newspaper. His best poems are "Palm Leaves" and "The Flight of Time." He also wrote "Memorials of a tour in Greece."

A book has actually been woven at Lyons, the great silk manufacturing city of France. The letter press was executed in silken thread, instead of being printed on type.

Charles Dickens was just known as contributor to the London literary press under the cognomen of "Boz." Being asked how he came to assume the name, he said he had a little brother who resembled so much the Moses in Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," that he was called Moses also. A younger girl, who could not articulate plainly, called him Bozie or Boz. The circumstance led Dickens to use the name in the first thing he wrote for the public.

The poet Coleridge was no coward. Finding himself poor and destitute in London he enlisted as a soldier in the Light Dragoons. The general being on a visit of inspection at the quarters looked hard at Coleridge and, inquiring his name, added, "What do you come here for?" "Sir," said Coleridge, "for what most other persons come, to be made a soldier." "Do you think," said the General, "you can run a Frenchman through the body?" "I do not know," answered Coleridge, "As I never tried; but I'll let a Frenchman run me through the body before I'll run away." "That will do," said the General, and the soldier poet was turned in the ranks.

Some of our great writers have been slow composers. Goldsmith is said to have considered four lines of poetry a day good work, but he could not be sincere in saying so.

Hume wrote his History of England on a sofa, and Pope usually kept his poems a year or two before he published them. Burke took a great deal of time, and had his chief works privately printed before being submitted to a publisher. Tennyson spends a great deal of time over his poems. On the other hand Byron, Dryden, Scott, Johnson and Gibbon wrote hurriedly. It is said of Dr. Johnson that he wrote his romance of "Rasselas" while his mother lay dead, in order to defray the expenses of her funeral.

Brete Hart is lecturing in London, England, and is considered the lion of the day. He is most popular of American writers among the English.

A ROMANCE OF THE GATINEAU.

Travelling by Stage for Five Days to Secure Marriage—Scene in Chabollez Square.

[From the Montreal Gazette.]

It is not often that the interminable pine forests of the River Gatineau, of which Mr. Alonzo Wright, M. P., is "King," afford the material for a romance, but yesterday afternoon a *Gazette*, reporter was made acquainted with the following facts. It will be understood that the Gatineau takes its rise somewhere up in the wilderness of Northern Ontario, and flows through a labyrinth of pine forests until its confluence with the broad and picturesque Ottawa, at Gatineau Point, a hamlet three or four miles from the "metropolitan village," where is located the seat of the Dominion Government.

Well, a great many miles up this comparatively unknown stream resided a farmer in comfortable circumstances named Nathaniel Butters or Batters, who was blessed with two daughters and three sons, the eldest of whom, aged twenty years, delighted in the euphonious cognomen of Elva. Elva was a clear-eyed, plump maiden, with a wealth of red hair, but withal, fair to the eye, especially to the eye of Samuel Degeer, a young farm laborer who was in the employ of her father. Samuel and Elva fell deeply in love, and when he asked the old man for her hand, the father stoutly and emphatically objected, for various reasons, among them that young Degeer was very poor, and that if he consented, the young man had determined to go to Manitoba. Mr. Butters could not think of this, and forbid his daughter ever to have anything more to do with Degeer. To make the mandate more binding he dismissed Samuel from his employ. This only had the effect of making the young folks more persistent in their efforts to see each other. Finally, one fine morning the girl's mother, who, however, favored Degeer's suit, discovered that Elva had disappeared, and it was subsequently learned that Degeer was no longer in the neighborhood. The explanation was simple. An elopement had taken place.

The old man, from information received as to the course the flying pair had taken, lost no time in pursuing. Jumping into the saddle, he was hard after them. The objective point of the lovers was the Q.,M.,O. & O R. R. which passes the front of the Gatineau River, where the train could be taken for Montreal or any other place they choose, and where the services of a clergyman would be at their disposal. All the way down the river the old man got word of them, but they managed to keep well ahead, although they travelled by stage. After four days' travel they reached the railroad, where they took the train for Grenville. Here Hymen's everlasting knot was tied, and two throbbing hearts beat as one. The next place they made for was Montreal, where they arrived last Friday. Mr. B. followed on and on, and got to Grenville too late. He also lost no time in reaching this city, arriving on Monday last.

It will be remembered that on Tuesday last a party of twenty left Bonaventure depot for the Prairie Province, and had it not been for the interference of Mr. B., Samuel and his bride would have been off with the party. The old man had managed to circumvent them in this manner. Learning of their whereabouts in the city, through divers enquiries and searches, he laid his plans well, and to make the cup more bitter, waited till the last moment to checkmate them.

Mr. B., secreted himself in the door of the Traveler's Hotel, Chaboillez square, where he had put up, as he was aware they would pass that way about 9 p. m. He had not to wait long, for presently an open sleigh came from the direction of St. Maurice street, and from the dark and cozy recesses of innumerable buffalo robes, he heard a well-known, timid voice, that of the "arrant"—as he called her—Elva. With chain-lightning speed he was out in the middle of the street, and in a voice resembling distant thunder, commanded the Jehu to halt, at the same time seizing the horse by the head. There was a perceptible shudder and look of astonishment noticeable on the part of the unsuspecting lovers, especially as regards the girl. If the street had opened out and swallowed her she could not have been more astonished. After very many threats and even blasphemies, the old man began to cool down. It was no use. The whole matter had assumed its worst—or perhaps its best—shape, and he was powerless to interfere, legally or morally. As is always the case, a reconciliation followed, but the trip to Manitoba was abandoned for the time being. All of a sudden Mr. B., became as affectionate to his hitherto objectionable son-in-law as an angel. The party of three returned to the hotel, where matters were amicably arranged, and the old man showered his blessings on the new wedded pair. At last accounts the affair stood about thus: Degeer and Elva were to return to the home on the Gatineau, wait until May, and then they were at liberty, if nothing better turned up, to go to Manitoba and be happy. The party left the city on Wednesday evening, and about this time are going over the rugged and snow-bound roads leading to the forests of pine away up the Gatineau, into the wilderness.

VILLAGE BOARDS OF HEALTH.

Writing in *Scribner* for April of Dr. Roosa's recent address before the New York State Medical Society on the "Relations of the Medical Profession to the State," Dr. Holland thus discusses a very important topic:

Doctor Roosa very wisely says that there should be a board of health in every county and every town, and that there should be no man upon it who has not a scientific, medical or legal education. He furthermore says that "not a school-house, not a jail, not a hospital not a sewer, should be built unless competent sanitary advice, with power to enforce it be given." This is all right as far as it goes, but it does not go half far enough. The truth is that every private house that goes up should be built under public sanitary supervision. Men are dying in New York every day because houses are built improperly. The arrangements for plumbing and ventilation are not only incompetent, but utterly vicious and murderous. Men put up buildings all over the country just as they please. We have built houses for human dwellings, and we have never yet been questioned by any public officer as to how many fatal traps we had set for human life. House poisoning has now become the most common form of poisoning. Diphtheria, pneumonia and typhoid fever are the constant, daily demonstration of vicious modes of building, and there is no authority, apparently, to prevent the formation of the sources of these diseases. A builder puts up a block, and offers his house for sale. The buyer sees everything fair, for the sources of disease are covered from sight, but he moves in, and one after another of his family sickens and dies, and he learns at last, that he has dealt with a criminal, and that the municipality or the state has afforded him no protection.

The truth is that we not only need to have Boards of Health established in many places where they are not, but need to have their powers much enlarged where they exist. No one, we suppose, can doubt the great usefulness of our New York Board of health, but if they could be armed with powers that would enable them to act more directly upon the prevention of disease they could be much more useful. If they could have authority to dictate the plumbing and ventilation of every structure, private as well as public, erected in this city, they could save a city large percentage of its cruelest mortality. If they could have the control of the cleaning of the streets does any one doubt that they would greatly improve the health of the city? We talk about the adulteration of food as if that were a great thing, and our Board of Health busies itself about it in the absence of other work, but the adulteration, the absolute poisoning, of the air we breathe, is of almost infinitely more importance.

Doctor Roosa speaks of what is done in the way of preventive medicine by our wise system of quarantine, by which the city has been saved from destructive epidemics. With our yellow fever lesson of last year fresh in memory, it really seems as if town should learn something. There is no question that all these epidemics become fatal in the degree in which the air is vitiated by poisonous odors. When yellow fever or cholera visits a place, it becomes a terrible or mild visitation, according to the conditions which it finds. If it finds a people already poisoned with foul streets and bad drainage, it finds food for a great and grave mortality. If it finds a place where everything is pure and sweet, it does not stay long or work such mischief. There are some states which have a Board of Health, or may have one, in every town, armed with a considerable amount of power—with the power, at least, of holding inquest on private premises, and determining what shall be done to remedy evils; but what we really want most is a wider power of prevention, such as shall make it incumbent upon every builder to secure the approval of such a board before he can live in his house himself, or offer it for sale or rent.

HOW WE DIE.

The returns made to the Government in the blue book just issued, show that persons engaged in the following occupations were the longest lived in 1877, the numbers dying being also given:—

	No.	Average Age.
Weavers	31	70
Gentlemen	135	69
Soldiers	59	68
Paupers	26	66
Public officials	41	63
Coopers	17	62
Clergymen	31	61
Farmers	2482	ne'rly 62
Brickmakers	6	60
Masons	41	59

The ten lowest are:—

	No.	Average Age.
Telegraph operators	3	23
Milliners and dressmakers	16	30
Undertakers	3	32
Railway employees	37	33
Seamstresses	22	34
Chemists and druggists	9	35
Barbers	4	35
Bakers and confectioners	16	36
Merchants	20	37
Artists	3	38

The average age reached by members of the three professions, divinity, law and medicine, was 55.

—The distinctive feature of a Free Methodist church in Toledo, Ohio, is the belief that all Christians ought to wear some distinctive badge. The members keep on their breast a wide, red ribbon, with a cross printed on it. The pastor of a Campbellite church in Austin, Texas, pricks an Indian ink emblem on the arm of every convert, and calls it "the saving mark."

—A correspondent, who forgets to send his name and address, complains of the unruly conduct of two young men in the Centenary church last Sunday night.

LITERARY EPIDEMIC.

[From the Slabtown Gazette.]

Last evening the members of the Eclectic Literary Club, lately inaugurated, held the first of a projected series of entertainments in the Academy of Music. As anticipated, it was a decided success. Before eight the hall was filled to its utmost capacity by an intelligent, fashionable and aristocratic audience. Myriads of our Hamilton friends who had come in their triumphal chariots emblazoned with the family coats of arm to do honor to the occasion, mournfully retraced their course, being unable to gain admittance. Every spot of vantage ground was occupied by enthusiastic spectators. Some mounted the chandeliers by scaling ladders, while others recklessly jeopardized life and limb by clinging with their finger nails to the cornices. There was an assembly embracing the literati of the land. Wits and poets whose racy *bon bons* and matchless epigrams had entranced many a coterie of the fair sex. Grit politicians who had become prematurely bald in vindicating the bogus policy of an insane Administration. Young theological fledgelings, who, like Great Heart, had cast the gauntlet down and crossed swords with Beelzebub as one worthy of their steel. Municipal orators of the Council Chamber, whose abstruse and perplexing logic passes the understanding of all beyond their magic circle. Barristers, chimney-sweeps, hod-carriers and navvies were there to pay homage to aspiring youth. Before proceedings commenced the president in a few well chosen remarks, explained the object of the association. He said that anything that would tend to cultivate the taste, refine the mind and enlarge the sphere of the human understanding, as Pecksniff would observe, should be diligently prosecuted. This large, intelligent and influential gathering was an indication that the people of Ontario deserve to foster a spirit of this kind, and to extend to such societies their warm sympathies and hearty co-operation. He contended that notwithstanding "knowledge with her ample page, rich with the spoils of time," was within the reach of all, it was expedient that these societies should be formed to develope the latent resourses of the youthful mind, which through innate modesty would never be revealed to bless and edify mankind. To night these aspirants for literary laurels would claim the kind indulgence of the audience as amateurs, who had embarked on the high road to distinction; amateurs who were striving to secure a niche in the temple of Fame, and who were desirous of bequeathing to posterity, names immortalized by the splendour of their genius. The exercises of the evening embracing vocal and instrumental music, recitations, essays, etc., opened with a piano duet from Bellini's opera of Norma by the Misses O'Rourke. The effect was slightly marred by the instrument falling to the floor during the artistic execution of the piece. This disastor was traceable to the fact that the piano, chartered at a second-hand shop lacked the full complement of legs, and was insecurely propped by an empty lager beer keg.

The fair manipulators of the ivories were, however, loudly applauded. The amorous Esculapius followed by a recitation entitled "Bingen on the Rhine." The melting pathos of his finely modulated voice, the exquisite tenderness of his bewitching orbs when repeating the words "there's another not a sister," surpasses the happiest efforts of Mrs. Scott Siddons. In responding to an encore, he accidently slipped on an orange skin and was carried out insensible. Throughout, the various pieces were well sustained by the respective gladiators. Young Sprouts deserves the highest praise for his rendition of the "Maniac." The elocutionary accomplishments and high appreciation of dramatic effect places him ckeck by jowl with the famous Booth. The evening's pleasantries concluded by the bard of the society reading a prize poem, the offshoot of his versatile brain. In introducing the poet Laureate, the president remarked that the youthful rhymer was possessed of high literary attainments, that his scathing criticisms and poetical effusions had frequently graced the columns of a Hamilton journal with which he was identified. This proper sphere, however, was a critic rather than a follower of the muse though at times he would straddle his spavined nag Pegasus and take a canter in the fields of poesy. Blushing like a rose of Sharon, the critic and the poet came to the front. Poising himself on the ball of his right foot he recited the following original and inimitable production:—

In the inn ye ancient bacchanal,
He chaffeth one of three,
"By thy bright red nose and blood-shot eye,
Thou'st been upon the spree.

The bar-room door is open wide,
And I am mighty dry,
The liquor's prime, I've got a dime
To treat both you and I."

He holds him by the button-hole,
Quoth he, "I had a pup,"
"Nay, now before you spin a yarn,
Old bummer, 'set 'em up.'"

He holds him with his shaky hand,
"Now make yourself (hic) sung;"—
"Oh cheese that yarn, don't chaff with me
Or I'll lam you on the mug."

He calms him with the glittering coin,
The thirsty soul stopped still,
And listened with a watery mouth
To please the hardened pill.

The old man stopped, his eyes were closed,
He spoke not any more;
For in a swound his head reel'd round,
And he tumbled on the floor.

The landlord came and yanked him out,
His face bedaubed with blood;
He sprawled round light, and on the left
Went down into the mud.

The cops were hailed, ye man was nailed,
All merrily did they drop;
While ye old man's nose through blood and blows,
Loomed like a light-house top.

The magistrate spoke up in wrath,
I'll stop your drinking ale;
Your sentence, mind, without a fine,
"Is thirty days in jail."

A REMINISCENCE OF '37.

A Loyalist who Carried a Rebel Bullet in His Breast Over Forty Years.

Mr. William Jameson of Point Fortune, Quebec, who died at Woodstock the other day at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Cunningham, requested a few days previous that, if the attack of heart disease, from which he was suffering, should prove fatal, his body should be opened before burial and a search made for a pistol bullet and a portion of a brace buckle which he had been carrying within him for about forty-one years. In 1837, the memorable year of the rebellion in Canada, Mr. Jameson, then a young and strong man, resided at Carillion, in the Lower Province, and one day, in the post office there, got arguing politics with a "rebel," whose language became so insulting or otherwise provoking that at last Mr. Jameson struck him, whereupon he drew a pistol and fired at his loyal opponent. The bullet broke the iron buckle of the right suspender, and then entered the breast, inflicting a wound which came near proving fatal, and from which he was laid up for six weeks. At the expiration of that period he was nearly well again, and never afterwards felt any ill effects from the hurt; but as the bullet had not been extracted, and as it was believed to have taken the missing part of the buckle in with it, Mr. Jamieson often expressed, and repeated during his last illness, the wish that after his death the locality of the "foreign bodies," as medical men would call them, should be ascertained, and Drs. Allen and Bryson searched for and were successful in finding them. They were together and close to the back bone, the bullet resting on the diaphragm and entirely enveloped in the cartilaginous formation of considerable size, while the other article was partially hidden by a deposit more nearly resembling flesh. The bullet is for a pistol of rather large bore, and originally round, but is much damaged at one spot, no doubt where it struck the buckle, which was broken by the blow, part with the tongue or tongues attached probably remaining fast to the suspender. The portion driven in by the bullet forming three sides of the buckle, and is of the simplest description, being merely a piece of iron wire, about two inches long and bent at right angles a little more than half an inch from each end. It is only rusted in spots, and there not deeply, and the mark made by the blow of the bullet is still plainly visible.

MATRIMONIAL.

Native Maidens Ready to Step in Ahead of the Girls from Foreign Lands.

About two weeks ago Superintendent Jackson of Castle Garden received two letters, one from Louis P. Bode of Shenandoah, Page County, Iowa, and another from Anton L—— of 735 South Seventh street, St. Louis, requesting him to send them each a wife from the young German, Swiss or Scandinavian women arriving as emigrants at this port. Bode complained of the "dearth of marriageable women in Iowa," and, being a childless widower 30 years of age, he desires to marry again, and wants the union to be made in a business-like way and with despatch. He writes that he is a well to-do farmer. Anton L——writes that he is a baker. As Mr. Jackson does not feel equal to the serious duties of a matrimonial agent, he has paid no attention to the requests, but their publication has interested a number of the gentler sex to that degree that they have written to him. Following are some of the proposals:

BALTIMORE, March 6, 1879.

SIR: We saw your advertisement in the newspaper stating that there were two gentlemen wishing wives, the one being a baker and the other a farmer. We are desirable young ladies, wishing to get married, and the occupations of those gentlemen are very suitable. The baker will please to write a letter and direct to——Buren street, Baltimore, Maryland, for Miss ————, and the farmer can write a letter also, and direct the same as above for Miss ————. P. S.—By writing letters to the above, stating all particulars, they will be duly answered by both.

NEWARK, N. J., March 11, 1879.

MR. JACKSON,—Dear Sir: I saw in one of our city papers a letter to you from some gentleman in the West, wishing a partner for life to join with him in happy bonds of marriage. I would be willing to enter into such an arrangement. I understand all kinds of work—house and needle work. I am a widow, aged 32. If the gent wishes to correspond or exchange pictures, he can be accommodated. Yours with respects, ————.

——Academy street, Newark, N. J.

NEW PARK, Pa., March 8, 1879.

Seeing by the newspapers that a gentleman, an Iowa farmer, offers himself as a husband, with good references, I accept his heart and hand, and give mine in return. I am in want of a home, and have a great desire to settle in the West, with a good husband and a good home. I am 23 years of age, about 5½ feet in height, weigh 125 pounds, fine dark hair, dark eye lashes and brows, blue eyes, and make a very genteel appearance. I am an orphan; have three sisters, all married—one lives in Philadelphia, one in Hartford county, Maryland, and I remain with one in this place, six miles from the station on the Pennsylvania Railroad. I was raised with a very respectable lady, but she is dead, and I am out of a home and would like very much to settle for life. Well, I suppose it is not necessary for me to say any more, hoping you will send this on to the gentleman whom I have mentioned at once. He will please send his picture to me, and I will send mine in return. I will stop, hoping to hear from that gentleman soon. ——, ——.—*N. Y. Sun.*

WEDDING ON A TRAIN.

Married at the Rate of Thirty Miles an Hour.

(From the Pittsburg Leader.)

On the fast line on the P. R. R from the West, which left this city at 8.06 on Friday evening, was a lady unattended occupying a section of sleeper. While stopping at the depot she informed the conductor that she desired to remain sole occupant of the section until reaching Harrisburg, and would probably occupy it further. The conductor thought no more about the matter at the time. After leaving Altoona the lady rose and occupied herself upon an elaborate toilette. She then called the conductor and timidly confided in him to this effect. She said that upon the arrival of the train at Harrisburg she expected to meet a young gentleman who "was all the world to her;" that arrangements had been made whereby the train would at that point be boarded by the gentleman mentioned, together with a minister and some few friends and a ceremony—the most interesting of her life—would be performed there in the car. She requested that matters would be so arranged that the performance would not be interrupted.

The conductor of course became interested at once and acquiesced in the arrangement. Upon the arrival of the train at Harrisburg at 3.50 a. m., there "sure enough" stood the little company in the depot, and the young man, the centre of it, commenced a rapid survey of the train. He was approached by the conductor and directed to the section where the anxious bride waited his coming. All the arrangements worked like a charm, and while the train thundered through the night the young couple stood up in the car, the porter held a lantern, by the light of which the minister read a brief marriage service, and the blushing bride and fond groom were declared one. After a number of congratulations had been passed, the company left them to continue their journey of life together. The section had been engaged for as far as Washington, and there the conductor bade them adieu.

EXPENSIVE POLITENESS.

It is a critical moment in the life and clothing of a man when he gets down on his knees to look under the sofa for a ball of zephyr that a lady friend has dropped. It is possible that he may be able to accomplish this and recover his perpendicular with nothing more serious than a very red face and a general sense of having done something for which he should be sent from the room. But in nine cases out of ten he never fully recovers the good opinion of himself that he possessed before he undertook the recovery of that ball. It is always just beyond his reach, and in a moment of weakness he drops on his vest and commences to work himself under the sofa by a series of acrobatic feats that would have won him an encore on the stage. He is so intent upon the recovery of the ball that he quite forgets his appearance until he is reminded by a suppressed titter from one of the ladies. Then he realizes the situation and commences to back out. Of course his coat is worked over his head, and as he feels a cold streak creep up his back he pronounces a benediction on the man who invented an open-back shirt. He is also painfully conscious that about two inches of red flannel drawers are visible between the tops of his boots and the bottom of his trousers. This has the effect of producing more internal profanity and still more violent struggles to back out, during which one suspender breaks and his collar-button comes out. When he finally delivers himself and stands up in the middle of the room, you would not recognize in that red-faced, wild-eyed man, standing there holding his clothes together with one hand and trying to smooth down his hair with the other, the smiling, genteel ladies' man who stooped down to pick up that ball of zephyr a moment before.

—The Board of Health of the city of Darmstadt (Baden) announces "officially" that since the milk vendors have been under a rstrict surveillance, the mortality among children from diarrhœa has decreased fifty per cent as against former years.

—A farmer in the neighborhood of Doncaster, was met by his landlord, who accosted him thus: "John, I intend to raise your rent;" to which John replied, "Sir, I am very much obliged to you, for I cannot raise it myself.

WAIFS FOR THE LADIES.

—Mrs. Bell of San Francisco has $250,000 worth of diamonds.

—Berkshire and Georgia, Vt., have elected female town clerks.

—A Mrs. Miller of Portland, Ore., has given birth to her twentieth child.

—Florence Nightingale has sent $125 to the Mayor of Sheffield to be employed in making garments for the distressed.

—The most fashionable flower in Paris now is the dagmar, a large pansy, just the shade of the Princess Dagmar's eyes.

—The Japanese ladies paint their cheeks with a green substance, which, on exposure to the air, soon turns to a sea-shell pink.

—Victor Hugo says, and there is a volume in it, that God never placed a tiger or a wolf in the child that clings to its mother's dress.

—Ann Eliza Young says: "I voted once—being compelled to do so by Brigham Young—and his coachman was deputized to take me to the polls and show me how to vote."

—The draperies worn by Mme. Roze as Pamina in the "Magic Flute," are said to be a perfect reproduction of the Egyptian costume of the time, made of gold and antique cloths.

—East Earl, Pa., has a young lady who for sixteen years has never spoken to anybody but her mother and two sisters. When a child she was whipped by her father for some misconduct, and she then made a vow of silence.

—Sarah Bernhradt, the actress, author, aeronaut, painter and sculptor, is going to sue a journalist who insinuated that she employs others to paint pictures and make groups of statuary and then signs them, and she intends pleading her own cause.

—In Persia a girl is expected to yield her parents a good round sum at marriage, and the people of that country are indignant and horrified when told that in America daughters are are given away in marriage, as though the parents considered them as worthless trash.

CANADIAN PRODUCE IN ENGLAND.

A London correspondent writes:—The last lot of turkeys for this season arrived at Liverpool on Monday last, and the whole consignment was sold a fair prices. I am informed that upwards of 40,000 Canadian turkeys have been landed at Liverpool and Glasgow since the first of last December. Generally the trade has been a success; but some shippers have been unfortunate enough to send their consignments to unscrupulous commission agents, who have sacrificed their turkeys at sixpence per pound at the same time that other agents in the same port realized for similar birds from eightpence to tenpence per pound. It can, however, be safely assumed that the turkeys sent from Canada during the past season have realized upon the average eightpence per pound in the feathers and undrawn. From this readers of the *Globe* will see, knowing as they do the price of turkeys in Canada, that the export trade to this country is by no means an unprofitable venture. The freight from Canada is about two dollars per barrel, and those shippers who have paid special attention to the trade express themselves well satisfied with the profits made on this season's consignments; and from information sent to me from Liverpool I believe the trade will be greatly extended next winter. It is the intention of some prominent poultry dealers in London, Birmingham and Liverpool to send buyers to Canada next autumn to purchase large quantities of turkeys, geese and ducks. Canadian fowls do not compare with those from Ireland either as regards quality or price. The trade in horses imported from the Dominion continues exceptionally dull, but a revival is anticipated in May or as soon as warmer weather approaches.

LOOK TO THE ORCHARDS.

In walking through the orchard attention should now be paid to those trees that need trimming. It is a well known fact to all apple growers that the trees having the top left well open to permit the free admission of sunlight and air always produce the best flavored fruit. If some branches grow too fast for the harmonious balance of the tree, pinch out the buds at the end, thus forcing the growth into other branches that are not so thrifty. Five years of cultivation and watchful pruning and you will never have occasion to remove large branches. It is a terrible loss to a tree to allow branches to attain a large size only to be cut off in future years.

Do not allow the gaps in the orchard caused by the death or destruction of an occasional tree to exist any longer. Purchase stock three years old. If the roots are cut off to any great extent compensate by cutting away the top. In selecting trees consider whether you wish them for family use or for the market. The scarce varieties are not needed for one purpose; as for the other, select mostly the kinds that do the best in your own locality; handle untried kinds if you like, but do it very gently at first. Manure liberally and cultivate at least around the trees. Grow but few kinds and have these steady and full bearers. If the land is not naturally dry enough throw up into high ridges before planting. It pays better to do this way than to underdrain. Set the earliest variety of trees in the lightest soil and as near the house as possible. If in the garden so much the better.

HINTS FOR THE POULTRY YARD

This month and next are of great importance in the poultry yard. A great many hens will manifest a desire to set, and in cases where early chicks are desired, they will be allowed to follow out their inclinations. Before the busy season arrives, make up some good coops, so as to have them ready.

When a hen has commenced to set, other fowls should not be allowed to disturb her. Nests arranged according to the plan suggested in a former article will prevent this. In setting a hen at this season do not give more than seven or eight eggs at the outside. As the season advances fifteen may be given to one hen—but no more. As soon as the hen has been given her eggs let her entirely alone until all are hatched out. Fussing with chicks and carrying them into the house to peep and squawk does them no good, and the mother is made uneasy by taking the chicks away from her. If you think you must help in some way, remove the shells from which the chicks have emerged, but leave the chicks with the hen until all are hatched. It is useless to leave the hen in the nest longer than twenty-four hours after the first chicks have hatched. Those that are delayed longer than that are worth but little in the event of their hatching, and are apt to die in a day or two. If it is thought desirable to hatch them put them under another setting hen and remove them as soon as hatched.

Feed plenty of lime food if you don't want soft-shelled eggs.

THIRTY-FOUR CHILDREN.

[From the St. Louis Republican.]

"I am come from Old Virginia, that's where I was born and raised, sar," was what Joseph Ray a colored veteran, who lives in Carondelet, said yesterday to a *Republican* reporter. Joseph has a history which will perhaps be of interest. He is now seventy-four years of age, but hale and hearty and declares his ability to live at least twenty years more, but nevertheless is in a constant state of preparation for his departure for another world in case he has made a mistake in his calculations. He is now the husband of his fifth wife and the father of thirty-four legitimate children, the oldest and youngest both living, and he thinks a score at least of the others. The oldest child is now forty years of age, and the youngest but five months. He says that he expects to have at least one more wife and add six children to his family, making a grand total of forty, and when that is accomplished to apply for a pension the balance of his life.

FIGHTING HAND TO HAND.

Brilliant Repulse of the Afghans by the Scinde Horse.

(From the London Times.)

Attakarez (via Chaman), Feb. 27.—Col. Malcolmson was yesterday encamped at Khushki Nakhud with 268 sabres of the Third Scinde Horse and 120 bayonets of the Second Beloochis Cavalry, and at 4 p. m. 1,500 of the Alizais, under Majid and Abubuk Khans, suddenly swarmed over the ridge 1,000 yards distant, bearing down in two bodies on the camp. Their right wing—a column some six or eight deep—in dead silence made direct for our cavalry.

They advanced in true chivalric style, and arrived at charging distance just as the British officers had hurriedly, but calmly, told off their squadrons. Then followed the commands—"Gallop!" and "Charge!" The enemy unflinchingly accepted the shock, which, however, broke their solidity, and, fighting with fanatical desperation, they hurried toward the left flank of the camp disordered, developing into panic, when Capt. Maitland's squadron wheeled up, smashing in on their flank and rear. The combat and pursuit lasted two hours.

Major W. Reynolds fell early in the melee. While extricating his sword from a man's body, his charger stumbled, and four Afghans cut him to pieces, their own bodies immediately afterwards being stretched around his corpse.

Our casualties are one officer and four troopers killed; Col. Malcolmson (slightly) and 15 men wounded; while 150 Afghan bodies now lie scattered about the camp.

The Scinde Horse has dealt the enemy a terrible lesson. The enemy's left