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FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

LETTER FROM PARIS.

[Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

PARIS, Tuesday, August 10, 1869.—The Constitution of 1852 is dead. Long live the Constitution of 1869! I once went to the Palais Royal to exchange an opera-glass which I had purchased a few years previously, but which I found no longer suited me. I expected, of course, to be allowed something considerable for it towards the price of a new one, which I proposed purchasing at the same place. To my surprise, however, not to say indignation, the optician would allow me nothing. My glass, he said, was no longer the fashion, and nobody would give him anything for it. I intimated that I thought the fashion in opera glasses changed very rapidly in France. "*Oui, Monsieur,*" was the reply, "*nous changeons nos lorgnettes comme nous changeons nos Constitutions.*" The man spoke with a *naïveté* which quite impressed me at the time, and I have remembered the answer ever since. It seemed to him quite natural to compare changes of fashion with changes of government. It was the sort of thing they were used to. And so they have just been putting it in practice for about the eighth or ninth time. Indeed, they have been wonderfully patient on this occasion, and by dint of twice tinkering up the old article, on the 24th November, 186- (I forget the exact year), and again on the 19th January, 1807, they have actually contrived to make it last 17 years; longer than any except that of poor Louis Philippe. This is certainly an improvement on former times; for some of the earlier attempts were uncommonly short-lived. We had, first, the Constitutions of the year III. and year VIII. (1791-3) of the old Republic, rapidly followed by those of the year X. and the year XII. of the same hopeful period, during which, according to a recent calculation, 82,000 people of the working classes and 6,673 priests and nobles perished by acts of revolutionary violence alone. Then comes the ephemeral charter of 1814-15, replaced, in 1830, by the more stable Constitution of Louis Philippe, the longest lived French Government (as yet) since the Revolution, and which only broke down in 1848. The Government of the latter date, that of the Second Republic, and the seventh in succession, only lasted four years, and gave way, in 1852, to the Second Empire and eighth Constitution, which, according to my view, as expressed in my last letter, is now neither more nor less than defunct, although the change of principles has not in this case, as yet, been attended with a change of persons. Will it be too much to assert that by the time the American Centenary comes round, the Government and Constitution of the United States, instead of being the youngest, will be the oldest in the world, at least of civilized States? Every Constitution almost of Europe has been profoundly changed in the interval, not even excepting that of Great Britain; while it may be said that in no essential principle have the American people found it necessary to change their political institutions after a trial of a hundred years.

The session of those "potent, grave and revered seniors," the members of the French Senate, does not add much to the gayety of Paris, and we are fallen into the very depths of dullness, as far as social movement is concerned. Only the passage of a few tourists, and the popular preparations for the *fête* of the 15th, impart a little animation to our deserted streets. But the *fête* itself has been quite shorn of its promised and exceptional splendors, and is reduced to its ordinary dimensions and common-place attractions of shows, illuminations and fireworks. Even the visit of the Empress to Corsica is, for some reason or other, deprived of all special object or character, and instead of taking place on the 15th, is postponed to the 25th or 26th, and so becomes a mere ordinary sea excursion. Is the Emperor losing faith in his star, that he thus allows the centenary of his great ancestor to pass so nearly unnoticed?

A French scientific journal gives an account of the various processes through which postage stamps pass in this country before they get into the hands of the public. It may be amusing and useful to compare this with what is done at home in the same matter. The French journal remarks, truly enough, that the little bit of colored paper we stick on to our letter is, properly speaking, nothing less than "an infinitessimal bank note." It was, it says, used to play such a part in the currency during a portion of the war in the United States. The manufacture, therefore, of the article in question, which is carried on at the mint on the Quai Conti, is subjected to as strict a supervision as that bestowed on the public coin itself. The effigy of the Emperor is the work of the chief engraver of that establishment. The copper plates, each of which bears one hundred and fifty impressions, are obtained by galvanoplastics, in a special laboratory pertaining to the Director of the Postage-stamp Department of the Mint, who enjoys the same privileges and is liable to the same responsibility as the Director of the adjacent coining department. He produces the article at his own risk, and is bound by contract to supply the administration with all the stamps it may require, and which are all strictly examined before accepted. He is only paid for what he delivers, the whole stock being his own property, and the workmen's salaries entirely at his own charge. The special workshops in which the manufactory is carried on have the appearance of a neatly-kept printing-office. The machines are kept beautifully clean and polished, and work so smoothly and noiselessly as to make a visitor quite forget that any external force is applied to them. The strictest silence is maintained in them. The paper is specially manufactured for the purpose by Messrs. Lacroix, of Angoulême. The sheets are first counted, and then varnished by machinery. After this a colorless substance is laid on, the composition of which is kept a secret, and renders, it is affirmed, all forgery impossible, because it is this coating which receives the final impression. Two plates are printed off at a time. Each sheet contains 300 stamps, separated by white margins into two portions of 150 each. When dry, the sheets are cut in two by machinery, then gummed in another room, and finally pricked all round each stamp, five sheets at a time, by the pricking machine. The sheets are then examined, the bad ones burnt and recorded, and the good ones locked up in a press secured with three keys. This is only opened in the presence of a functionary of the General Post-Office, sent for a supply, for which he gives a receipt. In 1868 the number of postage stamps delivered was 490 millions, for which the State paid the sum of 451,500 francs.

The use of paper collars, cuffs and other articles of dress which has been so long in vogue seems about to receive a further extension. At the exhibition now going on at Wittenberg, in the Duchy of Saxony, there are exposed table-cloths of large size, and napkins, made of the same frail material, but quite capable, as the French say, to *tromper l'œil* at a distance, and before they are handled.

One of the most remarkable objects at the last Paris Universal Exhibition was the German machinery for manufacturing of paper out of wood-pulp, with only a slight addition of fibrous linen texture; and the paper so produced was represented as peculiarly adapted for the purposes above mentioned.

MATTERS IN GENERAL.

Peaches.

The æsthetic, the sensuous, and the sentimental part of man seldom meet so agreeably as they do over a basket of red peaches, whose cheeks yet seem to burn with the sun they left in Maryland orchards. The Persians signified love by the gift of half a peach. Let us love ourselves many times, then, while this amber sun of August lasts. The peach is the rose of fruits. Unlike love, it is harmless in any of its effects. A man once wished to commit suicide, and, looking about for an easy death, decided to eat himself to death on peaches; but the more he ate the better he felt, till, at the end of his basket, he cried, "Let me not leave the world that contains such a beautiful fruit." An amiable way of partaking of the peach is to slice it, cover it with sugar, and let it remain on ice for an hour, or till it freezes; then pour equal parts of sweet wine and cream over the fruit, eat and realize a vegetable passion. A peach-club has been formed among some of our gentlemen of refinement, who solemnly departed for the sunniest orchards of the Southwest to indulge in their favorite fruit, as anglers do in trout-fishing. Only one bite is taken out of the crimson side of a peach. The last account was 1,331 peaches eaten by the best sportsman of the party.

Mortality Among Mormons.

As might be expected, the mortality among Mormon children is frightful. The polygamists are like the old woman who lived in a shoe, and do not know what to do with their many children; at any rate they do not properly care for them. Of sixty deaths in Salt Lake City in a month, forty-four were children. Heber Kimball is reported to have buried forty-eight children out of sixty-three in his collection; one bishop had lost twenty children; another, twenty-eight; another, seventeen. Joseph Smith had six wives, but left only two sons. The death rate among Mormons of all ages is said to be greater than that of this city or New Orleans, and more than twice as great as that of Oregon.

Lace.

The raw materials used in the manufacture of lace in France are spun specially for it. The price of the raw material amounts to from six to twenty per cent. of the value of the production. Pillow lace is made on a sort of frame, light and simple in construction, and is held on the knees of the lace-maker. The total number of lace-makers in France is estimated at 200,000 women and girls. Their wages are on the average 1 franc 25 centimes per day; some who are particularly skilful and industrious earn 3 francs 50 centimes for ten hours' hard work. Lace-makers are mostly peasant women, who work in their own houses. Lace generally takes the name of the town in which it is produced. The annual production of lace in France is valued at 100,000,000 francs, and is sold to the United States, Great Britain, Brazil, Russia, India and other countries.

The New Settlers at Sitka.

Alaska is Americanizing. A recent letter from Sitka says that before the cession, in 1867, the sanitary condition of the place was very bad; the houses were tumbling down; decay marked everything, and the "dock-yard" and "storehouses" specified in the treaty had floated away in the fog. But with the advent of the Americans the knee-deep-in-mud streets have been gravelled, sidewalks have been laid, a saw-mill has been built, houses are erected, cleanliness prevails, improvement is everywhere manifest, and the place is now pronounced to be inhabitable.

Names of Race-Horses.

The names bestowed upon race-horses are often remarked for their ingenious absurdity. We learn from *Bell's Life* that there is now in England a trotting-horse called by the sweet name of "Pig Poisoner," the meaning of which, if it has any, lies too deep for the grasp of the ordinary mind. The writer has a very distinct recollection of a race-horse called "Cruel Oysters"—a name that can only be accounted for on the hypothesis that the nomenclator had been unfortunate in a bivalvular speculation, and so made his horse a monitor against indiscriminate shelling out. Many years ago a sporting nobleman—the Marquis of Waterford, we think—had a horse which he called "Salt Fish." This name, however, was given with purpose. It was a trap for questioners, and a peg whereon to hang a joke, the gist of which was that "Salt Fish" was good for a "fast day."

The Enoch Arden Business.

Ancient Enoch Ardens are turning up all over the country. The latest is Samuel Eastman, who left Concord, New Hampshire, in 1819, to "better himself in Massachusetts." He has been just fifty years in the bettering business, during which time he has married a second "better half," and raised a crop of supplementary olive branches, and, moreover, has been on several whaling voyages. "Better half" No. 2 dying, Samuel Eastman suddenly appears to Mrs. Eastman No. 1, in Concord, when the following conundrums were propounded: "Is this Samuel Eastman, my husband?" and "Is this my long-lost wife?" Whereupon, according to a local narrative, "they rushed into each other's arms, and kissed with all the ardor of sweet sixteen." The hilarity of the occasion was heightened by the gratifying announcement of old Mr. Eastman that though his eyesight was defective, he could still throw a harpoon as well as ever, and Rev. T. B. Eastman, Samuel Eastman's son by Mrs. Eastman No. 1, offered a prayer of thanksgiving over the happy reunion.

Journalistic Failures in London.

In London, as well as in some other cities, as soon as some men get a little money they are crazy either to manage a theatre or start a newspaper. It is stated that nearly all the cheap evening papers projected in London sooner or later result in financial failure. Many of the new weekly papers are also in a drooping condition, and a correspondent says that the now profitable "sporting papers" will be ruined if the decree is confirmed which closes the betting-offices—the advertisements of these offices having been the mainstay and chief support of these sporting papers.

Disposal of the Blockheads.

A difficulty now presents itself in England for solution, to wit: The disposal to be made of stupid boys. All the old avenues, such as "going to India" and the like, are closing up. The church, even, is no longer a sure refuge for the simple; competitive examinations have made the civil service more difficult of attainment than it used to be; in fact, all the public places that can properly be filled by fools are already occupied. Farming, now-a-days, requires a knowledge, not only of the markets, but of surveying and chemistry as well, and in general it is discovered that young men must be qualified for the positions they apply for. And now Sir John Lubbock proposes to make the fifty-five thousand or more clerkships in London places for competitive examination. The employers of clerks must send candidates to the council of the City of London College, to be examined as they would be by the civil service commissioners if they were applicants for positions in that service. Clearly the easy-place-getting days of simpletons in England are over. It will soon be so in this country, and then will come the days of competitive examination for places under the government, and of schools for that technical training so much needed now to fit young men and young women to occupy the positions to which they aspire as a means of supplying themselves with food and clothing.

TERRIBLE AFFRAY AT FREEHOLD NEW JERSEY.

A Man Shot Dead—The Coroner's Jury Return a Verdict of Justifiable Homicide.

About nine o'clock on Friday night the quiet rural town of Freehold was startled with the report that a man had been shot dead at a country house about three miles from the town. Sheriff Paterson immediately sent out deputies with the Coroner, who ascertained the facts to be as follows:—A German named Jacob Moch was employed on the farm of Mr. Peter Conover. In the afternoon of Friday, Moch came to the house, and finding Mr. Conover and his wife absent, commenced abusing the children. Moch had been imbibing lager beer freely, so the children ran and hid themselves behind the furniture. Moch followed them, and catching hold of them in turn struck them several blows and threw them to the floor. Some person who was passing conveyed the news to Mr. John W. Conover, an uncle of the children, who lived near, and he went over and took the children to his own house, after remonstrating with Moch. The latter became enraged at this, and followed to Mr. Conover's house, pulling a stake from the fence on his way.

As soon as he reached Conover's residence he wielded the stake in an angry and excited manner, and threatened violence to any one who should interfere with him. Mr. Conover came out, and, after some persuasion, Moch became quiet and went away. In the evening he returned, and this time his passion was aroused almost to a frenzy. He tore down a small gate and threw it at Mr. Conover. He then commenced to tear down the fence in the yard, hurling the stakes at Mr. Conover, who all this time was calling on him to desist and endeavoring to get him away; but failing, he despatched a messenger to Freehold for a warrant. An officer was sent back with the messenger to arrest Moch. But in the meantime the latter had become desperate, and Conover took his gun with the impression that the sight of it would intimidate the man of fury. But it had quite another effect, for Moch armed himself with a large hoe, and advanced to the charge, crying out to Conover that he would kill him. It was a terrible moment, and Conover, feeling that with such a desperate man to encounter nothing less than life was at stake, commenced to retreat towards the house, still keeping his face towards the man and telling him if he approached too near he would shoot him. But Moch seemed nowise daunted. He was slowly gaining ground on his man, so that Conover felt there was no time to be lost. He snapped the gun, but the only effect it had was to render Moch more furious, and he rushed with a savage, contemptuous grin upon him. Conover, without taking aim, now fired, Moch, being only about four yards off, and the contents lodged in the breast, near the heart. He ran a few paces toward the corner of the house, staggered and fell dead.

Mr. Conover at once went into Freehold and delivered himself up to the Sheriff, at the same time reciting the details of the affair. The body was taken to the town and given over to the Coroner, who held an inquest on Saturday. After a protracted investigation the case was given to the jury at three o'clock, who rendered a verdict that the deceased "came to his death from the effects of a gunshot wound at the hands of John W. Conover while acting in self-defence, and we exonerate said Conover from all blame."

Mr. Conover is a respectable farmer, and belongs to one of the oldest families in this section of Monmouth county.

THE CRACOW NUN.

Further Particulars of Her History.

[From the Eastern Budget.]

The sister of the unfortunate Barbara Ubryk, who is still living at Warsaw, has communicated to a Polish paper some further particulars of her history. It appears from her statement that her parents were small landed proprietors, and that they died young, leaving four daughters. Of these, Anna, afterward named Barbara, was brought up by her aunt, and afterwards sent to the school of the Order of the Visitation. Here she became ill, upon which she was taken by the Countess Dziewanowska into her house. As soon as her health began to improve she again begged to be taken to the Convent of the Visitation, but she was refused admission. She then obtained an introduction to the Carmelite Convent at Cracow, and since then her family heard nothing more of her, except that she had become insane, and was well treated. One of the letters sent to Eleanour Ubryk (Barbara's sister) by the Abbess of the convent is as follows:

The news which you received about the illness of your sister is correct. She has been suffering from a severe mental disorder for the last three years, and is subject to very violent fits. If you lament her unfortunate position, we do so even more. We have to pay a great deal for her medical treatment, and are in constant fear of her. It is very painful to us that, as the physicians say, she must have suffered from this illness before, and we were never told of it; for if we had known it she would not have been admitted to our convent. You may be quite at ease as to the treatment of your sister; we do her no harm, and she would be unhappy if she were anywhere else. The convent is a great protection to her, though God has made her a great and heavy cross to us.

JOSEPHA ZAZIARSKA,
Abbess of the Carmelites.

CRACOW, Aug. 11, 1851.

The following letter, dated April 29, 1843, is from the unhappy nun herself:

MY DEAR LOUISA: I am glad to have some news from you and your sister. I, by the grace of God, am strong, and satisfied with my position. The Government made difficulties as to my entering the convent, it not being permitted to receive foreigners; but that also was got over by the grace of God, and now I have been a professed nun for three years, which seem to me like a day. From this you can judge how happy I am, and thankful to God and my respected mothers that they have accepted me into their holy society. As you are still unmarried, I wish you would be speedily devoted to St. Joseph, for he is the patron of those who wish to select a profession. Do not complain of your work, for God most blesses the property which is gained by the work of one's hands. Do the will of God, and you will be happy and prosperous. If you intend to write to me, do so in the name of Barbara, for my name has been changed since I entered the convent.

BARBARA UBRYK.

PRINCE ARTHUR.

Reception by the Corporation and People of Halifax—The Address and Reply—Military and Civic Procession and Review.

HALIFAX, N. S., August 23, 1869.—The reception of Prince Arthur took place at noon today. An immense crowd was in the dockyard. On landing from the Admiral's barge the Prince was received amid salvos of artillery. Many distinguished persons were present, including Governor-General Young, Lieutenant-Governor Doyle, Admirals Mundy and Wellesley, the Corporation authorities, French naval officers, &c. The Prince was in citizen's attire. The following address to the Prince was read by the Recorder:

We, the Mayor and Corporation of this city, in the name of the citizens, welcome your Highness to our shores. A visit from any member of the royal house is esteemed a high honor by the people, and is hailed with pleasure by the inhabitants of the city; but the honor conferred by a visit of the son of our gracious and beloved Queen, and grandson of that talented and illustrious duke who so long governed the province, and was the steadfast friend of Nova Scotia, creates a deep feeling of joy among the loyal people of Halifax. The British people have much reason for exultation that while the members of the royal family are exalted in position they yet condescend to occupy posts of usefulness in the State and devote their talents to the country, and her Majesty's subjects in every section of the empire feel a just pride in the fact that you have given the benefit of your services to the army. We congratulate that distinguished corps which your Highness has selected to perform the duties of a soldier in. Should occasion arise for active service we have the conviction that your Highness would display that gallantry and heroism in the field for which your ancestors have been famed, and will proudly vindicate the honor of the nation. We sincerely thank our Heavenly Father for having hitherto spared our noble sovereign Queen to be the exalted witness of how she is endeared to all ranks and conditions of men; and we trust and pray that the King of Kings may long preserve her Majesty in health and prosperity. We sincerely hope the stay of your royal highness on this side of the Atlantic will prove a great gratification and happiness, and that your highness will leave this continent impressed with a belief in the importance of British North America to the British crown, and we implore the Great Ruler of events to keep and sustain your highness many years, that you may exhibit and illustrate those noble and many virtues which are the ornaments of princes, and which will exalt and benefit your country.

The Prince then read the following reply from manuscript:

Mr. Mayor and Corporation of this City:—I return, most sincerely, my thanks for the loyal address which you have just presented me, and avail myself of the opportunity to request you to convey to the citizens whom you represent my grateful thanks for the kind and hearty welcome you have this day accorded me. I can assure you that I looked with anticipation of great pleasure to my visit to the British dominion on this side of the Atlantic; and it is to me a source of great satisfaction to hear on my first landing how highly cherished still is the memory of my illustrious grandfather who governed this province so long. Your allusions to the Queen and the kind wishes for my welfare will be most gratifying to her Majesty, and I feel sure she will hear with pleasure how cordial and hearty has been her son's reception among you. [Cheers.]

The procession of militia, firemen and societies moved through the thronged streets to the Government House, where the Prince reviewed it, and then retired.

The city is illuminated to-night, and everybody is out of doors.—*Herald.*

Lady Byron and Mrs. Stowe.

The Diary, Reminiscences and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson, Barrister at Law, F. S. A., selected and edited by Thomas Sadler, Ph. D., lately published in London, and just reprinted in this country, records what was probably the first interview between Lady Byron and Mrs. Stowe. This was in 1853, when Mrs. Stowe was greatly "lionized" in England, and the disclosures which Lady Byron made to Mrs. Stowe respecting what she thought of Lord Byron, according to Mrs. Stowe herself, were "on the occasion of a second visit to England in 1856." Under the date of May 24, 1853, Mr. Robinson makes record in his diary as follows:

"At Mrs. Reid's, between three and four, there were assembled Mrs. Beecher Stowe and some twenty or thirty of Mrs. Reid's acquaintance, to be introduced to the object of general curiosity. She looks young and quite unpretending. She had been with Mrs. Clarkson. Lady Byron was also present."

The same interesting diary contains also several letters addressed to Mr. Robinson by Lady Byron. From the only one which makes any mention of Lord Byron, we copy the following:

"LADY BYRON TO H. C. R.

"BRIGHTON, March 5, 1855.—I recollect only those passages of Dr. Kennedy's book which bear upon the opinions of Lord Byron. Strange as it may seem, Dr. Kennedy is most faithful where you doubt his being. Not merely from casual expressions, but from the whole tenor of Lord Byron's feelings, I could not but conclude he was a believer in the inspiration of the Bible and had the gloomiest Calvinistic tenets. To that unhappy view of the relations of the creature to the Creator, *I have always ascribed the misery of his life.*"—[Vol. II. p 446 of Fields, Osgood & Company's reprint.]

It would seem, then, that up to March 5th, 1855, Lady Byron had "always" ascribed the misery of Lord Byron's life, and so of her own, so far as she was connected with him, to far different causes from those which she stated to Mrs. Stowe only a year later, in 1856. Of course this is open, however, to another construction. Mrs. Stowe, in her narrative, says: "Lady Byron expressed the feeling that the Calvinistic theology, as heard in Scotland, had proved in this case, as it often does in certain minds, a subtle poison."

The few letters given in the volume from which we have quoted show that the greatest intimacy and confidence existed between Lady Byron and Mr. Robinson; and as the printed letters are "selected," it would be well, perhaps, for Mr. Sadler to go over the file again and see if there is anything from Lady Byron which has any bearing upon the story communicated to Mrs. Stowe, who was, comparatively, a stranger to Lady Byron.—*New York Post.*

SEIZURE ON THE DELAWARE.

A Sloop Found with Government Property on Board.

The Wilmington *Commercial* says:

The sloop Wave, belonging to Bordentown, N. J., came into this port on Saturday evening, and upon information given by a Government detective, was shortly after taken possession of by the Collector of the Port, Dr. Nolen, and a guard was placed in charge.

She is loaded with old iron, cannons, and other ship material, gathered from sunken vessels in the vicinity of Pamlico Sound, North Carolina, and it is claimed that this belongs to the Government. The captain states that he has been engaged in the work for some three months, and claims some of the material as his own property. A party from Norfolk also claims another portion as his, which he says he has bought in the regular course of trade in that city. It was the intention to sell the cargo in this city.

The Collector has reported the facts to the Department at Washington, and will wait for instructions.

Persecution of Jews in Moldavia.

Sir Francis Goldsmith sends to the London *Telegraph* the following translation of a letter from Moldavia, giving information respecting the persecution of the Jews in that principality:

"Families accustomed to every domestic comfort have been driven from their homes, and are obliged to wander about without knowing where to rest their weary limbs. The poor exiles have not even been allowed to collect the scanty remnants of their portable property. They have been despoiled, defrauded and ill-treated, yet no one comes forward to procure for them the needful sympathy, and to put a stop to the infamous proceedings. On the last festival of Pentecost the village Jews were thrown into wagons and removed from their domiciles. Similar heinous practices were repeated on subsequent Sabbaths, so as to aggravate the offensiveness and mortifying effect of these persecutions. Women in the agonies of childbirth were dragged away from their couches. In vain did they implore to have only one day's respite granted them.

"Among the Jewish villagers was one who, during the whole period of the famine of 1866, had relieved the laborers residing in this vicinity, and had thus afforded sustenance to no less than eighty families. The sum thus expended amounted to 7,000 francs, as is proved by the papers he left behind and which bear the official seals of the sub-prefect, as also of the chief of the village. During the same period this benevolent Jew caused a new bridge to be constructed at his expense, when the former one had been carried away by the overflowing of the river. In like manner this Jew had conferred many other benefits upon his fellow villagers. Scarcely, however, had the ministry the first rescript for the expulsion of the Jewish villagers, when the sub-prefect and the chief of the village Sayne siezed this same Jew, together with his wife and children, threw them into wagons, and carried them away from their comfortable homes. His charitable work and the documentary evidence of his public usefulness obtained for him no consideration."

DRAMATIC.

IRISH DRAMA AT THE WALNUT.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Watkins began an engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre last night, with Mr. Watkins's drama, *Trodden Down; or, Under Two Flags.* This play was produced here in May, and was quite successful, considering that the author and his wife were strangers, who sought success upon their merit, without resorting to puffery. In some respects it is a clever drama. We tire of romantic Irishmen, and comic Irishmen, and patriotic Irishmen upon the stage. They always do the same old things, no matter what the situation may be. There is shillalch swinging, whisky drinking, and use of an impossible brogue, sprinkled with och, arrah, and bedad, and like pleasing expletives. There is mildly witty repartee, some hard swearing against England, a few terrific encounters with British myrmidons, sundry expressions of determination to die for Ireland, and a final triumph of the hero over all his enemies previous to his embarkation for America, where he settles down as a Democratic politician. All of this there is, and more, in *Trodden Down*, but we are very far from condemning it as an unworthy drama, even of its class. It has the stock appeals to the gallery, and these are so nicely planned that they did not fail to excite uproarious applause; but besides these it contains many very dramatic situations of a novel character, and it is constructed with such admirable skill that the full strength of the plot is developed and the climaxes are built up through the acts to legitimate and powerful intensity. The language, albeit rather too elegant for the characters, at times, is agreeable and in accordance with the rules of rhetoric. The characters have about as much individuality as they could have in a play written in the interest of primitive Fenianism—upon the rebellion of 1798. Mr. Watkins is a very good actor, with much pathetic power, and some genuine humor. He is quite as effective an Irishman as any that we know of upon the stage, not excepting the monotonous Barney. Mrs. Watkins supports her husband charmingly, and makes her performance more attractive with her singing. Her voice has large compass, rare sweetness and flexibility, and some power. She tripped on some of her high notes last night, but this was due perhaps to the rustiness consequent upon a long summer holiday.

The audience was not immense, but encouragingly large. It was a very enthusiastic audience. Sometimes we wonder how people can summon up courage enough to applaud the old threadbare appeals to them, which are made constantly upon the stage. But there are men and women and small boys in the third tier who, even at this period of the century, will get up and shout and stamp and clap their hands and whistle on their uninviting fingers when an actor bursts into eulogy of General George Washington, or apostrophizes the American eagle, or invokes the blessing of the Goddess of Liberty, or excites himself over contemplation of the surpassing virtues of our Revolutionary forefathers, or points, with impressive digit, to the Cradle of American Independence, or boils over in rage upon the British lion. And so there were people last night who encouraged Mr. and Mrs. Watkins with such loud and oft-recurring noise, that the hearts of these worthy people must have been cheered, and Mr. Watkins must have blessed his own confidence in the effectiveness of the shafts which he had selected from the common quiver of the "romantic Irish" dramatists. If the enthusiasm of the audience, therefore, is a true indication of merit, the Walnut ought to be crowded every night during the Watkinses engagement. For the sake of Mr. Hemphill and his stars we sincerely hope it may be.

—On Monday night next the Lydia Thompson English Burlesque Company will open at the Arch Street Theatre in *Sinbad the Sailor*.

The New York *Citizen and Round Table*, speaking of the Thompson troupe, says:

"The blondes, after receiving a great deal of abuse in Philadelphia—and, as a matter of course, attracting a great deal of attention—have gone to Buffalo. The Philadelphians were virtuously indignant at the attenuated dresses of the ladies, and fiercely angry because the finest pair of legs did not accompany the troupe."

Possibly this paragraph was written up by the dramatic young man who wished to have his work done ahead for three or four weeks so that he could go out of town; or he may have been in a clairvoyant condition, and have forseen these results. If the first is true, it would be better for him to remain in the country for a few years to brighten up his intellect. If the latter, it will be kind not to wake him up this side of the silent grave.

—Mr. C. D. Hess, of Chicago, is one of the directors of the Parepa-Rosa English opera troupe. He was in town yesterday, making arrangements for the appearance of his company at the Academy of Music on the 4th of October. The list of singers includes Madame Parepa-Rosa, Miss Rose Hersee, Mrs. Seguin, Miss Andrews, Miss Stockton, Messrs. Castle, Laurence, Campbell, Hall, Nordblom, Seguin, Taker, Kittes and Howard. They will appear at the New York Academy of Music on Sept. 11th, in Balfe's romantic opera, *The Puritan's Daughter.*

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—The Pekin, China, college is a failure.

—When is a yellow dog like a seamstress? When it wants muzzlin'.

—The opinion here is that the Harvards will be the "noblest Rowmen of them all."

—Can a circus man be said to appear in a new rôle every time he turns a somersault?

—A wicked Stowe-ry—the Byron revelation.—*Ex.*

—Can the alteration of the seats in the Harvard boat be regarded as an attempt to *thwart* their efforts for success?

—Can by a young man of degraded intellect.

—Why are the Harvards a low set of fellows? Because they are scully-uns.

—Why are the Harvards like the music of the Tritons? Because they are rowers (roars) in a shell.

—Mme. Methua-Scheller, the actress, is so popular at the West that one of the towns on the Pacific railway is to be named after her.

—A loaf of Indian bread has been found in Indiana, buried in the earth, and geologists are trying to ascertain its age. A thick bark had grown over it.

—One island off Mount Desert is literally taken possession of by sea fowl. The rocks and ground are covered with them, and the tree fairly bend under their weight.

—Curiosity is expressed in Ohio to see waether Vallandigham will take the stump for Pendleton. He must do, it or lose caste among the Democracy.

—Baron Liebig states that the land of Hesse has risen 300 per cent. in value during fifteen years, simply in consequence of scientific agriculture.

—Government has made gymnastics obligatory in every public school in France. The malicious say it is to teach the rising generation to turn (political) summersaults.

—The King of Bavaria has determined hereafter to celebrate annually the birthdays of Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven and Weber, by gala performances at the Munich theatre.

—Two boys in jail in Chicago for burglary have managed to escape through very small apertures by covering themselves all over with soft soap.

—The colleges at Rutersville, Texas, with 96 acres of land belonging to the Texas Monumental and Military Institute, recently sold at auction for $1,300 in currency, and the library of the institute for $61.

—Mrs. Arnold, the wife of Dr. Arnold of Rugby fame, lives with her daughters in her country home, "Fox How," on the side of the wooded heights of Laughrigg, a mountain near Ambleside, England.

—Madame Olympe Andouard has just returned to Paris from Algiers. An Algerian poet addressed to this fascinating and philosophical traveler a gorgeous sonnet, in which he insisted that by her "the children of the desert were reminded of the joys of Paradise."

—A young man lately went in bathing at Lotbinere, Province of Quebec, placing his clothes upon what he supposed was a stone. It turned out to be a seal basking in the sun, which was thus disturbed, and made for the water with the young man's clothes.

—The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, in a brief biographical sketch of Mr. Pendleton, mentions that "in 1866 he received his sixth nomination for Congress; but, owing to the adverse circumstances of that year, he was defeated." A more lucid explanation it would be impossible to ask.

—A woman of rare presence of mind was overtaken by a train on a high trestlework near Marietta, Ohio, recently, and dropped between the ties, holding herself suspended by her arms until the train passed over, when she climbed back again; all without a scream.

—Mr. Tennyson and his party were inexpressibly annoyed while in Switzerland by the hero worshippers, who stole every piece of property that they imagined might have belonged to the poet, for relics. Even the most worthless articles were appropriated by the treasure-seeking thieves.

—The fifth centenary of the birth of Huss is to be celebrated at Prague with unusual pomp on the 4th and 5th of September. Among those who have been invited are Victor Hugo, George Sand, Guizot, Emile de Girardin, and A. Coquerel, several of whom have already promised to be present.

—The sun came out so hot on the shores of the Bay of Biscay-O a short time since, as to kill millions of eels which had the bad habit of burying themselves in the sand at low tide. If prompt measures had not been taken the decomposition of their bodies would have bred a pestilence, and as it was, the odor was dreadful. Over four hundred cartloads were removed.

—An individual the other day went to one of the drug stores in Boston and called for a pint of whisky, claiming that he wanted to put it on some roots for medicine. He obtained the whisky, and immediately raised the bottle to his lips and imbibed a grown person's dose of the ardent. The drug clerk remonstrated with the customer for his duplicity, and was informed that it was the roots of his tongue for which he desired the whisky.

—An enterprising aspirant for the honors of "mine host," located in one of the new but thriving railroad towns of Iowa, issues a business-card, by means of which he discourses to would-be patrons thusly: "Clean Beds, Square Meals, no Brown Sugar, and Good Sample Room. No Live nor Dead Beats wanted. Barber Shop connected with this House." On being asked what was meant by "square meals," the good man replied: "Dried apples for breakfast, milk for dinner, and *let 'em swell for supper.*".

—Wachtel, the great Berlin tenor, will be in this country by the 1st of September. He will visit all the Western cities before returning to Europe. His principal *role* is that of the "Postilion of Lonjumeau." Herr Wachtel was once himself a postilion. A musical connoisseur one day happened to hear him sing and prevailed upon him to leave the stage-coach for the stage. He is now considered by all odds the best continental tenor, and he received at the hands of the Russian Government a larger salary than is paid to any European opera-singer.

—The Charleston *Courier* is informed by a correspondent that in the upper part of the State there lives a young ex-Confederate soldier, whose leg was amputated during the war, near the thigh. After amputation the wound rapidly healed and he was sent home. About a year after a fleshy protuberance was seen to grow out of the flesh, which in the course of a few months took the shape of a foot, and since that time it has been growing finely, until now the man has a perfectly new foot and leg growing from his thigh, which, in a year or so, promises to supply the loss of his leg in the first instance. Of course nobody is expected to believe this.

—Mark Twain issues a salutatory address upon assuming the associate editorship of the Buffalo *Express*. He adds: "I am simply going to do my plain, unpretending duty, when I cannot get out of it. I shall work diligently and honestly and faithfully at all times and upon all occasions, when privation and want shall compel me to do it. I shall not make use of slang or vulgarity upon any occasion or under any circumstances, and shall never use profanity except in discussing house rent and taxes. Indeed, upon second thought, I will not even use it then, for it is unchristian, inelegant and degrading—though, to speak truly, I do not see how house rent and taxes are going to be discussed worth a cent without it."