A GRANTED WISH.

BY CLID GARTH.

My love gave me good-night kisses,
And swore to be always true,
And I believed in his loving,
As any woman would do.

So I sit by the window, light-hearted,
And watch the moon round and white,
And wish I could only be Luna,
To see him once more to-night.

I think that the moon must have heard me
And—my fancy it may be—
But she seems to grow tender and sadder,
As if she were pitying me.

And somehow it makes me restless,
And seems to bring me pain;
So I take a walk in the shadows
Of the old elm lane again.

Two figures come out of the darkness—
Lovers, how well I know
By the cheeks so tenderly touching,
And the two heads drooping low.

Then the moon shines brighter and brighter,
And peers through the trees above,
And looks straight at the cooing lovers,
And shows me the face of my love.

O moon! you may keep your vision,
I do not want your light;
I wish I had kept my faith in love,
And had not walked to-night.

MY MEXICAN SOUVENIR.

BY RUTH.

"Well, Hal, old fellow, good luck go with you. I only wish I could give you the pleasure of my company on the trip."

"Nothing would please me better, George. I can assure you of a cordial welcome from Uncle James. Can't I persuade you?"

"Impossible, my friend. Don't put temptation in my path. You may bring me some memento of the don, however."

"All right my boy. None of that sort of thing for me, you know. Of all silly, womanish tricks, the worst is the lasting souvenir business. But I promise if anything worth the trouble of transporting presents itself, you shall be the recipient."

"Thanks. I shall hold you to your promise."

I had finished my four years' course at Harvard. The glories of Class Day and Commencement were already things of the past. I was about to turn my back upon the people and places which had so long known me, but would know me no more. I had determined, before settling down to the practice of my profession, to visit an uncle residing in Mexico, and the necessary preparations being few and quickly made, a couple of days later I set out upon my journey, reaching my destination without any detention or adventure, to be heartily welcomed by my relatives.

My uncle's rancho was situated about fifteen miles from the city of U——, was well wooded and watered, and stocked with almost numberless herds of cattle. The family consisted of my uncle and aunt, and their two children. Fred, the elder, was about my age, a bold, fearless, handsome fellow. We became friends at sight. Gertrude was a beautiful and accomplished girl of eighteen or thereabout, with a fair, almost dazzling complexion, which contrasted finely with Fred's Spanish black eyes and glowing cheeks. As the rancho was one of the largest in the region, the number of employes was necessarily large, and was made up of Texans, Mexicans, and a few half-breeds.

Fred and myself spent whole days hunting, fishing, or riding over the surrounding country. It was all new and strange to me, and presented zest and charm indescribable. Fred rode a powerful roan, and I a fiery black stallion. We would often race for miles, yet so nearly were the steeds matched that we could never decide which was the swifter of the two.

One day I had ridden alone into U—. It was nearly evening when I turned my horse's head homeward. When about five miles from the house, a terrific thunder storm burst from an apparently clear sky. The rain poured in torrents, while the flashes of lightning rent the air almost continually. I was trusting to Nero to pick the way, as we were passing through a wood, when suddenly he stopped short and obstinately refused to advance a step. In vain I coaxed, scolded and pulled at the bridle. There he stood and there seemed likely to remain. I was much surprised at this conduct, but on looking around, espied a horse lying by the roadside, apparently dead. He had been struck by one of the bolts of lightning. Where was the rider? Dismounting and throwing the bridle over my arm, and grasping my pistol, I neared the fallen horse.

Suddenly Nero again stopped and appeared uneasy; at that moment I distinctly heard a call for help, coming from a little toward the right. I answered, and again heard the voice, evidently a woman's.

The next flash revealed a woman lying by the trunk of a fallen tree, her face bathed in blood. As gently as possible I lifted her to my saddle before me, gave Nero the reins and told him to take us home.

A few more flashes, low, muttering thunder, and the storm lulled. Coming to the open plain, away we sped, like the wind. In a short time we were at home. I told my story in a few words. They recognized the young woman as the daughter of Don Garcia, whose rancho joined their own.

She had remained in a swoon all the way home, but on application of restoratives, quickly revived. There was a bruise over the right temple, as though she had been struck a heavy blow. Aunt Ellen bathed her forehead gently, and she dropped into a troubled sleep. She slept but a few moments, and starting up, exclaimed—

"Where am I?" and almost immediately added, "I remember it all, now. I had spent the day in U——," she explained, "and returning was overtaken by the storm. My horse, blinded by the lurid flashes that pierced the gathering darkness, and deafened by the thunder, became unmanageable and ran. Beyond that I remember nothing."

I explained how I had found her. Her eyes filled with tears as she thanked me, in expressive words, for saving her life. I protested that I deserved no thanks. I had only done what anyone else would under like circumstances.

"I think I had better return home, now," she said. "Father will be very anxious about me."

"I cannot permit that, my dear Inez," said Aunt Ellen. "You are far too weak to think of riding again to-night. I will dispatch one of the servants to inform Don Garcia that you were overtaken by the storm, and will spend the night with us."

The next morning found our guest weak and suffering from a severe headache. Don Garcia was sent for, and learned, for the first time, on his arrival, of his daughter's accident. He expressed much alarm, and advised her to remain with us a few days.

"You are in the best of hands, my dear," he said, "and, under Mrs. Warren's loving care, will doubtless be all right soon."

We all added our entreaties and she finally consented to remain. During the week which followed she rapidly regained her health and spirits, though a small scar over the right temple would always bear witness to her narrow escape.

We had a very merry time "taking her home," as we said, and delivered her over, at her own door, to her father. Don Garcia tendered me the warmest expressions of gratitude.

After this I saw much of Inez, and learned to love her with the whole strength of my manhood, though I hardly dared hope the beautiful girl would return my affection. As my visit drew toward its close, I naturally became anxious, and one calm evening, as we were strolling along the early twilight, determined to learn my fate.

"Yours is the life you have saved," was her reply.

As you may suppose this did not hasten my departure; when at last I did set my face homeward, my wife accompanied me.

Going down town a few weeks after ur arrival, indulging in a whif, a hand was laid on my shoulder. Turning I encountered the laughing eyes of George.

"Well met, old fellow," said he," Just got back?"

"Yes, and am heartily glad to see you. Have a cigar?"

"I never refuse the weed, thank you; have conscientious scruples against it."

"By-the-by," said I, in a pause in the conversation that ensued, "come and dine with me, and see what I brought home."

"My souvenir! What is it?"

"Why, the truth is, George, I didn't see but one thing that I thought worth bringing home, and I can't well spare that."

"It won't do, Hall! it won't do! A bargain's a bargain; I shall claim the souvenir, so be prepared to hand over."

"All parties agreeing," I answered as I turned the key in the lock.

As we entered the dining room a beautiful young lady, with a slight look of surprise in her eyes, came forward to greet us.

"My wife, Mrs. Norris, Mr. Bushnell," I said, adding: "My souvenir of Mexico, George!"

His face fell, and to his credit, be it said, he has never referred to our one-time bargain since.

PERUVIAN TEMPLES OF THE SUN.—Of the early history of the Peruvians, we have but little knowledge, owing to that barbarian policy exercised by the followers of Cortez and Pizarro, in destroying everything belonging to the tribes which they conquered. Like the Mexicans, the Peruvians had advanced in art, science and learning, under the administration of successive wise rulers, and their State archives contained written histories of their country, from the dawn of civilization among them till the period of the conquest. But the superstitious Spaniards committed these works to the flames, because of their heathen origin, and we are obliged to depend almost exclusively on the truth of tradition for the knowledge we possess of the history of this people during the Inca dynasty. The most magnificent of all the Peruvian temples was that of the sun of Cuzco. The mode of worship in this temple was similar to that of Heliopolis in Egypt, where this great luminary was adored. His golden image occupied a large portion of one side of the interior of the temple, and before this the worshippers prostrated themselves with rich offerings in their hands, which were received by the attendant priests. Two or three virgins, selected from the first families in the kingdom, were in constant attendance, whose duty it was to make oblations of wine to the burning deity, and chant hymns of praise to the great Father of Light. Like other aborigines of this continent, the Peruvians were nomadic tribes, and gained a subsistence by hunting and fishing. Superstitious in the extreme, their objects of worship were as numerous as those of the Egyptians.

WHITE WOMEN SOLD AS SLAVES.—The Constantinople correspondent of the Philadelphia *Telegraph* writes: "There is a fair field here for any ardent abolitionists who may desire the freedom of the white as well as that of the black man. A few days ago a Pasha, whose name must remain a mystery, was desirous of making a few additions to his harem, and got information that an invoice of slaves, male and female, principally Circassians, had arrived, and were stationed at the khan or warehouse of a widow, whose name is well known in high circles in connection with the slave traffic. His name secured the noble Turk an entree into the inner rooms of this establishment, where, jealously guarded by four eunuchs, and the harpy herself who directed this ignoble trade, were six girls of great personal attractions, the flower of the flock. The Pasha was astounded and dazzled, and asked the price of one, having, according to the disgusting custom of the slave market, examined her as a buyer would a horse. The sum named and adhered to by the hag was so exorbitant that he left the building enraged, and determined to possess himself of the coveted fair one by stratagem. Accordingly he revealed the existence of this "cache" of slaves to the police, who, unfortunately for him, raided the establishment with such dispatch and thoroughness that, before the Pasha got word of the expedition, the house was stripped, the slaves divided by sexes and sent to two different orphan homes, and the luckless widow placed in durance vile.

Every human soul has the germ of some flowers; and they would open, if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand in. I always told you that not enough of sunshine was what ailed the world. Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarreling or a tenth part of the wickedness there is.—*Mrs. Child.*

Sea bathing is not indulged in by several Russian ladies at Atlantic City on account of the jealousy felt by the nobility against permitting any familiarity with the serf.

Lord Byron's Wife and Sister.

The new number of the *Academy* contains a series of very interesting and valuable letters from the late Lady Byron and Mrs. Leigh, her husband's sister. They form part of the papers of Mrs. Leigh which have lately been purchased for the British Museum, and have been communicated to the *Academy* by E. Maunde Thompson. The letters were written at various periods, beginning on January 16, 1816, the day Lady Byron left her husband's house, and ending in 1851, just before Mrs. Leigh's fatal illness. There are also two letters to Mrs. Leigh's daughter, the last of which was written in July, 1852, after her mother's death. All these letters testify to the constant esteem and affection which Lady Byron entertained to ward her sister-in-law. The expressions of affection they contain entirely discountenance the idea that the charges brought against Mrs. Leigh after Lady Byron's death, and said to rest upon her direct personal testimony, had any foundation in fact. Writing only ten days after she had left her husband, Lady Byron addresses Mrs. Leigh as "My Dearest Augusta," and concludes by saying, "Feelings must now be indulged; but whenever I feel at all, it will be as kindly as you could. Independently of malady, I do not think of the past with any spirit of resentment, and scarcely with the sense of injury. God bless him." There was at a later period a serious dispute between Lady Byron and her sister-in-law; but it arose on the appointment of a Trustee under Lady Byron's settlement. Lady Byron adpointed Dr. Lushington, in whom Mrs. Leigh objected. The rupture of their intimacy of 20 years clearly arose out of this quarrel. In 1851 a meeting was to have taken place between them at Reigate in the presence of the late Rev. Frederick Robertson, but it did not happen, and some months later, when Mrs. Leigh was in her last illness, Lady Byron wrote to her daughter:—"Whisper to her from me the words, 'Dearest Augusta.' I can't think they would hurt her;" and added a postscript that she was at Esher till Wednesday, and if she was wanted they were not to hesitate to send for her. The whole of this interesting correspondence, which throws new light on the relations of Lady Byron to her sister-in-law in the years after the separation from her husband, is entirely inconsistent with the theory Mrs. Stowe has promulgated as to the cause of that separation. Every reader of the letters will agree with Mr. Thompson that if the words have any meaning "they dispose of the whole calumny and banish it into the regions of after thought."—*London News, July 18th.*

FRENCH ACTORS IN LONDON IN 1848.—In 1848, M. Hippolyte Hostein, the manager of the Theater Historique, came over here to represent "La Reine Margot" at Drury Lane, the receipts of all places of entertainment in Paris having been materially reduced through the excitement induced by the revolution of that year. The theatrical profession and the "patriots" were at once up in arms. The courtesy and favor with which Miss Helen Faucit and Macready had been received in Paris were seemingly forgotten. Charles Kean actually went so far as to request the Lord Chamberlain to interdict the intended performances, and before long a cabal was formed to prevent this and further attempts on the part of foreigners to interfere with native talent. The scene which followed the re-opening of the theater can hardly be described. The audience seemed beside themselves with rage; they hurled missles on the stage before the curtain rose, and the players were relentlessly hissed. "The row," said the *Times*, "was a stupid row, showing not only the illiberality of the rioters, but their paucity of invention. In the old O. P. times there was some humor. A good joke now and then found its way into the uproar; but this was a long, dull, dismal display of nationality which was effective from the mere fact that it was wearisome. There or three individuals in the pit thought it the height of humor to put up their umbrellas, but the police deemed it a still better joke to conduct these persons out of the house, which proceeding prevented a repetition of the pleasantry. Never did we see a number of persons so busy in attempting to degrade themselves in the eyes of all rational beings. We have reason to think that some of these zealots, worthy of better exploits than those of last night, were really persons of standing and respectability in the histrionic profession; and these, we are sure, when they rise this morning, will look with regret on the stupid scene of yesterday, and take especial care not to let their friends know they were concerned in such an exhibition." The players, on their side, would not bow to the storm. "Ils eurent la constance," says M. Hostein in his *Historiettes et Souvenirs d'un Homme de Theatre*, "de reciter leurs rols sans en omettre une phrase, au milieu de vociferations, de cris d'animaux et d'injures." In a few hours, however, they were on their way back to Paris, probably pitying us from the bottom of their hearts.—*The Theatre.*

Book About Gambetta—Anecdotes.

A very striking and original volume, by an intimate friend of the ex-dictator, and called "Gambetta; 1869-1879," has just been published. The title recalls to our memories the marvelous progress which the orator and statesman has made since he came up to Paris and took up humble lodgings with his pious old aunt on a fourth floor in the Rue Bonaparte. No one then imagined that he would ever achieve his present proud position; and the persons who employed him to defend them in political trials used to prophesy that he would finish his career in prison. As it is, he has grasped high honors in a shorter time than any other living man has ever done.

The new book sets forever at rest many calumnies and absurd stories which have been circulated concerning Gambetta. It gives one anecdote which brings out in strong light the singular sweetness of his disposition. He was one day heard repeating, with the passionate eloquence of which he alone has the secret, a new poem by a poet who has frequently said very disagreeable and untrue things about him.

"What!" said a friend, "have you already forgiven the poet X——?"

Gambetta turned around quickly, with a strange smile, saying:

"Whom have I not forgiven?"

Theirs began by calling Gambetta a "furious fool," and ended by recognizing him as one of the wisest parliamentary tacticians.

A Prairie Duel.

Some five years ago, Adam Goldie left his native county of Shannon, Mo., were he was engaged in cattle raising, for Northern Texas, where he passed two years, and there one of the most exciting incidents of his career happened. His fame as a marksmen among the Texans soon became notorious. In the vicinity of Goldie's ranch lived William Darrell, or, as he was more familiarly termed, Bloody Bill. This Bloody Bill was a noted ruffian and desperado. His feats in markmanship were likewise astounding, and probably no man in the Lone Star State excelled him in handling the rifle. He became jealous of Goldie's fame, and managed to pick a quarrel with him, which resulted in a challenge. After a short consultation, they decided that a duel should be fought, but, in consequence of the extraordinary skill of both, at a very long distance.

On the open prairie, about two miles distant, grew two post oak trees. They were four hundred yards apart, and were the only trees on that spot. All around was open, timberless prairie. It was decided that Goldie and Bill should both take up a position behind their respective trees, and then blaze away at each other. The Texans hoped by this means to prevent bloodshed, or at least a fatal termination of the duel. The preliminaries being settled, the whole party mounted their horses and rode out on the prairie to the selected spot. Goldie took up his position behind one of the trees, and Bill ensconsed himself behind the other. The rest of the crowd then rode to a slight eminence to the right, where they were to remain as spectators. One of them was to give the signal for the beginning of the combat by firing his rifle into the air. Goldie waited anxiously the detonation of the rifle, which suddenly sounded on the air.

Then began a duel at the longest range ever recorded. Goldie advanced from behind the tree in a kneeling posture when, whiz! his sombrero was perforated by a ball from Bloody Bill's rifle. Quick as lightning he dropped full length on the ground in time to escape the other two bullets which came in rapid succession. He lay still, brought his rifle into position as he was stretched upon the ground, and then remained immovable. Presently he saw a diminutive figure which he knew to be Bill, advancing cautiously from the shelter of the tree. Quickly taking aim, he fired twice in succession, and then retired behind the sheltering trunk. One of the bullets he discovered had passed through the lobe of Bill's left ear. There was a cessation now of firing for some time, when Goldie espied his opponent's head and shoulders exposed. Quick as lightning his rifle was at his shoulder, and the detonating report was heard. Bloody Bill's hat was carried away by the bullet. Goldie now rather incautiously advanced from his shelter, and became the target for six bullets in succession, one of which made a hole through his pants and another in his coat-sleeve. He beat a hasty retreat.

The duelist stood gazing at the distant trees, each watching for the indistinct form of his adversary. Each peered cautiously from behind the tree, endeavoring to get sight of the other. Goldie at last saw Bill again advance, and the former stepped rapidly to the front, and quickly brought his rifle into position. Almost simultaneously the clear, sharp report of two rifles rang on the air, and both men fell. Goldie managed to raise himself and crawl behind the trunk of a tree. He had been wounded in the left shoulder. Presently he was joined by the Texans, who had been witnesses of this most exciting duel. They had already ridden over to Bloody Bill, and found him dead. A bullet had penetrated his temple.

Dangers of the Sea.

Beneath the unsentimental tables of a blue book, recently presented to the British Parliament, lies a pathetic tale of peril, suffering and death. The dry but not uninteresting figures deal with casualties at sea, not of the whole maritime but that great part of it represented by Great Britain, and they also cover vessels of other nationalities which suffered shipwreck, total or partial, on the coasts of British possessions. The returns are made out for the twelve months ending June, 1878. They contain records of 965 total losses, 1621 serious casualties and 3193 minor ones. There was necessarily considerable loss of life in connection with these disasters. On the coasts of the United Kingdom the number of lives sacrified was 816, against 459 in the preceding twelve months. Abroad, however, there was a diminution in the number of deaths, these being 1636, as compared with 2592 during the previous year. Beside those vessels in the case of which the casualties had been definitely determined, 88 vessels were reported missing, of which 60 belonged to Great Britain and 28 to the colonies. There are also records of vessels which have suffered mishaps in rivers and harbors both at home and abroad. The returns in this respect reveal more disasters than might be supposed, as many as 57 vessels having been totally lost, while there were 347 serious and 830 minor casualties. The number of deaths in connection with these occurrences was 13 in the United Kingdom and 18 abroad. But while these Blue Book figures tell a tale of peril and death, they also record many a story of self-sacrifice and gallant rescue. Thus, the number of lives saved on the British coasts by means of life boats, rocket apparatus, ships' boats and individual efforts was 4070, while as many as 8121 were saved abroad by similar agencies. It is interesting to note that of the ships which perished, one had passed through the dangers and vicissitudes which a service on the sea of 100 years implies. Six were over 70 years old, 10 were over 50, 19 over 40 and 57 over 30.

One of the Spanish provincial papers recently published a singular notice in its obituary column. It said: "This morning was summoned away the jeweler, Siebald Illmaga, from his shop to another and better world. The undersigned, his widow, will weep upon his tomb as will also his two daughters, Hilda and Emma, the former of whom is married, and the latter is open to an offer. The funeral will take place to-morrow. His disconsolate widow, Veronique Illmaga." "P. S.—This bereavement will not interrupt our business, which will be carried on as usual, only our place of business will be removed from 3 Tessi des Teinturies to 4 Rus de Missionaire, as our grasping landlord has raised our rent."

A Chamber of Death.

[Oroville Mercury, August 1.]

Word was brought to this city a week ago this morning that the water had all been pumped out of the Banner mine, and the skeletons of the men buried by the cave of twenty years ago recovered. L. H. Ayers, foreman of the mine, offered to transport us to the lower regions. We shed our good clothes, put on gum boots and coat, an old hat, and clambered into the big iron bucket. Down, down, down we went! Two hundred feet isn't but a short distance on the earth's surface, but it seems a terrible long way when descending a mining shaft. The bottom was reached in safety, and we scrambled out into a pool of water and mud about two feet deep. Candles were lighted, and following the tunnel a distance of fifteen yards, we came to a ladder leading up to the old level broken into by the blasts set off a week or ten days previous. The top of this ladder rested in a fissure hardly wide enough for a man to squeeze through, beyond which was one of the prospecting cross-cuts run by the miners twenty years ago. Ten feet further on a drift was run off from the cross-cut a distance of about twenty feet which we have seen fit to style, "The Chamber of Death." On a pile of dirt thrown back from the face of the drift lay two skeletons. From appearance, the animated forms once surrounding and occupying these ghastly evidences of man's mortality had laid down side by side in obedience to the mandatory summons of the monarch Death. Here lay the empty skull of one by his side, while that of the other had rolled down the dirt pile and found a resting place at its owner's feet. Four boots, from each of whom projected a leg-bone, were partially imbedded in the mud at our feet. Picks, drills, and shovels were all neatly piled up together, just as though the brave men, realizing that escape was impossible, had put their house in order prior to closing up their earthly accounts. There was the piece of candle that flickered out in all probability, even as the spark of life departed them—slowly, peacefully, yet surely. The walls were coated with slime, the air was tainted with odors impure, our candles shed feeble rays upon a ledge of quartz overhead, nothing marred the deathly silence save the monotonous drip, drip of a little spring as it oozed out of the roof and splashed in a puddle on the floor—verily, if ever there was a place deserving such a title, this is "The Chamber of Death." Taking a pick, the piece of candle and a small lump of the plumbago strata in which the unfortunate men were working at the time of the disaster, as relics, we wended our way back to the shaft and took passage for the surface.

Under the heading of "Two Men Buried Alive," the *Butte Democrat* of Saturday morning, December 3, 1859, said:

"At 9 o'clock on the morning of the 26th ult., a portion of the tunnel in the quartz claim of Messrs. Smith & Sparks, at Table Mountain, caved in, entombing alive, probably, within the tunnel, two of the workmen, David Shine and F. G. Mathews

"On the claim there is a shaft 165 feet in depth, at the bottom of which was the engine which raised the dirt and rocks, and drained another tunnel 100 feet below the engine. The unfortunate men were at work in the lower tunnel, when the earth immediately under the engine caved in, filling the outlet of the tunnel, rendering the engine useless, and all efforts to rescue them unavailing. It is supposed that the tunnel must have filled with water within twenty-four hours after the accident.

"One cannot readily imagine a more horrible death than to be shut up, hopeless of escape, in the very bowels of the earth, 265 feet beneath the surface, in utter darkness, with the water gradually rising, and a lingering death about to ensue, and ensuing.

"We understand that it was against the wishes of the proprietors of the claim that the two men entered the tunnel on the morning of the catastrophe, as the heavy rains had so saturated the ground fears were entertained of such an event as happened. But one of the men was extremely anxious to give one more blast, confidently expressing the belief that he would thereby reach a lost vein of quartz."

In our opinion the writer erred as to the cause of death. We think the men died from suffocation. The mine had been settling for several days, and guages had been placed in position in various portions of the works so that the workmen could keep themselves informed regarding their safety. Shine and Mathews were running a prospecting drift on contract; they were to draw half their pay while the work was in progress, and the remainder when the lost ledge was struck. Both men were confident that they would finish the job that day, and announced when going to work in the morning that it was their last day in the mine. About half-past 8 one of the carmen discovered on looking at one of the guages that the roof of the tunnel was settling very rapidly. The alarm was promptly given. Everybody hastened to escape, except Shine and partner. Dan Hopkins, who died a short time since at Cherokee, was the last man to leave the mine. He stopped at the mouth of the chamber where the victims were working and told them to come out—that the mine was caving in. Shine was drilling a hole and replied that they would be out just as soon as they got the blast ready to fire. Hopkins had not yet reached the surface when the tunnel was closed by the cave. From the fact that the tools were all together on top of the dirt thrown back by the men as they worked, and that the skeletons laid right beside them, our hypothesis is that the two men were overcome by the foul air, after having returned from a trip in the tunnel for their tools with which to dig out.

A young elephant was recently brought into the Court of Exchequer, in London. He was accused of frightening a horse, and thereby damaging a young lady contained in the carriage attached thereto, but his mild and playful behavior in Court, where he amused himself by picking hats off the table, convinced everybody that he did not mean to do it, and the case was compromised.

The Duke of Sutherland, who is a thorough practical engineer, drove the locomotive attached to the train which conveyed the Prince and Princess of Wales around the royal agricultural show.

Journalism in India.

These native journals are very singular affairs. They are purely a product of the import of Western civilization upon the Eastern mind, the first one ever issued in the country bearing the date of 1818. Their circulation, as a rule, is very small, sometimes merely nominal, although occasionally, when the price is very low—a cent a copy or less—the number published may run up towards a thousand. Of the 36 vernacular newspapers published in the northwest provinces in 1872, the average circulation was only 162, and even of these the government took a large proportion, chiefly for the use of its school teachers and to encourage the feeble efforts of Indian journalism in its infancy. The *Allahabad Institute Gazette* had the largest number of subscribers (no less than 381), but of these only 191 were native; 100 copies were taken by the government, 38 by Europeans and 52 were exchanged. One paper, the *Baddh Prakash*, issued 105 copies, of which 100 went to the government and 5 to natives; the *Jagal Samachar* issued 87, of which 80 were taken by the government, 5 were exchanged, 1 was taken by an European and 1 by a native. This is truly the day of small things. But these that we have mentioned are rather extreme cases. Three of the native journals in these same northwest provinces had each from 200 to 250 native subscribers; and in Bengal and Bombay, where public opinion is more advanced and education more diffused, the figures are much better. The *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, published weekly at Calcutta—a very fierce and spirited little sheet, bitterly antagonistic to the English rule, never weary of pointing out its defects, and hence correspondingly dear to the native heart—is said to have the largest circulation among the native press, its subscribers numbering upwards of 1400. Not all the native papers have this tone of dissatisfaction with their rulers, but it is strongly characteristic of them. The character of the English papers in this country is less peculiar. The chief traits about them which strike one fresh from contact with the vigor and power of American journalism are their mediocrity, lack of enterprise, and general dullness. It is easy to explain why they are, as a rule, thus flat and uninteresting. Their scope is very limited in every way. There is a great dearth of live topics. Though India has nearly three hundred million of inhabitants, it is only a very small fraction of these that can be taken into account by the journalist, either as furnishing him with themes to write about, or people to read what he has written. The earthly history of nearly all these millions can be summed up in a brief sentence: they are born, they work hard to keep soul and body together for a brief period, and then they die. Then again, matters which in a free country are settled by the public, and hence need to be publicly discussed, are here settled quietly by a handful of officials without any public discussion at all. The Indian government is a bureaucratic despotism, tempered by the influence of public opinion in England, but caring next to nothing for public opinion in India. This is discouraging to a journalist of first-class ability who wishes to accomplish something in his generation, and tends to make the number of such who come to or remain in India very small. Furthermore, the English-reading public of India is by no means large; hence a really good journal, to pay at all with so limited a subscription list, has to be high-priced.

To illustrate this, it may be mentioned that the *Pioneer*, the leading daily paper of India, published at Allahabad, and sending out about 3000 copies a day, charges $24 a year in advance, and $33 in arrears. The *Friend of India*, a secular weekly, published at Calcutta, charges $11 a year, and one of the religious weeklies in the same city costs $9 per annum. No other paper in the country has anything like the circulation of the *Pioneer*. There or four of the chief dailies in the presidency towns have between 1500 and 2000 subscribers, but the rest have to be satisfied with considerably less than a thousand, and some have small pickings indeed. As a rule, the support is very precarious, and the papers short-lived. They spring suddenly into existence, and struggle for a while prosperously or otherwise, according to the ability or the money of the one man on whose shoulders they usually rest. When he gets tired of his burden or his whim, or for any cause departs, the papers disappear as quickly as they rose.

ACTRESSES IN LONDON.—The Spanish King, when Cervantes' great work was yet a novelty, saw a man stretched on a bank of the Manzanares reading a book and laughing over it. He declared himself satisfied that the book was *The Adventures of Don Quixote*, and he proved to be right. Any one who lately observed two or three people talking eagerly across a London dinner-table might have been warranted in assuming that thay were talking of the Comedie Francaise, and of Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt. We have heard of a small social circle in which it was made a formal condition that no one was to say a word about the French plays, or even mention the names of its gifted actresses whose genius and and whose real or imagined oddities were the subject of talk everywhere else. The exclusion was in itself a compliment. Society would talk so much on the one theme that in the breasts of certain persons an inevitable revolt sprang up, and they absolutely set a bar on it. Kemble, at Lausanne, grew jealous of hearing people always talking of Mont Blanc. He thought they ought to have talked of him. He would not allow those over whom he had any authority to mention the innocent monarch of mountains in his presence. The very prohibition only proved the interest that every one took in Mont Blanc. If the mountain could have appreciated the compliment it might have smiled complacently amid one of its sunny rosy sunsets, as another mountain is said to have done under the influence of a different emotion. The members of the Comedie Francais might hear with a certain self-satisfaction that in London people generally talk so much of them as to make a few people here and there impatient of hearing their very names.—*London News.*

That newspaper wit who revived the joke about the lady who laced tight in order to prevent wastefulness will hereafter remain quiet when he has been informed that recent explorations by Dr. Schliemann prove conclusively that for thousands of years before Noah laid the hull of the ark the centennial of this joke was celebrated in Egypt.

Here is something for the youngsters when they again get at their geographies. The highest land this side of the Rocky Mountains is in Potter county, Colorado