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A Wedding Gift.

All that I have this day is thine,
A heart whose faith has never falter'd,
A love that knew no other shrine
And through all changes lives unalter'd.

Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Thine all their love and faith should be,
Had I a thousand years to live
I'd gladly spend them all with thee.

There's not a joy in all the world
Like that of love beyond deceiving,
Though bolt on bolt be at it hurled
The heart will triumph—when believing.

This day my joy hath sov'reign sway—
A joy which but with thee I know,
The rapture of a first fond love
Which, wedded, makes a heaven below!

His First, Best Friend.

The following touching verses from the Dublin *Freeman*—wonderfully pathetic in their simple fidelity to one of the noblest relations and emotions in human nature—represent an Irish mother's message to her emigrant son in America, by another emigrant just about to sail, and will find appreciative echo in all kind hearts:

THE WIDOW TO HER SON.

Remember, Denis, all I bade you say:
Tell him we're well and happy, thank the Lord;
But of our troubles since he went away
You'll mind, avick, and never say a word.
Of cares and troubles, sure, we've all our share,
The finest summer isn't always fair.

Tell him the spotted heifer calved in May;
She died, poor thing; but that you needn't mind;
Nor how the constant rain destroyed the hay;
But tell him God to us was ever kind,
And when the fever spread the country o'er
His mercy kept the "sickness" from our door.

Be sure you tell him how the neighbors came
And cut the corn and stored it in the barn;
Twould be as well to mention them by name—
Pat Murphy, Ned McCabe, and Shamus Carn,
And big Tim Daly from behind the hill;
And say, agra!—oh, say, I miss him still.

They came with ready hands our toil to share;
'Twas then I missed him most—my own right hand;
I felt, although kind hearts were round me there,
The kindest heart beat in a foreign land.
Strong hand! brave heart!—one severed far from me
By many a weary league of shore and sea.

And tell him she was with us—he'll know who;
Mavourneen, hasn't she the winsome eyes?
The darkest, deepest, brightest, bonniest blue
I ever saw, except in summer skies;
And such black hair!—it is the blackest hair
That ever rippled over neck so fair.

Tell him old Pincher fretted many a day,
And moped, poor dog! 'twas well he didn' die,
Crouched by the roadside, how he watched the way,
And sniffed the travelers as they passed him by—
Hail, rain, or sunshine, sure 'twas all the same,
He listened for the foot that never came.

Tell him the house is lonesome-like and cold,
The fire itself seems robbed of half its light
But may be 'tis my eyes are growing old,
And things look dim before my failing sight.
For all that, tell him 'twas myself that spun
The shirts you bring, and stitched them every one.

Give him my blessing; morning, noon, and night,
Tell him my prayers are offered for his good,
That he may keep his Maker still in sight,
And firmly stand as his brave father stood—
True to his name, his country and his God,
Faithful to home, and steadfast still abroad.

ON AN ICE FLOE.

The Full Story and Terrible Sufferings of the Polaris Crew who were Six months on an Ice Floe.

The story told by the rescued crew of the Polaris, of their six months' existence on an ice floe is thrilling in the extreme. Buddington, who was in command of the vessel after Captain Hall's death, abandoned the expedition altogether, and started for home on August 12. On the 15th of October the ship had drifted from latitude 80 deg. 2 min. to 77 deg. 35 min., where she encountered a heavy gale from southeast and was jammed by a heavy pressure of ice and bergs. The ice lifted her out of the water, so that she only drew six feet, and lay on her beam ends every low tide. At the six feet water mark she broke her stern and started woodends. On the night of the 15th, fearing she would be crushed, and the vessel being reported leaking very badly, an order was given to shift provisions from ship to ice. They continued landing for two or three hours, when the pressure ceased. Tyson then went on board and asked the sailing master if the vessel was making any more water than usual; he reported that she was not. Tyson went to the pumps and ascertained that she was not making any more water than she had been all summer. He then went on the ice again. The rescued party were on the ice alongside the vessel where the provisions were deposited; the remainder of the ship's company were on board. The ice commenced to crack, and, in a few minutes more, broke up into pieces. The vessel broke from her fastenings, and was soon lost to sight in the storm and darkness.

On the broken ice were most of the provisions that had been taken from the ship, of which they succeeded in securing fourteen cans of pemican, eleven and a half bags of bread, ten dozen one and two-pound cans of meat and soup, fourteen hams, one small bag of chocolate, weighing twenty pounds, some musk-ox skins, a few blankets, a number of rifles and abundant ammunition.

What must have been the feelings of the nineteen persons on the ice, five of whom were feeble women and helpless children, as they saw the vessel, which to them was the only means of salvation, drift slowly away? Around them was the breaking and floating ice, which every moment threatened to engulf all in the cold clutches of Death. Right in their sight the vessel moved away. They could not reach her. She could not or did not attempt to put back for them. Thoughts of home and friends, who in all probability might never be seen again, crowded upon the imagination, and it required all the efforts of the strong, brave men to quiet the weeping women and children.

Heron says:—"I made a rush for the the vessel and sung out for a line, but they would not give me one. Chester and Buddington were standing on the gangway and could have thrown me one. I was with four others on the piece of ice that had provisions on it. It cracked off and went adrift. We got back to the main floe in a scow boat, which sunk under one of the men, but we all got safely back."

Tyson says:—"I could have got aboard the vessel that night and been there now, but would not leave the women and children. My duty was on the ice. I thought he would get back to us the next day, which he could have done. The breaking away was caused by the floe, to which the ship was fastened, drifting in between the land and some icebergs that were jammed. The jam broke up the floe and the vessel broke away. It was about nine or ten o'clock in the night; temperature about zero—that evening it had been nineteen degrees above. We did not save more than one-tenth of the provisions that were on the ice."

Instead of coming to the rescue, as they expected, the Polaris steamed along down the shore. They then set up a black rubber cloth, lashed to an oar on a pinnacle, which is the best mark in contrast with the ice and is easily distinguishable. The ship was at this time about eight or nine miles from the floe and must have seen the signal. She was soon lost to sight in the bend of the land and behind what they took to be Northumberland Island. The wind hauling to the northeast, the floe commenced drifting southwards, opening a little bay to the northeast of Northumberland Island.

There was the vessel in harbor, her sails furled, and no smoke issuing from her stack. They then attempted to bring the boats across the floe in an easterly direction, hoping to find water and reach the shore, to board the vessel from there; succeeded in dragging one boat across, took the water and attempted to reach the shore some distance below the vessel, but were driven back by the gale, drift, and snow, and compelled to haul up the boat on the ice again. The vessel was about four or five miles from the floe at this time. The mainland was to the east, about three or four miles.

Tyson says:—"All that prevented us from reaching the vessel was 'slob' or 'posh' too thick for us to pull the boat through. If I had known what was to follow I would have gone through it or sunk."

Now commenced the drift from the 15th of October, 1872, to the 30th of April, 1873, over six months, or 197 days. Night closed upon the scene last described. The abandoned party had fortunately two boats, the only remaining boats belonging to the Polaris.

The gale during the night carried the floe and its unfortunate occupiers to the southwest, and in the morning they were about thirty miles away from where the ship was lying comfortably at anchor. A heavy sea was running, which broke up the floe and separated the party from six bags of bread, one of their boats, and other articles of food, clothing, compasses, etc. When the gale abated they endeavored to shoot as many seals as possible for food and light as well as fuel, but did not succeed in getting more than three, owing to rough weather having set in. When the weather cleared up the party found themselves, as they supposed, on either the east or the west coast of Greenland, about forty miles from the ship. They now hoped to reach the shore, but the ice being weak, they could not transport boats and provisions to shore until it grew stronger. Fortunately they here discovered the other boat, provisions, etc., from which they had been separated, and saved all. The ice at length grew stronger, and they made another attempt to reach the shore, carrying everything in the boats, and dragging them on their keels. The ice being exceedingly rough, they stove both boats, which did not, however, render them useless.

On the 1st of November they succeeded in getting about halfway to the shore, when night and stormy weather came on, and prevented further progress. In the morning it was found that the ice was broken and the floe drifting south very swiftly. No more land was seen for some days, and bad weather continued throughout November. Then, giving up all hope of present rescue, they built snow houses on the ice, reconciled to make them their home for a season.

These huts were houses of snow, constructed of a circular form at the base, gradually converging towards the top; the sides, surmounted by a block of snow, which formed the roof, leaving a small hole for ventilation.

The entrance was a small vacuum at the base, barely large enough for a man to crawl through. Any larger space would destroy the usefulness of the house by allowing access to the cold and wind. These houses, while the weather continues hard and dry, are warm and tolerably comfortable, but on the first appearance of wet or thaw have generally to be abandoned. The disposition of the Esquimaux to consumption is attributable, among other causes, to this method of life, constantly exposing themselves to the damp cold of their melting huts.

Their food from this time was a prudent allowance of such provisions as they had, with a large proportion of seal flesh fat, and subsequently, when the seals were scarce, even seal skins.

Three of the huts were for dwelling houses and one for a storehouse. In one lived Captain Tyson, Joe, and Hannah his wife, and one child; in the second, Hans Christian, wife and four children; in the third, Mr. Myers and eight men. These huts were built side by side on the floe, and were continuously occupied from November to April, when they were obliged to abandon them. They had no materials for fire, except old rags and blubber—both scarce—which had to be used very sparingly, and only when it was necessary to warm their scanty allowance of food, so that for nearly the whole six months they were without fire, a peculiarly distressing position under the circumstances, especially as these huts, unless heated artificially, are extremely cold.

The darkness of the Arctic night, which lasts a long time, and commences about December 1, prevented the catching of seals or other animals except by accident. Then the sun disappeared, and did not reappear until the end of January or beginning of February. During this period day was not distinguishable from night, except by means of a streak of light on the southern horizon, which, however, afforded no light to our unfortunate wanderers. It was a darkness unlike the darkness of southern latitudes. There was no balmy breath of night; all was cold and cheerless and desolate. Day succeeded day, and still the darkness continued. Gradually the eye became accustomed to it, and objects which at first were dim and indistinct could be plainly discerned at a distance. The Esquimaux of the party were, of course, used to the long, dark winter and thought lightly of it, but it was not so with the Americans and the other members of the expedition. Some of them had had experience in the northern latitudes, but never such a trying one as this, and their hearts might have well failed them when they thought of the dreary prospect which spread out before them. Those who read this narrative in their comfortable homes can form but a faint impression of the sufferings which these people endured. The greatest privation which the darkness occasioned was that it put a stop for the time to the seal hunting, which to the crew was the chief means of sustenance. The dark color of the animal prevented it from being seen at any distance, and the pursuit of it in the midst of darkness was attended with so many perils that few had the temerity to engage in it. Even the Esquimaux, who were familiar with the habits of the seal and knew its every movement, refrained almost entirely from hunting it during the Stygian darkness. It must not be understood from this that the Arctic winter's night does not vary in duration, as it lasts months longer in some latitudes than in others; but it must be remembered that drifting south, they were gradually diminishing the period of that darkness which reigned at Northumberland Island and approaching the extending light of "other days." In the latter part of February they lived principally on birds—dove-keys—which were picked up between the ice cracks.

The provisions lasted until nearly March, when the party had to fall back upon the rifle and seals and birds. The sun appeared on the horizon on the 19th of January for the first time after its disappearance in November, rising at half-past eleven A. M. and setting at half-past twelve P. M. After the sun set there was twilight for six or seven hours. The days after that rapidly grew longer until the party was picked up.

On the last of February they had remaining of their provisions brought from the vessel only two cans of pemican and 120 pounds of bread—the latter wet and mouldy. One of the boats was cut up to make fuel to melt the ice into water to drink. During the time they were without blubber their provisions were eaten cold.

The natives were very faithful in their exertions to kill seals during the months of darkness; but, as said before, they rarely succeeded, the difficulties and dangers attending the undertaking being very great. Starvation now stared the party in the face, and the return of the sun, though it gave some promise of succor, found every one, even the most hopeful, cheerless and despondent. But work and action were necessary to sustain life, and Captain Tyson set an example of energy and industry which was imitated by all.

A lot of Esquimaux dogs drifted on the floe, most of which Hans and his family regaled themselves upon. The whites were at that time a little delicate, but would subsequently, they say, have eaten a roast dog.

Captain Tyson says he wanted the men to save the dogs, kill and store them up for some hungry day; but they would not, not thinking at the time that they would eat seals' entrails, &c., afterwards.

After the provisions gave out the men ate not only the flesh and fat of the seals they were fortunate enough to get, but also the bones, skins, entrails, and all intestines and appurtenances. Captain Tyson showed two of his front teeth, broken by chewing up frozen seal bones, while at times it was considered a great luxury to get a lump of blubber to hold in the mouth to suck, to keep out the cold. The people confined themselves for days together to their huts during the cold drifts, spending the time sleeping, wrapped up in skins.

In March they got among the seals and procured plenty of meat, upon which they were entirely supported after that. One night a very large polar bear approached their encampment and commenced eating their seal skins lying about. The natives were directed to imitate the seals, lying prostrate on the ice, in order to entice the monster within a convenient shooting distance; but they were all afraid, whites and all, and fled. Tyson fired one shot, which wounded the bear, who thereupon faced and attacked him. Tyson had to retreat to get more ammunition, and, returning, dispatched him. This was a welcome addition to their scanty storehouse, so they took the precaution to save up bears' flesh, seals' skins, entrails, &c., and in this way collected enough food to last them till the middle of May, should they not by that time reach some land or vessel.

But a greater misfortune, perhaps, than any overtook the heroic little band of settlers on the ocean. About the end of March a heavy gale drove them out to sea, broke up the floe on which they had lived so many months, and on which stood their homes of snow and newly stored stock of food. Their floe, which had been nearly five miles in circumference, was by this untoward calamity reduced to a pan of ice no more than twenty yards in diameter. The consequence was that they concluded, by the advice of Captain Tyson, and after much altercation and difference of opinion, to abandon their late home and endeavor to regain the main pack. This was done on the 1st of April, and, with the floe and huts, they also abandoned all their stock of meat, a large quantity of ammunition, clothing, skins, and other articles. A small portion of the meat was put into the boat, in which they now again took to the water; but owing to the boat being too heavily laden, it became necessary to throw that overboard. On the 3d and 4th of April the outer edge of the main body of ice was regained, and some progress made inwards. The elements still adverse, a tremendous gale and heavy sea breaking the ice into yet smaller pieces, continuously hindered and threatened them with destruction, so that they were obliged to confine themselves to small pans, changing their positions from time to time as dangers necessitated. It was impossible to launch the boat, no seals could be taken, and actual starvation was inevitable.

It was at this crisis that, on the 21st of April, fortune sent the Polar bear, which they happily obtained possession of as above described. The boat was afterwards got into the water, and they worked their way west and southwest every day in the hope of reaching some part of the Labrador coast. The only then remaining shelter was a canvas tent, erected after the annihilation of the winter camp. On the 22d of April the boat happened to become separated from this tent some seven or eight feet. The weather, which had been fine for some days previously, with hardly any wind, suddenly shifted, and a terrific storm, accompanied with sleet and snow, sprang up. More suddenly still, and without any warning sounds whatever, the ice between the boat and tent burst asunder, with a loud and deafening explosion. A cry was at once raised to "stand by the boat," Fred Myer, in the darkness (for it was night) managed to reach it, though, in attempting to do so, he narrowly escaped being swept into the chasm caused by the separation of the ice floe, and in which the maddened sea was seething and the shattered and scattered fragments of the ice were tossing wildly against each other. Having reached the boat in safety his first act was to look round for his companions. None were to be seen and nothing heard, save the roaring of the tempest and the grinding and the crunching of the clumpers as they were driven with terrific violence by the sea. To remain where he was would be, he knew, to court immediate destruction. The pan upon which he tottered was becoming smaller and smaller every moment, and, great as was the hazard, he determined, if possible, to launch the boat again, and, though desperate the attempt, to cross the chasm that divided him from his companions. But this was no easy task. The sea was breaking wildly over the pan. The boat was heavily laden, and it seemed as if his remaining strength, though doubled by that desperate situation, was unequal to the required task. Several times did he make the attempt, and twice was he washed from the pan into the sea by the violence of the waves that dashed over and overwhelmed it. The cold was intense, terribly augmented by the chilling and freezing water with which he was covered and saturated. In this awful situation but little hope remained of his ever again beholding his comrades or even preserving his own life.

In a moment, as if by magic, the storm lulled and the surge subsided, and, straining his eyes through the blackness of that Plutonian night in the direction in which he supposed the rest of the party were, he discovered the two Esquimaux, Joe and Hans, each standing on a small piece of ice and paddling towards him. These intrepid and hardy sons of the "regions of thick-ribbed ice" were not deterred by dangers which would have blanched the cheeks and made the hearts of men bold enough to seek the bauble reputation even at the cannon's mouth stand petrified with awe. But for them the ice seemed to have no terrors as for common men. In a second the horrors of the preceding moment were forgotten. Hope once more bloomed in all its fullness, regardless of the innumerable perils beyond, and, strength thus revived with eager hope, the boat was launched and they joyfully rejoined their companions.

On the 29th of April two steamers hove in sight of the storm-tossed mariners, which now renewed all their long-cherished and constantly blighted expectations of rescue. They made signals, but were probably not observed. This fresh and heartrending disappointment was atoned for on the morrow, when the sealing steamship Tigress, of St. John's, Newfoundland, accidentally, in a dense fog, steamed against the very floe of ice which was their habitation. Three cheers from the rescued company rent the air, and were as vehemently and joyously sent back by the 130 men who composed the Tigress' crew.

Criminals in Prussia.

The essence of the Prussian system for effecting the reformation of criminals is contained in the single word "work." There are religious books in the prison library; but they are not forced upon the prisoners—rather the reverse. They are encouraged to read biographies, histories, books of travel and adventure; and even works of fiction and illustrated magazines are not forbidden them. While they are allowed to expend a portion of the share of their earnings which is allotted to them in grammars, dictionaries, and works on other subjects, they are on no account permitted to buy religious books; this, as I understood, is to guard against the tricks of hypocrisy. Every one committed to the Strafgefangniss, no matter how short or how long his sentence may be, is set to work at some kind of trade.

In Prussia masters are found who contract for the labor of a certain number of prisoners ignorant of any trade, whose services they receive gratuitously during the first month. At the expiration of that period they have to pay six silbergroschen or ten cents per day for each man they employ; but this is merely the starting-point, the rate of wages being subject to increase from time to time as the prisoner becomes more proficient. The contractor is also bound to provide the convict with work when he quits the prison. A prisoner failing to earn the regulation six groschen per day paid for him by the contractor is duly punished; while of his earnings in excess of this amount one-third is allotted to him by way of encouragement. A certain portion of these earnings he has the privilege of spending on the Sunday, under due restrictions, in such delicacies as butter, bacon, beer, snuff, sausages, and fruit; but tobacco is strictly prohibited. Should the convict prefer mental to material food, he can lay out his money on books, as before mentioned. The balance of his share of earnings is given up to him when he leaves the prison, together with a new suit of clothes and a new pair of boots, for the making of which within the prison he has to pay a trifle, the materials being supplied gratuitously.

Losing an Umbrella.

A man, says the Danbury *News*, may lose friends, home, position, fortune. They are different from an umbrella. He *may* lose them; he is sure to lose that. But he keeps on buying or borrowing them. If he buys one some one borrows it, and returns it to the wrong man without knowing it. If he borrows one some one steals it, outright, and he has to borrow another from another source to make it good. We don't understand it. Nine of every ten men who to-day possess umbrellas are not the owners of them. Heaven only knows where the owners are. Perhaps they are dead—perhaps in exile, and perhaps, which is more likely, they are under other umbrellas. People will borrow an umbrella when they wouldn't borrow anything else. They will borrow it as long as there is a bit of cloth or rib to it. They will borrow the stick if the slide is in it. While it bears the remotest semblance to an umbrella they will borrow it, and—keep it. We never yet saw an umbrella so reduced but that some one would take it in. The only time an umbrella is really invaluable is when you want it, and that is the exact time it fails to appear. When the sun is shining brightly and the dust is five inches thick on a level, an umbrella becomes one of the most repulsive objects in christendom. On such occasions it meets you on every turn. You shut a door and down it comes and spreads out and trips you up. You haul down your linen coat from the closet and find something is holding to it. It is that umbrella. You move the flour barrel to look for a rat, and out comes that miserable umbrella and scrapes your shin. It raps you on the head in the stair-way and trips you up in the hall, and falls down on your head from the garret, and when it ain't doing anything else it stands up in a corner and wrings its hands and swears at society.

Spring Tonics.

People often complain of a weak and weary feeling during the spring months. "Tonics" and "bitters" are resorted to as a remedy; whereas, in a majority of cases, a little hygienic treatment, without medicine, would bring the system into its normal condition. An abundance of fresh air and exercise is of the utmost importance. And then in spring we usually eat the wrong kind of food, and too much of it. The hearty meats and rich, heating articles of diet which help to fortify the system against the winter's cold, should be laid aside, or at least sensibly lessened in quantity, as the warm weather approaches. The diminished appetite is not a cause of alarm; a light, spare diet of early vegetables, fruits, and articles commonly considered "cooling" is the best. But if too much animal heat is generated by the food, the weary spring feeling increases, and illness is scarcely escaped.

EXPLOSION OF FOUR TONS OF POWDER.—The Acadia Powder Works, at Waverly, N. S., about eleven miles from Halifax, exploded. The effect of the explosion was terrific. The trees surrounding the building were uprooted, and the ground and stones overturned within a radius of 300 feet. The machinery was scattered in atoms, and the debris of the ruined building was hurled a great distance. Several buildings and the manager's residence in the vicinity of the works were more or less damaged. The explosion was caused by the drying-house, where four tons of powder were stored, catching fire from the furnace, where ashes were left smouldering when the workmen left the mill. Fortunately there was no loss of life.

AN ELECTRIC MISTAKE.—A gentleman found it necessary, during his recent canvass, to ask a head railway official, by telegraph, that a train might take him up to a small station. The answer promptly came back, "No one will stop for you." But the courteous official had really done all in his power by promising that train No. 1 would comply with the request made.

Man alone is born crying, lives complaining, and dies disappointed.

The New President of France.

Marshal MacMahon, who Succeeds President Thiers.

Marie Edme Patrice Maurice de MacMahon, Duke of Magenta, better known as Marshal MacMahon, the distinguished Marshal of France, who has been elected to succeed M. Thiers as President of the French Republic, is the descendant of an ancient Catholic family of Ireland whose ancestors followed the fortunes of James II., the last of the Stuarts, and after the fall of that house emigrated to France. He was born at Sully, in the province of Saone and Loire, on the 13th of July, 1808. His father was a peer of France, and a personal friend of Charles X., and as such his son, young MacMahon, was admitted in the year 1825 to the royal military school of St. Cyr. Graduating thence, he entered the army and most immediately after proceeded to active service in Algeirs, where he distinguished himself. In December, 1833, he was commissioned captain. He again served in the Algerian campaign of 1837, and gained renewed reputation, especially in the assault on Constantine. From this time forth MacMahon's promotion was rapid. In 1845 he became colonel, and in 1848 he attained the grade of brigadier-general. Appointed general of division in 1852, he commanded the Constantine division in Africa until the year 1855 when he was recalled to France by the Emperor Napoleon and was placed in command of a division of infantry in Bosquet's corps in the Crimea. He gained additional laurels in this campaign, as it was his division which carried the formidable Malakoff as the siege of Sebastopol upon the 8th of September, 1855, and held it against the prolonged and desperate efforts of the Russians to retake it. MacMahon was amply rewarded for this service by his imperial master. Already made officer of the Legion of Honor, in 1837, commander in 1849, Grand Officer in 1853, he was further honored, a few days after his capture of the Malakoff with the rank of Grand Cross of the Legion, and latter, on June 24, 1856, with the dignity of Senator of France.

General MacMahon commanded the French expedition of 1857 against the warlike Algerian tribe of Kabyles. These he vanquished, and not long afterwards was placed in command of the entire land forces of Algeria. At the outbreak of the Austro-Franco-Sardinian war in 1859 MacMahon entered the field in command of the second corps of the French army of the Alps. It was in this war that his military glory culminated. He was the virtual victor of the bloody field of Magenta, fought on June 4, and received the signal honor of being declared upon the battlefield, by the Emperor Napoleon, Duke of Magenta and Marshal of France. In 1861 Marshal MacMahon represented France in Berlin at the coronation of William III., now Emperor William, as King of Prussia. Returning to France he was placed in command of the Third Army Corps vice Marshal Canrobert, and by imperial decree of September 1, 1864, he was appointed Governor-General of Algeria. Upon the 19th of September, MacMahon, in a proclamation which he issued upon assuming command of the colony, announced the plan of government which the Emperor sent him to Algeria to put into practice. The programme provided for a monarchy among the Arabs, but the event proved it a failure. The French and European colonization which had been anticipated and hoped for never reached such proportions as to justify the expectations of the Emperor. Colonization, on the contrary, was deterred by inimical agricultural laws which were established, and many of the colonists who went to Algeria, instead of abiding there, crossed the Atlantic to America, and especially to Brazil, which offered them at that period exceptional inducements in the way of agricultural advantages.

Personal government of the strictest kind prevailed in the French towns in Algeria under MacMahon's administration, and the severity of law and regulations which had sensibly diminished in Paris was transferred to the Marshal's dominions. The natives suffered the horrors of famine, and cannibalism was resorted to to furnish sustenance to the starving. It became necessary, so numerous were the deaths from hunger, to establish orphan asylums in Algeria to shelter the children of the dead. The cry of the wretched natives reached France and subscriptions were opened in their behalf, and in March, 1868, extraordinary appropriations were voted for the relief of the victims of the famine. Public opinion in France arose in protest against the horrors that darkened this period of French Colonial Government, and serious charges were brought against MacMahon. The only result of the agitation was that the idea of the Arab monarchy was abandoned without entailing a more liberal government in Algeria.

The record of MacMahon's career during the recent war between France and Germany, and subsequently as commander of the Army of Versailles against the rising of the Commune in Paris, is familiar to all. At the great battle and slaughter at Sedan that day he was wounded, and became a prisoner in the hands of the Germans, when the Emperor surrendered his army. He was sufficiently recovered from his wound to assume command of the army which M. Thiers organized against the Commune when Paris was taken. Politically, Marshal MacMahon has professed no bias or partisanship in the current complications of France. When questioned upon the subject of his political affiliations he has refused to give any satisfactory answer. "I am a soldier," he would reply, "and I will do my duty as Commander-in-chief of the army."

The Domestic Growler.

Look at him! he is a curiosity. He was pleasant enough an hour ago, as he sat in his office talking to Jenks. With his chair tilted back, the toes of his boots resting against the mantel-piece, his mouth extended in a loud guffaw in reply to one of Jenk's yarns, you would have said he was one of the jolliest fellows in the world.

But he does not look so now. He has lowered his hat over his eyes, and got his family face on. He considers it bad domestic policy to come home looking smilling and cheerful; it would not only lower his dignity as master of the house, but it would encourage his wife and children to the asking of all sorts of favors, and the running into goodness knows what extravagances. The only way, as he believes, to keep up a proper system of household authority, and reduce household expenditure to its certain limits, is to always find fault, and never relax for a moment the sytems of domestic snubbing.

Of course, the coming home of the Growler is not looked for with joy. All pleasant influences take wing. The very atmosphere becomes charged with depressing or explosive material. The cook spills the gravy, and blackens the toast for the pigeons; the wife is afraid the soup will not be all right, or the pudding done to the precise turn; the children huddle in a corner, and talk in whispers, and no one feels that they can breathe a free breath until "pa" is gone. Who would be a growler?—*Ledger.*

Russia's Cavalry.

The Horsemen of the Czar---Marvelous Riding:

Writing of a review held in St. Petersburg in honor of the visit of the Emperor of Germany to the Czar, the correspondent of the London *Daily News* says:

The great attraction of the day was the cavalry, and that far surpassed anything which I have ever seen. The two elements of excellence were, of course, the horses themselves, and the horsemanship of the riders. Can anybody explain the peculiar charm about Russian horses? Without presuming to answer my own question, I think I may point out that one secret with trainers here seems to be to educate the horse; to make him trustworthy, faithful, ambitious; and to dispense with all those contrivances which, in more civilized countries, crush the spirit out of the poor beasts. In what other country can one see horses like those which dash along the Neveska so free, and fresh, and graceful? In what other country do they have such a glossy skin, such swan like necks, such delicate limbs? And in what other country do they offer such material for cavalry? One must reflect, to, that Russians of a certain class are born, like Arabs, in the saddle. The horse is a member of the family, a brother, a companion in every adventure. The Russian Government had, therefore, good material; but it has employed it well, and the proof is the superb horsemen who to-day galloped along by Kaiser Wilhelm and his German officers. The Russian cavalry has the ordinary divisions found in all Continental armies—namely, hussars, dragoons, cuirassiers, uhlans, &c. — as well as some species peculiar to itself.

I pass over the former, and only call attention to the horses. These sleek and muscular beasts had evidently been selected as carefully as the men themselves. For each battalion they were all of one color, now a glossy black, now a rich light gray, and the uniformity seemed to extend even to their size, shape, and motion. The effect was singularly striking. The Tcheck and Cossack cavalry have been so often described that there is nothing new to be said about their appearance. The detachment which took part in the ceremonies of to-day wore bright red jackets and a sort of fur hats of the same color, and rode chestnut ponies. On their backs carbines were strapped, and in their hands they carried long red lances. They led the cavalry division. The first circuit of the cavalry was merely for inspection; the second was for evolutions. How impatiently the Cossacks went through the first, and how eagerly they entered on the second! The ponies even, trembled with enthusiasm. As the cavalcade approached the Emperors, the riders settled firmly in their saddles, loosened the reins a little, and —the word is given! Like a flash of lightning, and simultaneously, the horses shoot off, and before the spectators have caught their breath, are half-way around the square. What an astonishing pace! If a horse should stumble, the rider would never mount again. The Cossacks crouch low in the saddle, and shout like fiends; while their long glittering lances, stretching out horizontally far beyond the horses, are terrifying even to friends and non-combatants. The Germans do not spare their plaudits. They love the uhlans who trampled down the Turcos, and the Bismarck Cuirassiers who rode into the jaws of death at Mars le Tour, but nothing like these unearthly horsemen from the plains of Russia.

We cannot do negative injustice, however, to the rest of the cavalry. After the second turn around the field the whole body formed at the rear, opposite the Emperors and the amphitheatre. The front stretched the whole length of the field; somewhat longer—to use a comparison which many English readers will appreciate—than from the Seine to the barracks at the foot of the Champs de Mars, and several regiments deep. There were probably 15,000 in all—the cuirassiers with their white coats and heavy black horses, the hussars with their spikes, the mounted grenadiers and the dragoons, and at the wings the reckless Cossacks again. The Grand Duke Nicholas waved his sword, and the entire force moved toward the Emperors and the spectators. At first it was a light trot, then an easy gallop, then faster and faster, till one could only see thousands of glittering uniforms and superb horses dashing madly toward the crowd. Nearer and nearer they come, and ever at the same terrific pace. It will be death for the imperial party who are on the ground below! Suddenly the Grand Duke's sword flies up again in the air; the officers pass the word along; still the 15,000 horsemen shake the earth. The Grand Duke's sword falls, and the mighty mass comes to a stop as if transfixed by an electric shock. Perfect silence reigns. The long line of cavalry is as calm and steady as the marble palace itself, and far back through the centres all is tranquil. That was a glorious sight, and worth a journey to St. Petersburg to see. I shall never look on such a spectacle again.

The Coal Fields.

An interesting paper by M. Strauss, the Belgian Consul in Japan, gives a glowing account of the mineral wealth of that country and of China. It appears certain, though native estimates must be relied upon in the matter, that a coal basin of more or less depth reaches from the north to the south of China, and comprises the eighteen provinces of the empire. This, with the coal-bed in the Island of Formosa, would give 127,000 square miles as the extent of the Chinese coal-field. The following comparative statement will give an idea of the wealth of coal represented by those figures:—In the United States the coal area comprises 113,000 square miles; in England, 12,000; France, 2,000; Belgium, 1,200; Germany, 9,000; Spain, 8,000; Japan, 6,000; in the British Possessions in North America the coal area comprises 18,000 square miles.

There evidently need be little fear of a scarcity of coal for some years.

A HUGE BILL.—In account lately settled in the Probate Court at St. John, N. B., the following were the items for funeral charges:

For a grave	$3,000
" permit to bury	400
" boards	300
" 12 lbs. cement	1,800
" 120 bricks	1,560
" funeral service in Masonic lodge	3,000
" sundry small expenses	140
	$10,200

As the amount of the bill was paid in Hayti, in the currency of that nation, it was reduced to Federal currency, and amounted to $63.

GRAVEYARD WIT.—An Irishman who had been employed at the cemetery some time since, went to Washington to draw his pay. After receiving the amount the paymaster, discovering a sabre cut on his face, remarked: "You were in the army during the war?" "Yes," said he. "What command were you in?" "In General Fitz Hugh Lee's command, sir." "Did you have the audacity to apply to a Federal cemetery for work when you were in the rebel army?" "Yes," replied the Irishman; "I helped kill them, so I thought I had a right to help bury them."

Riot in Shamokin, Pa.

Resisting a New Yorker's Claim to Lands Worth $20,000,000.

A letter was received by Mr. Stewart Newell from Mr. O. H. Wheeler, now in Shamokin, Pa., saying that three houses had been burned in that place by a mob, and that an army of men were holding the roads to that place. Serious trouble is apprehended. Mr. Newell's story of the origin of the outbreak is as follows: Robert Morris, of Revolutionary memory, purchased twenty-five tracts of land, containing 10,300 acres, of what has proved the richest anthracite coal region in the country. The land is now valued at over $20,000,000. Robert Morris sold this land to John Nicholson of Philadelphia. Nicholson died intestate, and his heirs appointed William P. Farrand, their attorney in fact, to sell and convey these lands. Farrand sold to Henry K. Strong, the State Librarian and a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature. Strong sold to a female friend of Mr. Newell.

Mr. Newell now holds the titles as trustee for the heirs of that relative. He conveyed a half interest in the land to Mr. O. H. Wheeler, a brother-in-law of C. Brainbridge Smith of this city, in consideration of Mr. Wheeler's obtaining possession of the land which is held by the Reading Railroad Company and purchasers from them. This railroad claims to have bought all the land in question under another title held by George Grant of Pottsville, and obtained under a judgment which Mr. Newell claims was obtained by fraud, and which has been so decided by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Mr. Wheeler went on about six weeks ago to take possession, and began to put up houses on the vacant land, five of the tracts being vacant, while the other twenty have on them probably forty collieries.

This proceeding was of course opposed by the persons then in possession, and Mr. Wheeler sold portions of his interest to Mr. Jordon, the ex-Secretary of State of Pennsylvania under Gov. Geary, to Judge Maynard, and to others, in order to obtain means to prosecute his claim. May 14 he wrote to Mr. Newell that two houses had been erected, but were willfully destroyed by fire while the tenants were moving in. Other houses had been erected and the tenants were in possession. The surveys and leases were made, and suits for the recovery of the other twenty tracts were already begun. May 17 he wrote the note referred to at the beginning of this article, which runs as follows:

DEAR SIR: The third house is burned down by force and violence, and it is impossible to erect any more dwellings. An army of men are now stationed along the road.

Every day false warrants were obtained to arrest everybody, and a large force waiting to destroy the dwellings. My friends here have rendered me aid, but not sufficient to prevent it. You could not do any good if you were here unless you can command a large sum of money. Jordan could not get here. In haste, O. H. WHEELER.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Presidential Household.

From the official rooms, which are often seen by gentlemen who have business with the President, we pass into what are known as the private apartments. First, we entered the library, which is fitted up with mahogany bookcases, tolerably well filled, and oak furniture. This was the reception room of Mrs. John Adams, for in her day none of the down stairs parlors were either finished or furnished, and she used to have her Monday's washing hung out to dry on lines stretched in the east room. Next to the library is the President's room, plainly furnished, and opening into Mrs. Grant's sitting-room, on the other side of which is Miss Nellie's room. The sitting-room has blue curtains and the furniture is covered with blue, while pictures and books give it a homelike appearance. Opposite Miss Nellie's room is that of Master Jesse, the especial favorite of his parents, who has just gone to California with his play-fellow and school-mate, a son of ex-Senator Cole. The state bedroom is the most elegantly furnished room on the second story, and beyond it is the chamber of Mrs. Grant's father, Mr. Dent, now in his 88th year. The family life at the White House is very simple. All rise about 7, and a substantial breakfast is served at 8, the President bringing his favorite newspapers to the table and reading them as he enjoys his coffee and toast. After breakfast the President takes a short walk, returning to his office at 10, and remaining there until 4, when he takes another walk, or perhaps a short drive. Meanwhile, Mrs. Grant and Miss Nellie have attended to their household duties, received the calls of friends, and perhaps made a few. At 5—sharp—dinner is served, a plain repast, of which a dish of hominy is always a part. After dinner there is an informal reception in the blue parlor, with an occasional conference on political subjects in the President's office up stairs. Such is the daily life of our Chief Magistrate and his family, says a newspaper letter from Washington.

Beauty of Chinese Bridges.

Some of the bridges in China are of extraordinary beauty and magnificence. There is one near Pekin built entirely of white marble, elaborately ornamented. Others are found over the canals of still greater magnificence and with a grand triumphal arch at each end; and some, instead of being built with arches, are flat from one side of the canal to the other, marble flags of great length being laid on piers so narrow and airy that the bridge looks as if it were suspended in the air. From the amazing facilities afforded by the numerous canals for transportation of goods by water, these bridges do not require to be built of great strength, for only foot-passengers use the bridges, which is the reason they are of such an elegant and fanciful construction. These bridges are built with a number of arches, the central arch being about forty feet wide, and high enough for vessels to pass without striking their masts. The great elevation of these bridges renders steps necessary. They resemble, in this respect, the old bridges of Venice, on which you ascend by steps on one side, and descend on the other in the same way. Chain bridges were not made in this country for more than eighteen centuries after they were known and used in China.

Are Advertisements Ever Read?

In the course of a spicy article, answering this question, a Mobile paper says: "If