SUNDAY APPEAL

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MURDER AND IMPULSIVE INSANITY.

Homicide, like steamboat explosions and railway accidents, becomes epidemic, and it would be well for philosophers to inquire whether there be not a peculiar electrical condition of the atmosphere which begets not only steamboat explosions, but that "impulsive insanity" which we read about. Only yesterday the telegraph recited incidents of the execution of a negro assassin, telling us, too, a few days earlier, how a wretch named Botts expiated the crime of killing Pet Halstead in Newark. Mrs. Fair is sentenced for the murder of Crittenden. Fisk fell at the hands of Stokes. Mrs. Hyde three days ago shot her supposed seducer dead in New York. Henry Hepner, in the same city, on the same day, deliberately shot his son, and Professor Panormo was beaten to death with bludgeons in Brooklyn. Here in Tennessee "impulsive insanity" has been quiescent for many weeks and the impression prevails that the fearful disease may be shorn finally of its violence by that decree of Judge Flippin which enables him to secure the services, as jurors, of honest men. It is generally conceded, however, that in New Jersey alone, of all the States, if a man kills another, the presumption is he will be hanged as a murderer unless it can be proved that he was justified in the act. Courts and juries of New Jersey seem still to be ignorant of those nice distinctions between temporary insanity and malice which enable murderers in other more refined and electrical communities to escape the halter. It is singularly unfortunate for New Jersey that the courts of that non-progressive State have not ferretted out and defined that marvellous and new disease, or explosive electrical force—that volatile, evanescent derangement of intellect, under the operation of which a man may be sane the first and last of three seconds and between the two shoot his neighbor with impunity. There must be some singular insanity that pervades the courts of New Jersey. The Erie Railway company not only buys and sells at will the New York legislature, but the courts of New York of all grades have conformed their decrees to the demands of Fisks and Vanderbilts and Drews. A bill in the handwriting of the chief clerk of Erie passed both houses of the New York legislature with such rapidity that an egregious blunder on its face was never discovered by the supple law-givers till it came before the world a meaningless statute of the Empire State. Even more abject are the courts of New York; but when the potent corporation appeared confidently before the dispensers of justice in New Jersey anticipating the rendition of decrees adapted to its requirements, the fearful potency of Erie was broken like the waves of the sea against a rock-bound coast. Five statutes forced by Erie through the legislature of New Jersey have been annulled by the incorruptible courts of that State. The judiciary of New Jersey hold office for long terms at the hands of the governor and general assembly. The manner of creating the judiciary may give origin to its independence and fearlessness, and these facts may account for the honest administration of the law in New Jersey, and for the fact that juries there have not been led to resort to Leyden jars or quirks of "temporary insanity" or "uncontrollable impulse" or "hypothetical cases" in order to find pretexts for the acquittal of murderers. The constitution of Tennessee prevents the service of jurymen who have formed and expressed opinions, and while the local press, in preliminary investigations or in trials that may be mistrials, published every fact developed, it was wholly impossible in this newspaper-devouring community to secure an intelligent jury. This failing, knaves came to the rescue of knaves. They swore freely that they had no opinions, and when a verdict was asked at the hands of such a jury, the country's laws did not define it, insanity in some form was developed, and crime went unwhipt of justice.

"THE TIMES ARE TOO HARD."

These are words with which, unfortunately, newspaper publishers are painfully familiar. We have heard men explain elaborately the series of misfortunes which compelled them to decline to subscribe to a good paper, and in ten minutes afterward seen them spend on "treats all round" of benzine whisky, more than twice the sum which would give them and their families sound, wholesome, intellectual food. There is urgent necessity for economy, we admit. But we are false economists if we begin by cutting off our sources of information. Cut off the "treats all round" and subscribe for one or more papers. There are few who cannot afford it. Who could not afford to spend every week three three-cent letter stamps on letters from men eminent in politics, literature, religion and agriculture, needing no answers? Yet, if any man will lay the value of three three-cent stamps weekly, he can pay his subscription to the WEEKLY APPEAL, and any one of the agricultural papers and the postage on both. For four two-cent stamps weekly during a year he can pay for the APPEAL and the *Farm and Home* and the postage. And if he will take the trouble to get up a club of five of his neighbors, he can do it for much less. If he will smoke half a cigar less—even a poor one at ten cents—chew a quarter of a plug less tobacco, and cut off a fifth of one drink every week, he can afford to pay his subscription to the WEEKLY APPEAL, which will give him useful information, amusement and profit, and which will be of infinite advantage to his family.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

THERE are two phrases in common use which have been very properly rebuked: one by Sir Walter Scott, who, in one of his letters to his son, tells him never to offer an apology for anything inconsistent with the character of a gentleman, on the plea of being "disguised with wine," since it should rather be considered that he was disguised when he was sober, if, when he ceases to be so, he no longer acts a part, but forgets himself, and falls into his natural character. The other phrase is like unto it, namely, that such a one "can be a gentleman when he pleases." Tyrone Power once animadverted with just severity upon this common but very absurd remark, saying: "He who can be a gentleman when he pleases, never pleases to be anything else. Circumstances may and do every day in life throw men of cultivated minds and refined habits into the society of their inferiors; but while, with the tact and readiness that is their especial prerogative, they make themselves welcome among those with whom they have few if any sympathies in common, yet never do they derogate from the innate standard which makes them gentlemen. So, on the other hand, the man of vulgar tastes and coarse propensities may simulate, if he be able, the outward habitudes of society, speaking with practised intonation and bowing with well-studied grace; yet he is no more a gentleman in his thought and feeling than the tinselled actor who struts the boards is the monarch his costume would bespeak him. This being 'the gentleman when he likes' is the mere performance of the character. It has all the orange-peel and foot-lights about it, and can never be mistaken by one who knows the world." The *Evening Post* adds that no person with this thin varnish of a gentleman ever deceives himself. He knows he is a sham, and the fact is his ample punishment.

PRINCES AND BEGGARS.

The present-takers and charity-bummers have not annoyed the Grand Duke. His grand almoner has been subjected to the necessity of reading very few, if any, applications for funds. The habit he has of transferring such notes to the mayors of cities visited, has suppressed the tender, gushing sympathies of the charitable. The writer of the appended note finds no subject of criticism in this city, and the Russians will leave Memphis without at least imagining that they were lazaroni who greeted him on the streets and at the hotels so vociferously. In other cities of other countries the police intervene to protect strangers of dignity against incursions of beggars and thieves. Memphis can gather a noisy multitude, but there are none to exhibit rags and sores, or cry for "bucksheesh." A correspondent, an ex-chief justice of a neighboring State, writes:

> Many years ago, say forty or fifty, I remember reading in the newspapers, of an enterprising Yankee, who sent the largest cheese that had ever been made, to his Imperial Highness, the Emperor of all the Russias. In due time the receipt was acknowledged, and a very valuable and handsome present sent in return. Stimulated by the good luck of this venture, a neighbor of the cheeseman boxed up and forwarded to the Emperor, the largest turnip ever grown in those parts. In due time a large box was returned. Public curiosity was excited and the whole town and county assembled to see the contents of the box. It was opened with all due ceremony, when it was found to contain the identical cheese sent by the first adventurer. That put an end to the cheese and turnip trade with Russia.

The story goes to show moreover that an Emperor knows, as well as other people, how to crack a joke.

WE LEARN from Colonel J. J. DuBose tha Governor Brown will call the legislature together in about thirty days, and that the call will be so worded as to give that body the freest scope in the performance of any and all tasks assigned it by the people. This, we think, is right.

AFRICAN DIAMONDS.

How to Get to the Fields—Description of the Country.

CAPE TOWN, AFRICA,
January 18, 1872.

Editors Appeal—If what little information I can give you, relative to the South African diamond fields, will be of any use to you, it will afford me much pleasure to give you all the points I am master of. The best route is from New York to Southampton, thence to Cape Town, and thence to Pinal by passenger wagon, two of which leave Cape Town regularly every week. The time consumed in making this trip is about sixty days, namely: Twelve to fifteen days to Southampton, thirty to thirty-three days from Southampton to Cape Town and ten to twelve days from Cape Town to the diamond fields. Expenses for the same—first cabin from New York to Southampton, seventy dollars; from Southampton to Cape Town, £31 10s. (sterling); from Cape Town to Pinal, £12 sterling. The fare from Cape Town to Pinal may at this time be a couple of pounds less. Second-class fare from New York to Southampton is forty-five dollars; from Southampton to Cape Town, £21 10s.; from Cape Town to Pinal, the same as first-class. There is an opposition line of steamers from London to Cape Town, the fare being the same as by Southampton steamers. London steamers leave monthly. Southampton steamers leave on the 10th and 25th of each month, carrying the royal mail. There is a regular line of sailing vessels from Boston, leaving monthly. I believe the fare by these is $200, currency. These vessels go to Algoa bay, on the east coast, from which place an American line of stages are running to the diamond fields. The distance is a hundred and fifty miles nearer by this route, but the roads are much poorer. From Cape Town the roads are good. The proper time to leave for the fields is about this season of the year, as in that part of the world it now the rainy season, and but little work can now be done. After the rains cease, which is about the middle of April, the weather is fine and very healthful, and work can be prosecuted until the latter part of October without any intermission. I never enjoyed better health than I did while in the diggings. The country from Cape Town is a series of plateaus or high tablelands, rising one above the other until an altitude of five thousand feet is reached when in the vicinity of the Vaal river, on the banks of which Pinal is located. From April to October the days are about as warm as our New York summer weather. The nights are sometimes cool, particularly during July and August, when overcoats are very comfortable. I have had ice form in my tent nearly a half inch thick on an August night. There are no prevailing diseases, in fact, if a person be prudent, there is no reason why he should not enjoy the finest health. Living is very cheap. Bread is the most expensive; one shilling for an ordinary loaf is the price. English money is the standard. Meat, three and a half to four pence per pound; coffee, one to two shillings per pound; tea, five shillings per pound. Vegetables at times are very scarce and command, at such times, a very high price. I subsisted principally upon bread, meat and coffee or tea and a few vegetables occasionally. Canned fruits can be purchased at a very reasonable figure. When I left, there was no danger to life or property, any person could travel all through the country without need of anything in the shape of a weapon to protect himself. I traveled thirty days without even so much as a pocket-knife and slept in the *feldt* every night and never was molested. There are now, however, a few London thieves in the fields, and I presume more will soon be on their way. No man should think of going out to try his luck without ample means to defray his expenses out and back, and have enough to run himself at least one season. When I was at the fields no white man could get employment, unless a carpenter or blacksmith, and even they were not much required. I saw a few whites working for 1s. 6d. per day, or 36 cents of our money, digging like beavers. Kaffirs are preferred; they can be hired for from £2 to £3 sterling per month, and their board. I only paid for my Kaffirs £1, £1 10s., and £1 6s. 8d., respectively, per month. The demand for labor, however, is increasing very fast. The reason Kaffir labor is preferable is because the laws made by the diggers do not permit natives to work claims for themselves, neither do they permit whites to purchase diamonds from the natives, under penalty of expulsion from the diggings. The consequence is the natives are pretty honest. Two good suits of clothing are quite enough; under-clothing and a good overcoat are indispensable. I can carry quite enough in an ordinary sized valise for my wants. A little essence of Jamaica ginger is good, as the water along the route from Cape Town to the fields is bad; in some places, however, good water is abundant. As a general thing, water is very scarce all along the route, thirty-five miles often being traveled without meeting a drop of water. All implements needed can be purchased at the fields for a very reasonable figure, say $50 for tent and tools. All the tools needed are a couple of picks, two shovels, a fine and a coarse seive, and a solitary table, also some few smaller articles which cost but very little—this at the dry diggings. At the river the same, except the sieves, instead of which the *rocker* is used. The country does not present a very favorable appearance to the tourist, in fact I was disgusted with it at first but soon got accustomed to its barren mountains and sterile plains. Wood is very scarce, not a tree is to be seen for miles, and those which are seen are a miserable specimen of those called wait-a-bits. The boers or farmers use as a substitute for wood *sheep chips* and cow chips for fuel. All the information needed on the route from Cape Town to Pinal will be furnished by the conductor of the wagons. Parties wishing to go to the fields can get some valuable points from the American consul at Cape Town, who is well posted on the fields; his name is Captain Edgecomb. Messrs. Holmes & Co., an American house, are very kind to all Americans who call on them; they too are well posted on the fields. Hoping you can gather from these few lines a little information which will be of benefit to your readers.

W. P. B.

CURRENT ITEMS.

The Princess of Wales will again make her consort the happiest man in England next month.

An artificial rose-bud, worn in the button-hole, is now considered quite the correct thing by our society young men.

Clergymen are more frequently mentioned in wills than physicians. The late Sir Roderick Murchison left his physician $5000.

The universal exposition of the Austrian em ire will be held at Vienna some time in 1873, and promises to excel all its predecessors in that line.

The Czar of Russia has five sons living—Alexander the heir, Vladimir, Alexis, Sergie, and Paul, and an only daughter, Marie, seventeen years of age.

Japan, so desirous of learning from us, already shows one advantage of her intercourse with us: she has found out how to blow up life with kerosene.

The latest discovered heir to one million dollars in England is George Kelly, of Halifax, who has been Jehu to the Black Maria in that locality for a long time.

Barnum has a cannibal girl on exhibition in New York. Parties visiting her with the view of seeing her eat are required to furnish the missionary themselves.

The lands offered for sale by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas railway company, along the Neosho valley, Kansas, are among the richest, finest and most inviting for settlement in the West.

There are fifty Greek merchants in Constantinople, and they are the richest persons in the city. Their combined wealth is estimated at one hundred million dollars, and they monopolize the entire trade of the metropolis of Turkey.

Mr. Sergeant Cox will, it is said, shortly publish a volume, entitled Spiritualism Answered by Science, detailing the experiments that satisfied him that the phenomena investigated are purely psychic, and in no manner produced by spirits of the dead.

Miss Nilsson was so much annoyed by the loud talking of some persons in one of the boxes at the Academy of Music, New York, a few evenings ago, that she sent a note telling them if they were not more quiet she should speak to them publicly from the stage.

Some one who has been reading up his Bible recently, says it has fifty authors, sixty-six books, one hundred and eighty-nine chapters, thirty-one thousand and seventy-three verses, and seven hundred and seventy-three thousand six hundred and ninety-seven words.

A young lady at Council Bluffs, being informed by her "feller" that he intended to cease his attentions, cowhided him around the room, and as he sprung through the open window, told him, with a parting lick, that that would teach him to be more careful for the future not to trifle with a gentle and loving heart.

It appears from statistics at the land department that nineteen thousand settlers made *bona fide* entries of public lands last year. Since the passage of the homestead act, in 1862, there have been one hundred thousand entries. These alone make twenty thousand more landholders than there are in Great Britain.

A convict in the Auburn, New York, State prison is down with smallpox, and everybody is wondering how he could have caught the disease, as he is a man who has been confined nearly two years, works where he is never approached by visitors, has received no letters, and has in no imaginable way been exposed to any possibility of contagion.

A Connecticut clergyman recently announced from the pulpit that he had heard a man say he had read the Bible through in sixty hours. Determined to ascertain whether the individual told the truth, he set about it himself, and read the whole of it aloud to his wife in fifty-nine hours and something over thirty minutes. And the paper that publishes the item hasn't a word of commiseration for the unfortunate wife.

The London Spectator and the New York Evening Post have an odd difference of opinion regarding the estimate of Shakspeare in Taine's English literature. The Spectator, after exhausting the language of eulogy on the book, declares that the estimate of Shakspeare is one of its best features. The Post praises the book as a whole, in the most enthusiastic terms, and says that the estimate of Shakspeare is almost its only blemish.

The nations of northern Siberia practice polygamy to an unlimited extent. The women are taken on probation and if they fail to suit are sent back to their parents, and in case of infidelity to their liege lord, a portion of the offender's nose is forfeited for the crime. A traveler in that region says very naively that whole noses are comparatively rare among women of that country.

A very convenient kindling-wood is made in France from corn-cobs, by immersing them in a mixture of sixty parts of melted rosin and forty parts of tar; after which they are taken out and allowed to dry. They are then subjected to a second operation, which consists in spreading them out on a metallic plate heated to 212° Fahrenheit. They are finally assorted according to size, and tied up in bundles. These are sold at the rate of three or four for a cent. The establishment in Paris for manufacturing them employs thirty workmen, and effects sales to the amount of $40,000 annually.

GOOD AS GOLD.

Who shall judge him by his manners?
  Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
  Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
  May beclothe the golden ore,
Or the deepest thoughts and feelings—
  Satin vest can do no more.

There are streams of crystal nectar
  Ever flowing out of stone;
There are purple beds and golden,
  Hidden, crushed, and overthrown.
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
  Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thrones the highest,
  But as pebbles in the sea.

Man upraised above his fellows
  Oft forgets his fellows then;
Masters, rulers, lords, remember
  That your meanest hinds are men!
Men of labor, men of feeling,
  Men of thought and men of fame,
Claiming rights to golden sunshine
  In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,
  There are little wood-clad rills;
There are feeble, inch-high saplings,
  There are cedars on the hills.
God, who counts by souls, not nations,
  Loves and prospers you and me;
For to him all vain distinctions
  Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
  Of a nation's wealth and fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
  Fed and fattened on the same,
By the sweat of other foreheads,
  Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
  Vainly lifts its feeble voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
  Born with loveliness and light;
Secret wrongs shall never prosper
  While there is a sunny right.
God, whose world-wide voice is singing
  Boundless love to you and me,
Heeds oppression, with its titles,
  But as pebbles in the sea.

AFTER A FUNERAL SERMON.

BY JOHN W. RYAN.

Fling oldtime honor to the wind!
  Let honesty be but dross!
Steal all the wealth of either Ind:
  The pliant teacher of the cross,
Above your dust shall meekly say
That you have found the heavenly way.

And you who bear a weary load,
  And toil with patient, honest hands,
May in the future blest abode
  Claim kinship with the wretched bands
Who, Judas-like, their Master sell,
And scoff alike at heaven and hell.

For now the lesson Calvary taught,
  Distorted, seeks in honeyed phrase
Excuses for the man who brought
  His hariots to the public gaze,
And sinned alike in mart and hall,
Nor saw the writing on the wall:

Time was, alas!—'tis long since fled—
  When robed priest at altar stone,
Spoke naught but truth above the dead,
  And dared, if need be, stand alone,
And call to mind the Judgment Day,
Though servile friends should bid him stay.

But now the glittering pomp of power,
  The trappings of a moneyed king,
The fleeting frenzy of the hour
  Has from the Gospel filched the ring!
Until its words so faintly fall
They neither strengthen nor appal.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL.

LOTTA will go to California in March, after she leaves Memphis.

"JOHN GARTH," at Walleck's, the "Black Crook" at Niblo's, "Divorce" at the Fifth Avenue, and "Julius Cæsar" at Booth's are the theatrical sensations of New York.

A NEW PANTOMIME, under the funny name of "Ride a Cock Horse to Banbury Cross to See An Old Lady on a White Horse," was brought out last week at the New York circus.

DR. MASCHNER's romantic opera, "Ivanhoe," was given for the first time in this country by the Fabbri German Opera company, on Monday evening last, at the Stadt theater.

MRS. MACREADY, now on her extended tour through the West, is meeting with unparalleled success. Houses crowded to overflowing everywhere. She has larger audiences than any actress since Ristori. Theaters absolutely overflowing invariably attend her progress.

AT THE TEATRO VALLE of Rome Offenbach's "Les Brigands" has been given; "Frou-frou" and "La Vie Parisienne" will be the next novelties. The Fanfulla remarks that at these performances the boxes are full, while the pit is empty, which shows the difference of taste in the different classes of Italian society.

THE EARLIEST and most notable performance of English opera was in 1665, under the management of Sir William Davenant, the poet. The piece was entitled, "An Entertainment at Rutland House, by Declamation and Music after the Manner of the Ancients," and was afteward published, in the same year, in a quarto volume.

AT THE VECCHIO TEATRO RE of Milan, Signor Felice Cavalotti's first dramatic work, a drama in verse, entitled "I Pezzenti," the story of which resembles in many respects the plot of Verdi's "Trovatore," was most successful. The Rivista Europea especially praises the beautiful poetry of the drama, and says that Signor Cavalotti has had a great triumph.

THE NEW YORK HERALD says: The management of the Nilsson company received for forty performances at the Academy of Music (matinees included), the unprecedented sum of $160,000, or an average of $4000 for each representation. Surely even the most rapacious of the managerial tribe cannot refuse to acknowledge the munificence of the public in this particular.

MADAME RISTORI has performed twice at the Theatre de la Mennaie, Brussels, in a piece entitled "Marie Antoinette," and written expressly for her. M. Faure, as the hero in "Guillaume Tell," proved a great attraction in the same city. He is shortly about to appear in "Hamlet," and M. Ambroise Thomas is himself arranging the rehearsals of that work. Mlle. Sessi will be the Ophelia.

IN EQUADOR a strange freak of the drama has been witnessed. Theaters are maintained at Quito and Guayaquil, almost the only relics of liberal culture left. At the former a local author has produced a piece called "The Earthquake of Imbabura," and people there understand earthquakes. The dictator, Garcia Moreno, is made to figure in it, with a young lady medium and other personages. The piece is represented to be earthquaky, or sensational.

THE KROLL THEATER, at Berlin, is now playing a military drama entitled "The War in France." In the last scene the signature of the armistice is produced, and the make-up of the performers representing Prince Bismarck and M. Jules Favre is excellent as regards likeness. When the conditions of the German chancellor have been signed the French minister takes off his hat and cries out, "The emperor of Germany forever!" followed by the applause of the whole house.

MLLE. PERTHOLDI, recently made *debut* at the Grand opera-house, Paris, in Theodore Labarre's ballet "La Graziosa," and all the praises usually expended on very fine statuary and very beautiful racehorses have been hurled at the twinkling feet of this new queen. The music of "La Graziosa" is very pretty. It may be remembered that Theodore Labarre was one of Baildieu's pupils, and that he was most successful when his fame was highest, about twenty five years ago.

M. OFFENBACH's new work, "Fantasio," will be produced at the Opera Comique in Paris this month. His favorite prima donna, Mlle. Schneider, is in St. Petersburg, where she has enchanted the Russians with her singing as the *Grand Duchess*. Signor Ricci's new opera, *Une fete a Venise*, will be brought out at the Paris Athenee before this month is closed. Another work, "La Dogaressee," by Signor Ricci and M. De Najac, will be produced at the Opera Bouffe this month. M. Charles Lecocq has another opera ready for the Folies Nouvelles. There is no lack of musical activity in Paris just now.

THE PANTOMIME of "Whittington and his Cat" was produced at the Bristol theater on Saturday evening, December 23, and in the course of the representation a large portrait of the Prince of Wales was carried upon the stage. Hereupon a few Republicans in the gallery commenced hissing vigorously. The band immediately gave "God Bless the Prince of Wales," upon which the audience rose *en masse*, and cheered heartily, many of them joining in singing the refrain at the conclusion of the song. The cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs was immense, the demonstration continuing several minutes.

THE DRAMA IN PORTUGAL is as void of sense as Portuguese poetry and novels. Offenbach reigns supreme, and the public laugh. Indeed, laughter is the only form in which public opinion in this country is expressed. In the midst of this deep moral degradation two young, *litterateurs*, full of talent and enthusiasm, have started a monthly journal, somewhat after the fashion of Alphonse Karr's *Guepes*, entitled *As Farpas*. It has been well received by all respectable people, and the young author exposes the social sores from which we suffer, without fear or favor. The magazine is notable both from a social and political point of view.

EDWIN FORREST, now nearing the close of a long life, in which he achieved fame and fortune, was born in Philadelphia, March 9, 1806. In his twelfth year he performed female parts in the South Street theater, in Philadelphia. A year later he assumed male parts, and on November 20, 1820, made his debut at the Walnut street theater as young *Norval* in Home's tragedy of "Douglas." A protracted professional tour in the western cities of the Union ensued, and Forrest returned to the seaboard with considerable reputation for histrionic ability. After successful engagements at Albany and Philadelphia, he appeared before a New York audience in July, 1826, in the part of *Othello*. From that time on his life was a steady round of success.

ON THE RETURN of Pauline Lucca to Berlin from her engagements at St. Petersburg and Moscow the rehearsals of Sir Julius Benedict's opera will commence. This opera, the best yet written for the English stage, was composed for and produced at the Theater Royal, Drury Lane, London, about twenty-five years ago. The opera had a very long "run." Mr. Bunn was the director, and employed the genius and talents of such artists as Sir Julius Benedict and Balfe, Malibran, Schroeder, Devrient, Duprez, Standigal, Taglioni and Carlotta Grisi. In those days English opera was a great institution, and ran the Italian opera a close race. "The Crusaders" is now about to be produced at the Imperial opera-house, Berlin with the care and magnificence employed at that splendid establishment.

THE NEW YORK conservatory of music gave a grand musical soiree at Steinway hall to an immense house. The Herald says of it: "The pupils, as a general rule evinced much talent and good training, but in some instances, especially in the vocal line, the selections were rather beyond their reach. Among them were some beautiful voices, and the piano works were very successfully rendered. It would be impossible to over-estimate the value and importance of such an institution. The professors rank very high in music, and the arrangements are calculated to inspire pupils with the best impulses of ambition and a desire to advance themselves in art. These public exhibitions, however they may sometimes fail to come up to the desired critical standpoint, are of incalculable service in encouraging pupils, and inspiring them with courage and perseverance."

This is what occurred in Geneva, Switzerland, on account of the presence of the green-eyed monster: "Gounod's 'Faust' was performed, and one Mlle. Dufaure sung *Marguerite*. During the first act the other singers won more applause than she. This mortified her so much that she refused to go on the stage in the second act. A novel scene now ensued. The manager stepped before the curtain and said that Mlle. Dufaure refused to sing because the audience discriminated against her in the applause. He appealed to the gentlemen to do better toward her. Some laughed and refused, but most of the audience promised to gratify her. So she reappeared. A storm of applause greeted her. She wept tears of joy. The other actors grew jealous in their turn, and refused to play. So the manager had to dismiss the audience and refund the money."

A CORRESPONDENT of a London paper, writing from Vienna, describes Minnie Hauck, the American soprano in a new opera. He says: "It is called 'Hans Heiling,' and is described on the playbill as 'a romantic opera, in three acts and a prologue, by Edouard Devrient; the music by Heinrich Marschner.' The story it unfolds is weird, mysterious, and Faust-like, and the *role* of *Anna* was one of the greatest successes of Madame Dustman, the Grisi of Vienna—though I should have thought she was much too tragic and dramatic for the simple character so well filled now by Mlle. Minnie Hauck, who appears with the golden hair which is now *de rigueur* for faithful but tormented maids of the village. I confess the evening was a very pleasant surprise to me. Mlle. Hauck, Madame Friedrich-Materna — splendid-looking in the dazzling dress of the Queen of the Gnomes, *e bella sempre*—and MM. Beck and Walter, were in wonderful voice, and all went well. The music is very pleasing, and there are a waltz, a Bohemian chorus, and a duet which are simply charming."

TOM GOODWIN tells this anecdote of the lamented Hackett. He was playing Hamlet at the old Park theater, New York city to a very full house on the evenining of St. Patrick's day. In the "play scene" in the third act the wind instruments go behind the scenes and play a march to bring on the king, queen and courtiers. Paul Christian, the clarionet player, an enthusiastic Irishman, knew very little of the stage business of a theater, and was at a loss what to play for the royal party, (the march from Judas Maccabeus was usually performed,) accordingly he applied to Nidds, the horn player, an old hand at the business, who for a bit of mischief, suggested "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning." Paul was delighted at the idea, and the cue being given lost no time in briskly striking the above mentioned air, in which "the gods" (there was an upper gallery then) most heartily joined. The royal party was convulsed. Hackett was in a fearful rage, and "his too solid flesh did nearly dissolve," for he was a stout Hamlet. Mr. Simpson and Thomas Barry, his stage manager, were horrified, but *sub rosa* quite enjoyed the fun. Nidds and Paul Christian, the delinquents, were each fined a week's salary, which the treasurer, Mr. John Blake, returned to them the following week, with a severe reprimand.

HOW SCANDAL FLIES.

A London letter-writer narrates the following entertaining experience: My friend advised me, if ever I took a house in a terrace a little way out of town, to be very careful that it was the center one, at least if I had any regard for my reputation. For I must be well aware that a story never loses by telling, and, consequently, if I lived in the middle of a row of houses it was very clear that the tales which might be circulated to my prejudice would only have half the distance to travel on either side of me, and therefore could only be half as bad by the time they got down to the bottom of the terrace, as the tales that might be circulated of the wretched individuals who had the misfortune to live at either end of it; so that I should be certain to have twice as good a character in the neighborhood as they had. For instance, I was informed of a lamentable case that occurred a short time since. The servant of No. 1 told the servant at No. 2 that her master expected his old friends, the Bayleys, to pay him a visit shortly; and No. 2 told No. 3 that No. 1 expected to have the Bayleys in the house every day; and No. 3 told No. 4 that it was all up with No. 1, for they couldn't keep the bailiffs out. Whereupon No. 4 told No. 5 that the officers were after No. 1, and that it was as much as he could do to prevent himself being taken in execution, and that it was nearly killing his poor dear wife; and so it went on increasing, and increasing, until it got to No. 32, who confidently assured the last house, No. 33, that the Bow street officers had taken up the gentleman who lived at No. 1, for killing his poor dear wife with arsenic, and that it was confidently hoped and expected that he would be executed.

SPONTANEOUS HYDROPHOBIA.

As the alarm about small-pox dies out, another terrible bugbear to the nervous will probably come in vogue again. It is some time since we have noted any of the customary paragraphs relating cases of hydrophobia from dog bites, five, ten, twenty, or even forty years old. We have long suspected that this was a vulgar error. More than a year ago we examined carefully the record of a case of hydrophobia in the Philadelphia Medical Times of this city. It was reported by one of our most eminent physicians. He ascribes the case unhesitatingly to a dog-bite. But, as we said in our notice of it, there was a singular want of proof that the patient had ever been bitten by a dog or any other annimal. No indication of it by any scar or wound could be found on his person. We have long hoped that our medical practitioners would do something to rescue this disease from the domain of popular superstition and accepted tradition. We find in a western journal an account of a lecture delivered by Dr. James T. Whittaker, of Cincinnati, on a case of hydrophobia arising in that city, in which it seems that there was no proof or even pretence that the cause was a dog-bite. We ourselves believe that the cases ascribed to ancient dog-bites might as well be ascribed to ancient mosquito-bites, or any other circumstance that long preceded the attack. The faculties of our experts, sharpened by recent exercise in the Wharton case, may be usefully employed in considering the cases of hydrophobia in which the memory of the patient fails to recall that he was ever bitten by any animal. Science, too, might busy itself with finding some analogy or reason for the alleged tenacity of a virus that is said to increase instead of diminish in violence in the lapse of months and years. The observations on the case in Cincinnati are as follows: "Whether hydrophobia is ever spontaneously generated in the human body. The case before the class (that of the body of Bradford) raised the question whether hydrophobia may ever arise *de novo* in the human body; that is, whether the disease may be generated in the human body without any outside communication. The body of Bradford presented to close scrutiny of the entire surface no scar of former wound except one, that his brother declared came from the cut of an axe years ago. True, the scar may have disappeared. Such cases are abundantly recorded. But Bradford, in his lucid intervals, when questioned on the subject, remembered no such incident as having been bitten by a dog. On that point he was quite positive and consistent throughout, though his mind was never clear enough since his reception into the hospital to have rendered his statements very reliable. Dr. Waittader said he was supported by the most eminent and recent authority in declaring that a great many cases of hydrophobia are not due to infection by contact and absorption of a specific virus. Dr. Lake (illustrations of the influence of the mind upon the body in health and disease, with especial reference to the imagination, January, 1871, p. 389, Journal Mental Science, loc. cit.) has shown that, in many cases, hydrophobia in man is the result of mere emotion or imagination. They are due to mental anxiety, grief or terror, associated with, or acting upon, a morbid fancy. For, on the one hand, fatal cases have occurred in man without the bite of an animal at all; the mere belief that a bite has been received from a rabid animal has sufficed to induce violent hydrophobia; while, on the other hand, the bites of dogs, reputedly mad, have been frequently followed by no symptoms whatever. Trousseau mentions having met with a number of cases simulating this disease, but really arising from mental impressions. The most marked instance is that reported by Scriven, [Year Book, Syd. Soc. from Journ. Ment. Sc. loc. et cit.] where symptoms presented 'which, although not referable to the bite of a dog, closely resembled hydrophobia, and the individual was only saved from death by prompt laryngotomy with a pen-knife. In an article on madness in animals from which these citations from the Journal of Mental Science are made, the author, Lindsay, starts with the following premise: 'Hydrophobia in man is frequently, if not generally, the result of terror, ignorance, prejudice or superstition acting on a morbid imagination and a nervous temperament.'"—*Philadelphia Age*.

LONDON STATISTICS.

The population of London, according to the last census, is 3,883,92. This vast multitude is more than the combined population of New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Chicago, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Boston, New Orleans, San Francisco, Buffalo, and Allegheny City, Pennsylvania. To lodge these people, 777,000 dwellings are required, and the people consume annually about 4,480,000 barrels of flour, 420,000 bullocks, 2,975,000 sheep, 49,000 calves, 61,250 hogs, and one market alone supplies annually 7,043,750 head of game. This, together with 5,200,000 salmon, irrespective of other fish and flesh, is washed down by 76,600,000 gallons of ale and porter, 3,500,000 gallons of spirits, and 113,750 pipes of wine. To fill its milk and cream jugs 22,750 cows are kept. To light its streets at night 630,000 gas-lights are required, consuming every twenty-four hours 22,270,000 cubic feet of gas. Its water system supplies the enormous quantity of 77,670,824 gallons per day, while its sewer system carries off 16,629,770 cubic feet of refuse. To warm its inhabitants a fleet of 1800 sail is employed in bringing, irrespective of railroads, annually 5,250,000 tons of coal. The smoke of this immense quantity of coal is sometimes so dense as to be plainly seen thirty-six miles from the city. To clothe this multitude we find there are 4160 tailors, 50,400 boot and shoemakers, nearly 70,000 milliners and dressmakers, and 297,500 domestic servants. The streets of the metropolis are about 2900 in number, and if put together would extend about 4000 miles. The principal ones are traversed by about 1500 omnibusses and 4900 cabs, besides private carriages and carts, employing 50,000 horses.

HISTORIC ORIGIN OF NEPOTISM.

By the term nepotism, as used in modern times, is understood a political abuse by which persons in authority employ their power or their influence to invest their own relatives with office. But the word, in its primary signification, had a narrower scope. It originated in Italy, about the thirteenth century, when the temporal power of the pope was felt throughout christendom. The popes, invested with a dignity and a revenue of imperial proportions, soon began to use their influence to aggrandize their families. Being deprived, by virtue of their priestly office, of direct descendants, they promoted the collateral branches of their families, and especially their nephews, to various profitable employments and dignities. So far was this carried that the Italians invented the term "*Il Nipotismo*"—nepotism, to express this papal abuse, from the familiar Latin word *nepos*, a nephew. The term "cardinal nephew" became also current to designate those cardinals who owed their advancement to their relationship to the pope. Nepotism was carried to such lengths under certain pontificates as to become a public scandal, and to fill Italy with clamors and remonstrance. The States of the church were almost divided up as the spoil of the pope's nephews and other relatives. To enrich themselves in their brief lease of power (the popedom not being hereditary, but elective) they practiced every species of tyranny and extortion. Pope Nicholas III, in the year 1229, attempted to make two of his nephews, of the House of Ursins, kings, one of the Tuscany, and the other of Lombardy. But civil dissentions prevented the accomplishment of his purpose. The actual reign of nepotism under the Papal government may be said to have commenced with Pope Sixtus IV, who came to the purple in 1471. He was the first who delivered up Rome, as it were, a prey to his nephews, promoting them to posts of honor and profit to such an extent as to awaken loud complaints among the people. Immediately on his election, Sixtus created two cardinals, one named Peter Riaro, who was supposed to be his natural son; the other, Juliandela Rovere, son of the Pope's brother. Sixtus gave to the Cardinal, Peter Riario, great possessions in abbeys and church lands, making him so rich that he lived most splendidly. He spent in two years in entertainments, balls, etc., above two hundred thousand ducats in gold, and died of debauchery at the early age of twenty-eight.

The same pope made Leonard, his brother's son, prefect of Rome, and, he dying, transferred the same honor and place to another nephew, John de la Rovere, giving him, beside, the property of the States of Tora and Sinigaglia. He also made his sister's son, Jerome Baso, a cardinal.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

INDIAN NAMES.

In some instances it is a special matter of regret that the Indian names of places and States no longer suggest their original meaning. This was occasionally simple enough, as in Connecticut—originally written Quonaughticot—which meant in the Mohegan dialect "long river," and in Massachusetts—in the native dialect Massaset—signifying "the place of great hills," with reference to the blue hills, eleven miles southwest of Boston, the highest point of land in the eastern part of that State. Of cities thus designated Milwaukee and Sing Sing, the Algonquin word Asinsing, "a place of stone," with all the greater force, as it is now, "the residence of gentlemen," in Artemus Ward's language, "who spend their days in poundin' stun." Other names, however, have more or less picturesqueness in their meaning, and are not so easily improved by recent changes. Thus Chicago represents in its French pronunciation very fairly the actual sounds heard by the first French explorers, when the Potawatomies, who dwelt there, called it Shecaugo, "playful water." (?) Dahlonega is the softened form of the Talaneca of the Cherokees, which meant "yellow metal," for the Indians were well aware of the gold found in the neighborhood, which made the city in later years the seat of a government mint, because of its happy position in the very center of the goldmine district of northern Georgia. Lake Erie is almost the only reminder now of the once powerful tribe of Eries, who lived where the State of Ohio now is; the latter name, as given to the river, owes its origin to the Iroquois, who called it "Oheo" (beautiful water), by the same instinctive admiration which prompted the French to name it "La Belle Riviere." It had a lucky escape from Father Marquett's baptism, who christened it "Ouaboukigon"—a name which subsequently shrunk into Ouabache, and has finally, as Wabash, been given to the last tributary of the Ohio. It is curious that a kind of stigma seems to adhere to the name, for even now the good people of Indiana and the west generally are fond of saying of a man who has been cheated, that "he has been Wabashed." At one time, when the "dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky and Ohio became famous among the Whites, the Indians also felt inclined to call their beautiful river rather the "Blood" river, so fearful had been the scenes of carnage and cruelty enacted on its fair banks. One of the youngest States—Idaho—well deserves its poetical name—"Idahoe" (gem of the mountains), and the name of the river Monongahela flows as smoothly from the lips, with its liquid notes as the far-famed rye-whisky distilled on its banks which is known all over the Union by the same term, in contradistinction from Scotch and Irish rivals. On the other hand, the much-discussed name of the greatest waterfall on our continent has been stripped of all the poetical meanings given it by writers whose imagination exceeded their knowledge. Neagara, the original word, taken from the Seneca-Iroquois dialect, has no connection with cataracts, but means prosaically, "across the neck," alluding to the course of the river across the neck or strip of land that lies between Lake Erie and Ontario. A similar idea underlies the word Mitchikan in the Ottawa dialect, which was originally given to Mackinac, and meant "fences," as if the island were laying fence-like before the upper lake. At least so says Rev. Mr. Pierz, a missionary among the Ottawas; but Allouez, his French predecessor, calls it, a few years before, Machihiganing; the present word, Michigan, is evidently an improvement upon both the former names.—*Americanisms, by Schele De Vere.*

ANCIENT MORALITY.

Of the moral characteristics of the early cities we should be glad to know more; how the quiet course of domestic life glided on beneath the walls of Karnak and the tower Belus; what virtues were prized; what joys or sorrows disturbed the current of existence. How far the modern city excels the ancient in good order or tranquility is difficult to determine. Yet some indications of moral progress may be discovered. The corruption of Babylon and Thebes was followed, after the lapse of centuries, by the higher culture of Greece. Athens taught humanity. No gladiatorial shows nor human sacrifices were permitted by its progressive people. Demosthenes boasted that his life had been passed in the service of his native city, and in constant effort to win the esteem of his fellow-citizens; Pericles, that no Athenian had ever suffered by his fault. Benevolence and charity were cultivated in all the Greek cities. The name of Gillias of Agrigentum is preserved, whose immense fortune was wholly employed in aiding the indigent and providing for the welfare of others—the Coutts or Peabody of antiquity. Integrity was prized as the chief of civic virtues. To make profit from a public office was an unpardonable crime. Pericles boasted that he had never increased his moderate inheritance by a single drachma through all his long tenure of office. Aristides was known as the Uncorrupt. In the purer days of Rome the great lived in poverty, and Fabricius cooked his own simple fare. Cato was so careful of his honor that he weighed and accounted for all the gold he brought from the East. Regulus, rather than to violate an oath, went back cheerfully to slavery and death, leaving his family dependent on charity. Of all the plunder of wealthy Carthage he took nothing. Horace has painted, in the grandest of lyrics, the man of conscious integrity, who, intent on some noble aim, defies the rage of tyrants or the clamor of the people. Juvenal and Tacitus, in deathless satires, hold up to a degenerate age the rigor of ancient honesty. Lycurgus was for twelve years the controller of Athens in its last decline. Millions of revenue passed through his hands, yet every fourth year his accounts were audited, and were found to be rigidly correct. At length, when he was dying, he demanded a new examination. The auditor reviewed his long career; his accounts were again declared to be perfectly accurate; they were engraved on marble tablets, and the Athenian controller died happy in the approval of his own conscience and of his native city. Fragments of the marble tablets, it is said, have been discovered at Athens, and might prove instructive models for modern financiers.

The sum of $6230 has been subscribed for the erection of a suitable memorial at the Virginia Military institute, in honor of Lieutenant-General "Stonewall" Jackson, who, for nearly fourteen years, held the chair of natural and experimental philosophy and artillery tactics in the institution, and whose brilliant career and heroic death during the late war have made his name famous.

CHIPS.

Willful men—judges of probate.

A Connecticut hen had a tumor.

Notes of admiration—love-letters.

The tune of the smoker—spit-tune.

The American Ham-burg—Cincinnati.

The best lessons a man ever has are his mistakes.

What ought always to be up to the mark? A bullet.

An honest employment is a most excellent patrimony.

The winter on the Baltic is more severe than it has been for forty years past.

Let the slandered take comfort—it is only at fruit-trees that thieves throw stones.

A piano was badly injured in New Lork by falling twelve feet on a colored man.

The latest ballad is, "Bury your dog in the garden, it will make your grapevine grow."

The more earnestly you exhort your confidant to secrecy, the more likely he is to tell.

Why is a cat going up three pairs of stairs like a high hill? Because she's a mountain.

It's all very well to say "Take things as they come," but suppose they don't come?

Money is a great lever in the affairs of man; so great a lever that some of us can never keep it.

Adam's nativity has at last been discovered. He was, according to Darwin, a germ-man.

The latest fashion at parties and Germans is to hang a mistletoe bough between the folding doors.

Why is an omnibus strap like conscience? Because it is an inward check on the outward man.

An old man is easier robbed than a young one, for his locks are few and his gait is generally broken.

Open air and cold water are recommended by a celebrated physician as the best cosmetics for the complexion.

A New York belle accidentally tore off a piece from her photograph of the Grand Duke for a cigar lighter for her brother. Her condition is critical.

The Grand Duke Alexis has presented William Horace Lingard with a ring containing a sapphire of unusual size set in two rows of diamonds.

An Alabama paper speaks of a colored orator as having "dislocated his shoulder in the peroration." He was evidently guilty of disjointed utterances.

An Illinois burglar slid down a chimney to get into a store, but, as the fireplace had been walled-up, he did not get out until the occupants helped him.

A minister once prayed: "O Lord, we thank Thee for the goodly number here to-night, and that Thou art here, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather."

"May it please your honor," exclaimed a juryman, "I am deaf in one ear." "Then you may be excused, as it is necessary for a juror to hear both sides," said the judge.

A Montreal Indian wrote as his own epitaph:

> "Here lies poor Johnny Konkupod:
> Have mercy on him, gracious God,
> He would on you, if he was God,
> And you was Johnny Konkupod."

For over thirty years an old gentleman in St. Albans, Vermont, has made a practice of getting out of bed every night at eleven, twelve, two and four o'clock, to enjoy "a comfortable smoke."

A Pennsylvania paper in speaking of a songstress says: She beats cats on high notes. There was no music or chest tone in her voice; but it was about six octaves above the screech of a lost Indian.

Dr. Ward Richardson thinks that sleep is owing to a kind of solidification of the particles composing the brain and spinal cord and nerves in general, which are in a state of fluidity when we are awake. So it is scientifically correct to say that a man sleeps solidly.

"Is this seat unoccupied?" asked an exquisite of an elderly lady of rustic design in the cars at Norwalk, Saturday evening. "I don't know," said she, hastily running her hands with a great deal of feeling over the surface. "It feels like plush, but you can't always tell."

The three fond periods of life are: The first consciousness of love returned; the summer before marriage, when all the course is smooth; and next the early months of the first baby, when the man feels a little queer, and the woman is perfectly self-possessed again.

A number of New York unmarried ladies have clubbed together and agreed that each one is to make a proposal of marriage to some young man of her choice during the year, and to assemble to relate their experiments and the results on the last hour of the last night of the year.

Two-fold provinces of journalism:

> My lady fair comes from the ball;
>   Glides from her carriage stately;
> The steps ascend—I hold her train—
>   Bids me "good night" sedately.
> My hearing makes me confident,
>   By that mysterious rustle
> When she retires she first takes off,
>   Then sits and reads her bustle,
> That's why they like the "quarto" best,
>   E'en in the highest station,
> Ah! two-fold power of newspapers
>   For woman's *re-formation*.

In Wood's "Insects of Home" there is a story of two Jamaica girls at a school in London, who made cockroaches their principal article of diet. When remonstrated with by the principal on their peculiar taste, they claimed that rockroaches were clean feeders, and shrimps, which their remonstrator was very fond of, were not, and consequently she had no right to interfere.

A good deal has been said in a half-humorous, half-contemptuous vein, of the fashion which certain gentlemen have of writing the middle name in full. This much may be said in favor of the practice, that it has at least classical authority, as witness: M. Tullius Cicero, C. Horace Flaccus, T. Livy Patavinus, P. Virgil Maro, and C. Julius Cæsar. A reference to any well-established text-book will convince scoffers that such was the invariable custom with these classic worthies.

The last number of Punch contains one of Mr. DuMaurier's inimitable society sketches, underneath which is printed the following dialogue, said to chronicle a fact. A burly footman, standing before his mistress with his hand on the small of his back, says: "Please, Ma'am, me an' coachman's regular wore out with them coals. Carryin' of 'em up betwwen us in that basket makes our backs and chests hake dreadful!" "Well, Buggins what do they do in other families? I suppose they have fires in this weather?" "O yes, Ma'am! but then the maids mostly carries up their coals theirselves!"

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

The Paris *Figaro* gives the following method of obtaining light instantaneously, without the danger of setting things on fire: Take an oblong vial of the whitest and clearest glass, put in it a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea, upon which pour some olive oil, heated to the boiling point, filling the vial about one-third full, and then seal the vial hermetically. To use it, remove the cork and allow the air to enter the vial, and then recork it. The whole empty space in the bottle will become luminous, and the light obtained will be equal to that of a lamp. As soon as the light grows weak its power can be increased by opening the vial and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter. In winter it is sometimes necessary to heat the vial between the hands to increase the fluidity of the oil. Thus prepared, the vial may be used for six months. This contrivance is now used by the watchmen of Paris in all magazines where explosive or inflammable materials are used.

THE PAREPA ROSA English Opera troupe commence another successful season in New York to-morrow night.

HINDOO CASTE—WHAT IT IS.

There are few institutions that have been the occasion of so much discussion on the part of historians and travelers as the Hindoo institution of "caste." It is well known that it is inextricably bound up with the whole system of Hindoo civilization, and Christian missionaries have united in denouncing it as one of the greatest obstacles to the advance of Christianity. The following from the Pall Mall Gazette will perhaps throw some light on the subject:

There prevails a general belief that caste is a religious distinction. But what if it be no more than a social distinction? And what if missionaries fail chiefly because they begin at the wrong end? It is important to obtain as much trustworthy evidence as possible upon this subject; and those who maintain that the caste of the Hindoo is a social distinction pure and simple, will find a powerful and experienced ally in Mr. Robert Shaw, British commissioner in Ladak. He does not "venture to speak about the rest of India, but certainly in the hill country of the Punjaub caste is as purely a social arrangement as morning calls or dinner parties are in England," and he attributes the failure of our missionaries, in some considerable measure, to the fact that converts are required not only to renounce their idols, but "to do violence to every feeling in their nature, by eating and consorting with the filthiest of the human race." The consequence, he says, of the missionaries' usual proceeding is that, "if you were to ask an ordinary native what becoming a Christian meant, he would probably reply, 'eating with sweepers.'" Mr. Shaw suggests that a man's Christianity should gradually win him to that perfection which consists in considering nothing common or unclean in mankind, whereas the missionaries expect the Hindoo convert to commence with that amount of perfection. These Christians, who so love one another, are not altogether free from the prejudices of a caste which has, perhaps, a more flimsy moral foundation than that of the Hindoo. But to show what, if any, is the connection between the caste and the religion of the Hindoos, it may be interesting to read a conversation founded upon what really took place between Sarda (a Brahman), Choomaroo (a high caste Hindoo), and Shaw Sahib.

S. S.—The Goleiria Rajpoot has been made a Mussulman; can he recover his caste?

S. and C.—No; unless the Cashmere Maharaja, whose servant he is, should restore him to caste privileges by going through the ceremony of eating with him, as he sometimes does in similar cases.

S. S.—Can no one but a rajah do this? I thought some religious ceremony performed by the Brahmins was necessary.

S. and C.—What has it to do with religion? It is merely a question whether his own kindred will eat with him or not, and the difficulty is to get all to agree. When a rajah has set the example no one can then hold back.

S. S.—We English fancy that your caste is a religious obligation.

C.—There is no connection between the two. If I were to take up stones and throw them at one of our idols, my people would cry out, "Ah! Maharaj, dost thou not punish this man who is mocking thee?" But the thought would never strike them to put me out of caste.

S.—If caste depended on our religion, we should have but one caste, for Brahmins and sweepers all worship the same deities.

C.—For some years past I have given up believing in all our fables about Sree Ram and Siv, but I am none the less secure in my caste. If I were to say Mussulman "namaz" daily I should in no way forfeit my caste, so long as I did not take into my mouth anything considered impure.

S. S.—But do not the duties connected with caste necessitate some kind of acknowledgment of the national idols?

S. and C.—No; whatever worship we bestow on them is purely voluntary. If we should omit it altogether, superstitious old women would shake their heads and prophesy that evil would befall us; but the omission would not affect our caste standing in any way.

To some a confirmation of what they have always heard and maintained; to others a proof of what has long been suspected as to the quantity of humanity in human nature. There is not in Christendom a city, town or village in which the most perfect Christian may not, by social imprudence, lose caste, or belong to a caste so inferior that admission to a neighbor's dinner-table is not to be heard of; and in which a man, if only he be careful of social conventionalities, may not habitually break all the ten commandments and throw stones at the Christian religion without any fear of losing caste. Some "superstitious old women would shake their heads" and exclude him, to his great delight, from their tea-tables; but at the dinner party and at the club he might eat with lords, spiritual as well as temporal. The interesting conversation here is to be found in a different form in a book called "Visits to Tartary, Yarkard and Kashgar" (John Murray), the appearance of which was looked forward to with much expectancy, though for no reasons connected with caste, by the late Sir R. I. Murchison.

AN IRISH ROMANCE.

One of the romances of the early part of the present century is now to be turned by the modern spirit of utilitarianism into the most prosaic reality. The great Martin estate in Connemara, Ireland, is to be improved and make a veritable Eden, if we are to believe the prospectuses in the Irish journals. The history of this estate involves one of those sadly romantic stories for which the political and social history of Ireland is so celebrated. The last hereditary owner was Richard Barnwell Martin, member of parliament for the county Galway, who, when going to his family seat, Ballenahinch castle, would ride thirty miles through territory owned by himself. The Martins were sovereigns in their little kingdom of two hundred thousand acres. They practiced a profuse hospitality and a generous charity. The only child of "Martin of Galway" was a daughter, known as the "Princess of Connemara." It is stated, and probably with truth, that she furnished the novelist, Lever, with the original of Mary Martin in that fine Irish tale, "The Martins of Cro' Martin." Mary was the sole heiress of the estate, and enjoyed at one time the prospect of succeeding to the largest territorial property in the British kindom. But her father died of a fever contracted through his exertions to assist the peasantry during the great famine of 1846, and the immense estate was found to be mortgaged beyond its value, the tenants to be starving, and the interest to be unpaid. The mortgages were consequently foreclosed under the "Sequestered Estates act," and Miss Martin, with all her great expectations, left penniless. She was subsequently offered the hand of a wealthy peer, but refused, and married her cousin, with whom she sailed for America. She died about eleven years ago in a second-class New York hotel. Two officers, late of the English East India service, have now taken the estate, and propose to improve it in accordance with a prospectus they have published.

The New York horse market is said to be supplied by the various States as follows: Fine carriage horses from Central and Western New York, Michigan and Kentucky; speedy horses from New York State, New Jersey, Vermont, Maine, Kentucky and Canada; saddle-horses chiefly from Kentucky; heavy draft horses from Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia and Indiana; common work horses, for railroad cars and stage use, from Indiana, Illinois and Canada. An approximate exhibit of the transactions in the market during 1871 makes the total number of horses sold, outside of public auctions, 32,302, for the aggregate sum of $5,562,200.