TRANSATLANTIC JOTTINGS.

Events of Interest from Europe and Asia.

HOW THE BRITISH LEFT THEEBAU

Jerusalem Swept Clean—Irish Misery and Politics—Zola's Latest.

Speaking of *Cosas de España*, the London *World* hears from trustworthy quarters that the fresh rising in Cuba is creating great uneasiness in government circles in Madrid. General Martinez Campos is very likely to proceed at once to the island, and has already telegraphed for Señor Canovas del Castillo to come back. In the case of the latter resuming the premiership Señors Romero Robledo, Elduayen and Manuel Silvela would be sure to return to office, and the Duke of Tetuan would, not improbably, succeed the Marquis of Molins at the Paris Embassy.

Sir Tollemache Sinclair, M. P. for Caithness, in addressing the electors of Wick the other day, recited an "epigram" which he had composed on Lord Beaconsfield, of which the following are the opening lines:—

When a storm-impelled ship is in danger,
We burn then some beacons on shore:
When our country is ploughed by a stranger,
We rush to the field from our door.
But when we gaze on our Beacon
His schemes are in darkness concealed—
The vessel of state has a leak on,
Which was pierced by old Beaconsfield.

The signs of the decline of Jingoism in London are evident. The heroic verse which used to resound through music halls was last heard in the Marylebone Police Court, slightly altered in form, having previously nerved the arms of street boys to a combat of sticks and stones. Henry street, in the Euston road, arrayed itself against Tolmer square, singing as it advanced, two hundred strong:—

We do not want to fight, but by Jingo if we do,
We've got the sticks, we've got the stones, and we will pay them too.

Windows were broken, quiet people were annoyed, and the trade of the district seems to have suffered. This, says the *Daily News*, is our English foreign policy in miniature.

The Lyonese are about to erect a statue to Joseph Marie Jacquard, whose name has become a part of the everyday language of the weaver, and may be suggested by almost every specimen of figured weaving throughout the world. In the first year of the present century—when he was just upon fifty years of age—he brought before the public the machine known everywhere now as "the Jacquard." It represented a simple and beautiful method of producing all the figured patterns with which we are familiar in silks, table cloths, window curtains and so forth, and effected a complete revolution in the art of weaving. The machine brought him under the notice of Napoleon, who gave him an appointment in the Conservatoire des Arts at Paris, and unlike, perhaps, the great majority of inventors, Jacquard's later life seems to have been eminently prosperous.

Trouble is brewing in connection with the Russell or Ladies' Club, in Regent street, London. Since the memorable day on which afternoon dances were inaugurated its downfall has been prophesied, and as a circular has now been issued asking for funds the prophecy seems more than ever likely to be realized. Hitherto the subscription for ladies has been limited to three guineas annually, and now it is proposed to extend it to five guineas. The unconstitutional method of suddenly raising the current subscriptions—for the uncanny circular does not suggest that the increment should begin with the future—and not calling a whip, has led to some discussion, but the step has been approved of by Archdeacon Dunbar. The other Ladies' Club, in Albemarle street, which has not instituted dancing as one of its allurements to entice members, still continues to be a success.

The London *World* has become accidentally possessed of the following letter, which is a correct copy of one lately addressed by a corporal of marines to his wife, from a vessel which is at present stationed off the west coast of Africa:—

WIFE—I was greatly surprised to hear from you (through my captain). I had forgotten that I was married, and, to tell you the truth, I had entirely forgotten you. I should have thought that a handsome young woman like you would have been above applying to a poor marine for help. I think you have been guided by your mother in this matter, as you have been in all others. Well, I should like you to act upon my advice for once; that is, to take no notice of your mother, do the best you can for yourself, and if possible get married again. It might be better for you. I can assure you that I will never trouble you as long as I live. I am very comfortable in the service, and there is no doubt but that I shall stay in the service for the next sixteen years. My captain said that he would not interfere with my private affairs, and if I had any trouble with you to take no notice of it. I must now conclude, and I don't think I shall ever see you or Manchester again, for I have greater attractions in Portsmouth than any other part of England. I remain, &c

P. S.—I cannot return your letter, as it is lost.

In this letter the sternness of the warrior and the proverbial inconstancy of the sailor are fearfully and wonderfully combined!

Two good stories are told of Prince Bismarck in connection with his recent visit to Vienna. During a lively luncheon party at the Palace on the Ball Platz, the name of Gambetta cropped up in the course of the conversation, and one of Count Andrassy's guests expressed his surprise that the ex-Dictator of France should have accepted the diploma of LL. D. from the University of Athens, seeing that he had previously been created a doctor of laws by the Paris University. "Yes, that is indeed odd of him," remarked the Prince; "it is just as if he had got down from horseback in order to mount the back of a jackass." Upon another occasion Prince Bismarck was introduced to a lady celebrated in Viennese society for her keen wit and quickness of repartee, who, to his conventional question of "How do you do, madam?" smilingly replied, "Very badly, Prince; you cannot, I feel sure, imagine what a curious woman must suffer when she has the honor of being in Prince Bismarck's society without daring to ask him what he has really come to do in Vienna." "Indeed, I would not for the world see you in pain," rejoined the Chancellor, with a laugh, "so I will tell you all about it. I came to Vienna to search with my friend Andrassy for the magnetic needle which shall be gifted with power to attract to us all the pacific elements in Europe—a needle magnetized by peace." "Really!" answered Countess K——, "but the needle, you know, always points to the North!" "Just so," said the Prince, "mais, Madame, c'est juste le fin mot de l'histoire!"

We are told in classic pages that Venus harnessed doves to her rosy chariot, and that Arion's marine car was drawn by sportive dolphins, trained to swift and steady traction by sea nymphs of dazzling beauty. It must surely have been some such mythological tradition that inspired Mr. Stewart, fisherman, of Morgan, South Australia, to instruct a pelican in the performance which created so lively a sensation among his fellow citizens of the rising little antipodean township a few weeks ago. Morgan is built on the bank of a huge lagoon, the placid waters of which are overlooked by the principal promenade of the place. What was the surprise of the Morganite flâneurs one fine afternooon in the springtide of September, when they beheld their townsman, the piscatorial Stewart, gliding across the glassy bosom of their lake in a small flat-bottomed boat, towed by a gigantic pelican, which he guided by means of fishing lines made fast to the creature's head in the manner of reins. Calmly smoking his pipe and reclining comfortably in the stern of his boat Stewart handled his "ribbons" with the stolid dexterity of a court coachman. The well trained pelican, obedient to every pressure of his master's hand, executed a variety of intricate evolutions, apparently unembarrassed by the weight of the vehicle to which it was harnessed, and finally swam back at racing speed to its stable without having turned a feather. Who shall say, after this convincing proof of our winged fellow creatures' docility, that the famous project of aerial navigation by the aid of eagles, tempted to strenuous flight by lumps of raw meat suspended a few inches in front of their beaks, may not be feasible?

WHY JERUSALEM WAS SWEPT CLEAN.

A correspondent writes to us from Jaffa, Palestine, under date of September 25:—Sir Henry Layard's coming to Jaffa (ancient Joppa) was telegraphed in advance, and in consternation the Pacha of Jerusalem at once ordered certain "reforms" to be carried out. The streets of Jerusalem were swept; the Jaffa road repaired by covering rough places with dust that the first winter rain will wash away; the uneven pavement about the Jaffa gate and around the Tower of David was relaid; bridges on the road between Jaffa and Ramleh, which had given way and had been neglected these two or three years past, were repaired, and ugly ditches filled up. So eager was the Pacha to present a smiling exterior to the British Ambassador, and to be able to point out to him the outward and visible signs of "reform" that for a whole day prior to His Excellency's arrival at Jerusalem, guards were placed on the road to prevent any stray horse or mule from injuring the Sultan's highway or soiling it. Accompanied by Consul Noel Temple Moore, the Consular guards with silver maces, and by a Turkish escort Sir Henry left Jaffa on the afternoon of the 17th inst. and reached Jerusalem on the 18th inst. and was received by the Pacha in state. The foreign consuls met together and called upon His Excellency, but Count Caboga, the Austrian representative, entirely monopolized the conversation to the disgust of his colleagues, who could not obtain from Sir Henry any hint as to the objects which required this unexpected visit to the Holy Land. A trip was made in haste to the Jordan and the Dead Sea, and a deputation of the chief rabbies was received, who were honored by a great deal of condescension on the part of the Ambassador, who listened to their address and expressed himself much pleased with the new buildings that had been erected for their community and with the signs of temporal improvement among them. It has since transpired that the motives for this visit to Palestine and Syria are to examine the state of these provinces and to urge upon Midhat Pacha the immediate execution of the delayed reforms. After Jerusalem, Mount Carmel, Beyrout, Damascus, Tripoli and Cyprus will be visited by the Ambassador, and no doubt Downing street will receive reports thereon. Judging, however, from the brief stay at Jerusalem, where the time was entirely occupied by receiving and paying visits, a dinner at the Pacha's and a visit to the Dead Sea and Jordan, no very studied examination could have been made of the state of the Holy Land and of its administration. While dining with the Pacha Sir Henry received a despatch from the Sultan asking if he was pleased with the Pacha, to which he answered in the affirmative. The Ambassador and his lady are well spoken of by the officers and sailors of the gunboat which conveyed them to Jaffa. The entire time spent in the Holy Land was from the 17th to the 22d—nearly five days! Quite long enough to "whitewash" the Pachas and laud the present administration, but all too short to enforce promised reforms and benefit the people, who are languishing under an oppressive and lawless rule which is maintained by the policy of Lord Beaconsfield, K. G.

PICTURES OF MISERY FROM CONNEMARA.

If ever there was poverty, says the roving commissioner of *Freeman's Journal*, genuine, poignant, terrific and unmerited, it is that of the poor of Connemara. Presuming that the village of Belleck is a stock of noisome windowless cabins, with not five shillings' worth of effects per house, its inhabitants in rags, its stock a dozen pigs and four mountain cows, every tenant owing a year's rent at least and other debts in greater amount than the whole fee-simple of their farms, and that all its present means of living, even if they are left intact, cannot by any possibility afford food beyond January—I can myself vouch from personal inspection that what is true of Belleck is in the main quite as true of the townland of Fahy, of Turbot Island, of Inishturk Island, of Kingstown, of Coolacly, of Knockbawn, of Knockavalla, of Derreen, of Letterdean, of Carhoobeg, of Cushertragh, of Gleannach, of Omey Island, of Claddaghduff, of Fountain Hill, of the Patches, of Cleggan and of Rossadillisk. I am perfectly persuaded that hundreds of other townlands which I have been as yet unable to visit are in precisely the same appalling plight. I never saw before, and hope never to see again, such dens as the people are stalled in. The cases in which there is a window of any kind are the exceptions. A pane of glass in the sleeping room is the luxury of a favored few. In some cases the furniture consisted of a pot, an old box, the lid of which served as a table; an earthen pitcher, a bedstead of flagstones, a bed of loose mountain switch grass, and no other appliance in the world for the accommodation of a family of eight or ten Christian souls—not a plate, not a chair, not a bellows. All the rest were in pawn to pay a rich absentee his rack rents. But however the people fared themselves, the warmest corner within the cabin itself was always sure to be set apart for the pig or the little cow, and it was a mark of extraordinary sanitary development wherever a rude little stone channel had been made through the floor, outside the pig's partition, to carry off the filth. I saw a huge bony pig rise from his couch in one of these cabins, with all the airs of its lord, thrust his nose against a hingeless apology for a front door, which was supposed to confine him, and go out for a walk, in the most unceremonious way, over the broken fragments of the door. But the most miserable sight of all—one to make angels weep—is to see the poor little children who swarm in semi-nakedness and neglect in the "darkness made visible" of their forlorn homes; too naked to appear at mass or school; too listless even to have the child's passion for green fields; grimy and blear-eyed from the blinding smoke and dinginess; one little creature nursing another littler; no surroundings but filth and want; no playmate except their fellow lodger, the pig. Can we wonder if the fair features of these little sufferers—and nature has given many of them faces as cherub like and wits as bright as to the pets of fairy drawing rooms—grow so distorted and dazed and hebetated as almost to lose their sweet human stamp? I have said so much, yet left so much unsaid, of the grinding misery and danger of the people that I must reserve for another letter proofs—which I think will astonish even those who think they have heard the worst.

RUSSIA'S STRANGE WAR SHIP.

A firm of shipbuilders on the Clyde has received an order from the Russian government for a monster iron-clad, which is to be practically invulnerable, and the subject is attracting considerable interest in English official circles. The vessel is to have an armored deck in shape like the back of a tortoise, with sharp edges all round, on which an iron ram may expend its force only to its own injury, or, at most, cut through a mere fringe into one of numberless watertight compartments. The surfaces above and below the water being of the same slope would offer no mark for an opponent's shot, which would glance off without doing the slightest injury, and only vertical fire, which is always unreliable, or battering from above at close quarters, which the monitor's own heavy guns might repel, could be used against such a foe. The old system of boarding might avail; but, as the ship is to be 500 feet in length by 100 feet broad, she would probably carry a great number of men, and boarding might not be easy. The torpedo alone she would have to dread, and against the torpedo she would have to take her chance with the rest. Her armament, according to conjecture, will consist of four or more 100-ton guns, mounted on the disappearing principle, together with appliances for projecting torpedoes; and it is intended to make her for attack as well as defence at least the equal of any other ship afloat. It is calculated that a vessel of such a build, though provided with 10,000 horse power engines, cannot be of great speed, but this is regarded as of secondary consequence in a ship which is described as unassailable. The circular ironclads which the Russians already possess are regarded as failures because their perpendicular sides offer a ready target to the enemy, and Admiral Popoff, who has designed the new cyclad, is understood to have adopted the idea propounded more than ten years since by a member of the firm to whom the execution of the work is now intrusted. The Polyphemus, now building for the British navy, will be somewhat similar, in having a sloped deck of iron armor, but she will be small in comparison, and fight only with her ram and torpedoes, being unprovided with guns. The construction of the floating Malakoff is regarded as a serious fact in England, and proposals are being discussed for meeting the case and maintaining the pre-eminence of the British nation upon the seas.

ZOLAISM IN PARIS.

The walls of Paris are gaudy with the advertisements of M. Zola's new romance. The subscribers to the newspaper in which it is to appear have been kept for weeks in a state of anxious excitement. The great day is at last definitely announced, and "Nana," in all the attractions of pearl powder, rouge and spangles, is to make her literary appearance very soon, and eagerness for more of M. Zola's work, more and more highly peppered than ever, is not a very pleasant sign of the mood of "Paris herself again." M. Zola poses as a moral writer, says the *Daily News*, he hold up the glass to human nature in its most depraved condition. No other kind of reality seems to have much charm for this realist. His works are like the confessions of those ancient sinners who too plainly relish the narrative of their old misdeeds. He is the confessor and director of Paris; he has a memory stored with her revelations; he publishes them, and Paris, reading them with delight, lives over again the pleasant days of the Empire. Nay, the town cannot even wait for the publication of this new story, or rather history, for M. Zola is much too clever not to add personalities to his "realism." M. Albert Wolff has been kind enough to relieve the general mind by printing beforehand a kind of sketch of the novel. Writers of fiction sometimes complain, with reason, that reviewers "take the word out of their mouths" and spoil their tales by letting out the plot. It is not the plot, but the "palpitating realities" of depraved taste that his readers enjoy in M. Zola. M. Wolff, having heard all about the coming romance from M. Zola's own lips in the garden at Meudon, has only revealed enough to make the readers "wish for more." There is no other connection between milk and water, separate or combined, and the new flower of realism. If M. Wolff's report be correct, it is easy to describe "Nana" in a sense. Just as the "Assommoir" was a minutely nauseous study of the lives of drunken ruffians, so the fresh story is to be a study of the life of abandoned women. All the scandals of a great luxurious city, the stories of vice and ruin which had been happily forgotten, the characters who had their days of flaunting splendor and their deaths in squalid garrets will be revivified by the art of the novelist. The procession of unmentionable men and women, with their victims, will sweep across the stage. Every detail of the life of fast theatres, every taint that corrupts the air, will be catalogued and reproduced. When the original realistic work has had its run as a novel, we have the spectacle of delirium tremens and of pugnacious washerwomen on the French, and shortly on the English, stage. Doubtless, "Nana" will be not less fortunate. The fingers of the "adapter" are already closing, perhaps, on the French dictionary, the scissors, the paste pot, and the other instruments of the profession.

HOW THE BRITISH LEFT MANDALAY.

The following is given as the true account of the withdrawal of the English Embassy from Mandalay:—Early on the morning of the 6th inst. the Resident sent round a peon with the following circular to the various British residents:—"The government of India have decided to remove for the present their representative and establishment. I am proceeding at once on board the Panthay, leaving my baggage to follow. Should you consider it necessary to adopt similar measures you will arrive at the wharf almost as soon as ourselves. In any case the steamer will be detained a sufficient time to admit of your communicating your resolve." At the Residency no packing was allowed, lest an alarm should be given. The circulars sent out, the staff proceeded to the steamer, and the peon returning from delivering the circulars found the Residency closed and the Burmese in possession. These would not permit the baggage to be removed without orders from the King. Some hours afterward a courteous letter was received allowing the removal of the baggage. Upon the receipt of the circular the European residents and British subjects hurried down to the wharf as fast as possible; even Major Halstead, the only man who remained behind during the troubles in Major Sladen's time, left on this occasion. Andriano, who is flotilla agent and Italian Consul, remained, as he considered that there was no danger. The American missionaries have remained at Bhamo. Should hostilities occur they purpose seeking safety in China. Before the Panthay arrived at Menila a slight disturbance occurred. The Burmese officials boarded the steamer and insisted upon arresting some Burmese-British subjects who were coming down from Mandalay. The Resident interfered energetically and the guard of Madrasees stood to their arms. Finally, the Burmese officials gave way and the Panthay proceeded down the river. The Resident has reported to the government that the King has summoned men from every village to proceed to Mandalay to protect it.

RIENZI II.

ROME HONORS THE MEMORY OF CICERUACCHIO, THE TRIBUNE OF THE PEOPLE—A STRANGE AND INTERESTING LIFE.

Never since Lars Porsena's host occupied the Janiculan has that historic hill of Rome beheld a vaster multitude than that which witnessed on Sunday, the 12th inst., the final interment of the bones of Ciceruacchio and his friends of 1849. Who was Ciceruacchio? Rather more than forty years ago, says the London *Daily News*, when Bulwer's "Rienzi" was still the rage, English residents in Rome were familiar with a burly, broad-shouldered, kindly-looking bourgeois of their quarter, who supplied them with wood in winter, with carriage horses in spring, and with wine all through the season. He was of the pure Roman type, this man, strong as a buffalo and as good natured till roused; always ready to share his earnings, which were large, with the humblest pauper; genial even to joviality, and never forgetting he was a plebeian, but a Roman. Few of his English friends, and their name was legion, suspected that this stalwart purveyor for their daily wants and occasional luxuries would in ten years' time develop into a popular leader of far nobler stamp than the vain enthusiast whose theatrical career found a congenial narrator in the most artificial of novelists—that is, in fact, the true "last of the tribunes" was not Cola di Rienzi, but Angelo Brunetti, named Ciceruacchio. The representative of the people was born—appropriately—in the Rione del Popolo on the 27th September, 1800, in the outskirts of that English quarter known jocularly as the Ghetto Inglese. As a child he was noted for his well rounded, not to say plump, proportions, whereon his fond mother gave him the pet name which stuck to him through life, "Ciceruacchio." A good natured pugnacity was his chief characteristic, more often displayed in protecting his weaker brethren, and, as he grew up, in taming the insolence of the Papal gendarmerie to the poor. At twenty he married a handsome, bright-witted girl of his Rione, and his whole nature became at once ennobled. He was a model of industry, integrity and shrewdness. From having been a carter of wine he came to deal in wine himself, and from that he rose to be a purveyor of draught cattle, of jaunting cars and of all the articles and commodities supplied from country to town. He gave employment to hundreds of laborers, and encouraged the more intelligent of them to begin, like himself, on their own account. With all this he was the most public spirited of citizens, and throughout the despotic reign of Gregory XVI. he strove by word and deed to keep alive their self-respect and independence, lowered and coerced as it seemed to be. By the time of Gregory's death (1846) Ciceruacchio was one of the most substantial and revered of Romans, admired and looked up to on all occasions, from the popular merrymaking to the political demonstration. With the hurried election of Pio Nono a new era seemed to dawn. The incoming Pontiff reversed the whole policy of his predecessor. He opened the prisons, setting at liberty all but the worst malefactors. He put a stop to all political trials. He was large in charity. He gave audience every Thursday to the poorest of the people. This was a man after Ciceruacchio's own heart, and already the honest citizen was persuading groups of listeners throughout his Rione that the bad times had gone. "God," he said, "has at last sent us our benefactor. Now you see what Pio Nono is capable of."

SERVING TWO MASTERS.

The gratitude of the Roman people for the first instalments of liberty conceded them by Pio Nono was unbounded, and foremost in giving it expression was Ciceruacchio—now erecting triumphal arches (chiefly at his own cost, and even with his personal labor); now holding banquets at which he harangued the guests with his manly, glowing eloquence, always going about everywhere, backing up the Pope as the saviour of society. Yet, with all this, he was still the industrious, punctual *negoziante*, and the constant friend of the poor. At the close of the year 1846 the charity of Pio Nono was put to a severe test—a terrible inundation of the Tiber had laid the Rione del Popolo and much of the neighborhood under water. At daybreak Ciceruacchio was out in a boat, accompanied by the eldest of his two sons, carrying bread and wine and fuel to the despairing inmates of the isolated houses beyond the gate. Wherever a tenement hung out signals of distress the stalwart arms of Ciceruacchio might have been seen plying the oars, and, bringing his little ark of safety under the window, he would fill the basket lowered to him with food and wine enough for another forty-eight hours. And all the credit of this he gave to the Pope, whose humble emissary he represented himself to be! When the worthy citizen was sent for to receive the thanks of His Holiness in the Quirinal he felt so humble before so exalted a benefactor that his tongue failed him, and he broke down in trying to express his devotedness to the Holy Father. But times changed. The Pope disappointed those who had most faith in him and in the glorious struggle maintained by the Roman Republic of 1849 against a foe of ten times its strength Ciceruacchio was scarcely second to Garibaldi himself. He drilled the youth for service in the sorties. He headed sorties himself. In view of the ultimate triumph of the French and the necessity of fighting them from street to street, he organized a barricade commission. He planned and personally assisted in fortifying the walls, and when an attack was dreaded on the south from Bomba's troops he erected an admirable glacis at the Porta Maggiore. To supply the besieged with victuals he would ride stealthily out of the city at nightfall, and, with his two sons, he would succeed in driving in a herd of milch cows before daybreak by devious paths known to himself. He gave money to those left widows and orphans by the French shot, and while he and his two sons were fighting before the walls his wife Anietta was preparing bandages and lint for the wounded at home. At last the Constituent Assembly capitulated. Ciceruacchio wept and was for some time almost insane with grief; but when Garibaldi reviewed his little army in the piazza of St. Peter's before marching out of Rome to avoid the disgrace of submitting to the French, Ciceruacchio and his two sons were the first to respond to the General's words, "I have nothing to give you but hunger, privation and battle; the bare ground for a bed and the sun's heat for refreshment on the weary march. Let all who still have faith in Italy follow me!" Thus among the 4,000 defenders of Rome who marched out through the Porta di San Giovanni were Ciceruacchio and his sons, leaving for the last time the Rome they had never quitted before, and the wife and mother Anietta, their dearest tie on earth. The fate of the little army is soon told. It fought its way through hostile Tuscany till it entered the Republic of San Marino, where Garibaldi, with a memorable speech, disbanded it. The majority thereafter capitulated to the Austrians, but Garibaldi and about two hundred followers eluded their blockade, and on the 1st of August reached Cesenatico.

HERO AND MARTYR.

Thirteen barks were procured, and Garibaldi with his wife and Ciceruacchio with his sons were soon on the high seas. They were sighted by the Austrian cruisers and all taken except the craft in which Garibaldi and Ciceruacchio were on board. On regaining the shore at Mesola the now reduced band separated—Garibaldi with his fever stricken wife to Ravenna, Ciceruacchio, with his son Luigi and five comrades, toward Chioggia. At first a faithful guide conducted the latter to Presa Veniera, and did not desert them till he had shown them at what point they might safely cross the Po. They next fell in with a traitor called Chierighin, who, having advised them to take a certain route, stole off to inform the Austrians. But Ciceruacchio suspected him and made for Bosco Mora. There they stopped to take some food at the house of the brothers Giollo, one of whom, however, also played the spy and informed against them at the Austrian station of Ca-Tiepolo. Again Ciceruacchio and his party got clear away, and bribed a passing compatriot with 100 scudi to conduct them across the Po, toward Chioggia or Venice. The money was accepted, but the false guide left them in the lurch, again to inform the Austrians. Wandering in what they conceived to be the right direction they reached Donzelia, and on entering an inn in the suburbs they were shortly after arrested. The commandant of the Austrian detachment at Ca-Tiepolo, one Luca Rokavina, a stolid brute of a man, gave orders that they should be shot without parley. In vain the other officers pleaded for the lives of the patriots; in vain did Rokavina's own brother and the communal agent Marchesi plead that at least the poor boy Luigi Ciceruacchio should be spared. Rokavina was inexorable, and ordered eight graves to be dug immediately. At midnight of the 10th of August Ciceruacchio and his son Luigi (the other son, Lorenzo, was killed in a skirmish with the Austrians in Tuscany); Ramorino, a priest of Genoa; Landadio, of Narni; Paroli, of Genoa; Fraternali, of Rome; Bossi, of Terni, and Baccigalupi, of Rome, were shot, and their corpses flung into the hastily dug graves. Their clothes and knapsacks were distributed among the soldiery, while Rokavina appropriated their money, which amounted to a considerable sum. Their bones were afterward decently reinterred in the neighboring cemetery of Ca-Venier, from which in 1866 they were again taken and deposited in the church of that town. A marble tablet over them records the fact that "the thirst for gold impelled the Austrian commander Rokavina to butcher them unarmed at midnight of the 10th of August, 1849, on the soil of Ca-Tiepolo," and that "this monument attests the glory of Italy's martyrs and the shame of their cowardly assassin."

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

TORONTO, Ont., Oct. 25, 1879.

A special cable despatch from London to the *Globe* says:—"The semi-annual report of the Grand Trunk Railway has been issued. After making provision for the interest on debentures and all minor charges, a balance of £327 is carried forward with the £1,300 balance of the previous half year. The gross receipts are over five per cent less than for the corresponding period of last year. The president promises full information relative to the extension to Chicago. The recent correspondence with the Great Western Railway Company was given to the meeting.

AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—"LA TRAVIATA."

Alfredo.....Signor Campanini
Germont.....Signor Galassi
Medico.....Signor Monti
Gastone.....Signor Rinaldini
Marchese.....Signor Grazzi
Barone.....M. Broderick
Annina.....Mlle. Robiati
Violetta.....Mme. Emilie Ambre

At the matinée yesterday at the Academy of Music "La Traviata" was repeated with a cast nearly identical with that of Monday's performance, Signor Campanini being substituted for Signor Runcio as Alfredo.

Mme. Ambre's début as Violetta a few nights since was far from a success, and her prompt reappearance in the part, with another tenor as Alfredo, suggested that she had been placed at a disadvantage in the circumstances attending her début, and that another hearing was desired before a final verdict was rendered. As no allowance need be made, in considering yesterday's performance, for the nervousness incident to a "first night," and as Mme. Ambre was supported on her second appearance by a tenor of unquestionable talents, a more critical standard may be applied in reviewing her Violetta of yesterday.

A second hearing has had the effect of modifying, not reversing, the criticism first given; the blemishes markedly apparent on Monday were still observable, but existed in a lesser degree—the excellencies heretofore referred to were more manifest. The lack of quality had not been supplied, however, nor had the errors of method been eradicated. Mme. Ambre's upper notes, which are brilliant when uttered forcibly, were used more effectively yesterday, but the medium and lower registers were still as weak and ineffective as on her first appearance. Wherever her notes fell within the staff they were so lacking in resonance that the fine effect of complete harmony in the concerted music was lost. There was marked improvement in one direction—her ear was truer and her notes bore a more fixed and distinct relation to the key than they did on Monday. The serious defects in time and intonation previously noted in connection with her singing in "Traviata," were remedied in a great measure, though an occasional flatting from the pitch was apparent yesterday, and once or twice a slight—very slight—disregard of promptness in accenting the time. As these two defects were largely instrumental in forming adverse criticisms on her debut, even partial remedy is an important advance in the right direction. Her phrasing has been referred to as poor, and of her dramatic conceptions it has been said that they were well intended but weakly conveyed. In phrasing she has improved somewhat. To much of the music she gave yesterday a more harmonious and artistic coloring, but there was a lack of consistency in the treatment of all of the numbers of the score which left an impression of unevenness and inartistic finish. Her voice, as heard yesterday, confirmed the impression it first made as to its naturally agreeable quality, whatever may be said of her manner of using it. In short, the measure of Mme. Ambre's merits were determined chiefly in her first appearance; the voice was the same yesterday, but, relieved of nervousness, she appeared to better advantage.

Signor Campanini always lends a charm and grace to everything he does upon the stage, and, though evidently not singing at his best yesterday, he rendered the music of his part delightfully. The house, which was but half full and not over enthusiastic, was rather dispiriting in its effect upon this artist, and, in addition, he seemed to have a slight trouble with his throat, which made him careful of his powers. In fact, in his exceeding care he once fell a shade below the true intonation of a high note, but his arias were given with a sweetness and with the finish and grace of phrasing for which he is famous. Galassi was even better than on Monday and in every way was most satisfactory. In fact, to Campanini, Galassi and Arditi belong most of the honors of the performance. The chorus undoubtedly meant well enough, but failed to carry out all of their excellent intentions, particularly in the ballroom scene, where in the finale the voices and instruments were unpleasantly discordant.

Except in the substitution of Campanini for Runcio, the performance, though it was a slight improvement on that of Monday, was not worthy of the reputation of Her Majesty's Opera Company.

CHICKERING HALL—JOSEFFY.

The last matinée and piano recital of the now famous Joseffy was given yesterday, at Chickering Hall, in the presence of an overflowing, enthusiastic and critical audience. The programme, with the exception of a single number, was the same as that of the preceding evening, and the performance having been fully criticised in these columns it is unnecessary to repeat the favorable comments that have already been published. No artist has more quickly made an abiding impression upon the artistic portion of our community than this young man. A few weeks ago his name was almost unknown. He came among us a stranger, and even to-day is unfamiliar with our language, but his art has secured to him a new home, and his memory will always be associated with the most celebrated virtuosi who have visited America. In his method he exhibits an individuality that is peculiarly his own. His perfection of technique and purity of treatment, the apparent ease with which he renders the most difficult of passages, the delicacy, refinement and color with which he invests the severest subjects and compels the admiration of the most jealous of his compeers, stamp him as an artist who has heartily deserved all the gracious words that have been uttered concerning his work. When a great audience, after a two hours' session, linger at the close of a performance in which only the notes of the piano have been heard, as if unwilling to leave the place, and are hushed into silence and magnetized back into their seats to wait for more, there surely must exist a god-given power somewhere that can produce this marvellous result. Rubinstein, with his ruggedness; Von Bulow, with his scientific culture; Essipoff, with her beauty of execution—create, in their way, a profound impression; but in the case of Joseffy we find behind his manual dexterity a warm, passionate, sympathetic nature that makes his harmony delicious and compels an instant recognition of the poetry which of the masters have set to music. The hypercritical student may here and there discover a fault in his playing and hasten to give it to the world in a learned way, dividing "a hair 'twixt west and northwest side;" but to the true lover of the art of which this young man is such a superior exemplar his superb mastery of technique, brilliancy of execution and beauty of interpretation will always be recalled in contrast with other and more pretentious performers. In addition to the regular programme, which was the same as that of the previous evening, Mr. Joseffy, when encored, played Mendelsshon's "Spinnerlied," the aria by Pergolese and the "Spinnerlied" by Liszt. It is needless to say that the recital was a success from beginning to end.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES.

The New York Circus is drawing excellent houses. The performances are good.

"H. M. S. Pinafore," with a minature company, is announced at Wood's Broadway Theatre.

At the Theatre Comique the "Mulligan Guard Chowder Party" is still the prevailing feature.

Miss Rose Coghlan, it is said, has been engaged as leading lady in Mr. Steele Mackaye's company.

"La Grande Duchesse" will hold the boards at the Fifth Avenue Theatre until further announcement.

The American Institute offers many attractions to sightseers, and is always a profitable place to visit.

The Boston Sunday school children who sing "Pinafore" are expected at the New York Aquarium to-morrow evening.

"No Pinafore" enters on its fifth week at San Francisco Minstrels. Mr. T. B. Nixon, the new tenor singer, has made a hit.

The feature during the coming week at Hofele's Olympic Theatre will be "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It is presented in a new way.

Miss Fanny Davenport begins an engagement at the Grand Opera House to-morrow evening. She makes her appearance in "Pique."

Mr. Boucicault is convalescing. Much needed rest has afforded him relief, and his physicians do not regard his condition as precarious.

Gorman's Original Church Choir Pinafore Company commence a week's engagement at Haverly's Brooklyn Theatre to-morrow evening.

"Contempt of Court" at Wallack's is nightly growing in popular favor. The play is full of humor and amply compensates for the attendance.

It is rarely the case that more hilarious fun is seen in a New York theatre than in the presentation of "Hobbies." It is now running at Haverly's.

Koster & Bial's Sunday night concerts always attract several hundred people, among whom are a large number of Bohemians and professionals.

Mrs. Florence Rice-Knox, one of the accomplished contralto singers of New York, will sing in two concerts at Norfolk, Va., on the 27th and 28th inst.

The Boston papers praise Miss Marie Prescott for her excellent acting at the Globe Theatre of that city. She is playing with Mr. Daniel E. Bandmann.

A miniature Pinafore company is announced to appear at Chickering Hall every afternoon at three o'clock, except Thursdays, commencing to-morrow.

Mr. D. E. Bandmann has scored another success at the Globe Theatre, Boston, in his character of Hamlet. The house last night was one of the largest of the season.

Tony Pastor and his company have returned to New York and reopen their attractive theatre on Broadway with a sparkling variety programme to-morrow evening.

"Carmen" will be presented at the Academy of Music to-morrow evening with Campanini, Del Puente, Mlle. Valleria and Mlle. Dolaro (her first appearance in America) in the cast.

Mr. P. S. Gilmore has made arrangements to commence a series of Sunday evening concerts at the Grand Opera House. He has secured Capoul, Miss Abbie Carrington and other well known artists.

Max Maretzek's English Opera Company will appear to-morrow night in "Pinafore" at the Academy of Music, Jersey City. "Sleepy Hollow" and "Trovatore" are also to be presented during the week.

"Enchantment" at Niblo's has had a brilliant run, but will be taken from the stage in a few weeks. Those who desire to see the admirable spectacular features of this play must therefore do so at an early day.

Mr. Sothern as David Garrick is renewing his old success at Abbey's Park Theatre. "A Regular Fix" is also a part of the entertainment. On the 3d of November J. K. Emmet will produce his "Fritz in Ireland."

"H. M. S. Pinafore," with many of the original members of the company, including Mr. Thomas Whiffen as the Admiral, is the card at the Standard Theatre, and has attracted excellent houses during the week.

A company which includes Miss Maud Granger, Miss Emily Rigl, Mr. Frank Evans, Mr. J. J. Sullivan and other recognized artists, has been formed to make a tour of the United States and play "The Galley Slave," Mr. Bartley Campbell's latest production.

Dr. Baralt will give a lecture at Chickering Hall on Tuesday evening, in which he will illustrate, by recitations from Shakespeare, La Fontaine and other authors, a new method of acquiring languages. He will recite in French, Italian, Spanish, English and Latin.

A concert will be given this evening at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in which Mlle. Paola Marié, Mlle. Angèle and Capoul, together with other artists of the regular operatic organization, will appear. Miss Henrietta Markstein will be the piano soloist of the occasion.

Patti's farewell concert is to be given this evening at Booth's Theatre. Carlotta Patti, Ketten (the pianist), De Munck, Ciampi, Gilmore and his band, Levy (the cornettist) and Colby are announced. Patti will sing, among other selections, "Let the Bright Seraphim."

"French Flats" at the Union Square Theatre proves to be a popular success, the houses being exceedingly good. The amusing troubles of the landlord and the difficulties of his tenants cause great laughter, owing to the admirable acting of the ladies and gentlemen in the cast.

Mr. Bartley Campbell's new play, "Galley Slave," which has been successful in Philadelphia, will be produced at the Newark Opera House on the 3d of November. On the 6th the play will be given at the Academy of Music in Jersey City under the direction of Mr. Gouge, the old treasurer of the Union Square Theatre.

"Wives" at Mr. Daly's Theatre has made a most decided hit, crowded houses all the week being the result. Miss Lewis' delicious *naïveté* and her demure assumption of conventional ignorance is the gem of the play and stamps the lady as a rising favorite on the metropolitan boards. Though written in a comic vein there is a lesson taught by "Wives" that needs no explanation.

"Harun-al-Raschid" at the Germania Theatre proved so attractive that it has kept the boards during the past week and will be repeated to-morrow. On Wednesday will be given "Luftschloesser." Thursday evening the theatre will be closed for a full dress rehearsal of Genée's new operette, "The Marine Cadet," to be produced on Friday evening, for which Manager Neuendorff has made great preparations.

Crowded houses greeted the "Fledermaus" (the Bat) at the Thalia Theatre during the past week, and, judging from the applause bestowed upon it, the play richly deserved it. Misses Cottrelly and Emma Fiebach and Messrs. Adolf, Schnelle and Schmitz earned much praise in their respective *rôles*. To-morrow evening will be produced "Verlorne Ehre" (Lost Honor), a tragedy in three acts, in which the best part of the company will appear. "The See Cadet" is being vigorously rehearsed for early production.

A LONG WAGON RIDE.

A poorly clad, delicate looking woman, about thirty-three years old, who gave her name as Johanna Rogers, entered the telegraph office, Police Headquarters, in the Brooklyn Municipal Building, yesterday afternoon, seeking for information regarding her husband, who has been missing since Saturday, the 18th inst. The woman said her husband, Edward Rogers, had been for several years employed as a lamplighter in Evansville,