

### Thy Duty.

Let all the good thou doest to man  
A gift be, not a debt;  
And he will more remember thee  
The more thou dost forget.

Do it as one who knows it not,  
But rather like a vine,  
That year by year brings forth its grapes,  
And cares not for the wine!

A horse when he has run his race,  
A dog, when tracked the game,  
A bee when it has honey made—  
Do not their deeds proclaim.

Be silent then, and like the vine,  
Bring forth what is in thee;  
It is thy duty to be good,  
And man to honor thee.

### THE FARM.

#### Don't Waste The Straw.

A correspondent writes:—The growth of straw this season throughout the Dominion and the greater part of the United States is simply enormous, and if so much straw is annually wasted on very many homesteads, even when fodder is rather scarce, what may we not expect to be done in the way of wasting straw when there is so much of it that people hardly know how to get rid of it. It is an old adage that 'a wilful waste leads to a woful want,' and very many farmers know the truth of it by experience. I believe that many Canadian farmers who were at no pains to save their straw last season would have been glad of a portion of it to keep the life in their cattle last spring. I wish that our farmers would learn the way that straw is saved in Britain, and could see the prize cattle that are to be seen there which never eat a bundle of hay in their lives, but are raised on straw and turnips as their winter rations. But if you have no tips to "kitchen" the straw, leave some on the green side and well saved even milk cows will do well on such feed. Once known to dry stock, and one year waste to feed a high price, he gave directions that the calves, which were somewhat less than a year old, should get no more hay but be fed exclusively on oat straw. His wife had very little faith in straw alone as a good, large sheaf of unthreshed oats in the centre of each bundle of straw given to the calves. In the spring the calves looked remarkably well, and the farmer thought that he had made a discovery that straw was before hay as calf food, for "I never had cleaner skinned calves in any spring before." Although the hay crop just saved is on the whole more than an average one, yet in many sections it has turned out much less than was expected at the beginning of haying and I have heard farmers say that the yield of hay this season was not, in their neighborhood, over two-thirds of what it was last year. Now as the crops of oats and Indian corn are likely to be unprecedentedly large and the prices of coarse grains very low, would it not be wise for such farmers as have not too much hay to cut a part of their oat crop while the grain was in milk and save it as hay. If it was cut with a reaper and bound and stooked it would save in better condition than if left spread on the ground, as is generally done with newly cut grain in this part of the country. Should the straw be too much lodged for the reaper to work successfully it might be mown like hay, and cocked soon afterwards, and if the cocks were covered with a cotton cloth the feed would be greatly improved.

#### Feeding Pigs—The Swill Barrel.

There is no better food for young pigs after weaning, than good skimmed milk with a little sweet moderately fine wheat bran and corn meal stirred into it. There should not be a large proportion of meal in the mixture at first, nor so long as the pig is making its growth, though corn meal is excellent to finish off fattening. Many a young pig has been spoiled by overfeeding with corn or corn meal. It is impossible to get a good growth on such food alone. Clear milk would be better, but milk will pay a larger profit when given in connection with some grain. Milk alone is rather too bulky for a sole diet; it distends the stomach too much, and gives the animal too much to get rid of the surplus water. Many young pigs are spoiled by overfeeding. When first weaned they should be given a little at a time and often. They always will put a foot in the trough, and food left before them a long time gets so dirty that it may be entirely unfit to be eaten. But one of the worst methods of feeding milk to pigs is to have it stand in a sour swill barrel, mixed in along with cucumber parings, sweet corn cobs and other kitchen wastes, till the whole mass is far advanced in the fermentation stage. Sweet milk is good, and milk that is slightly sour may be better, it may be even more easily digested, but milk that has soured till it bubbles, till the sugar in it has turned into alcohol or into vinegar, is not a fit food for swine of any age, and certainly not for young pigs that have just been taken from their mother. A hog will endure considerable abuse, will live in wet and filthy pens, will eat almost every sort of food, and often thrive fairly well, but a pig that is kept in comfortable quarters and fed upon wholesome food will pay much better profit to the owner, and furnish much sweeter pork for the barrel. Nearly all the diseases which hogs are subject to are caused by cold, wet pens, or by sour, inferior swill. Better throw surplus milk away, than keep it till it rots, and then force it down the throats of swine. Farmers should keep swine enough to take all the waste of the farm while in a fresh condition, and then supplement it with good wheat middlings and cornmeal. Our own practice has been to keep pigs enough to take the skimmed milk each day direct from the dairy room without the use of a swill barrel to store and sour in. A swill barrel in summer is a nuisance on any farm. We could never find a good place to keep it, where it would not draw flies or breed flies. In winter it would be less objectionable, but it is a nuisance at all times, and in all places.

A correspondent of the London *Times* says that notwithstanding the cholera-stricken condition of Spain, the next few months will see several thousand packages of fruit consigned from that country to the United Kingdom every week, notably nuts from Barcelona, lemons from Valencia, and grapes from Almeria, these last being packed in barrels filled with cork dust. Thousands of packages of Spanish fruits and nuts will also reach our ports during the next few months, and there is no way of discovering how many cholera germs may come here in this manner.

### NEWS ITEMS.

Prince Ludwig Ferdinand of Bavaria, son-in-law of Queen Isabella of Spain, is practicing medicine at Nymphenburg.

E Colpitts Robinson, in his new work, "The Geology of Genesis," referring to the creation, speaks of the great deep "hitherto wrapped in total darkness." "Darkness upon the face of the deep!" exclaims *Knowledge*. "Why, the whole surface (such as it was) of the earth under the conditions postulated must have shone with an effulgence in some sort comparable with that of the sun himself."

Young Duval, who squandered a fortune on Cora Pearl, is a son of the founder of favorite cheap Paris restaurants, and is now settled down, prosperous, and happily married. He long since recovered from his passion for Cora, whose present deplorable state has furnished the occasion for so many sympathetic articles in the Paris press. She became years ago a hideous wreck, and has now fallen into utter poverty.

Shares in the Manchester (Eng.) canal project are in great demand. They are put at £10,000 worth of stock. The expectation is that as soon as the canal is open it will obtain a fourth of the tonnage now entering Liverpool—4,000,000 tons—which, at the low profits of 2s. per ton, would give an annual revenue of £100,000, or 5 per cent. on the capital. The enterprise, therefore, has a very enthusiastic backing.

For several successive days visitors at Block Island, R. I., had numerous examples of the phenomenon of refraction. Vessels have seemed to sail in the air, headlands have appeared to float above the ocean, which could apparently be seen extending directly under them, glassy rivers seemingly ran seaward through the solid wall of the mainland horizon, clusters of small buildings have been magnified into large villages with stately blocks, and all other distant objects have been seen distorted and unreal. At night the lighthouse fires along the coast have seemed to blaze from points far above their true position.

A man died at Montrouge, in France, after a strange reverse of fortune. He was known in the humble society among which he ended his days as Le Pere Fallais, but under the empire, less than twenty years ago, he lived in great luxury. He was the contractor who undertook the work for opening the Boulevard St. Michael, in which millions passed through his hands. He afterward became utterly ruined in unfortunate speculations, and lived for a time on the charity of an old beggar woman, whom he had promised to remunerate when he came into a fortune he expected, but as the fortune did not come she lost patience and turned him into the streets, where he was found lying dead on a heap of rubbish.

The Koh-i-noor, the Queen's celebrated diamond, was committed by the East India Board to the care of John, afterward Lord, Lawrence. He dropped it into his waistcoat pocket and thought no more about it. He went home, changed his clothes for dinner, and threw the waistcoat aside. Some time after a message came from the Queen to the Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie, ordering the diamond to be at once sent home. Lawrence turned to his brother Henry at the Board and said, "Send it at once." "Why, you have it," said his brother. Lawrence was terror-stricken. It was fortunately found still in the pocket. It is now preserved in Windsor Castle, but a model of the gem is kept in the jewel room of the Tower.

They talk of corruption in our institutions, but the revelations at the great Eastern Hospital in London throw them in the shade. Wines of the finest vintage for sick paupers, banquets on the most luxurious scale for the committee, an enormous liquor bill for the 200 officials of the establishment, of whom only three were entitled to such rations—these are not the most amazing features of the record. The sums paid to laborers for fuel, for uniforms and the like, compel reluctant admiration. It was magnificent, if it was not exactly on the square, and such a time as they had of it—officials, Board of Administration, patients and all! They wallowed in luxury, for otherwise the \$300,000 expended in one year could not be accounted for.

At Merthyr Tydfil, Wales, the sewage of 40,000 people passes from the town, three miles distant, by the action of gravitation. On its way it passes or flows through a straining tank filled with refuse slag from the iron works, by which the coarse parts are intercepted, and it is finally distributed through covered earthenware pipes upon a field of twenty acres, divided into four plots of equal size, each of which is used six hours at a time, with eighteen hours of rest for aeration. The sewage flows uniformly over each plot, with a fall of one foot in 150 from the conduit to the main under drain, where it is arrested by an embankment. This main under drain is six feet deep, and serves to carry off the effluent to the river; the lateral deep drains are of the same depth, and placed only twelve feet apart. The soil is well adapted to the system, being a light loam with a deep, gravelly subsoil, and the effluent is quite pure. Intermittent downward filtration is also said to be successfully resorted to in other towns.

Some peculiar instances of spontaneous ignition of various substances, with attendant losses of property, would appear to have been due to simple ignorance of the relations of animal, vegetable, and mineral oils to combustion. Prof. Atfield points out that the two former are much safer than the latter, since they do not ignite at low temperatures nor give off vapor which, when mixed with a certain portion of air, explodes in contact with flame; on the other hand, in their liability to spontaneous ignition, when freely exposed to the air, under certain conditions, they possess a dangerous property from which the mineral oils are free. Then, too, the animal and vegetable oils differ considerably among themselves, in the rate at which they cause the generation of heat on being exposed to air, upon the surfaces of fabrics, shavings, or other materials, though all are more or less liable to this result when spread out in thin films, or in any other state of minute division. What are known as drying oils are particularly susceptible to such atmospheric influences, the drying itself consisting in the conversion of the oil into a kind of resin by the action of the air.

"Well, my little man," said the Bishop to Bobby, "do you remember me?" "O yes, sir," replied Bobby. "You stopped with us when you were here before. Pa thinks it can't cost you much for hotel bills."

### SIGNS OF THE WEATHER.

#### How to Forecast Storm or Sunshine.

Studying the weather is an occupation of which mankind never tires. In the spring, the importance of knowing what the weather may bring forth is of serious interest. The weather is the farmer's stock in trade. He estimates it carefully and invests in as full a supply of prognostics as his shrewdness can provide. He plants and sows with an anxious look at the clouds rolling by; he plows with an eye upon the weather signals and he takes his chances with frost as speculators do with reports of a European war. Frequently the farmer who has pinned his hopes on a certain phase of the weather becomes alarmed and immediately the whole country is agitated because the peach buds are frozen, the young wheat is killed by drouth or the "crops" have all been blighted by combination of all sorts of weather. It is of no use for the farmer to try to change the subject of the weather, because he has hitched his wagon to a cloud. And it is almost as difficult for less interested men to keep their minds off the weather in a variable climate. Before the age of a scientific study of the weather, all the men were more or less seers and prophets of the cloud changes, but since the establishment of weather bureaus the majority have become seers, depending upon the weather clerk for information.

A review of some of the weather proverbs is a useful preparation for spring and summer. The most reliable of the cloud proverbs is the old

Mackerel scales and mares' tails  
Make lofty ships carry low sails.

If when looking at the soft cirro-cumulus clouds you

See clouds look as if scratched by a hen  
Get ready to reef your topsails then.

These common proverbs are to be depended upon:

Red clouds at sunrise indicate a storm.

If long stripes of clouds drive at a slow rate high in the air, and gradually become larger, the sky having been previously clear expect rain.

If you see clouds going cross wind, there is a storm in the air.

When the wind is in the south  
It is in the rain's mouth.

The proverbs that signify rain are naturally more numerous than those which mean pleasant weather, because they are warnings and suggest preparation. "Is it going to rain?" is always an anxious question, and especially in the spring when the clouds are most capricious. Although

When the wind is in the east  
The neighbor good for man or beast,

rain clouds are by no means unwelcome. It is good for man and the earth to receive the water from the clouds frequently and a rainy day in four is the Canadian supply which mellows man's nature and makes him less sharp. But when one wishes to start on an excursion or on travels, the fair weather may be studied from the clouds.

If the wind follows the sun's course, expect fair weather.

This "veering with the sun" is often obvious and scientifically explained "in anticyclones, local currents of air, probably due to unequal heating of sea and land, can override the general circulation of the atmosphere in this country."

If we see a fleecy spread the heavenly way  
Be sure no rain disturbs the summer day.  
is a poetically expressed sign of the weather.

If the sky beyond the clouds is blue,  
Be glad, there is a picnic for you.

When there is enough clear sky to patch a Dutchman's breeches, expect fair weather. A very common sign is:

Evening red and morning gray  
Will set the traveller on his way.

Clouds in the east, obscuring the sun, indicates fair weather.

Soft, undefined and feathery clouds indicate fair weather.

The proverbs on wind may be regarded as a corollary to the cloud proverbs, and there are many energetic sayings from all sources, making a choice difficult.

If the wind is north east three days without rain,  
Eight days will pass before south wind again.

The sharper the blast  
The sooner 'tis past.

gives consolation and hope to the sufferers in a squall.

North and south sign of drouth,  
East and west sign of blast.

If the wind be hushed with sudden heat expect heavy rain, is of similar import with the proverb which is often applied to affairs of men: Always a calm before a storm.

"Do business with men when the wind is in the northwest" contains a fund of earthly wisdom, because men's tempers are supposed to be best on a clear day unless the number of clear days has become a drouth.

If the wind increases during a rain, fair weather may be expected soon.

North-west wind brings a short storm;  
A north-east wind brings a long storm.

Besides the clouds, the sun, moon, stars, mists and fogs exert their influence upon the weather, so that if one kind of signs fails another can be the exception. Some of these proverbs are very expressive. What can be more apt than the phrase:

"A red sun has water in his eye."

Some well known sayings can be reviewed:

As the days begin to shorten,  
The heat begins to scorch them.

If the sun burn more than usual, or there be a halo around the sun in fine weather "wet"

This is akin to the saying:

When the sun burns more than usual, rain may be expected. And the meaning that a day is too fine to last is directly supported by scientific observation, which finds that in the rear of the retreating depression the weather is too beautiful to endure. During this weather there is often great visibility with a cloudless sky. The further the sight the nearer the rain. It is well known that a solar halo indicates bad weather, that sun drawing water indicates rain, that

Between the hours of ten and two,  
Will show you what the day will do.

Although the appearance of the sun indicates many portents, and scientific men of to-day are endeavoring to discover the influence of the sun spots and sun changes upon the weather, the mysterious moon has always had the confidence of the world in regard to her influence upon the climate. Savage tribes sang their songs and danced their dances to this divinity, and believed she exerted powerful effects upon their actions. With this ancient devotion it is natural that many superstitious beliefs abounded, some of which have come down to these scientific times. The prognostics regarding the moon on Saturday or any other day, or those about different changes in a certain month, have a tinge of superstition that

makes them unreliable. Some of the prognostics have a sounder ring.

The moon with a circle brings water in her beam.

I saw the new moon late yestreen,  
Wi the old moon in her arm;  
An' if we gang to sea, mas er,  
I fear we'll coms to harm.

If the full moon rises pale, expect rain.

When the moon runs low, expect warm weather.

Besides utilizing the planets and the elements for his continuous quest of what the weather will be to-morrow, man has turned plants, animals, birds and insects to the purpose of his inquiring mind.

#### BEHIND THE BARS.

##### Thrilling Incidents of Life in a Great Prison.

Men who have not visited great penitentiaries have little idea of the horrors of prison life. A short time ago a party of men, more or less known in New York, ran up to Sing Sing, for a visit to the famous prison. As an instance of the entire ignorance of the excursionists, it may be stated that every member of the little party thought that women as well as men, were confined "up the river."

It is enough to sadden any man to look at the fifteen hundred desperate looking wretches at Sing Sing. They are close staven, down-trodden, apparently hopeless, and utterly discouraged. They are not allowed to speak a word to one another under the severest penalties, and they work away with a dogged discontent that a man who has once seen them never forgets. It was rather impressive in itself to be among five hundred men for hours, and not hear a single one of their voices.

The abuses of Sing Sing have often been exposed and investigated, but there is still room for improvement. While I was there, a poor, round-shouldered, sallow, and unhealthy looking convict, was brought in from the iron foundry. He held a cloth, which was liberally stained with blood, to his left eye. The doctor pushed him over by the window, opened the eye, wiped out the spark with a steel instrument, and sent the man out into the yard again. His keeper ordered him off to the foundry.

The convict fairly cried as he begged to be allowed to bathe his eye, or return to his cell for an hour; but he was sternly sent back to his work, as pitiful, bloody, and unfortunate a specimen of mankind as I have ever yet seen.

One old man, with grey hair, bony arras and a bent head, who was carrying some stove patterns from one shop to another, looked familiar. It was Brockway, the king of counterfeiters. He is the very elegant specimen of a crook who lived at the best hotels in New York, while floating his thousand dollar notes. The counterfeiter was only discovered because his work was superior to that of the government.

The most astonishing change I had ever seen in any man, was that in Allen. He is the festive young clerk who spent fifteen thousand a year on a two thousand dollar salary, for some ten years, while in the employ of a dry goods house here, without exciting suspicion. He would probably be doing it yet, if it had not been for a blunder on his part.

He was a placid and easy-going young fellow, who drove a dog cart on the avenue, was invariably attired in an evening dress, after six o'clock, had a box at the opera, and was altogether one of the most popular men in town. He had a small, blonde beard, parted in the middle, and his taste in the matter of gloves and handkerchiefs was universally admired.

To men who had been used to seeing him for years, and always in the most fashionable attire, his present appearance was startling. Clean shaven, dirty and dejected, he was the exact opposite of his former self. He was much cast down.

It was very different with the other young swindler of the same age, who was in the room with him. They say that hungry Joe never changes, and he certainly is a man of extraordinary cheerfulness. Even when he was being whipped by Captain Williams, he is reported to have made the Captain smile between his blows; and his demeanor at Sing Sing is no less joyous than on Broadway. A cheerful manner is so rare at Sing Sing, that hungry Joe has established himself a universal favorite.

"Moth-rs stand by the prisoners the best," said the warden in a desultory talk. "No matter what the son has been, the mother never forgets him, and every two months, when he is allowed to see her for a little while, she is sure to be here with some fruit, or delicacy, to remind him of her love. Wives are usually devoted for a short time, but if they are young and pretty, and their husbands are in for long terms, they usually drift away after a few visits. Fathers seldom or never come here, for a father is the last one to forgive the disgrace which the son has brought upon him. This is but another illustration of the undying nature of a mother's love."

#### The Good Old Winters.

In 401, the Black Sea was entirely frozen over. In 763 not only the Black Sea, but the Straits of Dardanelles were frozen over, and in some places the snow rose fifty feet high. In 822, the great rivers of Europe—the Danube, the Elbe and others were so hard frozen as to bear heavy wagons for a month. In 860, the Adriatic was frozen. In 991, everything was frozen, the crops totally failed, and famine and pestilence closed the year. In 1067, most of the travelers in Germany were frozen to death on the roads. In 1134, the Po was frozen from Cremona to the sea; the wine sacks were burst, and the trees split; by the action of the frost, with immense noise. In 1236, the Danube was frozen to the bottom, and remained long in that state. In 1316 the crops wholly failed in Germany. Wheat, which some years before sold at 6s. per quarter, rose to £2. In 1308, the crops failed in Scotland, and such a famine ensued that the poor were reduced to feed on grass, and many perished miserably in the fields. The successive winters of 1432, 3, and 4, were uncommonly severe. In 1363 the wine distributed to the soldiers, was cut with hatchets. In 1633, it was excessively cold. Most of the hollies were killed, coaches drove along the Thames, the ice of which was 11 inches thick. In 1809, occurred the cold winter; the frost penetrated the earth three yards into the ground. In 1716, booths were erected on the Teames in 1744, and 1745, the strongest ale in England, exposed to the air, was covered, in less than fifteen minutes, with ice an eighth of an inch thick. 1809, and again in 1812, the winters were remarkably cold. In 1814, there was a fair on the frozen Thames.

### A Song from the Heart

One afternoon, toward the close of the year 1851, a gentleman occupying a room in a hotel at New Orleans had his attention arrested by the tones of a flute, not far away, played sweetly, but evidently by a novice. Taking a like instrument from its box on a table near him, he executed the "Last Rose of Summer," with variations. Presently there came a faint tap upon the door, and responsive to his "Come in!" a lad of perhaps fourteen entered his presence. "Well, my boy, what do you wish?" the gentleman asked, in a kindly tone. "While I was playing my flute a few moments ago, I heard you play, as I never heard any one play before. I am blind, but managed to find my way here, hoping to hear more of your music," timidly. "I shall be pleased to accommodate you. Take a seat; there is a chair close beside you, at your right hand." The boy sat down, and the gentleman played several pieces exquisitely.

"Who are you?" inquired the lad, in a husky voice.

"My name is Kyle, and I am travelling with Jenny Lind."

"You are?" earnestly. "I am very fond of music, and when I learned that she was to sing in this city, I wanted so much to hear her that I cried. But my mother is a widow and poor, and we live 'way up the Mississippi; so I didn't cry much, because I knew it wouldn't do any good. Then my friends took up a collection, and gave me a small sum of money, enough, they thought, to pay all expenses into one of her concerts. The price of a ticket is so high, though, that I cannot buy one."

"You shall hear her this evening," returned Mr. Kyle, his feelings touched by the boy's story, "and it shall not cost you anything, either."

Behind the scenes, a few hours later, he was listening to the "Swedish Nightingale," nor in the vast audience was any one more appreciative than he. When, responsive to an encore, she sang Sweet Home, he was unable to repress his sobs, so loud as to be overheard by her. Inquiring whence the sounds proceeded, Mr. Kyle narrated the history of her unscen auditor, and in it she was greatly interested.

"Please attend him to my room to-morrow at eleven," she said, "and have him bring his flute."

The next morning, just before the appointed hour, Mr. Kyle went to the boy's room, and informed him that Jenny Lind desired to see him.

"To see me?" was the reply, in a surprised tone.

"Yes. And she wishes you to take your flute with you."

To amazed to speak, the lad took his flute and went with Mr. Kyle. Reaching the songstress's room, she extended her hand to him, and cordially said,—

"I am glad to see you,—more sorry than I can tell that you cannot see me. Mr. Kyle informs me that you came a long distance expressly to hear me sing."

"Yes'm, I did," tremulously.

"He also informs me that you play the flute quite nicely."

"I thought I could play pretty well until—until I heard him," modestly.

"I should like to hear you."

"I'm afraid I can't play so well as you think, and his face crimsoned as he spoke. "I shall be able to judge of that better after having heard you," she observed, cheerfully. "You play for me, and then I will sing for you. That is fair, is it not?"

"Yes'm," and placing the flute to his lips, with evident reluctance, he played a simple air.

"Have you ever had any instructions?" she asked, when he removed the instrument from his lips.

"No, ma'am."

"You do excellently, considering all things, and I believe, in time, notwithstanding the great affliction that is yours, with practice you may become a very skillful flutist."

"No one ever said so much as that to me before," he articulated, with difficulty, owing to the choking lumps in his throat.

"Now I will sing to you," she did, as admirably as she would have sung if in the presence of thousands.

"God bless you!" he returned, fervently. "Please also take this," placing in his hands a roll of bills. "It will provide you and your mother with some of the comforts of life. Do not try to thank me, as his lips moved; "only remember me in your prayers. Hoping to see you again, I must now bid you good-by," and with a clasp of the hands, they separated—forever.

The "roll" contained three hundred dollars, a larger sum of money than ever had been in the boy's family at one time.

#### The Olivier Pain Episode.

The story about the death of Olivier Pain, which has furnished the less reputable portion of the Paris press with an excuse for the sort of writing it loves, is of a kind which always proves more or less embarrassing. The natural impulse of honest and honorable men when charged with disgraceful conduct is to treat the matter with indifference, or to content themselves with calling upon their calculators to furnish proof of their assertions. They rightly judge that people who think them capable of base actions will not hesitate also to charge them with mendacity, and that it is consequently little more than waste of breath to deny the accusations brought against them. When any kind of serious evidence is brought forward they are ready to sift and examine it, to clear away misconceptions and to place facts in their true light. But there is something inconsistent with personal dignity in bandying assertions with any chance assailant, and issuing general disclaimers in answer to unsupported accusations. In some cases, however, it seems necessary to depart from this natural and proper attitude. The old calculation that if mud enough be thrown some of it will stick is still sufficiently sound for the purpose of persons like M. Rochfort, especially when their scurrilous charges are brought against men of another nation and dexterously made to appeal to patriotic jealousy. The difficulty of getting personal character fairly appraised in such cases, and the evil that may be done by stirring up popular resentments in France against our supposed misdeeds, constitute reasons for departing from the sound rule of paying no attention to accusations, until at least a good *prima facie* case has been made out by appeal to facts or alleged facts. It is probably on grounds of this kind that the British Government has taken the trouble to deny the wild charges brought against it and English officers in Egypt.