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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Diary, Reminiscences and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson. Selected and Edited by Thomas Sadler. 2 vols. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

People have compared this book to Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson. It is like it only in being very fascinating. In all essential qualities the two books are wholly different. Boswell wrote about one man, whom he followed and fawned on, making himself generally a very despicable figure in the narrative. Crabb Robinson, however, was toady to no one, and, while totally devoid of vanity, he always appears as a manly, cultivated gentleman. He lived for ninety-two years, for he was born May 15th, 1775, and died February 5th, 1867. From his youth to the last days of his life he was a student, a lover of letters, and the friend and companion of literary men, not only in England, but also on the Continent.

Crabb Robinson went to Germany in 1800 and soon settled at Weimar to study. He also studied at Jena, and spent much time in other cities. He became acquainted with all the leading literary men of the time, and some of his most delightful reminiscences are derived from such acquaintance. During his long life he made frequent visits to Germany and other parts of the Continent, and there is hardly a celebrity of any kind of whom he has not something to relate. As a sample of his style we copy the following notice of Madame de Staël, whose acquaintance he made at Weimar in 1804. She had expressed a desire to make his acquaintance:

On the 28th of January I first waited on her. I was shown into her bed-room, for which, not knowing Parisian customs, I was unprepared. She was sitting, most decorously, in her bed and writing. She had her night cap on, and her face was not made up for the day. It was by no means a captivating spectacle, but I had a very cordial reception, and two bright, black eyes smiled benignantly on me. After a warm expression of her pleasure at making my acquaintance, she dismissed me till three o'clock. On my return then I found a very different person,—the most accomplished Frenchwoman surrounded by admirers, some of whom were themselves distinguished. Among them was the aged Wieland. There was on this, and, I believe, on almost every other occasion, but one lady among the guests: in this instance Frau von Kalb. Madame de Staël did not affect to conceal her preference for the society of men to that of the other sex. If I mistake not, this dinner was followed by five others during her short stay at Weimar; but my memoranda do not enable me to assign the exact dates of the conversations to which I have now to refer.

She said, "Buonaparte sent his Marshal to me"—I think it was Caulaincourt—"to say that he would not permit me to receive company; that he knew I was his enemy, and that my house was open to all his enemies. I might remain at Paris if I liked, and therefore I set out on this journey. I do not think it prudent to go to England at present. Buonaparte pretended, and it was asserted by *order* in the government newspapers, that his displeasure with me was not on account of himself, but because I was a partisan of foreign literature, and therefore a deprecaitor of the glory of France." This I may say, that she had a laudable anxiety to obtain a knowledge of the best German authors, and for this reason she sought my society, and I was not unwilling to be made use of by her. She said, and the general remark is true, "The English mind is in the middle between the German and the French, and is a medium of communication between them. I understand you better than I do any German with whom I have ever spoken." But this, it must be borne in mind, was at the beginning of her residence in Germany, and long before her acquaintance with August Wilhelm Schlegel.

One day after dinner the Duke came in. She introduced me to him, saying, "J'ai voulu connaitre la philosophie allemande; j'ai frappé à la porte de tout le monde—Robinson seul l'a ouverte." The day after she said to me: "How like an Englishman you behaved yesterday! When the Duke came in you were in the middle of a story, and after a slight interruption you went on with it. No German would have dared to do this. With a sovereign it is always understood that he is to begin every subject of conversation. The others answer questions and follow." I answered, "I see I was quite wrong; I ought not to have gone on." "Perhaps not; but I was delighted with you for doing it." This subject was introduced by her in connection with the remark that she could at once see whether or not a German was accustomed to good company, but not an Englishman." Then she abruptly said, "Are you rich?" I at once felt that this was not a complimentary question, especially so introduced, so I answered evasively, "As you please to take it; I am either a rich man of letters or a poor gentleman," and with that she was content. She expressed her pleasure at the manly and independent tone of my conversation with the Duke, and her contempt for the servile habits of some of the Germans.

When alone with her, it was my great aim to make her feel the transcendent excellence of Goethe. But I failed. She seemed utterly incapable of realizing wherein his excellence lay. But she caught by sympathy a portion of that admiration which every one felt for him. Among those excellences which she was unable to perceive was that of naiveté. I read to her some half-dozen of Goethe's epigrams. She could not comprehend these. She was precisely what Charles Lamb supposes all the Scotch to be—incapable of *feeling* a joke.

It is very apparent from the correspondence of Goethe and Schiller, that these two great poets considered her visit to Weimar as an infliction. Schiller would not go near her, and Goethe made himself scarce. There was a report that she extorted from the latter, by some advice on his "Natürliche Tochter," this reply: "Madame, I am more than sixty years old!" But this was not after his fashion. I know, however, that she did speak irreverently of that masterly work, and provoked me to the utterance of a very rude observation. I said, "Madame, vous n'avez pas compris Goethe, et vous ne le comprendrez jamais." Her eye flashed,—she stretched out her fine arm, of which she was justly vain, and said in an emphatic tone, "Monsieur, je comprends tout ce qui mérite d'être compris; ce que je ne comprends n'est rien." I bowed lowly. This was said at the table. After dinner she gave me her hand very kindly. "I was angry for a moment," she said, "but it is all over now." I believe I owe the favor I experienced from her to my perfect frankness and even freedom.

There are hundreds of such anecdotes of the people with whom Robinson associated. There is also much that is interesting in his account of his experience as a *Times* correspondent in Denmark and in Spain—the latter being at the time of Sir John Moore's ill-starred expedition. His account of his experiences as a barrister at law in England are also entertaining. But, after all, the most charming reading is to be found in his accounts of his intimacies with Charles Lamb and his sister, with the Wordsworths, Coleridge, Southey, Talfourd, Landor, Rogers, Lady Byron and others that we love to hear of. He has something to say of all the orators, authors, actors, actresses and artists of the long period in which he lived. Edmund Kean, Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neill, Macready, Ellen Tree, Pasta, Lady Blessington, Count d'Orsay, Flaxman, Gibson, Thorwaldsen, Eastlake, Chantrey, and scores of others figure in his lively pages. Indeed, there is scarcely any noted personage that lived in Europe from 1800 to 1867, about whom there is not something fresh and pleasant said by this delightful *raconteur*. And yet these two bulky volumes contain only about a twenty-fifth part of the abundant material left by Robinson for his editor's use. There is a promise given of other volumes in the future, and Mr. Sadler has made the selections for these with such good judgment, and has in the preface, in his notes, and in the connecting passages of the work, shown himself so capable, that there can be no doubt that the succeeding volumes will be equally attractive and delightful.

Some of Robinson's allusions to Byron and Lady Byron are interesting now. We subjoin a few extracts. In the diary, under date of May 17, 1833, he writes:

This morning was spent in preparations for our journey. With Severn we looked into Thorwaldsen's studio. He has a very fine statue of Gutenberg—fine for its significance. It is pretty rather than elegant. I am told it has been denied admittance into Westminster Abbey. It is too late to be particular on such an occasion. Surely a memorial to so anti-religious a poet as Byron may be admitted where the inscription is allowed to stand:

Life is a jest and all things show it,
I thought so once and now I know it.

Bunsen told Wordsworth that Lord Byron had an impression he was the offspring of a demon. In a morbid moment such a thought may have seized him.

Again, on September 13, of the same year:

"Dr. King called, and in the evening I called by desire of Lady Byron—a call which I enjoyed, and which may have consequences. Recollecting her history, as the widow of the most famous, though not the greatest, poet of England in our day, I felt an interest in going to her; and that interest was greatly heightened when I left. From all I have heard of her, I consider her one of the best women of the day. Her means and her good will are both great. 'She lives to do good,' says Dr. King, and I believe this to be true.

On the 12th of April, 1856, Lady Byron, in writing to Mr. Robinson, regarding a new magazine, makes the following remarkable statement concerning her husband.

The author of the article on Goethe appears to me to have the mind which could dispel the illusions surrounding another poet without depreciating his claims (not fully acknowledged by you) to the truest inspiration. Who has sought to distinguish the holy from the unholy in that spirit?—to prove by this very degradation of the one how high the other was? A character is never done justice to by extenuating faults; so I do not agree to *nisi bonum*. It is kinder to read the blotted page. * * * I thank you for the proof you have given me of a just confidence in my sympathy, by telling me of your being left. I had wished to know whether your relative still lingered. You will never be alone in the human world.

In regard to Lord Byron's religious opinions, Lady Byron writes Mr. Robinson on 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 so. 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 relation of the creature to the Creator I have always ascribed the misery of his life. It is enough for me to remember that he who thinks his transgressions above forgiveness (and such was his deepest feeling) has righteousness beyond that of the self-satisfied sinner; or, perhaps, of the half-awakened. It was impossible for me to doubt that, could he have been at once assured of pardon, his living faith in a moral duty and love of virtues ('I love the virtues which I cannot claim') would have conquered every temptation. Judge, then, how I must hate the creed which made him see God as an avenger, not as a father. My own impressions were just the reverse, but could have little weight, and it was in vain to seek to turn his thoughts for long from that *idée fixe* with which he connected his physical peculiarity as a stamp. Instead of being made happier by any apparent good, he felt that every blessing would be turned into a curse to him. Who, possessed of such ideas, could lead a life of love and service to God or man? They must, in a measure, realize themselves. "The worst of it is, I do believe," he said. I, like all connected with him, was broken against the rock of predestination. I may be pardoned for referring to his frequent expression of the sentiment that I was only sent to show him the happiness he was forbidden to enjoy. You will now better understand why "The Deformed Transformed" is too painful to me for discussion. Since writing the above, I have read Dr. Granville's letter to the Emperor of Russia, some passages of which seem applicable to the prepossession I have described. I will not mix up less serious matters with them, which for forty years have not made less than present still to me.

As Americans, we look in the volumes before us for some expression of Robinson's opinions on American topics. But there are not many such, the editor probably thinking most of his English readers in making his first selections. But we find that Robinson's detestation of slavery was maintained consistently throughout his long life. His friend, Dr. Boott, an American by birth, was trained in the old Websterian compromise school, and they must have had many sharp discussions on American slavery. Here is an illustration from the diary:

"Nov. 8, 1852.—Called on Boott. He reproached me with inconsistency because I was intolerant of those who upheld slavery in order to save the Union, and yet was tolerant towards the governments of Europe who kept the people in slavery. I love Boott and must avoid the subject, if it endanger our friendship."

The allusions to the rebellion in this country are not frequent in Mr. Sadler's selections. Still, though Robinson was 86 when the rebellion began, he manifestly took great interest in it, and rejoiced at the preservation of the Union by the extinction of slavery. On November 27th, 1864, he writes of his friend Jackson: "He thinks favorably of the election of Lincoln for a second Presidentship. On American matters he and I think alike." March 18th, 1865, he writes: "From Mr. Worsley I heard of President Lincoln's inaugural speech. It has fixed me more decidedly than ever in favor of him personally. It is an earnest, honest speech. As to slavery, he speaks both solemnly and wisely. The sufferings of both North and South are just retributions. No boasting. Those who have endeavored to do right first will suffer the least." April 26th, he writes: "For the present everything is forgotten in the assassination of President Lincoln, the intelligence of which came to-day;" and the editor adds in a note that Robinson "was deeply affected by this ruffianly attack on the noblest person in America,' and ascribed it to 'a spirit engendered by slavery.'" He was now, however, ninety years old, and his diary contained only brief memoranda of the events of the time.

The peaceful death of Crabb Robinson seems to have been conformed to his happy and useful life. For he was not a mere talker, letter-writer and table companion. There is a durable memorial of his usefulness in the Flaxman Gallery and the Flaxman Fund of University College. There are also incidental allusions in various parts of these volumes to many acts of liberality and kindness. He not did profess authorship, and therefore has not been well known outside of the circle of his personal friends. But this posthumous publication gives him a distinguished place in literature; and best of all, he makes the literary men of the past to live over again in his delightful pages.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

MURDER OF A COUNTESS.

Terrible Crime in a Railway Carriage.

[Naples (August 10) Correspondence London Times.]

Every one here has been horrified by the details of a murder which was committed last Thursday night, in a first-class carriage of the night train from Rome to Florence. The victim was the Contessa Armanda Sartores Ribrandi Cattaneo da Novara—a long name, but you must take it as it is. Separated from her husband, to which it is necessary to allude, she came from Voghera, in the north of Italy, to Naples about a fortnight since, and took lodgings at San Paolo, a village near Nola. Here she was in the habit of receiving every evening several officers of a cavalry regiment, among whom was a Lieutenant Negri. One evening last week the cries of the Countess, in a half-suffocated tone, were heard beseeching for help, on which the landlord, Signor Contieri, went out on the staircase, fired a shot, and met Negri running down. He then went to the Countess, who confessed that she had come to San Paolo in order to see Negri, who had some letters or papers of hers, which he refused to give up; that after her "society" had left her that evening he returned, having sent away the servants under some excuse and closed the doors, when he endeavored to force her to write a letter to her friend stating she had committed suicide. What could have been the motive for this can only be imagined. On her hesitating to do this he snatched a dagger from her hand, which she carried for self-defence, and was in the act of striking her, when she fled to another room, followed by her maddened lover. The dagger was again uplifted, when the pistol shot fired by the landlord seemed to paralyze him, and he made his escape. In Contieri's apartment she remained all the night, and Negri returned to ask her pardon, insisting also on remaining in another room. On the next day (Wednesday) several of the officers of the regiment, hearing of the affair, came to the house to protect the Countess, who determined to return to Voghera the next day—Thursday last. Two officers, and the landlord, Contieri, accompanied her as far as Caserta, where they left her, the Countess refusing their society any further, adding that she no longer had any fear. On the train arriving at Isoletta, the station on the Roman frontier, the body of the unfortunate woman was found extended on the floor of the carriage, a revolver at her feet, a pistol shot in her head, and her hands covered with blood and cut as if by glass. More than this is not known at present. Some assert they saw Negri get into a third-class carriage, dressed as a civilian, in the same train by which the Countess left, and that his cap was found near her. If so, he is suspected of having walked along the footboard to her carriage, and of having shot her through the window. Of him nothing has yet been heard. This horrible tragedy, which I report almost in the same words that it is described in all the journals of Naples, has created here an immense sensation; in all its details it is most revolting, and might furnish another Mrs. Radcliffe with materials for a sensational romance. A highly respectable journal, in defending Negri against the imputation of theft, also says 'there can be no ground for the suspicion in the simple fact of his having loved a woman so desperately as to murder her. "He was not a *mauvais sujet*." He was well-born, rich, honest, and only vain." In another passage he is described as "unfortunate." Thus it is that crime is condoned, and that a sympathy with it generates that prevalent sentimental feeling against capital punishment. Wonderful to relate, however, Neapolitan juries have within the last two months brought in verdicts in three cases without "*attenuanti circostanze*." Justice still hesitates; there are the Court of Appeal and the royal mercy to be invoked. The probabilities are that the sentences of three heinous murderers will be commuted.

Lord Palmerston's Diary.

The London *Record*, speaking of the diary of the late Palmerston as in preparation at the hands of Sir Henry Bulwer, observes:

The diary is said to be full of interest and distinguished by all the late Premier's finest characteristics. It commences when he was sixteen years of age, and it ends at the close of 1830, when he assumed office as Foreign Secretary. But at present no continuation of the diary has been found among his lordship's papers, and it has none of the attributes of a Boswellian record. It is replete with interest, modest, unaffected and simple, without an atom of gall or ill nature, but short and condensed, as if the style had been formed after the model of the sententious brevity of Tacitus. It seems to have been originally designed in its present form chiefly to explain why he left the tories and took office under the whig Earl Grey—a change which, according to Lord Palmerston's chivalrous sense of honor, could only be justified by the fact that he was unseated for the University of Cambridge for voting in favor of Roman Catholic emancipation, although there had been an established compact, according to which that question was to have been an open one. The diary will explain that his long term of service as Secretary of War was not from the want of many overtures to accept higher offices.

ROME.

Preparations for the Great Council.

A Roman correspondent writes:

The work of the Council Hall in St. Peter's is proceeding rapidly. The cardinals' seats are already visible at the extremity of the apse; the two lateral chapels, which will serve as supplements to the great Council Hall, are inclosed and the great hall is being enclosed also, eleven altars contained in its area being thus temporarily withdrawn from the public celebration of divine offices. The new design, besides being more grand and simple than the preceding one, will also afford a saving in the execution of 10,000 scudi. The young ecclesiastical students selected to become stenographers of the debates in the Council have made such progress in that art that they have been allowed to suspend their studies during the vacation customary in the present hot season.

His Holiness has decided that a universal exhibition shall be held in Rome during the Council, to be opened to the public on the 1st of February next, and to remain so for four months. In order that this exhibition may have a character suitable to the Church it is to consist entirely of works of Christian art. Another project connected with the Council is to have placed in the vast arena of the Vatican Basilica the portraits in mosaic of all preceding Popes who have held Œcumenical Councils.

Cardinal Borromeo, who lives in the Altieri palace, proposes to open his noble saloons to the assembled bishops of Christendom during the duration of the Council. How to lodge so many prelates is already a matter of serious consideration. The Pope has taken many apartments in palaces at his own expense, so as to be able to offer hospitality to the most distinguished bishops, and one of these residences, in the Borgo Nuovo, is already occupied by the Austrian Bishop Fessler, appointed Secretary of the Council, who has arrived in Rome and is hard at work.

CRIME.

SAD OCCURRENCE.

Supposed Suicide of a Clergyman at Norfolk.

The Norfolk *Evening Herald*, of Friday, gives an account of the sudden disappearance and supposed suicide of a clergyman in that city. He gave his name on arriving in the city on the 14th of August as Rev. Dr. John M. Brandt, of the First Lutheran Church of Alexandria, and spread a report amongst the people that his purpose was to establish in Norfolk a church of the same denomination. Since ten o'clock on Wednesday night he has not been seen, and being missed, his room at the hotel was searched, and the following letter found:

NORFOLK, August 20, 1869.—You need not be frightened on finding me dead. It was my wish long ago to die. I am tired of a life of suffering and misery, as I have led it for years. For years I have vainly struggled against slander and calumniations, until at last it has torn from my very bosom the woman I love and consigned me to a life of starvation and misery. I have not a cent to save my life, no way of gaining anything, nor any hope of getting anything to do; for people are too *Christian* to trust a poor man without a heap o grand recommendations. A man may be as great a scoundrel as he likes, if he only has recommendations he is sure to get a position; but the honest man, who wishes nothing but to serve his fellow-men, to do his duty faithfully and thus make an honest living, must be persecuted, hated slandered, until he is entirely ruined. I have fought this miserable propensity of men for twenty years. I am now tired of it, and desire rest, and, therefore, have gone where alone I can find it—in the grave. I hope that, at least, that will be granted me. It is my last and only wish to be allowed a grave. May the proprietor of this nice hotel forgive me that I went into his house without means to pay for my board. I wished, for once, to feel like a human being again. May the thought that he cheered up the last moments of a poor, unhappy wretch, console him for the loss of his money.

Please send the letter you will find to its address. May the Lord bless all who have ever been kind to me. May He forgive me and receive me in mercy.

JOHN M. BRANDT.

Reported Robbery of the San Francisco Mint.

[From the San Francisco Alta, August 21.]

The settlement of the affairs of the retiring officers of the United States Branch Mint in this city has proceeded satisfactorily and smoothly until within a few days past, when it has been discovered that a deficiency has suddenly been made in the coiner's department of $18,000. As is alleged, on high authority, this deficiency has been made, undoubtedly, since the first of August. Up to that date all the transactions of the coiner's department, like those of the melter and refiner's, have been found in the satisfactory condition which always characterized them. But since cleaning up and final settlement began, the operatives have been much demoralized by parties running out and in, with threats and reports of removal and changes of subordinates, and the expectant officials have had their share of responsibility in this confusion. The theory of the officers in charge is, that the $18,000 alleged to be missing has been abstracted in a lump by some person or persons who have had access to the bullion, in the custody of which they had no responsibility. The transaction is not a defalcation, but if the gold has disappeared it is a downright theft of bullion by persons as yet unknown. Great efforts will be made to clear up the affair, and, if the figures still show the deficit to exist, the thief may yet be discovered. This matter will occasion real regret everywhere, as, if it had not been for this unexpected piece of dishonesty on the part of irresponsible persons, the affairs of the Branch Mint would have been closed with great credit to all concerned.

POLITICS IN TEXAS.

The Two Parties.

The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. *Herald* says:

With regard to the condition of politics in Texas General Clarke reports that the lines between the Hamilton and the Davis parties are being clearly drawn, and that men are taking sides on distinctive party questions. The Democrats rally to the support of Hamilton, while the Republicans are consolidating around Davis. It is estimated that there are from 15,000 to 20,000 men in the Democratic party of Texas who will refuse to vote for Hamilton on strictly personal grounds. They are of the extreme Southern school, and will either refuse to vote at all or else run a candidate of their own. General Clarke thinks Hamilton will get a portion of the negro vote in certain sections of the State, but Davis will get the mass of it. Hamilton, it is said, has alienated nearly all the Northern men residing in Texas from him by denouncing some of them as "carpet-baggers." They seem a little tender on this point, and have made common cause against Hamilton on that account. The canvass promises to be an exciting and a bitter one, owing to personal animosities between the different candidates, and in the present aspect of affairs it is difficult to tell who will be elected.

MATTERS IN GENERAL.

Southern Opinion of A. J.

The Richmond *Whig* is not at all pleased at the possibility of the election of Andrew Johnson to the Senate. Conceding his honesty, it contends that it must be admitted that he is a most unfortunate champion for his friends; and it asserts that "the poor South has had enough of his support, and would gladly be delivered of it forever more." It further says that it has more faith in the ability and willingness of President Grant to aid the South than it has in ex-President Johnson.

The Ancient Mariner.

Henry Crabb Robinson's diary contains the following history of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner:"

"Wordsworth's conversation has been very interesting lately, and had I not so bad a memory that a few hours suffice to obscure all I have heard, I might insert many a remarkable opinion, if not fact. He gave an account of 'The Ancient Mariner,' being written in Devonshire, when he and Coleridge were together. It was intended for the *Monthly Magazine*, and was to pay the expenses of a journey. It was to have been a joint work, but Wordsworth left the execution to Coleridge, after suggesting much of the plan. The idea of the crime was suggested by a book of travels, in which the superstition of the sailors with regard to the albatross is mentioned. Wordsworth wrote many of his lyrical ballads at the same time. Coleridge wrote the first four lines of 'We are Seven.'"

Salt Lake Rising.

A letter from Salt Lake City says:

It is a singular fact that Salt Lake has within the last half-dozen years risen some nine feet, and the point we visited is submerged farming land, the fences of which are still standing in the water. Far up the hill-sides, bounding the valley, may be seen the well-marked water-line showing the height formerly reached by the lake. Should it ever reach a similar height the Mormon problem will be solved so far as Salt Lake City is concerned, by the burial of the place a hundred feet or more under the brine. The Mormons account for the rise in the lake by the unusual amount of cloudy and rainy weather of late years by which the process of evaporation has been retarded; but as they seem to count also upon a permanent increase in the rain-fall of the valley in consequence of its being brought into cultivation, the same causes which have produced the present rise in the lake may continue to operate until it has overcome the moderate elevation of the city above it.

What is a True Democrat.

This interesting conundrum is answered by the Mobile *Tribune*, in a recent issue. That able journal says:

"If a true Southern man has any political status in a national sense, he is a Democrat. The only men at the North in whose views he honestly coincides are those who during the war were called 'copperheads,' and who since the conclusion of the war have protested and voted against all the enactments of a corrupt Congress. The *true Democrat* believes *that the reconstruction laws ought to be overthrown at the point of the federal bayonet, if necessary, and that the negro should be deprived* of the right of suffrage illegally conferred upon him.

"*When we abandon those principles we abandon the Democratic party*, and with it the forlorn hope of restoring the Government as it was."

What does Mr. John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, say to that definition? And will not the Mobile *Tribune* tell a curious public what it thinks of Mr. Adams as a Democrat?

A Flower Brigade.

A London journal suggests the formation of a flower-girl brigade in that city. Fashions in dress, it remarks, are always changing; but the custom of wearing flowers in the button-hole is one of the English habits which has survived every vicissitude of sartorial fortune. Yet, with all this national demand, the public supply of flowers is strangely inadequate. The sale of violets and moss-roses in the streets is confined to a number of dirty, ragged, slip-shod women, who, as a rule, unite begging with their nominal industry—whose look and air suggest the vision of gin shops and back slums, not of green fields, country air, and bright colors—and in whose hands the very freshest of fresh flowers can hardly fail to look sullied and tainted. But were a regular recognized brigade of flower-girls to be established, flowers fresh and of every description, could be readily obtained.

A Dead Beat.

A few days ago the Board of Visitors at one of the London workhouses were approached by an old pauper, who related to them an extraordinary story of the reverses of fortune to which he had been subject. He had several times won large fortunes in trade, and as many times been reduced to abject poverty. His last misfortune had been caused by the failure of Overend, Gurney & Co., who had defrauded him out of £70,000, and he was now too old to try again. Moreover, he was a relative of a distinguished peer of the realm, who had very cruelly refused to give him the slightest aid. The story got into the newspapers, and the guardians of the workhouse soon received an avalanche of letters containing money for the unfortunate old gentleman. One lady sent a check for £10 and an offer to provide a home for life for the poor old man on her estate in Hampshire. But at this moment it turned out that the old moke had been romancing, and that there was not the slightest truth in any of the stories he had related. So the money was all sent back to the benevolent donors, and the victim of Overend, Gurney & Co. was sent to exercise himself on the crank.

Railroad Accident Near Oil City.

[From the Titusville Herald, Aug. 23.]

On Wednesday last a frightful accident occurred on the Franklin Branch of the Atlantic and Great Western Railway, a short distance below Oil City, by which seven persons were more or less injured. It seems that an engine with a caboose attached left Oil City for Franklin, and proceeded at a very fast rate of speed until near the road crossing above Reno, when it struck a broken rail and pitched over a stone wall into the river, a distance of about sixteen feet. It was immediately followed by the caboose, which struck on its end and remained in an upright position. There were five persons in the caboose, a lady passenger, Mr. F. W. Mitchell, of Franklin, two brakemen, and a conductor, all of whom were more or less severely bruised and cut. On the engine, the engineer, whose name is Cooper, and who lives at Meadville, was badly bruised and severely scalded. The fireman was slightly injured.

The track of the branch is out of repair and in a dangerous condition. It was yesterday returned to the Grand Jury, at Franklin, by Constable McHugh, of Petroleum Centre, as a nuisance.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—Doré has been in London making sketches.

—Maggie Mitchell Paddock is going upon the stage again.

—Edwin Adams is having a very successful engagement in Chicago.

—Omaha grows at the rate of thirty houses a day.

—It costs twenty dollars to see Ristori at Rio.

—Wilmington, North Carolina, dressed the lamp-posts in mourning on the death of the late popular lamplighter.

—Brigham Young excommunicates saints for profanity, but stays in the church and swears himself.

—Detroit is manufacturing refrigerator cars, to carry nine tons of meat and three tons of ice.

—Mrs. Lander, who is still in Europe, will soon return and play numerous engagements next season.

—John Brougham was appropriately overcome by the presentation of a gold cigar-case from his San Francisco admirers.

—A man in Iowa in the last stages of consumption was last week baptized by immersion, and thinks his health was thereby improved.

—General Breckinridge has made his first appearance since the war as an advocate at the Lexington bar. He made a very good plea.

—A respectable female has been detected in stealing the wreaths of immortelles from the tombs at Père la Chaise, Paris, and reselling them.

—Four Americans in Paris have made very liberal offers to the Heidsick heirs for their extensive champagne establishment at Rheims.

—M. Cherubini recently died at Neuilly. He possessed a remarkable collection of the musical works of his illustrious father. He officiated for a long time as inspector of the Museum of Fine Arts.

—Mazzini was, simultaneously with his expulsion from the southern cantons, unanimously elected a free citizen of Zurich (the most intelligent of all the cantons.) Mr. Swinburne has written a sonnet on the event, to appear in the *Fortnightly Review*.

—St. Augustine, Florida, which is filled with invalids from the North during the winter months, has become a great resort of Southerners in the summer. Cool sea breezes, an even temperature and fine bathing are its attractions in the latter season.

—The present topic of discussion in the English papers is the wretched means of transportation between England and France, but though there are numerous letters in the journals on the subject, the prospect of improvement is very slight.

—The Cincinnati *Enquirer* publishes General Rosecrans's letter, with the remark that it will be more heartily admired for its frankness than approved for its wisdom, and its effect, on the whole, will be to increase, if possible, the general joy of the Democrats that Pendleton is their candidate.

—Experiments are being made with a view to supplying the inhabitants of New York with hot air, for cooking and heating purposes, through pipes. This beats a Buffalo wag, who proposed to supply each household with the correct time by means of pipes from a sun dial. The New York hot air pipes will be run through Hell Gate.

—*Apropos* of the boat-race comes up the remark of the Archbishop of Canterbury upon the day before the Sayres-Heenan mill: "I must decline to discuss such a revolting topic as the combat of these two brutes; nevertheless, I think that, from the extraordinary muscular development of the man Sayres, he will conquer the American!"

—General Sherman talks of removing the headquarters of the army to St. Louis, where he likes to live, from Washington, where he hates to. We believe, however, that a clause of a law must be changed before this can be done, and this would incidentally bring out the show of hands in favor of a removal of the capital and against.

—The London *Times* having called the crowding after the Prince and Princess of Wales, at Wildbad, "exuberant loyalty," an Englishman writes to that journal to declare that it was nothing but "obtrusive snobbery," and the *Times* has the good sense to stand corrected by publishing the letter of its correspondent.

—The Richmond *Examiner* says that "the most noticeable topic at the White Sulphur this summer is that of the young ladies, some ten days since, vying with each other to obtain a kiss from Mr. Peabody, who held a sort of levee for the occasion. It was the last bend of the knee of the South to the North." But why bend their knees to kiss Mr. Peabody?

—Dakota Territory will soon be knocking at the doors of the Union. Villages are said to be springing up there rapidly. More than five thousand persons have emigrated to the territory this summer. The present population is reckoned at twenty thousand, and forty-seven thousand acres of land have lately been taken up under the homestead and pre-emption laws by actual settlers.

—Col. J. Madison Cutts, brother-in-law of the late Senator Douglas, has written a long letter, which is published in the Chicago *Journal*, in reply to Mr. Farton's article on the Washington lobby in the September *Atlantic*. Colonel Cutts denies the charge that Mr. Douglas secured the passage of the Indianapolis and Cincinnati Railroad Land Grant bill through Congress by corrupt means, and presents a history of the facts of that grant.

—The Atlanta (Ga.) *New Era* tells us an astounding story of a gentleman in that city "who experienced the rare delight of standing within the colors of the rainbow. He could," it says, "move his hand about in them, and enjoyed a very close inspection of the beautiful iris." Had the *New Era* only added that he was enabled to walk around the rainbow and to view it from all sides, its story would have been complete.

—The ex-Duke of Modena, the most grasping and tyrannical of the former Hapsburg princes of Italy, has been sentenced to pay an indemnity to the political prisoners whom, after his expulsion from Modena, he had dragged away with him in order to have them incarcerated at Mantua and Padua. The Prince alleged the incompetency of the local tribunal, but its judgment having been confirmed by the Court of Appeal of Genoa, he is now obliged to settle up.

—At the locomotive works in Taunton, Mass., a very novel machine, designed for freight service on the Pacific Railroad, is building. It looks like two engines joined; it has six driving-wheels on each side, and weighs 55 or 60 tons: the boiler is 38 feet long, and on its top in the centre are the stations of the engineer and fireman; it carries its own wood and water, dispensing with a tender and can be driven in either direction equally well. The machine will be finished in the fall.

—Cast-iron tubes for water or gas are now made in England by turning off one end conically, and boring out the ends of the tubes to which it is to be fitted at the same angle, so that the end of one tube may be inserted into the other without the addition of the ordinary cement. The junction is effected very quickly, and the joint is perfectly tight. Pipes thirty-six inches in diameter have been perfectly joined in this way. Liverpool has about 90 miles of gas-pipe with this joint, and the leakage is said to be much less than in other cities.