THE LAND OF THE ZULUS

ITS PEOPLE, ITS GOVERNMENT, AND ITS ARMY.

Cetywayo a Facile Monarch, Who Promises Without Performing—How He Adopted the War Tactics of Civilization, and Rejected Civilization Itself.

[N. Y. Herald.]

The recent terrible catastrophe to the British arms on the Tugela has aroused a public interest in Zululand which will be maintained until the termination of what now promises to be the most serious of England's many wars in South Africa. Comparatively little is known in America of Zululand proper, though that large portion of the Zulu nation settled within the boundaries of the Colony of Natal has for many years been the object of successful missionary effort on the part of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. From the personal communications of a gentleman who resided above twenty years as a missionary in Natal, and from many printed sources of information, the following data have been obtained.

ENGLISH TERRITORY AT THE CAPE.

The British colony of South Africa now consists of Cape Colony proper, with its dependencies of Kaffraria, Basatoland, Fingoland, Griqualand and the Transvaal, the latter having been annexed in 1877, and the settlement of Walfish Bay, on the Atlantic coast, far to the northward, the annexation of which was consummated by a proclamation of Queen Victoria last month (January, 1879.) Kaffraria still enjoys a nominal independence, though large portions of it, which were the scene of the war of the past year, have lately been annexed, and it is an open secret that the vast region of Bechuana Land, north of the diamond region, will shortly be absorbed by the voracious government of Cape Town. Eastward from Cape Colony, and separated from it by the lately independent province of Kaffraria, lies the Crown Colony of Natal, fronting on the Indian Ocean, and bounded on the northeast by Zululand, the present scene of hostility. Natal is vigorously independent of Cape Colony, from which it was separated in 1856, when a constitutional charter was granted, which was essentially modified in 1875. At that time there were not a thousand white settlers in Natal, and the native inhabitants—the fine race called Zulus or Amazulus—were also few in number.

ZULU EMIGRATION TO NATAL.

Zululand proper was then, as now, a vast region stretching along the Indian Ocean, separated from Natal by the Tugela river (the scene of the late disaster), bounded on the nothwest by the Transvaal Republic and on the northeast by the Portuguese Colony of Delagoa Bay. The northern portion of Zululand was inhabited by a race known as the Amaswazis, of kindred origin and language, but owing only a feeble alliance to the Zulu King. Since 1850 there has been a steady stream of Zulu emigration southward across the Tugela river into Natal, and the Zulu population of that colony has increased from less than 50,000 in 1850 to 290,000 at the last census, taken in 1877. Probably they now number above 300,000. The white population of Natal comprises but 22,654 persons of European descent, many of them Dutch boers, more or less disaffected to the British government. Natal is almost the solitary instance of a colony established by Great Britain without cost to the Imperial treasury. In its early days it had a loan of £10,000, which has long since been repaid. It has an estimated area of 18,750 square miles, with a seaboard of 150 miles. It comprises seven counties and nine unorganized districts. There are but two considerable towns, D'Urban (or Durban), on Port Natal Bay, and Pietermaritzburg, the capital, some sixty miles northwest. The only railroad in the colony is one which was contracted by the Natal government in 1875, to connect the capital with the seaport. It is to be completed in 1880, and is now in operation some twenty miles. There are four monthly steamers connecting with Europe—one line of three steamers via Cape Town, the other of a single steamer via the Suez Canal. The principal article of export from Natal is wool, of which nearly 2,000,000 pounds were exported in 1877, being more than double the amount in 1870. Next in importance are raw hides, sugar and cotton.

CHURCH AND STATE.

The government of Natal is administered by a Lieutenant-Governor appointed by the Crown, assisted by an Executive and a Legislative Council. The present Governor is Sir Henry Ernest Bulwer, appointed in 1875. The religious interests of the colony are supervised by two Anglican Bishops, one of them the celebrated Dr. J. W. Colenso, being the Crown Bishop of Natal, the other, Dr. Maccrorie, being Bishop of Pietermaritzburg, by appointment of the late Bishop of Cape Town (Dr. Gray), who assumed to be Metropolitan of South Africa, and, as such, to depose Dr. Colenso for heresy manifested in his famous book on the Pentateuch. The intelligent Zulu, commonly called "William," who enjoys the credit of having "converted Bishop Colenso from Christianity," is still living, but relapsed into barbarism several years ago.

ZULU CAFFRES AND THEIR COUNTRY.

Zululand proper, the vast region under the government of Cetywayo (pronounced Ketshwayo), is inhabited by some 300,000 natives, who are admitted to be the finest and most powerful race of South Africa. Their country is a fine upland region, of uncertain extent, the northern boundaries having never been determined. The territory on the Blood river, or Transvaal border, was for many years in dispute between the Zulu King and the lately annexed Transvaal Republic. This quarrel was the proximate cause of the present hostilities. Some years ago Cetywayo offered to cede the territory in dispute, not to the Boers of the Transvaal, but to the English of Natal; but his offer was not then accepted. The war between Cetywayo and the Boers having resulted in the annexation of the Transvaal to Cape Colony on the plea that the little Republic was unable to defend itself and preserve the peace, the rights of the Boers were, of course, transferred *de facto* to the colonial government, and the boundary quarrel was referred to a commission, which quite recently decided in favor of the Zulus. That decision, however, as will be seen, was accompanied by other terms in the nature of an ultimatum, which led to the present war. The Zulus are popularly said to be "a branch of the great Caffre nation;" but in this statement there is much confusion of terms. The word Caffre is not properly a term of nationality, but an Arabic word signifying "infidel." There are Caffres and Caffreland on the borders of Afghanistan. The term was adopted by the Boers of South Africa to designate all the warlike races on their northeast frontiers. The Caffres call themselves by various tribal names, such as Gaikas, Galekas, Fingos and Pondos, the latter being the most generic term for the people of the region known as Caffraria.

CETYWAYO ENGLAND'S SON.

King Unpandi, or Panda, the father of Cetywayo, died six or eight years ago. The events attending the succession of the present monarch are officially narrated as follows by Sir Henry Bulwer, in his ultimatum of last December:

"After the death of Panda the sons of the late King and the head men of the Zulu nation, assembled and sent messengers to the Governor of Natal, saying that the nation found itself wandering because of the death of its King. There was no King, they said, and the messengers brought from the nation poor oxen representing the "head of the King" to the Government of Natal. They further asked that Mr. Shepstone, who had been present at the nomination of Cetywayo, might go and establish what was wanted, and at the same time breathe the spirit by which the nation should be governed. They said, moreover, it was the will of the nation that the new King should be the son of the British government. The government of Natal had no wish to mix itself up with these arrangements of the Zulu people; but eventually it consented, and sent Mr. Shepstone to take part in the installation. It was the wish of Cetywayo that this should be done; it was the wish of the whole Zulu nation. In consenting to this the British government had no selfish object of any kind. It did not seek to obtain a single foot of land for itself, nor any advantage, nor any privilege whatsoever. It wanted nothing for itself, and it demanded nothing for itself. Its only motive in complying with the wish of the Zulu nation, and in taking part in the coronation of the new King, was that in doing so it might help to assure the peace of the Zulu country and promote in some degree the welfare of the Zulu people. In taking part, therefore, the only conditions it made were in favor of the good government of the people. At a formal meeting, held previous to the installation, between Mr. Shepstone and Cetywayo and the head men of the Zulu nation, several matters were discussed, chief among which were certain regulations or laws which were to be proclaimed on the occasion of the installation. Subsequently, on the day of the installation, those laws were formally proclaimed by Mr. Shepstone.

BRITAIN'S ATTEMPT AT CIVILIZATION.

"It was proclaimed:

"(1.) That the indiscriminate shedding of blood should cease in the land.

"(2.) That no Zulu should be condemned without open trial and the public examination of witnesses, for and against, and that he should have a right of appeal to the King.

"(3.) That no Zulu's life should be taken without the previous knowledge and consent of the King, after such trial had taken place, and the right of appeal had been allowed to be exercised.

"(4.) That for minor crimes, the loss of property, all or a portion, should be substituted for the punishment of death.

"Now, these laws were formally proclaimed by Mr. Shepstone, who represented the British government in Natal, and proclaimed with the formal assent of Cetywayo, of the chief men of the nation, and of the nation there assembled. It was not done as a mere idle ceremony or form, without any meaning or intention. It was not done in secret, but in public. It was not done in the dark, but in the open day. It was not done in a solitude, but at the royal kraal, in the presence and hearing of the King, the chiefs and the assembled people. They were laws for the good government of the Zulu people. The subject of them had been carefully and deliberately discussed beforehand between the British representatives and Cetywayo and his councillors and agreed upon, and then afterward, in the hearing and presence of the people, the laws had been solemnly affirmed. These laws for the wellbeing of the Zulu people were the conditions required by the British government in return for the countenance and support given by it to the new Zulu King by the presence of its representative, and by his taking part in the King's coronation; and, once spoken as they were, they cannot be broken without compromising the dignity, the good faith and the honor of the British government.

JOHN BULL'S CONDITIONS VIOLATED.

"The British government now asks: How has it been in this matter? Have the promises then made been kept? Have the laws which were then proclaimed been observed? Let the Zulu King answer! Let the chief men of the nation answer! Let the whole Zulu people answer! The British government cannot, then, allow that the words which were once spoken on its part should be empty words, or that the promises which were made to it, and for which it became the mouthpiece and the guarantee to the whole Zulu nation, should be treated as if they were mere idleness and empty sound. But for five years they have been so treated, and now it can be no longer so. The promises have not been kept; and now is it possible they can be kept so long as the present system of government is maintained by the King? The present system of government is destroying the country. All the young men, all the able-bodied men in the country are taken as soldiers. They are taken from their homes at an age when they are becoming useful to their parents, and are kept for several years in the compulsory service of the King. They are not allowed to marry as the men of other tribes around them, as in Natal, as among the Amaswazi, as among the Amaponda. They cannot marry when they desire to do so, but they must await the permission of the King, and they are kept often for years without the permission to do so. They are not to labor for themselves, or to plant or to reap, or to live in quiet and in peace with their families and relatives. They are constantly summoned up to the King's kraals as if for war, although there is no enemy to fight with; and thus they come to fight among themselves, and blood is shed, and there is distress and mourning in the land. Or they are sent out in parties to surround the kraals of persons who have given offense to the King or who are accused by private enemies, and who then, without trial and without a word, are killed, their kraals laid desolate, and their families and all that they have carried off or destroyed."

DEMANDS FOR IMMEDIATE REFORM.

This forcible statement of the grievances felt by the colonial government was followed by a demand for Cetywayo to abolish his present military system, and adopt such military regulations as may be decided upon by the Great Council of the Zulus on consultation with the representatives of the British government. The present Zulu army must be disbanded and the men allowed to return to their homes. Every man must be free to marry without the King's permission, now often refused. No Zulu can hereafter be punished without a regular trial before the "Indunas," or magistrates. A British resident must be admitted at the Zulu capital to watch over the fulfillment of these conditions, and "be the eyes, and ears, and mouth of the British government toward the Zulu King and the Great Council of the nation." Missionaries must again be permitted to settle in Zululand under the protection of the British resident, and no natives must be molested for listening to them.

CAUSE OF THE PRESENT WAR.

Along with this ultimatum the award of Sir Bartle Frere on the boundary question with the Transvaal was sent to Cetywayo. By its terms it restores to the Zulus their natural boundary line of the Blood and Pongolo rivers. The immediate causes of the complications between the British government and the Zulus are two-fold—the redress demanded for overt hostile acts committed against Natal, and the change in the method of the Zulu government demanded in the above terms. Regarding the first mentioned point, in July, 1878, the colony was invaded by an armed force of Zulus, acting under the orders of two of the sons of the favorite officer of State of the Zulu King, Cetywayo. It advanced some miles into the colony, and then surrounded a native village where two refugee women had found shelter, forcibly seized them, and under circumstances of the utmost brutality—so brutal that they can only be mentioned generally—dragged them across the Buffalo, the boundary river, and murdered them on Zulu territory in cold blood. Such an act could, of course, not be passed over in silence, striking, as it did, at the very groundwork of British power in South Africa. It was evidently impossible to admit a precedent which, if it meant anything, meant that the natives, who claimed the protection of British soil against the tyranny of their own chiefs, might be forcibly reclaimed by them. Once admitted that the Zulu King might follow any of his runaway subjects into British territory, the lives of almost the whole of the 300,000 natives living in Natal would logically be at his mercy, consisting, as they do, principally of refugee individuals and tribes. The government, consequently, took the only course open to them—they demanded the surrender of the two leaders of the invading force. Cetywayo replied by calling out his army, and at the same time offering to pay a fine, thus adding insult to injury.

The recuperative power of France is something marvelous. Since her late war she has paid Germany an indemnity of $1,000,000,000, has rebuilt her army on a grander scale than ever, and has made a steady advance in every department of material prosperity. She has done this in spite of the fact that the balance of trade is largely against her and that she has no mines to develop and no colonies to tax. Her citizens, however, are industrious and have learned the value of living within their means, and perhaps this accounts for her sudden recovery and good times.

INCONSTANCY.

A stripling plucks a flower rare;
The bright gold of his maiden's hair,
The azure of her eyes are there.
Too fervent is his clasped hand's heat—
The blossom's fragrance lasts an hour;
He drops it wilted at his feet,
And plucks another flower.

His maiden love, with soft caress
And low words full of tenderness,
He close unto his heart doth press,
His kisses steal away the rose
That blooms in blushes on her cheek;
A brief hour's bliss—then forth he goes
Another maid to seek.

—Golden Rule.

AN ALBANY ROMANCE.

How a Belle Happened to Marry a Car Driver.

[Albany Journal.]

We doubt if anybody noticed a young fellow who, a few weeks ago, boarded the platform of car No. ——, of the State street line, and after exchanging hurried words with the driver took his place and at once drove up the hill. If he was seen, there was nothing in his personality to excite special comment. That he was tall and dark, that his hair was closely trimmed, and that a pretty well developed moustache covered his upper lip, were points to be noted; albeit his profuse wrappings and broad-brimmed hat almost concealed these characteristics. The idea that he was not exactly qualified for the position of car-driver might have struck any one who observed him driving. But we shall reveal the whole story. It possibly may not be wholly agreeable to the people who are personally identified with the novel incident, but it has become too well known in certain circles that we divulge no secret in giving it to the public. So we will leave the young man driving the car slowly up State street, and refer to the circumstances under which he came there.

Henry A—— is a clerk in a well known business house and resides in the West End. He frequently rides home in the cars and chats with the drivers. One, in particular, he quite fancied, for "Bill," as he was called, was above the level of his class. "Bill" had a family, and he was put to sore straits to make both ends meet. He was compelled to be on duty more than fifteen hours a day. He had intimated to Henry that he wanted to "get off" for an evening so that he might accompany his wife to a sleighing party. Henry suggested that he should take his place as driver. He said it would be a good joke, for he should disguise his self as to be unknown, and nobody would be the wiser. "Bill" demurred. The rules of the company were rigorous. Men stood ready to take the place of the present employees at even lower wages, and dismissals were made on the slightest provocation. His more prosperous friend argued, in reply, that the deception would never be discovered; that even if it were, he would not lose his place, for he would have influence with several of the directors. Henry's positive affirmation reassured him, and at last he assented to the suggestion.

A new and inexperienced driver found the position he had accepted to be extremely unpleasant. He had not driven half way up the hill before he regretted the task he had undertaken, and chided himself for his foolish avidity in accepting it. He had noticed his friend manage the horses and supposed it was an easy matter, but he was somewhat mistaken. When he neared the curve which the track takes into Washington Avenue, the conductor put his head out of the door and said, "Hurry up, old boy, we're behind time." Thus adjured, our friend applied his whip and the speed of the car was greatly accelerated. When the forward wheels struck the curved rails they suddenly left the track, and the passengers quitted the car in lively trepidation. After five minutes' delay the car had been gotten on the rails again. Happily for our hero, the conductor had lately been transferred from another line, and so he did not, in the brief unpleasantness which occurred, discover who was his driver.

The wind was keen, and Henry found that an army overcoat did not fully protect him from the chilly blast. The moon was up, and its gentle effulgence filled the world with a soft and tender light. The castellated roof of the new capitol was clearly defined against the sky, and the pale stars seemed to look down upon him in pity.

Suddenly he heard in the far distance shouts of men, followed by a clatter of horses' feet. The sounds grew louder, and presently he saw a horse attached to a cutter galloping rapidly down the street. The reins were dangling over the dash-board, and the sole occupant of the sleigh was a lady.

Quickly winding the reins around the brake handle, Mr. L—— jumped from the car, and, whip in hand, stood facing the horse, which was ten yards away. The furious animal saw him and partially lessened his speed. He struck with his whip handle, grasped the bridle, stopped the horse, and—fainted.

The motley crowd which gathered about the young lady who had been so providentially rescued gave little heed to the man in the blue coat, whose hand still grasped the whip, and who lay unconscious on the cold pavement.

The uncle of the young lady, with whom she had been driving, and who was thrown out just above Dove street, came up in breathless haste. He saw that the brave driver was uncared for, and he directed that he be taken to his residence, not many blocks distant. He was still insensible. He had been wounded by the horse's sharp corks.

When Henry had been conveyed into that spacious hall-way and laid upon the lounge, his consciousness returned. The uncle was seated beside him awaiting the coming of the doctor. He asked Henry how he felt, and in response he said his legs pained him intensely. The doctor, who came in soon afterward, pronounced it "an ugly wound;" but gave hearty encouragement, and affirmed that he "would be all right in two weeks." While the wound was being dressed our uncle noticed the invalid critically, and thought it was the first car-driver he had ever known to wear diamond studs and cuff-buttons.

A smile, which had been lingering about the corners of his mouth, deepened until he uttered audible sounds of mirth. Henry, attributing the cause, said, apologetically: "I came here under false pretenses."

"O, never mind," interpolated the other, "we owe you a debt of gratitude which we never can repay."

Henry, at his own instance, briefly narrated his little story. Not long after, the rescued young lady and her mother came where Henry lay. With charming grace Mrs. L—— V—— relieved her guest of any embarrassment which he might have felt, and she was profuse in her expressions of gratitude for the service he had rendered. The young and prettier lady was a trifle pale, but save fright, she had suffered nothing from her adventure.

At last accounts Henry was still a prisoner. Miss L—— and he have grown to be great friends; they find that they admire the same authors, and she reads to him by the hour from Tennyson and Longfellow. The days all go too rapidly by the tall timepiece in the cozy library. He is rapidly recovering, and by the aid of a cane he is now able to walk a little.

Madame Rumor hath it that a wedding will soon take place at a venerable mansion on the avenue.

Going Home.

[Detroit Free Press.]

There isn't a day in the year but what one can see just such a parting as yesterday morning took place at the Union Depot. Man and wife had come down to the train which was to bear her to her mother's. The husband had fully persuaded her that her health was failing, and she ought to go home on a six weeks' visit. She thought she felt even better than usual, but husbands know best about these things, of course. This wife seemed to have made her preparations quickly and had not yet said what was on her mind to say. It lacked thirty-five minutes of train time, and as they sat down in the waiting-room she said:

"Now, Henry, the last time I went away"—

"Just wait—I want to see if that's our train," interrupted the husband as he rose up. Going out, he was absent seven minutes. When he returned she was ready to say:

"I want to say to you that the neighbors"—

"Did I give you the check for your trunk?" he suddenly inquired.

She found it in her pocket, restored it, and again said:

"Of couse I have confidence in you, but"—

"You remember that you must not change cars at the Junction," he said as he looked at his watch. "When you reach there you will hear men yelling change cars for this and that place, but you sit right still."

"Haven't I been over the road four different times, and don't I know all the stations? Now, Henry, although there will be no one in the house but you, I have"—

"Did you forget that lunch-basket?" he excitedly asked, as he looked around and under the seat.

She had it on her lap all the time. As soon as she had assured him of its safety, she said:

"You now come from the office every evening at 6, and of course I shall expect"—

"That's our train!" he exclaimed, as he leaped up and grabbed for the satchel.

"Dear me, but I wanted to say to you"—she replied, as she followed him out.

He rushed down the depot and put her aboard the coach as fast as possible, but while arranging the seat she said:

"Now, Henry, I am going away for six weeks, but I want to say that"—

"There goes the bell—I'll be left—let me kiss you—good-by, dear!" and he was out of sight in an instant.

A man across the aisle, who seemed to know how matters stood, looked at his watch and then called out:

"It lacks just twenty-two minutes of train time!"

The wife rose up and walked to the door, but Henry was clear of the depot, and all she could do was to give one of her band boxes a kick and mutter:

"I'll pay him for this—I'll return unexpectedly!"

THE SOCIETY PROBLEM.

Curious Whispers from the National Society Gallery About the Reception of Mrs. Senator Bruce.

The Washington correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* writes of Mrs. Senator Bruce as follows:

"Helen of Troy was not a greater disturber of the peace, nor did she give rise to more gossip and twaddle than the wife of the colored Senator from Mississippi does. As long as Bruce remained unmarried his senatorial career was unruffled. His brother Senators accorded him the courtesy of the Senate, which was total oblivion as to his presence among them. It was an almost forgotten fact that the colored race had a representative in the Senate. Social recognition was not thought of, and so little was known of the private life of the Senator that when his marriage was announced it surprised every one, as they supposed he already had a wife. Newspapers have ascribed great beauty and accomplishments to Mrs. Bruce, and the attempt has been made to endow her with more culture than that of any lady in Washington. Ever since her advent in this city male correspondents have been determined to keep her before the public and stir up a commotion in the social world. It was reported that Mrs. Hayes had invited Mrs. Bruce to receive with her on New Year's Day. The reception took place minus Mrs. Bruce. Then the indefatigable apple of discord men called at the residence of the lady just to see who was there and how Madame appeared. This was chronicled in the most sensational style. Next it was reported that Mrs. Hayes had called, and was so pleased with Mrs. Bruce that she had called a second time and invited Mrs. Bruce to the White House. The writer had not the fear before his eyes of the ready contradiction to this, as there is no point of etiquette so rigidly observed as the rule which forbids the lady of the White House from making any calls. If this fact were not sufficient, Mr. Bruce's vote on the New York nominations would clearly indicate that there is no social recognition of himself or wife at the Executive Mansion. Had Mrs. Hayes stepped aside from her rule of non-intervention and called upon Mrs. Bruce and invited her to the lunch which she recently gave to forty-four ladies, there is no doubt that Senator Bruce would have recognized the duty of supporting the administration. It is not kind or friendly for any one to advocate the social recognition of Mrs. Bruce. It appears that she is a native of Cleveland, Ohio. Her parents live there. She was educated at Oberlin College, and at the time of her marriage was teaching a colored school in Cleveland. No one in Cleveland visits the family, and the three times that I met the Association of Ohio Teachers at their annual meeting at Put-in-Bay, neither Mrs. Bruce nor any colored man or woman was with the noble seven hundred. A spirit of mischief has caused some correspondents to keep continually prodding Senator and Mrs. Bruce to assert themselves socially. Two ladies from Boston, who were stopping temporarily at one of the hotels, were prompted by sheer curiosity to call upon Mrs. Bruce on Thursday (Senatorial day). They did not mention this visit to any one in the hotel. It was a fine Monday afternoon, and the red parlor was full of elegantly dressed ladies receiving the highest ton of the city. "Mrs. Senator Bruce," called out the usher, a colored man in a dress coat, white gloves and necktie. The buzz of conversation ceased, and there was a dead silence. Mrs. Bruce, who is said to enamel, was richly dressed in velvet, with a white bonnet, and a white veil over her face. She asked for Mrs. Leopold Morse and Mrs. and Miss French. The latter ladies, who were present, received her graciously and made her welcome. Well! Perhaps it is not best to reveal the sequel; but there was some lively and spirited conversation that evening in the hotel, and if the public is interested to know what has been said, there is quite a variety of opinions and comments to select from, for I am bound to confess that the ladies are not unanimous. It is affirmed that the code of etiquette requires that the new additions to the Senate have to call upon the older ones, and that Mrs. Bruce was prompt in performing her duty, and that the calls have been returned. I have not met either Senator Bruce or his wife. I am sorry that I am not able to gratify the curiosity of the public as to her personal and mental attractions. I only know that the wife of a Congressman was deeply affronted because some one asserted that Mrs. Bruce appeared much better than half of the wives of Congressmen."

Population of English Cities.

[London Standard.]

As nearly eight years have elapsed since the last census was taken, it is clear that in many cases the returns then published would be far from representing the truth respecting population at the present day. The Registrar-General therefore supplies various estimates, annually, relating to the largest English towns, in order to form a basis for the calculation of annual rates, etc., his estimates starting on the assumption that the rate of increase seen on comparing the returns for 1871 with those of 1861 remain in force. It appears, then, that the population of London, which in 1871 was 3,254,260, may now be taken at 3,620,868. In the case of Brighton there has been a comparatively recent addition to the borough boundaries; the population is now, however, taken at 105,608. Portsmouth has increased since 1871 from 113,569 to 131,821, Norwich from 80,305 to 85,222, Plymouth from 68,758 to 74,293, Bristol from 182,552 to 209,947, Wolverhampton from 68,291 to 75,100, Birmingham from 343,787 to 388,884, Liverpool from 493,405 to 538,338, Manchester from 351,189 to 361,819, Salford from 124,801 to 177,849, Oldham from 82,629 to 111,318, Bradford from 145,830 to 191,046, Leeds from 259,212 to 311,860, Sheffield from 239,946 to 297,133, Hull from 121,892 to 146,347, Sunderland from 98,242 to 114,575, Leicester from 95,220 to 125,622, and Newcastle from 128,443 in 1871 to 146,948 in 1879. There have been great alterations recently in the boundaries of Nottingham; that borough is now estimated, however, to have 169,396 inhabitants. In the case of Salford the estimate is based upon the rate of increase of inhabited houses within the borough during the six years ending July 1, 1877. It thus appears that the population of London is about equal to those of eighteen of the large towns just enumerated, excluding Brighton. Liverpool and Glasgow differ from one another very slightly in population, the numbers being 538,338 and 578,156 respectively. The density of population in the twenty towns enumerated varies very greatly, namely, from 11.4 persons per acre in Norwich to 103.3 in Liverpool. The figures stand thus: Norwich, 11.4; Leeds, 14.5; Sheffield, 15.1; Nottingham, 17.; Wolverhampton, 22.1; Oldham, 23.9; Bradford, 26.5; Newcastle, 27.4; Portsmouth, 29.4; Salford, 34.4; Leicester, 39.3; Hull, 40.3; Sunderland, 41.4; Brighton, 44.9; Birmingham, 46.3; Bristol, 47.2; London, 48.; Plymouth 53.3; Manchester, 84.3, and Liverpool 103.3 per acre.

THE HYPOCRITE.

With all his conscience and one eye askew,
So far as he partly took himself for true;
Whose pious talk, when most his heart was dry,
Made wet the crafty crow's-foot round his eye:
Who never naming God except for gain,
So never took that useful name in vain;
Made Him his cat's-paw and the cross his tool,
And Christ the bait to trap his dupe and fool;
Nor deeds of gift, but gift of grace, he forged:
And, snake-like, slimed his victim ere he gorged;
And oft at Bible meetings, o'er the rest,
Arising, did his holy, oily best;
Dropping the too rough if in Hell or Heaven,
To spread the Word by which himself had thriven.

—Alfred Tennyson.

FEMALE BARBERS.

An Innovation Which Will Be Popular—How A Bohemian Was Recently Tonsored in New York.

[N. Y. Herald.]

A circular headed "A New Departure" announces that "the undersigned would respectfully inform his friends and the public in general that he has added to his corps of artists two lady barbers, who are prepared to do shaving and hair dressing in first-class style, at his saloon ——Church street." On the north side of the stairway, leading to an airy basement, at the address mentioned, hangs a picture which turns the heads of most of those who pass northward along the sidewalk. In an easy chair sits a very commonplace young man, with his feet on a stool, and his arms hidden by a towel which is spread over him. Behind him stands a delightful young woman, red skirt, blue waist and yellow hair. There are round, red spots on her cheeks, and she is engaged in tucking the ends of the towel in the neck of the young man. Would the picture prove delusive? As the door at the foot of the stairs was pushed open there was a rustle of dresses. Two young women arose and stood in waiting beside two luxurious chairs. One was a brunette, while the other had bright brown hair and hazel eyes. Both wore neatly fitting black cassimere suits and white aprons. That of the brunette was trimmed with bead fringe, and that of the other with velvet. The hair of the brunette was arranged in a large braid, with finger puffs. It was crimped on top and banged at the forehead. She has a small, shapely nose, large blue-black eyes, a pure complexion and a smiling mouth. Neither she nor her companion is more than 25 years of age. After an embarrassing minute of indecision, the customer took the chair presided over by the brunette, because it was a few feet the nearer to where he stood. Amid smiles the customer sat down.

The brunette stooped and adjusted the head-rest to a nicety, and then she dipped a soft brush into a basin of warm water and rubbed it about in the soap cup. The lather was gently and accurately applied. Neither the ears nor the hair in front of the ears were daubed. Two delicate fingers lifted the ends of the mustache out of the way. After the soap and water had thus been spread she rested the left hand on the top of the head, while with her bare right hand she gently rubbed the beard to soften it. She talked pleasantly of the weather and of the news of the day. She likes the *Sun*, and thinks that Mrs. Anderson accomplished a wonderful feat in Brooklyn. She doesn't care anything about the billiard tournament. She wears no bracelets because it would interfere with her work. Her rounded white arm was lost in the folds of an elegant flowing lace undersleeve. When the beard had been properly softened by long rubbing, an ivory-handled razor was selected and stroked with a free lissome movement back and forth against a hanging strap, which gave forth a series of pleasant lisps. It was a hollow ground razor. With a frank smile that inspired only confidence, she turned upon her customer with the instrument in her hand. Holding the head pressed over to the left with the tips of two fingers and a thumb, she drew the keen edge down the right cheek with the hand of a master. A few more smooth strokes finished the right side. Then she re-lathered the left side, and pulling the head over toward her, she leaned over the chair to shave the left side. A few short, firm, upward strokes removed the beard; but, not content with this, she moistened the skin again with a sponge, and made the razor follow the fingers of her left hand over the surface. The pressure of the fingers was to draw the skin tight. This was all done so smoothly and successfully that if it had not been for the novelty of the situation the customer might have fallen asleep.

During that part of the operation she was so intent upon her work that she forgot to talk. Her lips were compressed and her deft touches were made with a sure and firm hand. A handsome brooch of gold and mother-of-pearl glistened at her throat, and a fragrant rosebud was pinned on her bosom. Then came the shaving of the chin and upper lip. The latter was pinched successfully into little perpendicular rolls, the summits of which were shaved with single rapid upward strokes. After the chin and lip had been moistened with a sponge and gone over again to produce a close shave the customer was again able to talk. The operator said that she had learned her trade only a year ago, and that she had taken to it naturally. She had learned it, she said, by practicing on her friends, and then her lips shaped themselves into a smile as she added, "and on some customers, too." She finds it harder to shave men with coarse, heavy beards than those with light beards, but is never afraid to accept any customer who may seat himself in her chair. To the question whether she was not sometimes sickened by breaths laden with tobacco and alcoholic odors, she replied with a blush that she never got close enough to such customers to have the breath make much difference.

After the shaving operation proper was complete, she applied bay rum to the face, and when the rum had evaporated she dabbed the lower part of the face all over with a powder stuff. Then she combed the hair, giving it elegant finish. She parted it a little nearer to the middle than the customer had been used to, and said in explanation, when her attention was called to the fact, that she liked to see a gentleman's hair parted near the middle. Finally she waxed the moustache and twisted the ends into two horizontal points as sharp and accurate as darning needles.

The two new artists are named Annie and Maggie Smith. The brunette is Annie. They learned their trade in Boston, where they were employed in a shop in Washington street kept by a Mr. Fruler. They have been in their present stuation since Monday last, and say that they are much encouraged by their success.

Remarkable Case of An Alibi.

A special dispatch from Columbus, Ohio, to the Cincinnati *Gazette* says: "In the jail of this county, under sentence of death for murder, lies a negro with a strange history. In November, 1876, a man named Holmes was murdered in the most foul and wanton manner. The negro, Sam Hall, was arrested on the charge of being the murderer, and after a long trial was convicted and sentenced. The circumstantial evidence was strong against him, and the sheriff of Muscogee swore, to the best of his belief, to the identity of the negro. He was sentenced to be hung. He now states that in 1872 he was sentenced to the penitentiary for fifteen years for horse stealing. He effected his escape February, 1877, and was consequently in jail in November, 1876, when the murder was committed. This story has been substantiated in the most complete manner, and the innocence of the negro of the crime of murder is clearly proved. The negro says that when he was arrested on the charge of murder he felt, as he knew himself innocent, that he could not be convicted. He therefore declined to acknowledge himself an escaped convict until he found that his life depended on it. He will, of course, be carried back to jail to serve out his sentence for horse stealing.

A New English Notion.

[From Olive Logan's Last Letter.]

The co-operative system of trading has extended in London to dress for ladies and children. A co-operative company has leased Dion Boucicault's mansion on Regent street for twenty years, and is fitting up its twenty rooms as a store, each room being the headquarters of a different department. The capital is $1,000,000, obtained by the issue of 40,000 shares at $25 a share, so shares to bear 6 per cent interest. Only shareholders can trade, and certainly, if no more than one-tenth of them are ladies and frequent the rooms often, the premises will be none too large. They promise to give the newest fashions and to employ first-class dressmakers, and to have a fixed low price for making, and to charge not one penny in advance in the material used.

FOREIGN NOTES.

At a recent meeting of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, held in Edinburgh, an account was given of the two small cemeteries containing the deposits of urns and burnt bones which were recently found in Scotland—one on the Balbirnie estate in Fifeshire, and another on the banks of the Clyde, near Thankerton.

The best Japanese barbers are women. As in a Japanese family the shaving of the children's heads is a regular duty, as imperative as the Saturday night's general ablutions are among families where Sabbaths and Sunday school are institutions, so nearly all Japanese women acquire a deftness and delicacy of touch with the razor that rival those of masculine barbers.

Mr. Sothern, it is rumored, does not enjoy his enforced vacation, and has been declaring that he would play this spring in spite of his doctors—that he would sooner die than lead his present idle life. Mr. Charles Wyndham is equally averse to rest. After obeying his doctors as long as he possibly could, he recently surprised his company in the provinces by suddenly appearing one evening upon the stage and going on with his accustomed part, to the exclusion of the actor who had been cast for it.

Sir Capel Molyneux, of Castle Dillon, Armagh, died a few days ago at his residence in Ireland, at the age of thirty-seven years. He was a magistrate and deputy lieutenant for the county of Armagh, and served as high sheriff in 1867. He married in 1863 Mary Emily Frances, eldest daughter of Peter Fitzgerald, "Knight of Kerry," but leaves no son, and it is presumed that the title will pass to his father's cousin, Rev. John William Henry Molyneux, rector of St. Gregory's, Sudbury, Suffolk, and honorary canon of Ely Cathedral.

So good an engineer as Mr. Trautwine asserts that there is no reason whatever upon which to base a hope of obtaining a favorable canal line across any portion of the Darien Isthmus, and insists further upon his oft-repeated statement that no route exists that could be executed for less than about $300,000,000. He favors the cutting of a direct line from the Gulf of San Blas to the mouth of the River Bayano, on the Pacific; this is not more than thirty-five miles long, and would require a ship tunnel possibly ten miles long.

An historical heirloom, the silver-mounted ebony distaff of Queen Marie Antoinette, which was seen at the Paris Exposition, has been restored to the Emperor of Austria. It is the same distaff with which the unfortunate Queen beguiled the long hours of her captivity, and after her execution it was given as a memento to one of the ladies in attendance. It thence passed into the family of Brassy-Raincin, the last representative of which, Mme. la Douairiere de Raincin, has just died. The spindle is of ivory, and the hemp still on it is that from which the unhappy Queen spun during the last days of her life. By the decease of Mme. de Raincin the relic passed into the hands of a Hungarian lady.

President Grevy dresses very modestly, never having worn even the uniform of the National Guard. He is a man of republican simplicity in all his ways. In his every-day attire, even in Paris, he has always donned a wide-awake instead of a silk hat; and in summer time he may generally be seen sauntering about the boulevards, clad all in gray, and crowned with a panama. Though a man of considerable landed property, as estates go in France, he never set up a brougham till he became President of the Chamber, and he has always kept this modest, one-horse vehicle, with a coachman out of livery, at Versailles. In Paris he uses cabs and omnibuses; but it must be a very muddy day which compels him to ride at all. He delights in music, but his favorite pastime is to play billiards, and to smoke cigars while making his caroms. He and his close friend, M. Paul de Cassagnac, are two of the best billiard players known, and constantly play together. The two do not discuss politics, but feel a mutual esteem for their respective powers with the balls. M. Grevy is also a keen sportsman and an able agriculturist, and owns many vines, cattle and fields of maize. He smokes much, speaks forcibly and frankly, and never loses his temper, and "he is no feebler than an iron bar."

Paris Newspaper Wit.

[New York World.]

Mother to her child—"Now, then, Arthur, do try and eat your broth." Arthur—"I can't." Mother—"Nonsense. One can do anything one wants to do." Arthur—"Well, then, I don't want to."

Baby was playing with the scissors, and his mother, perceiving this, snatched them away, crying, "Do you know that if you play with those scissors and stick them into yourself you'll be killed and die, and be dead, and mamma'll have no more little boy?" "Yes'm." "And do you know that when any one dies it's for a long time?" "Yes'm, for all one's life."

Once upon a time, when a young and inexperienced lawyer was conducting the defense of a murderer in a manner which cast a gloom over the opponents to capital punishment, when he had concluded his speech the judge said to the prisoner in the usual form: "Accused, do you desire to add anything to that which has been said in your defense?" Berryer, who was present, whispered very audibly: "Advise him to cast his lawyer upon the mercy of the court."

A poor devil is met on the boulevard, in a very thin overcoat ornamented with a tremendous hole on each side. "I say," says a friend, with complacent compassion, "you ought to freeze to death in a coat like that." "Not at all," replies the other, with a cheerful shiver; "this coat's all right. The cold just comes in at one hole and goes out at the other, and I never feel it." "Quoi, jamais?" "Non, jamais." "Quoi—jamais?" "Eh bien, presque jamais."

Some Beaconsfield Epigrams.

[London Truth.]

Lord Beaconsfield said