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### The Follower.

B. B. H. STODDARD.

We have a youngster inour house,
A little man of ten,
Who dearest to his mother is
Of all God's little men.
In-doors and out he clings to her;
He follows up and down;
He steals his slender hand in hers
He plucks her by the gown.
"Why do you cling to me so, child?
You track me everywhere;
You never let me be alone."
And he, with serious air,
Answered, as closer still he drew,
"My feet were made to follow you."

Two years before the boy was born
Another child, of seven,
Whom Heaven has lent to us a while,
Went back again to heaven.
He came to fill his brother's place,
And bless our falling years;
The good God sent him down in love
To dry our useless tears.
I think so, mother, for I hear
In what the child has said
A meaning that he knows not of,
A message from the dead.
He answered wiser than he knew,
"My feet were made to follow you."

Come here, my child, and sit with me,
Your head upon my breast;
You are the last of all my sons,
And you must be the best.
How much I love you, you may guess,
When, grown a man like me,
You sit as I am sitting now,
Your child upon your knee.
Think of me then, and what I said
(And practiced when I could),
"'Tis something to be wise and great,
'Tis better to be good."
Oh, say to all things good and true,
"My feet were made to follow you!"

Come here, my wife, and sit by me,
And place your hand in mine,
(And yours, my child); while I have you
'Tis wicked to repine.
We've had our share of sorrows, love;
We've had our graves to fill;
But thank the good God overhead,
We have each other still!
We're nothing in the world besides,
For we are only three;
Mother and child, my wife and child,
How dear you are to me!
I know, indeed, I always knew,
My feet were made to follow you!

*Harper's Magazine.*

From the New York Times.

### FIVE CAMILLES.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

It is twenty-two years since the remarkable drama entitled "La Dame aux Camellias," by the young Dumas, was put upon the stage in Paris. It had a most extraordinary success—was played under the simulated cough of Madame Doche, the original camellia lady, became real, and threatened to end in consumption, and even until Fechter, the original Armand, grew mortally weary of making love. I saw the play during the latter part of the first season. The house was packed with a marvelously enthusiastic, sympathie audience. The universal crying and sighing over the pathetic scenes and the grand chorus of nose blowing were effects to be wonderingly noted and long remembered by us "outside barbarians." Yet some who came to laugh, remained to weep. Our box held seven or eight English and American tourists, all knowing, or fancying they knew, a good deal of the world in general, if not of the French in particular, yet it contained not one dry eye when the curtain fell on that most piteous death scene.

Charles Fetcher, the first "Armand Duval," is the only one I have ever seen who thoroughly filled the difficult role of the unheroic hero, and fairly divided the honors of the evening with the heroine. It was, I believe, the first great success. There was, as I remember, nothing especially remarkable in the young actor at first sight, except an utter lack of the melodramatic style. In dress, gesture and speech he was simple, even to homeliness. He stood about with his hands in his pockets, looked sober, and a little disgusted, as though out of place, though not ill at ease, in the noisy, voracious company gathered in the gay apartment of Marguerite Gautier (Camille), the lady of his secret love.

In the earlier scenes he was singularly quiet, thus enabling himself to bring to bear on the critical and stormy situations of the play an amount of reserved power, of intense, concerning passion, absolutely electrifying. Mme. Doche I still consider by far the best representative of thisanomalous,almost impossible character, the Dame aux Camellias I have ever seen; not because she was just, but because she was French; not because she was pre-eminently clever, but because she was Parisian. It is no reflection on the genius of her successors to say that they have none of them been able to play the willful, passionate, but cunning, unscrupulous, though generous queen of the *demi-monde* as did Doche. It would take a worse woman to play it as well in English before an English audience. And yet she was not absolutely coarse. She was simply, I fancy, true to the artistic requirements of the author, who doubtless copied scenes and characters from real life, if such a state of existence can be called life. I remember still wherein her acting differed from that of her successors. Her first appearance on the stage was a burst of brightness and joyance. At the table and in the dance she was the queen of the revels, and not until she loved was she for a moment sad or pensive. This heightened the effect of melancholy which later in the play "marked her for its own." Her malady showed itself in a slight but frequent cough, and occasional little shiverings. She had no painful paroxysms of bronchitis; she swooned but once, and was temperate in her tears. Still, though comparatively subdued and restrained, there were wonderful power and pathos in her performance. Gradually she wrought up her audience to a point of passionate abandon to grief and indignation, and, very quiet herself after her tumultuous line of pleasure and sorrow, she died amid a tempest of tears and sobs.

The first English version of this play we saw was very much pruned and purified one presented by Miss Davenport, now Mrs. Lander. It was a lady, like, refined, winning, touching impersonation, the "sweet, virtuous, discreet, best" of Camille—a personage who might have admitted, like Lola Montez, that she had been a "little wild and wayward," but would, like her have added, "yet never wicked." The fact that this adaption was entitled "Camille, the Coquette," showed how the truth of realistic art—how the French of it—was sacrificed to English proprieties and social moralities. People could not then bear such highly seasoned French dishes as they gulp down nowadays with hardly a grimace.

Then came Matilda Heron, with an impersonation that took the theater-going public by storm. Her adaptation had a wonderful run, and the fame of the passionate, impulsive, eccentric young actress leaped at once into grand proportions and grew night by night. It was the inauguration of the social sensational drama. Miss Heron gave us, if not a profoundly interesting, a very effecting Camille. The abandon, the fierce warmth of her passion, and the utter desolateness of her sorrow struck me as rather Celtic than Gallic, but were altogether startlingly realistic. She was in extremes from the beginning—her gayety was that of a bacchante—her love was something terrible in its intensity—her grief more maddened than melted one; you resented such a merciless draft upon your sympathies. There was something peculiar exasperating in her pathos always—it did not touch, it tore the heart. So deeply was I affected by an impersonation so peculiar and so sad, powerful to audacity and passionate almost to frenzy, that for many years I refused to witness any other representation of a play so morbid in feeling, so revolting in its half unconscious exhibition of injustice, cruelty, falsehood, vice, and brutal selfishness—shrank from agonizing over any new picture of that fearful life of social ostracism, of ghastly tragedy, and more ghastly comedy, to which French genius and art have given a lurid fascination. It is a picture full of darkness and horror to a woman who loves her fellow-woman and yearns over her, down through folly and madness, through degradation, sin and shame. But, with all its faults, this seems to be a sort of a test-play for emotional, as "Hamlet" is for intellectual power; so, when Miss Clara Morris, an actress in whom I am deeply interested, essayed the part of Camille, I was tempted to see her more than once. Her performance was marked by wonderful realization, naturalness, and magnetic power, but it was, on the whole too plaintive, ingenious and innocent. There are before me now two of Sarony's exquisite photographs of Miss Morris—one as Alixe, in which character she won her best, most lovable fame, the other as Camille, and it is difficult to tell which has the most pure and maidenly air and expression. I thought Miss Morris sinned a little against nature, or art, in being too pensive and *distraite* in the early scenes of the play. She is far removed from her gay companions; their wild merriment brings but a flickering smile to her still, sad face—white and cold as her camellias. Love, the only true love of her unhappy life, wrought little change in this regard in her Camille. She is lovely and remorseful from the first. Yet surely a woman so exquisitely constituted, so sensitive to the hollowness and humiliations of her life, could never have been the queen of the mad set in which she is found—could never have so recklessly reveled in extravagance, luxury, and lying. There was one moment when she looked the woman of that mysterious half world which so often rules and ruins the greater world. It was when her sweet, subtle eyes were watering with almost feline eagerness and cunning the swift dissolving of Armand's scruples of "honor," under the spell of her tempting words and tender looks. Alas, the chaste charms of Valeria sleep coldly in her tomb, while the sorceries of Phryne are immortal. The great scenes for Miss Morris, in this as in her other roles, were those of pure pathos, especially the one following her interview with that dreadful Duval *pere*, and the death scene. We turned away from the last, tearful and silent, all the feelings of indignation and rebellion against the cruel fate, the falsehood and stupid egotism that had broken the heart and murdered the life of the poor sinful girl whom love had at last redeemed, lost in a profound feeling of sadness, almost of solemnity.

My fifth Camille was the beautiful Mrs. Rousby. Here was an elegant, refined impersonation, not wanting in strength, and showing careful study, but, it seemed to me, lacking in spontaneity, magnetism and flexibility. It was a fine translation—but always a translation. In dignity and heroism it surpassed that of Miss Morris, but in other features it was even further from the "Marguerite Gautie" of Dumas, over whose woes and wrongs all Paris "fell to sighing and sobbing" twenty years ago. She also, in the first scenes, lacked the gayety of dress and air and repartee belonging to the radiant, reckless creature who plunges blindly into debt and into love, and makes mad reprisals upon society. Her passion in the love passages was certainly sufficient—less would have sufficed—but it had a certain air of premeditation. It was literally "love-making." It lacked the unconsciousness, the heartiness and hurry so remarkable in the more instructive and unstudied acting of Miss Morris. It lingered by the way, it prolon ed and elaborated, was graceful in attitude, musical in speech, and lovely to look upon to the last. A more exquisite picture could hardly be imagined than the dying Camille of Mrs. Rousby. When first discovered asleep on her couch, her pale, perfect face and slender form reminded one of Elaine, "The Lily Maid of Ascalot."

Upon the whole, I do not think it is a part suited to her, nor to Miss Morris, nor to any true English or American woman, pure and loyal. It is a contradiction, an anomaly, a moral monstrosity. The sacrifice of love, for love's sake, made by the hapless "Camille" is sad enough to contemplate, but the picture of her desperate disloyalty, of her last plunge into the gilded and perfumed hell from which she had for a time been lifted, is something horrible. I was told in Paris that, in this, Dumas, for the sake of dramatic effect, had done a strange injustice to the real Marguerite Gautier—that, in fact, she, forsaking her lover, never returned to her old life of luxury and shame, but true to her one love, hid herself away and died in great want.

As it stands, the play is simply detestible; it saddens and depresses to no good purpose. It does not even prompt us to help unfortunates like Camille, for it leaves us in listless despair of any amelioration of that nameless evil, that ghastly mockery of life and love, which has its roots so deep in the passion and selfishness of man and in the weakness and vanity of women—which is girt about by the custom of ages, by social prejudices and legal injustice. It is a play that cheats us of our tears, with its unhealthy pathos and its sham sentiment. Away with it!

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Dessert.—Place as many crackers as may be desired in saucers and cover with boiling water. When all the water is absorbed, cover with thick cream and sugar; then place a spoonful of jelly in the center of each, and season with nutmegs. No more dessert can be desired.

## RARE TREASURES IN ROME.

**Recent Discoveries by the Archæological Commission—The Wonders of the Villa Palombara—A Collection of Rare Sculpture Unearthed—The Statue of an Unknown Beauty.**

Correspondence of the Boston Advertiser.

ROME, January 20.—About a year and and a half ago, a marble female head was found on the Esquiline in a drain that was making in that new quarter. This head was stolen; the municipal commission informed the police of the robbery; the head was restored, and the exact place where it was found was set apart for fuller operations. From certain indications it was believed that other things of value were there. On the Monday before this Christmas, the Municipal Archæological Commission, having a little money and leisure, set their men to work, and the number and value of statues found are greater than in any previous known excavation, namely: Six fine statues in good preservation, one probably the most beautiful in the world; a unique bust or half figure of Commodus; a male and female bust, and any number of fragments of fine sculpture. The collection, it is thought, must have been in some hall, the floor of which gave way at an unknown time of trouble, one of the many sorrowful sackings and burnings that Rome was subjected to during the period of its decadence; the precious contents of the hall were precipitated into a vault or cellar beneath; the rubbish and stones of the building covered them over, and there they have lain buried while centuries of miserable ruin and war swept over the unhappy dethroned queen city of the Roman world.

The place where the statues were found is the property called Villa Palombara; it is on the right hand of the street leading from St. Maria Maggiore to San Croce in Gernsalemme. In these same grounds, it is said by some, were found the celebrated group of Niobe and her children, now in the Uffizi at Florence; others say they were discovered near the Porto St. Paelo. But it is certain that the famous Discobulus of Myson, which are now in the Palazzo Massimo alla Colonna, Rome, were taken out of the earth of this Villa Palombara.

THE UNKOWN BEAUTY.

The most valuable figure in the collection is a female statue, which was first called "our new Venus," because of its exquisite beauty; but for many reasons it is now admitted that it is not a Venus, nor even a Psyche, though much more like the latter. Whatever title may be given to it, this for the present seems to be the opinion, that it is the loveliest female figure probably in existence, and far more charming than the Venus de Medici. It is of course in pieces, but the pieces are all there, with the exception of the elbows, which are sure to be found in the same excavation. The torso is complete from the neck to above the right and below the left knee. The lovely head has been placed in position on this torso, and the feet, which are attached to the base, which stands close by, give you instantly the pose of this wonderfully beautiful statute. The feet are near together; the left stands a little back, with the heel raised. The arms are lifted up, and the pretty hands are occupied in arranging the hair. The left hand steadies the knot of hair at the back of the head, while the right holds the end of the fillet, which it has passed twice or thrice around the head; the last band of the fillet holds in place the row of little Greek curls that encircle the low, classical forehead. The face is bent a little forward and to the right; to my thinking the girl seems as if she were looking into a fountain or a mirror. The expression of the exquisitely lovely young face is very sad. The beautiful shoulders, indeed the whole torso, have a fine pose; the arranging of the hair has thrown the body over to the right and brought the left side forward. The modelling of the body is simply perfect, and very fleshy in the handling, especially about the shoulders and armpits, also around the waist and on the right side, where the body is swayed over. It is a young girl about seventeen; thus the form is undeveloped, very slender and delicate, but giving promise of the richest, loveliest womanhood. Beside her, on the right side, is a perfume box, or *cistus*, with daisies carved on it, and a tall, slender vase, over which is thrown the drapery. The vase has a serpent cut upon it and something like a lotus ornament.

THE GLADIATOR EMPEROR.

The Commodus is unique. Only four or five busts of this atrocious Emperor are existing, and a statue or two. Lampridus Ælius, in his life of Commodus, gives the fierce official order of the Senate to Pertinax: "Let the statues of the parricide, the gladiator, the throttlers of the citizens, be everywhere overturned, dragged down, and destroyed, so that the memory of the gladiator Emperor may be obliterated. This bust, or half figure of the Villa Palombara, represents the Emperor with the attributes of Hercules; the jaws of the Nemean lion set over the forehead as the visor of a helmet, and the fore paws are tied in front over the chest; in the right hand is the club, in the left the apples of the garden of Hesperides. The expression is the true Commodus one, more stupid than wicked; and there is in it a resemblance to his good father Marcus Aurelius. There is a highly ornamental base to this bust, which, though broken, can be made complete, as all the pieces have been found. There is an Amazon's shield with a Medusa on it, and eagles' heads. Below is a globe, over which runs a zone with three signs of the zodiac—Taurus, Sagittarius and Cancer. On each side of the globe, as supporters to the shield, are small kneeling Victories, who hold little cornucopias; the curves of these last rise around the sides of the shield. The bust and accessories are finished up to the very last degree of marble execution. The mantle surface is polished and glittering. The modelling is very careful and complete; for example, you can put your hand back of the remarkable undercutting of the lion's skin that covers the head and feel the carotoid artery. The bust is in perfect preservation, and the nose unbroken.

BACCHUS AND THE TRITONS.

Two Tritons and a Bacchus, and two statues of young Roman ladies, make up, with the lovely young girl, the six statues. The Tritons are noble, grand creatures; they and the semi-colossal Bacchus are not complete, but two-third statues; it is supposed that they were finished in bronze. The Tritons are full of life and vigor; over their faces and bodies are leafs and scales. The alleted massive hair, which stands up boldly around the foreheads, has marks of gilding. The Tritons and the Bacchus were undoubtedly painted, as they have marks of color on them. The Bacchus has a great, sleepy, handsome, voluptuous face, and the head, over which the right arm is thrown with a luxurious stretch, is crowned with ivy leaves and berries. The two statues of Roman girls are charming; it was the head of one of these statues that was found in the drain, and which led to the discovery of the whole collection. They are beautifully draped, and are evidently portrait statues of two lovely young women of eighteen or twenty. There is a nice action and movement in them. The male bust is beautifully finished; the ear is like wax, it is so delicately modeled and chiseled. The female bust, a Venus, as it is called, has the hair drawn up from the neck on to the top of the head; the face is handsome, but not sympathetic; the finish of execution in it is also excellent.

THE JEWEL OF THE COLLECTION.

The beautiful young girl, however, is the jewel of the whole collection. To her I go at every succeeding visit, and forget the merits of others. She is sculptured in Pentelic, not Parian, marble; the color is a little colder, and has not the large, sparkling crystals of the Parian. Age has given this statue a charming tint; it is semi-transparent in some parts, and looks like delicate alabaster. The ancients used chiefly Parian and Pentelic marbles. The first came from Mount Marpessus, on the island of Paros; the latter from Mount Pentelicus, near Athens. The soft alabaster light on the surface of the exquisite statue gives a flesh-like tenderness to the face and form. I forgot to mention that the nose of this captivating young girl is slightly injured—not broken, but grased off; it does not hurt the expression of the face, however, and is of so little matter that I hope no restoration may be made. The sad beauty of this sculptured girl haunts me. It seems as if I had known or seen her. No statue I ever looked at has in it such sympathetic loveliness. I look into the long, melancholy eyes, the exquisite mouth, and feel sure that some lovely creature of real life is there represented, not an ideal, abstract goddess. The body is nude, clothed in its own perfect loveliness.

### The Rebuilding of St. Peter's at Rome.

Everbody knows that Michel Angelo repaired to Rome a second time, at the solicitation of Pope Julius II. The latter wished to construct a mausoleum for himself superior to any that had ever been erected. Michel Angelo was charged with the work, and thereupon commenced a design worthy of himself and patron. This design was a parallelogram, and the superstructure was to consist of forty statues, many of which to be colossal, and interspersed with ornamental figures and bronze bassi relievi, besides the necessary architecture, with appropriate decorations, to unite the composition into one stupendous whole." The Pope was pleased with the design, and inquired the expense. "A hundred thousand crowns," said the artist. "Let it be twice that sum, if it need be," continued Julius, and he immediately gave orders to execute the work.

It was suggested to the Pope that such a monument ought to have a special chapel built expressly for it, and that St. Peter's being an old church, was not at all adopted to the purpose.

"I will rebuild St. Peter's!" exclaimed the Pope. This was the beginning of an edifice which took fifty years to complete, which consumed the fortunes of millions, gave rise to the sale of indulgencies, and, though unexpectedly, laid the first stone of the Reformation. Albeit, it is now the grandest display of architectural splendor that adorns the Christian world.

The proposed execution of the mausoleum was only a comedy of many acts and scenes. The order had been given, and the blocks of marble awaited the click of the chisel. Michel Angelo solicited the Pope for money to pay his assistants, and was refused. Resolved to seek some explanation, he repaired to the pontifical palace, where a servant denied him entrance, saying, "Excuse me: I have express commands not to admit you, without troubling myself why." Michel Angelo returned home and addressed the following: "Most Holy Father: I was this morning driven from the palace by order of your Holiness. If you require me in future, you can seek me elsewhere than in Rome." Soon after he gave orders for the disposal of his possessions, mounted his horse, and galloped away toward Florence.—*The Galaxy for April.*

### A Curious Swindle.

A curious case was decided on March 14 by the Criminal Court, in Paris. Three ex-priests—Vidal, Houmeau, and Locombe—were charged with unauthorized traffic in moneys paid for celebrating masses. In France there exists a system by which any one desiring to have mass said at the repose of the soul of a relative or friend can go to certain agencies in Paris, pay his money, and insure the celebration in any desired parish in France. This system, however, is only authorized by the laws of the Church when it takes the form of free exchange and receives the permission of the Bishop of the diocese. Vidal began as early as 1855 to make a good income by the advantages of the system presented, and on several occasions he has been convicted of malpractices and condemned to fines and terms of imprisonment. His plan was to obtain the fees for the masses, and never have them performed. He gave himself out as an agent for transmissions of masses. Vidal and his accomplices also established a fictitious society called the Union Internationale, which combined the various advantages of an insurance company, the publishing of books, a furniture agency, and the issuing of twelve religious newspapers and periodicals. The principal victims of these swindlers were country priests, who subscribed to the society and effected the exchange of their masses with the most perfect simplicity. From February, 1872, to March, 1874, Vidal realized 51,444 francs by trading in ordinary masses at 89 centimes apiece. He was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, to a fine of 3,000 francs, and to ten years' deprivation of social rights. Houmeau was sentenced to three years imprisonment a fine of 1,000 francs, and Lacombe, who has escaped, to two years' imprisonment and a fine of 500 francs.

### A Spelling-Match Exercise.

From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The following copy of a document drawn up by a notary public now holding a commission for, and in this county shows that though the spelling fever may rage, a few offic'als at least cannot be harmed by the epidemic: "Contrakt between Vatlin Messrs and John Gabel. The undersenier has rented a small hause and Lot containing from the fens to the hause John Gabel gree to pay to Vatlin Messer four Dollar Rent every Month shall Mr. Gabel fahl to pay the Rent to Vatlin Messer every month so is he entelled to tell Vatlin Messer one Month bevor he wan to mufe also wan vatlin Messer wans Gabel to mufe he has to noteyy John Gabel one month bevore he wans him ant the hates John Gabel is also entitled to yuse the bokofen an the Lost in Company with Vatlin Messer. John Gabel has to pay the rent from the first day he mufes in the House bord Party gree to sein the artikel."

## SILVER.

**The Mexican and Nevada Mines Compared.**

From the San Francisco Bulletin.

Until the development of the large ore bodies in the Comstock lode, Mexico was the largest silver producer in the world. It is impossible to say what mine or what lode yielded the largest quantity of bullion. The best authorities on the subject have failed to deter mine, because the product of a group of mines operating on various veins in the same neighborhood has generally been credited to the leading mine in the district. Such has been the case, in a measure, with the mines of Guanajuato, situated on the mother vein or *veta madre* of Central Mexico, and with the Potosi mines of Peru, the San Luis Potosi mine being credited with the combined product of a multitude of mines in that district, representing as many separate and distinct veins. The *veta madre*, of Mexico, comes nearest being a parallel case to the Comstock. It is a similar fissure intersecting a similar formation, only it is at least three times its length, and its ore deposit has been one continuous *bonanza*. The mines on the *veta madre* have been worked uninterruptedly for over three centuries, and the aggregate yield is estimated at $300,000,000. The first discoveries on the Comstock were only made fifteen years ago, but the entire product during that brief period has aggregated in round numbers $175,000,000, or over one-half the three century product of the richest vein in Mexico, and about one-eighth the entire product of the numerous veins and mines forming the Peruvian Potosi group for the same extended period. The yield of the Comstock lode last year amounted to about $21,000,000, and this year about $22,000,000, or within $3,000,000 of the maximum annual yield of all the silver mines of Mexico, and five times the average annual yield of the Peruvian mines.

The *veta madre* has been more extensively worked than any other silver in Mexico, but it is very doubtful as to whether it is the richest vein existing in that country. The metallic silver lodes in the state of Chihuahua are probably much richer. A single bonanza of metallic silver ore, discovered in one of these mines, is represented to have taken eighteen years to exhaust, and is variously estimated to have yielded from $20,000,000 to $50,000,000. First-class ore from the Chihuahua mines yield, all the way from $15,000 to $30,000 per ton, and second-class ore ranges from $2,000 to $15,000 per ton. The Comstock, of course, has ore equal to this. There is no knowing what might have been accomplished in the silver mines of Mexico and Peru had they been systematically worked. What if, instead of human backs, long swinging poles, and rickety winzes bringing the ore to the surface from the depths below, and the primitive arastras separating the metal from the vein matter, the improved machinery now employed on the Comstock had been in use. Under such a condition of things, what would have been the showing of the returns? and into how brief a space would the three-century operations have been contracted? Instead of a bonanza taking eighteen years to exhaust, we should probably have had it all out within that many months. Many of the Central Mexico mines have for years been worked by English capitalists, with improved machinery, and there has been, in consequence, a marked increase in the aggregate silver product of the county; but the mechanical appliances are vastly inferior to those used on the Comstock. The Comstock has unquestionably yielded more silver in the same space of time than any known lode, and is today the richest silver lode being worked, but its immense yield is in a great measure owing to the superiority of the machinery employed and the systematic manner in which it is being mined.

### Terrible Casualty.

A shocking accident occurred on the 5th of March in Paris, which has thrown the Rothschild and other great Jewish families into mourning. Madame Anspach, with her son and daughter, Mlle. Helene Anspach—a young lady of considerable beauty, well known in the fashionable world of Paris—were returning homeward toward midnight from the Theatre Francais. Crossing the Boulevard opposite the New Opera, Mlle. Anspach was run over by an omnibus, two of the wheels passing over her body. When picked up she was insensible, but as consciousness returned she said she felt no pain, and was borne without apparent suffering to a cab. In the vehicle she placed her head on her mother's shoulder and took hold of her hand, which she pressed against her chest—Madame Anspach giving utterance all the while to expressions of thankfulness for what seemed to her the miraculous preservation of her child's life. But on reaching the house she found that she had only a corpse in her arms. A heart-rendering meeting took place when the body of the young girl was carried into the drawing-room, between Mme. Anspach and her husband who had been absent from Paris on business for nearly three weeks previously, and had arrived an hour before the accident. To surprise agreeably his family, he did not give them notice of his coming. A magnificent set of pearl ornaments, which he bought when away for his daughter, were set out on the table in such a way as to catch her eye the moment she entered. M. Anspach, on hearing the wheels of the carriage in the courtyard of his hotel, ran to hide behind a door, in order to enjoy the astonishment and girlish delight which the sight of the jewels would elicit. His agony can well be conceived when the cry, "She's dead, she's dead!" reached him. Mlle. Helene Anspach was niece of an eminent Judge of the Court of Cassation of the same name, and granddaughter of M. Anspach, of Metz, who wrote the Jewish liturgical service in use in France.—*London Daily News.*

### Escape and Novel Recapture of a Lion.

Great consternation was caused during the evening of March 10 in the neighborhood of Balsall Heath, near Birmingham, England, by the escape of a lion from the menagerie at that place. The lion had succeeded in freeing himself from the cage, and one of the keepers observed it in the garden walking toward the gate leading into the Balsall Heath road, and with great courage and presence of mind closed the gate, thus preventing the animal from leaving the garden. The keeper obtained assistance, and a large piece of meat was tied to a rope and thrown to the animal, the men putting themselves in a secure position as they did so. The lion seized the meat and held it so pertinaciously that the keepers succeeded in drawing the animal into its cage again, and prevented him from doing serious injury.

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It is not a pleasant spectacle to see an able bodied young man shielding a store-box from the sun's rays, when a good horse can be purchased for $1 50. We mean a saw-horse.

## SOUTH AFRICA.

**Its Great Fertility and Varied Resources—Capable of Supporting 60,000 of Inhabitants.**

From the Chicago Tribune.

One of the lands opened to settlement on a large scale is South Africa. Although it was colonized by the Dutch in 1652 and held by them until 1796, when the English seized it, it is only recently that its almost boundless capabilities for the support of human life have been even suspected. In 1872, the semi-civilized country, exclusive of Natal, covered about 200,000 square miles. Its population 650,000, 450,000 of whom were blacks. Natal, which was set off from the rest of the settlement in 1856, contains 20,000 square miles and a population of 17,000 white and 300,000 blacks. There has lately been some trouble between the handful of whites and the mass of semi-subjects, and Mr. Froude, the eminent historian, was sent by the British Government to investigate matters and things in general in that region. He returned a short time since. The London Times of the 22d ult. contains an account of a complimentary dinner given Mr. Froude two days previously, at which he gave an interesting sketch of the possible future of South Africa.

He said he believed that "both for climate and natural capabilities, the country was unmatched in any other part of the world." It contains enormous mineral wealth. The diamond fields, unlike those of Arizona, are natural, not artificial, and rich. There are vast deposits of iron, of coal, and of copper, and "immense gold fields, which bid fair to rival those of California and Australia." The soil, he declares, is amazingly fertile. The surveyor-general of Natal, a very careful observer, calculates that the rough, wild grasses which are burnt over and wasted every year would support cattle which would serve as food for 12,000,000 people. Natal alone, "if decently cultivated," could probably support 60,000,000 inhabitants! The slow growth of the country is due to the presence of two races on its soil. Civilized white and savage black cannot agree. The natives work only long enough to buy a wife, and then live by the labor of these feminine slaves. Any surples profit is invested in a fresh stock of wives. The small cost of living causes an enormous increase in the population. The masses of blacks are warlike and bloodthirsty. They have guns and ammunition, and their fighting men are drilled in some cases by renegade Europeans. The constant danger of bloody warfare checks immigration and the development of the country.

There can be no doubt, however, that millions on millions of whites will, some time in the future, occupy South Africa. The more tractable blacks will be used as laborers, servants, etc. The wilder tribes will be driven back towards the equator. The process will be slow, for the white vanguard will press against a mass of blacks which, like an elastic, will resist more strongly the more it yields. Still until this residence becomes too great, and until the northward movement reaches a geographical point where the heat is too intense for the white man to live, the blacks will have to yield. There is a great field for colonization there. When a line of trasing-posts unites the Egyptian and the English frontiers, the slave-trade on the eastern shore of Africa will be suppressed, and probably not till then. It is strange that this new world has just been opened up to civilization, when its outskirts have been held by Europeans for more than two centuries.

### Packages Forwarded Eight Miles in Two Seconds.

On Sunday, Feb. 28, the pneumatic mail system was opened for public use in the city of Vienna, and for the few days of its working it appears to have been eminently satisfactory. By this method, lettert and packages not exceeding twe ounces in weight can be sent from one end of the city to another—a distance of about 8 miles—in something less than two seconds, so that, adding to this the time necessary for making up packages, assorting them, and delivering them, the whole is just about one hour. But this only covers extreme distances, and the managers of this system in Vienna say that in a short time the time between the receipt and delivery will be greatly reduced. In fact, between stations only two or three miles distant from each other, such packages are even now delivered within twenty minutes after being deposited. As the general post-office in Vienna is also in the building of the general telegraph office, powerful steam-engines are constantly at work compressing atmospheric air in a mammoth reservoir, from which the double system of cast-iron pipes, laid three feet under the surface of the streets are fed. One system of pipes serves for carrying packages, and the other for pushing them ahead in the other direction. At the seven principal stations, in various parts of the city, similar engines are kept at work day and night drawing the air from the pipes, and creating a vacuum in front of the packages, which are more readily pressed forward by the expansive force of the compressed air behind them. The sixty sub-stations are connected not only with the two central offices, but also with each other by this double system of pipes. The dispatch of each package is announced by telegraph to the office to which it is sent, and to all intervening offices, to advise the latter not to stop it on its way. The pipes are six inches in diameter, with a perfectly smooth polished inner surface, and the packages are made up in India-rubber cylinders of various lengths. The postage on mail matter must be prepaid at the rate of two kreutzers (one cent) for each half ounce or fraction, which is evidently much cheaper than the two-cent postage for the city letters in this country. This is the first instance of a large city—Vienna has about 900,000 inhabitants—giving its people such facilities of correspondence at a moderate cost.—*New York Mercury.*

### How a Lily of the Valley Acted Under Peculiar Circumstances.

The following is a summer episode, as evolved by little Johnny: "Last summer our dog Towzer was a lyin in the sun a trine to sleep, but the flies was that bad he cuddent, cos he had to catch em, and bime by a bee lit on his hed, and was a working about like the dog was hism. Towzer he hel his hed still, and when the bee was close to his nose Towzer winked at me, like he said you see what this duffer is a doin, he thinks I'm a lily of the valley which isn't open yet, but you just wait till I blossom and you will see some fun, and sure ouuf Towzer opened his mouth very slo, so as not to frighten the bee, and the bee went inside Towzer's mouth. Then Towzer he shut his eyes dreamy, and his mouth too, and had begun to make a peaceful smile, when the bee stung him, and you never see a lily of the valley sok so in all your life."

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GENERAL JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE is better again and is now able to walk about.

### Pat's Criticism.

There's a story that's old,
But good if twice told,
Of a doctor of limited skill,
Who cured beast and man
On the "cold water plan,"
Without the small help of a pill.

On his portal of pine
Hung an elegant sign
Depicting a beautiful rill.
And a lake, where a sprite,
With apparent delight,
Was sporting in sweet deshabille.

Pat McCarty one day,
As he sauntered that way,
Stood and gazed at that portal of pine,
When the doctor with pride
Stepped up to his side,
Saying: "Pat, how is that for a sign?"

"There's wan thing," says Pat,
"Ye're lift out o' that,
Which, be jabers, is quite a mistake,
It's trim and it's nate,
But to make it complete
Ye shud have a foine burd on the lake."

"Ah! Indeed! pray then tell,
To make it look well,
What bird do you think it may lack?"
Says Pat, "Of the same
I've forgotten the name,
But the song that he sings is 'quack!' 'quack!'"

### The Lesson.

BY MARY B. DODGE.

[A beautiful answer was given by a little Scotch girl. When her class at school was examined, she replied to the question, "What is patience?" "Wait a wee, an' dinna weary."]

A village school room—this the scene—
Aglow with a slant sun cheery;
The dominie there, of youthful mien,
With the sum of his spirit sharp and keen;
And a class of girls in serried row,
Some taller, and some of stature low;
And some, like the morning sun, afire
To reach the summit of brave desire;
And, as aye, some nuco' dreary!

"I canna an' winna teach, an' ye
Sae stupid the while I query—
Nae vision for ocht but vanity!"
With thundering rap the dominie
Out-blurted, chafed by a listless girl,
Whose only care seemed to smooth and twirl
Her apron-streamers. "Will onie lass
Mak' answer in a' this glaikit class?"
The dominie sighed sweary.

"Oh, ay," said a little one, "I can tell."
"Weel, out wi't, then, my dearie"—
And the frown from the master's forehead fell,
For the sweetest girl in the school was Nell—
"I want yon to show me the mearing plain
O' patience; sin' ow'r an' ow'r again
I've put it this day!" Then the little maid,
With a roguish twinkle, soberly said:
"Wait a wee, an' dinna weary."

—*Appleton's Journal.*

### Wit and Humor

AN ATHLETIC SPORT—A prize fighter.

A "SWELL" DISEASE—The mumps.

A SMART THING—A mustard plaster.

WHEN a man's muscles are strained he should restrain himself.

WHEN a hog roots in a snow bank, its nose knows snows.

WHEN sweet oil is put into a castor, does it become castor oil?

ALL knowing headache brings; all hearing makes ears burn.

WHAT is that which, by loosing an eye, has only a nose left? A noise.

THE only suits that last longer than you want them to are law suits.

SUGGESTIVE—Wedding suits were never cheaper.

CLOTHES CONNECTIONS—Buttons.

IN the bright lexicon of feminine fashion there is such a word as faille.

THAT'S honest. When a Calmuck has a marriageable daughter he flies a flag from the top of his house.

THE holders of defaulted bonds "take no interest" in them.

A GLITTERING GENERAL-ITY—The star on a Brigadier's shoulder.

THE New York hats are said to remind the beholder of a Long Branch hotel—all piazza and band.

SAID PAT: "Faix, where wud ye find a modern house that has lasted as long as the ancient?"

I NOTICE very suddenly that all them folks that go about the country hunting for work are generally afraid they shall find it.

"CONTRABAND WHISKY" is quoted regularly in the New York papers. It sells five and six cents below the stuff upon which taxes are paid.

A WORD TO LADIES—It's always safe to be "engaged" when a man, or women either, rings the door bell and asks to see the lady of the house."

"WHAT a shame that I should be starving!" exclaimed a poor corset-maker out of work—"I have stayed the stomachs of hundreds."

IT has been discovered that shaky firms belong to the Millerite persuasion, because they keep their day of going up a profound secret.

THE New York Commercial Advertiser thinks those spelling matches lead to "hard words" among the contestants. No matter. They will get over the trouble after a spell.

AT the conclusion of Miss Neilson's engagement in New York, she will travel for a year and a half on the continent and in the East.

BEGINNING with the present month, the deduction in redeeming mutilated currency is proportioned to the part of the note that is missing.

A RUSSIAN proverb says: Before going to war, pray once; before going to sea, pray twice; before getting married, pray three times.

HE who falls from the top round of the ladder of Fame, says a Boston moralist, don't stop when he reaches the bottom, but goes about ten feet into the ground.

GENT (to city detective): Well, Zeb, how are you getting on? City D.: Bad, sir, very bad. No thieving doing at all. The world's going to rack and ruin, I think!

A COUNTRY youth, who desired to know how to become rich, sent a quarter in answer to an advertisement, and received the following valuable receipt: "Increase your receipts and decrease your expenditures."

A NOVELTY in the mode of hanging criminals was recently introduced at Newgate, England. Instead of erecting the usual scaffold above ground, a pit was dug in the soil, and a trap-door made level with the ground opening into the pit. The convict is pinioned by the executioner on the top of the trap, and at a given signal the drop fell, and the unfortunate ceased to live.

GOOD resolutions, always formed and never fulfilled, are like building a beautiful house that shall be perfect in all its arrangements and appointments, and then living in a hovel because we have not the energy to move. A great many men and women whom I know are keeping their souls and bodies in wretchedly cheerless places because they have not the will purpose, and stick to-ativeness, to migrate into the comfortable apartments they have built for themselves, but which are, alas! always just a little beyond.—*Rural Home.*