

GIBSON PEACOCK. Editor.

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OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

The Napoleon Fele-The General Am nesty The Ceremonies Of the Fifteenth of August-The First Napoleon -Change of French Sentiment.

[Correspondence of the Phile, Evening Bulletin] PARIS, Tuesday, Aug. 17, 1869 .- The imperial government has inaugurated its new Constitution by a very wise and benevolent act. It has accorded a general amnesty, of the most complete and unexceptional character, to all political offenders and offences of the press; as well as everything connected with the late riots in Paris and elsewhere, thereby saying "Let bygones be bygones." and doing much towards making an entire reconciliation between itself and the nation. The amnesty is extended to a great many other categories of offences, and, indeed, to everything one would desire almost to see amnestied, as well as to a very large number of military offences. In fact, it is a very sweeping and generous measure, and will go far to heal many heartburnings. Even M. Rochefort himself will feel compelled to "draw it milder," now that he is relieved of his three or four years' imprisonment.

The above was the grand incident of the file of Sunday last, and quite threw everything else into the "shade," which is saying a good deal considering the quantity of gas which was expended. In all other respects the festivity went off in the usual manner, without anything to distinguish either the secular or religions portion of it from the now thrice-told tale of the past twenty years. Salvos of cannon were heard at daybreak, and an official Te Deum of great pomp and imposing effect, and attended by all the chief officers of the Imperial household, was celebrated at one o'clock, at Notre Dame, the the High Altar. These ceremonies were followed in the ordinary routine, by open air pautomimic performances for the people at the du Tone and on the Champ de Barrière Mars, and by gratuitous representations in all the principal theatres, before the doors of which the populace began to station itself not very long after six o'clock in the morning. The sight of one of these gratuitous entertainments is very well worth seeing once in a while, and I would advise any stranger who wishes to study the physiognomy of the Parisian population to make the effort which is necessary to be present. The pieces chosen for the occasion, whether musical or dramatic, are generally quite of a high description ; and it is interesting to remark with what intelligence and acuteness, and even taste, they are appreciated by an audience composed almost entirely of the laboring classes, and how necessary the actors find it to exert themselves quite as much as though playing to an assembly of more cultivated character. The "points" of a piece are seized, and a false note detected in a singer or musician with unerring instinct; and then, above all. it is a pleasure to witness with what real enjoyment the audience partake of the rare treat and gratification to them of being in a first-rate theatre, and seeing or hearing really good acting or music. But the task of "getting in" is no easy one, and demands a sacrifice of time, labor and patience which I never had the courage or inclination to go through a second time." The evening exhibition, when the weather is fine, is always the best and most beautiful part of a Paris file, when variegated lamps. gas and the electric light turn night into day. To be sure, it is always the same thing over again; and all that can be said of it is that it is still the same file, only servic d'une autre facon, as the cookery books say of a dish disguised in some other way. Even mere variety itself becomes, however, difficult at last, over so long a succession of repetition, and does not allow of much more than a change of the same decorations from one locality to anotherfrom the Place de la Concorde to the Champs Elysées, or from the latter again to the Place de l'Etoile, or the Trocadéro. The grand display of fire-works which closed the day's entertainments, took place on Sunday, on the Trocadéro, in presence of an immense assem blage; and if the stupendous flight of steps, (called the esculier du Trocadéro)-which cost so large a sum, and about which Baron Hauss man has been so unmercifully badgered, on the ground of its needlessness and want of utility-be good for nothing else, it must be allowed that it is at least admirably suited for a pyrotechnic exhibition: though it must also be confessed the salle de speciacle in this instance cost rather dear. The Parisians, however, with the exception of the working-classes, are, I think, becoming notoriously weary of their files. The upper classes are always, of course, all gone long before it takes place; and the bourgeois population pour "out" of Paris on the 15th of August almost as fast as the provincials pour "into" it. Vast numbers of the former retire to spend the day in the environs ; and the latter come to Paris at this time for the examinations of the colleges and the distribution of prizes, and to take their children home for the holidays. These all stay over the file to amuse the young folks. and, with a certain influx of strangers, fill the hotels. But in other respects the "people" have their fete pretty much to themselves, enjoy it greatly, and conduct themselves with the most praiseworthy propriety, good humor and sobriety. It is somewhat remarkable that, after all, the only official allusion (always excepting, of course, the decree of amnesty) which has been made to this fite, as being the centenary of the birth of Napoleon I., is contained in the circular addressed by M. Duvergier, the Minister of Public Worship, to the French bishops on the subject. When writing to invite the prelates to unite in the observance of the day, the Minister reminds them that a "century will have passed over since the birth of the illustrious founder of the Napoleonic dynasty," and expresses his belief that this circumstance will add to the patriotic character of the approaching solemnity," and that the "glorious souvenirs of the first Emperor will be joined with profound gratitude towards the inheritor of his name and traditions." Now, it may anpear somewhat presumptuous in a stranger to express such an opinion, but I venture to think

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE | that a considerable change is coming over the | national mind in France with respect to the first Napoleon, and that the "traditions" of his reign and times, above alluded to, are no longer cherished as they once were. I believe that the "legendary" Napoleon is, to a certain degree, fading away, and the "real" Napoleon beginning to stand out in fuller relief. Certainly his memory is hated by the Republican party now as much as he hated them in his life-

> leon I. (represented) emphatically two principles: War and Despotism; and both these stand now in the most absolute antagonism to the spirit of the times and to the modern mind. The French nation begin really to repudiate war, as an evil; they have had enough both of it and despotism, and have just practically, declared themselves against the political traditions of the imperial regime. No doubt the most ignorant portion of the masses do still cling to Napoleonic legends, and hang up pictures of him in their cottages: But the middle and upper classes, and also those below them, as, fast as education spreads, are becoming emancipated from such influences; and have been taught by the writings, of men like M. Villemain, M. D'Haussonville, M. Lanfrey and others, to appreciate what Napoleon I. did for the people of France more correctly, and to desire nothing so little as a return to the practices or traditions of the Napoleonic epoque, with its wars, conscriptions and tyranny. I have watched for some time the progress of this change of sentiment, and I am very much mistaken if it will not ere long invade the cottage as well as higher dwellings, and give the lie at last even to Beranger, when he writes that

"L' humble toit dans cinquante ans Ne connaitra plus d'autre histoire."

The only thing which threw a blank ove the file was the death of Marshal Neil, which took place the day before. The Emperor was unable, after all, on account of his rheumatism to go to Chalons, but sent the Prince Imperial Archbishop of Paris officiating in person at to go there alone, and distribute decorations to the soldiers in his name.

THINGS IN VIRGINIA.

Correspondence of the Phila, Evening Balletin, LOUDON COUNTY, Va., August 28th, 1869. It is well that Richard Grant White except the "remotest rural districts" in the dreary nicture of "The Unsociableness of Society which he draws in the August Galaxy; for here, in this, delightful London, valley, "fair as the garden of the Lord" to my city-wearled eyes, is to be found society in which refinement, culture and sociability are charmingly blended. It is largely settled by members of the Society of Friends, and as they were never corrupted and enervated by the system of slavery, it has recovered more rapidly than other portions of the Old Dominion from the ravages of war, and society has resumed its accustomed tone and gayety. The young well might envy. The social customs here are naturally somewhat different from what they are in the city and an evening company commences to gather in the afternoon, and supper is had at s, instead of 11 or 12 o'clock. And such sup-pers! My pen cannot do them justice; but they differ as much from the standing feed at our city parties as the fresh mountain air that now rustles my paper differs from the heated and depressing air of the ball-room. Calling, too, is different here. You ride a few miles in the afternoon, and, after croquet, a rambling walk, or a pleasant talk beneath the trees, with which all houses here are sur-rounded, repair to the house for supper and to spend the evening. If you are any distance from your home or stopping-place, you are expected to stay all night; and then, arising re-ireshed in the morning, walk or chat with the ladies, and partake of a delicious breakfast before you mount your horse and start home convinced that Virginian habits are pleasant when you have the requisite time on your hands to fall in with them, and that Yirginian hospitality is no myth. I have met quite a number of Philadel-phians and several of my fellow Wilming-tonians here, and I doubt not that the BULLE-N has quite a number of readers to the homely names of Goosecreek. Waterford and Hillsborough are full of pleasant recol lections, and some to whom even the "Whit Pump? is not a name without meaning-Much of this is almost classic ground. The 'Army of the Potomac' and the "Army of Northern Virginia", have both in turn swepp across here; and through these valleys and over these hills the murdering, plundering Möseby and his vile crew have ridden to slay and steal; while through Wheatland and Hills and steal; while through Wheatland and Hills-borough winds the road over which Braddock, with young Washington at his side, led his men on the ill-fated expedition we have all read about in our school histories. Just to the cast of this valley lie the Katochu Mountains, and to the west the Blue Ridge, separating this from the celebrated Shenandoah Valley, while to the south can be distinctly seen the Bull Run Mountains. Bull Run Mountains. I think this is, without exception, the most loyal part of Virginia, at least so far as the white population is concerned. Many of the young men escaped North and joined the National army. Nearly all the people I meet are, and always have been, loyal. I could, of course, find plenty of "rebs," but I have no "hankering" for their society. The Union people unhesitatingly characterize the triumph of the Walker ticket as a rebel victory, and most I have conversed with would rather re-**Bull Run Mountains.** most I have conversed with would rather re main unreconstructed than have the State government pass back into the hands of the men who inaugurated the rebellion. Quite a number, though, of those always staunch Union men supported the Walker ticket, and such were largely led astray, by the treachery of the New York Tribune, which has never failed to grossly misrepresent the radical party of the South, and has been a pliant but powerful instrument for evil in the hands of powerful instrument for evil in the hands of the men over whom Greeley now blubbers so disgustingly. Poor Greeley! he seems destined to sink in history to the lamentable level of Seward and others who once deserved the highest praise from the friends of liberty; and the *Tribune* goes down with him. I have only this to say in regard, to Virginia politics: If the iron-clad oath is not required the majority of the new Legislature will be as unmistakably rebel as any that sat in Richmond during the war; if it is enforced, the Legislature will be war; if it is enforced, the Legislature will be loyal, and the rebels can blame no one but themselves, as they defiantly nominated men who could not take it for the very purpose of showing their contempt for Congress.

AMUSENENTS ENGLISH BURLESQUE AT THE ARCH.

-Black Crook spectacle, sensation drama, opera bouffe, English burlesque. These forms of the illegitimate drama have for two or of the illegitimate drama have for two or three years past held possession of the Ameri-can stage, and debached the taste of the public to such a degree that first rate plays were driven from the theatres, and first-rate actors, who prized their art too highly to stoop to the degradation of yielding to the popular clamor, played constantly to empty benches. A healthy reaction has at has set in. The peo-ple are sick of the glitter and emptiness of pasterioard and paint; with the unrealrealism of sensation, and with the obscuity of French comedy. All of these have had their day, and time. Nor is this to be wondered at. Napoof sensation, and with the obscenity of French comedy. All of these have had their day, and have passed away, never, we hope, to return to fayor. English burledque, the stupidest and silliest of them all, remains, but in such shape; and with such feeble hold upon the popular fancy, that it, too, must soon be withdrawn for better things better done by better artists. The Lydia Thompson burlesque troupe played at the Arch last night to a large audi-ence; the size of which was due to the gratul-tous advertising given to the company by New York newspapers, and by indiscreet journals; here, which excited public curiosity by indis-criminate fault-finding in advance of the com-pany's appearance. It was natural that the pany's appearance. It was natural that the theatre should be crowded upon the first night of the engagement of the troupe; and it may be that an equally large number of persons will attend for a few succeeding evenings. But it is quite certain that any success which may be gained will be due rather to a combination of overship discussions of the success which may be gained will, be due rather to a combination of favorable circumstances than to any merit of themembers, or of the piece in which they ap-pear. With a desire to do equal and exact justice to Miss. Thompson and her company, we must say that of all the English burlesque "combinations", with which we have been bored, this one is the very poorest; and the play of *Sinbad the Sailor* is the most inane of all the burlesques sent across the water by fourth rate English humorists. fourth rate English humorists.

fourth rate English humorists. Of the members of the company. Miss Lydia Thompson is good looking; she has a pretty figure; she is graceful; she acts quite as well, perhaps, as anybody could with such a text, but in many things she is coarse even to the extremest vulgarity. She has a vicious habit of grinning when there is nothing of a comical nature either in situation or text, and when a smile is as much out of place as it would be upon an undertaker's face at a would be upon an undertaker's face at a functal. Her sole capital is her kicking, wriggling, grimacing, and her general loud-ness, all of which please the gallery, and the young men who are devotees of legs, and who excite themselves over female vulgarity because they cannot appreciate high art or comprehend the intellectual ability which is required to make legiti-mate drama successful. Mr. Beckett is the low comedian, and beyond comparison the very best actor in the company. In the pre-liminary farce, To Oblige Benson, he exhibited such rare power of this kind that we wish he might attach himself to some local company, and remain here. His performance in the burlesque was grotesque, and often amusing. It is the fault of the dramatist that it was not intensely funny. These two persons are the only members of the original troupe as it ap-neared in New York city. The others have peared in New York city. The others have been gathered from various sources to make up a company, which is considered good enough for Philadelphia. Of these the best is Miss Weathersby, who has appeared here upon former occasions, and who, in her per-sonal appearance, her modest bearing, her ladies have generally been educated at the best schools the country affords, and are intelligent, beautiful and accomplished, and with complexions Philadelphia belles wight singling and her intelligent acting is the most pleasing of the female-members of troupe. Miss Sudlow also is known here, but we should have here cattering and here intelligent acting is the most pleasing of the female members of troupe. Miss Sudlow also is known here, renewed her acquaintance. Her true place upon the stage is in the lower ranks of a stock company. Miss Emily Pitt, also, is not a person over whom we can become enthusi-astic. The minor parts in the piece were filled by members of the Arch Street company, among whom was L. L. James, who is a much better burlesque actor than any of the Thompson party, with the single exception, perhaps, of Mr. Beckett. But if the company is weak, what adjective shall we employ to describe the wretchedness of the play? The quality of English humor is fearfully strained. Whether British appreciation of genuine fun has depreciated of late years, or whether the race of true bumorists has died out, the fact is evident that the ma-terial which is accepted for humor by English-men is regarded on this side of the water as the very dullest of dull things. Perhaps a keen sense of humor is not to be expected of a race of people who can find amusement and rate Punch. Men and women who read that rate Punch. periodical with pleasure, may readily enjoy such burlesques as Sinbad and Lacretia Borgia, and The Forty Thieves; but the forced wit and the cold puns of these pieces cannot excite the laughter of intelligent Americans. Neither can'we discover any inducement to merriment in the cider cellar sougs "Immensikoff" in a Balloon" "High Heeled Boots, &c., &c. Any American comic ballad, from "Uncle Ned" to the "Ten Little Injins," contains more comedy, more real, pure, mirth provok ing extravagance, than all the English farce songs ever introduced to this country. Those named above are stupid to the verge of imbecility Of the play itself we may say, without malice, that it does not contain a single good pun, an amusing sentence. of any kind, or a situation which is intrinsically comical. Conscious perhaps of these deficiencies, the author, wisely enough, to be sure, has flown to the old resource of dull dramatists and cranmed the text with local gags. Generally we should not find fault with this, for amusing allusions to local or national affairs of im ing allusions to local or national attains of im-mediate popular interest, are allowable if they are made tastefully. But Sinbad panders to the gallery gods with allusions to popular hose companies; by gratuitous advertisement of favorite drinking saloons; and by stale flings at Gen. Butler. This is what we expect in a cheap concert saloon, from a corked vagabond with a hanio. it is benefath confromt in a first with a banjo; it is beneath contempt in a first rate theatre from pretentious actors. But if the dramatist can be accused of a want of good taste, Miss Thompson sinned far more gravely in indulging in a breach of com-mon decency. She actually mounted a plat-form, and, in a stump speech, made most out-rageous allusions to the alleged personal habits and to the personal appearance of certain Philadelphia journalists who had given her of-fence by their criticisms. It makes no difference whether these comments were just or un their truthfulness, and it is safe to leave such their truthfulness, and it is safe to leave such things to their verdict without fear of the result. If her assailants sinned, she chose the surest method of justifying them, and of the forcing her hearers to an admission of the truth of the cruelest words that have been ut-tered against her. Her allusion to these gentlemen, almost by name, was bald, brazen impu-dence for which there is no possible excuse whatever, and for which she deserved to be whatever, and for which she deserved to be hissed from the stage. There were other and lesser objectionable things, to one of which, only, it will be worth while to refer. Mr. Beckett plays the part of a man stricken with sea-sickness; and, going to the side of the vessel, he indulges in an exag; geration of the movements which are sup-posed to attend the action of yomiting. Ho-does this three or four times, and after each attempt he walks down to the footlights, wiping his mouth with his sleeve. This is discussing enough to drive decent peonle from wiping his mouth with his sheeve. This is disgusting enough to drive decent people from the theatre. Its repetition can only been dured, if we are permitted to hope that Mr. Beckett will, at an early day, in one of his spasms throw up his engagement and that of his companions.

pend upon as long a period of popularity in "the provinces" before she succeeded in dia-grafting the people. But she must understand that the people of this city are very much more fastidious than those of New York, and are not as much disposed to become active stastic over dramas or actors which are abso-lutely without merit. We were disgusted with English burlesque long ago-burlesque, too, that was presented by better artists than any in the present company. Miss Thompson's performances, so far from changing the current of popular opinion, will serve to in-crease our disgust and to make us more eager than ever to welcome the return of legiti-mate drama to our theatres.

-At the Walnut Street Theatre, this eve-ning, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Watkins will ap-pear in the romantic drama The Pioneer Pa-

Carncross & Dixey's Opera House is now open for the season, with a large and excellent company, in which all of the old favorites are included. A first-rate bill, comprising a num-ber of novelties, is offered for to-night.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS

THE INTERNATIONAL BACE.

nglish Opinion of the Harvard and Oxford Boat Contest-The Scene--The Struggle and Result in an Editorial Point of View-Pluck and Energy of the Harvards...Training, Science and a Common Lineage.

LONDON, August 30, 1869, via French Atlantic Cable.—The London Times of to-day has the following leader on the late inter-national boat race:

The gentle and joyous struggle of Oxford and Harvard on the Thames water on the 27th of August, 1869, will long be remembered on both sides of the Atlantic, and the story of the day will be one of the first things which the youngster still at school, whose name has been only just put down for the next vacancy at the old Oxford house of his father or his tutor, will abnorniate to himself. It will be a only just part town the states of his father or his tutor, the old Oxford house of his father or his tutor, will appropriate to himself. It will be a radiation of the university; another page in that book of many stories in which Oxford appears as the flower of the nation, and the nation has the stock bearing that consummate flower. Now will Horvard have less reason to com-Nor will Harvard have less reason to commemorate the gallantry of her sons. Harvard too is an epitome of national history. The English traveler must be strangely com-pounded, especially if he acknowledges any obligation to a university in his own land, who is not interested in this Cambridge of the ew World.

New World. It is nearly 250 years since the settlers in New England founded the university on the banks of the Charles river in grateful inita-tion of that other on the banks of the Cam, where their spiritual leaders' received their early training. It is 230 years since the pious Harvard, himself an old Cambridge man, gave it the endowment which has immortalized his name. Ever since Harvard has been the alma matter of New England, its brick pile of living rooms, its substantial granite library, its old halls, adorned with the por-traits of successive 'Presidents and other distinguished members, its chapel oppressive with severe divinity, all encompassed about with umbrageous elms and spreading limes, and veritable refreshments to the European visitor, for they speak of a past wedded to the present, in a country where all else seems to have been newly created by the men of to-day. They exercise, too, a corresponding influence over New Englanders themselves. Harvard has educated Boston, just as Boston has educated the United States. The best cul-ture of the nation is there. Nor was it other than a natural impulse of the training of this school that it should challenge our own Ox-ford to an issue, which, though of merely physical training, had the crowning merit of admitting an exact comparison here on the physical training, had the crowning merit of admitting an exact comparison between the competitors. The Harvard men are of the best families of Massachusetts, although one of them nominally hails from the Sandwich Islands. It is understood that this is due to accidental migration of his father but three or four years since, and, like his comrades, his birth, his education and his descent connect him with Plymouth Rock. Our men appeared in the ordinary Jerseys, with short sleeves reaching about a third of the way from the shoulder to the elbow, and wore the straw hats familiar to us all. The Harvard men had white scarfs around their foreheads, with no covering for the crown of their heads, and their Jerseys were cut away above the shoulder so as to allow the freest ac-tion of their arms. After a little delay a start tion of their arms. After a little delay a start is made, the Harvard crew have jumped away and are putting forth wonders of power. The superficial view is entirely in their favor. The Americans in the two steamers are wildly excited and give a peculiar cheer, ah! ah! the Oxford boat looks torpid by comparison, but it compels admiration by the perfect evenness of its stroke, the iron and steel like and the almost stroke, the iron and steel like and the almost superhuman regularity of its movement. The energy of the Harvard men was magnificent, but here was a sort of flutter even at the out-set. Nevertheless, they got ahead and they were doing five or six strokes more to the. minute when they cleared their antagonists if what is, were a sure presage of what minute when they cleared their antagonists If what is were a sure presage of what will be, their victory was certain, but time was the essence of the struggle. Take a young fel-low of twenty-five, such as many of us have known and may know, his pulse knows no change, his thews are as of brass, he looks out upon the world with eyes that have no shadows, he might live to be a hundred, but it is a million to one that he does not. Time will beat him. It was so with Harvard at the moeat him. It was so with Harvard at the mo ment of their greatest hopes. The experts shook their heads. It was still 10 to 1. Not a third of the course had been rowed when Oxthird of the course had been rowed when Ox-ford began to overhaul their antagonists, and going under. Hammersmith bridge the Ox-ford bow was in a line with Harvard No. 3. The Harvard stroke oar evidently knew as well as everybody else the conditions of the game; seeing that everything depended upon keeping his crew in their position, of advankeeping his crew in their position of advan-tage he made a desperate spurt, but the effort, though gallantly seconded, made the essential unsteadiness of his crew more apparent. Once more, however, "Ah! ah!" burst 'from American lips, but the dreaded enemy crept on, got fairly abreast, and forged ahead. Something has been said of a mistake on the part of the Harvard coxyavan and had it han-Sometiming has been said of a mistake on the part of the Harvard coxswain, and had it hap-pened nothing could be more pardonable, seeing that coxswains are absolute novelties in Harvard experience; but we are disposed to reject the suggestion as unfounded. Cer-tain, at all events, is it that there was nothing to compensate any error of this kind, for the little Oxford coxswain was as faultless a his men. Meanwhile the Oxford boat got, two, three Meanwhile the Oxford boat got, two, three, apparently four lengths ahead. The Harvard crew stuck gallantly to their work, although they were "all abroad" as regards time, when an absolute novelty was seen, to the astonish-ment of those who were following: The Har-vard coxswain was seen to drop his right hand into the water and splash it into the inces of the meno. This manonume was reasoned two his men. This manouvre was repeated two or three times, and it is not too much to say that something like a spasm of hor-ror thrilled the breasts of the ortho-dox at the sight. The predominating thought, it must be said, was not so much astonishmen at the novelty as at the confession it implied that the race was hopeless. The winning post was in sight, Oxford was three lengths ahead, and "barring accidents," nothing could save the event. A man rowing a lady in a gig did, indeed, at the last moment, pull across the Ox-

Miss Thompson made this mistake. She remained in New York until she was driven from it, and then supposed that she could de-nered in one of the supposed that she could de-Disner of the London Rowing Club to the Boat Crews of the Oxford and Har-vard Eniversities,

LONDON, August 30, Evening.—The London Rowing Club, this evening, gave a grand dim-ner to the Oxford and Harvard Universities, Loat crews at the Crystal Palace. The Oxford crew was represented by Willan alone, while the Harvard crew was represented by Sim-monds, Fay, Lyman. Bass, Rice, Burnhars and Blaikie. The party though private, num-bered more than one hundred persons, litelud-ing Charles Dickens and Thomas Hughes, ex-member of Parliament. member of Parliament.

Charles Dickens, in proposing the principal Charles Dickens, in proposing the principal-toast of the evening, said — That remarkable volume, which was published within a short time of his visit to the United States contained biographies of ninety-five young men, well nurtured, well born, and trained in peaceful pursuits, who, when their country called them, sought distinction in the late war. Those great spirits displayed extraordinary aptitude and were distinguished by their deeds and mreat heroism. Every one of areat heroism. Every one of them had been educated in one achool -that school the Harvard University, [Cheers.] They fought against odds-were remarkable for the invincible spirit in which they received defeat. Was not the contest or ast Friday an evidence in point of the spirit such as was shown by their predecessors in the late war? [Cheers.] He then paid hand-some compliments to the Oxford crew. In referring again to the Harvard crew, Mr. Dickens said that the manner in which they Dickens said that the manner in which they would be received on their return home would find a 'ready echo in every corner of

Mr. Simmons, of the Harvard crew, briefly

Mr. Simmons, of the Harvard crew, briefly responding, said that he considered that it was no disgrace to have been defeated by such a crew as Oxford pitted against them. Mr. Willan, of the Oxford crew, then rose, and, replying to the compliments of Mr. Dickens and Mr. Simmonds, apologized for the absence of his colleagues. He then stated that of all the faces in which he had rowed he had near been 'so hard nersed as in the race had never been so hard pressed as in the race with the Harvards. The whole entertainment wound up with a

splendid display of fireworks in front of the Crystal Palace, which was given in honor of both crews and which was witnessed by vast numbers of people. The entertainment altogether was a grand

A RUDE PRINCE.

The Duke of Edinburgh's Insulting and Frivolous Conduct in Australia. [From the Hobart Town Morcury.]

There was reason to believe, and events showed, that the natives—friendly, neutral, and hostile—looked forward to the visit of the prince as in some way calculated to bring about a settlement of the inhappy differences that have been distracting New Zealand. For their meeting with the prince the chiefs made great preparation, but there was in return no consideration shown for their habits; no pains were , taken to, concluste the wavering to strengthen the attachment of the friendlies and no inducement held out to make them the ambassadors of peace to the hostile. No effort was made to turn the The prince threw away a golden opportunity. With a little tact and patience he might have conferred a great boon on the colony, and made for himself a distinguished name. But he was found utterly wanting; he sacrificed the duties of his position to the gewgaws and displays of a gay and frivolous life, in which the

prisoners with arms in hand, and shot them on file spot. In my power, one horse, &c." What makes the affair worse is that the Government, so far from plating this Lieu-tenant-Colonel under arrest, and, trying him, for violation of the constitution and of the laws, have actually promoted him.

F. L. FETHERSTON. Publisher.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

1210 PRUSSIA.

Feeling as to the Attempted Murder for the Berlin Cathedrak

the Berlin Cathedral. Writing on Aug. 14, the Berlin correspon-dent of the London Times says: "No more characteristic symptom of the prevailing in-difference to anything connected with rell-gion could be addited than the absence of any excitement in consequence of young Bi-land's attempt to shoot a clergyman for repeat-ing the greed. In most papers, the sevent is, treated as any other commosphace crime would, be: "A brief report, a few additional, facts the day after, and the matter is distinged." What beside has been printed on that verible incident limits itself to a few lines in iscouple of papers: One conservative journal improves Incident inmits itself to a few innes in accoupte of papers. One conservative journal inspiroves the occasion to charge the latitudinarian ma-jority of the people with the arcposteraus de-sign of outlawing their pastors ; another, de-nounces the constitutional propensities of the times as the real cause of murder, disbellet, and over other description of wickedness. every other description of wickedness.

FACTS AND FANCIES

Poor beer has made 2,177 lumatics in England.

-Ford's Theatre, Baltimore, built in 1812; is the oldest in the United States. -It will cost thirty million the lers to con-

-A movement among the Carlists.-The's great reduction in freight rates !- X.Y. Express-

-News of an effort to enlarge the bonnet and comes from Paris.

-A Chicago man wishes that it was flor fashion to "dress up without putting any-thing on."

-The yearly expenses for a private soldier of the North German army, are esamated at 8157 50 gold.

-Mlle. Remi, the latest pet whom Auber has kissed, is to take the leading: part in his new opera.

-Mr. Sol Smith, Jr.; played "Haversac." in The Old Guard, in London, and merwith the warmest critical approval.

-Professor Risley intends to exhibit his Japanese Troupe of Acrobats in all the princi-pal towns of Great Britain, this fall:

-A vigilance committee, in Iowa setzed a whisky seller, tied him up and destroyed all the contents of his shop, but mercifilly ro-frained from hanging him.

-Canadian papers are trying to pershall their readers that the thard times in the United States are driving back a great many former immigrants to their old homes. Huring

-The Boston Advertiser does this: During the scarcity of water in Philadelphia it is pro-posed that the city hire Prince Arthur to reign over it.

-Count Tube has bought a greattwatery power at St. Croix Falls, Wis., of Calar Cushi ing, and will bring over a lot of Swedish inmigrants.

-A thermometer which has been kept for 75 years in the valts of the Paris Observatory, at a depth of 91 feet below the surface, has not varied more than a degree during the interval.

--Michigan beasts of one hundred and seventy-seven, newspapers and perpedicals. Pretty well for a State only thirty two years old.

DALES

-Miss Glyn (Mrs. Dallas) is coming to this country to "star," if possible, as "Cleopatra" and the "Duchess of Malfi." She proposes to and the "Duchess of Malif." She proposes to visit California and Australia on her. home ward journey. Miss Glyn's acting has been very highly commended in English critical nowspapers.

displays of a gay and frivolous life, in which the excitement of the chase, the fascination of the race-course, and the attractions of the ball-room and theatre occupied the chief place. The meeting of the chiefs the prince seems to have looked on as meant simply for his glo-rification, and he addressed to them a few of rifection, and he addressed to them a rew of those inflated sentences to which we have listened usque ad nauscum, and which, however adapted for an after-dinner speech in some city hall, were utterly unsuited to a palaver with the rude Maories. Devoid of dignity, and wanting in conclusion bearing, the duke insulted the native chiefs. The loquacity of the Maori orators overcame the patience of the prince, and he had not the courtesy to conceal his impatience. They presented ad dresses, made speeches, sang songs, until his royal highness broke in upon the privileges and customs on which they set a high value. He told them, through the interpreter, to put an end to the speeches, and not let every one speak, as he had other engagements. What these engagements were we may easily imagine, but for the sake of such frivolities the prince sent away all disgusted, and very probably converted into enemies, only waiting their opportunity, those who, by his impatience and rudeness, were prevented from being heard. A few days devoted to humor ing them and securing their confidence, and the exercise of their influence in bringing into subjection the rebellious natives, would have been a labor of love to one less given to the pratification of his own pleasures, and have laid the colony under a debt of gratitude. As it is, his visit has done no good with the Maories; all we dare hope for is it may do no harm. The Prince might yet to some extent harm. The Frince might yet to some extent repair his past blunder, but we have little faith in his discretion or tact. In like manner the holiday employment of a ship-of-war in New Zealand waters while the colonists are en-gaged in a deadly conflict has created bitter feelings among the latter. This is the doing of a retraching Imperial government whose reenings among the latter. This is the doing of a retrenching Imperial government, whose care for the amusement of a prince contrasts unpleasantly with their care for the honor and safety of British colonists. There was a want of consideration, a some There was a want of consideration, a some-thing approaching to an insult to New Zealand, to send there one of the finest specimens of the British navy, fully equipped in men and material, to lie idly in their waters in holiday trim, with a holiday crew, while within a few miles of where the Galatea lay the colonists were probably engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with the ferocious chief whose atroci-ties have already devastated many a ties have already devastated many a home; or they may have been camped out in the bush, cold, half-naked, and hun but in the bosh, cosh, and in interest, and the said prys, seeking to protect their homes and those dear to them from massuere and, outrage. The money spent in the raree show on their waters, while not one penny is spent in aiding the colonists in the deally struggle, with the contrast between the condition of the colony's forces and that of the Galatea's crew are too marked to be pleasant or grutifying to the colonists. Had that ship and orew beer devoted to the duke's pleasure trip the colony would before now have been at peace.

SPAIN.

1.3

Military Barbasity.

1. A.M.

Writing on August 12, the Madrid orres-pondent of the London Duily News says: "Spain is horrified at a deed of blood just per-formed in Catalonia, not far from the busy city of Barcelona, the home, bar excellence, of Re-publicanism." The author was one Lieutenant-Colonel José Cassalis, who was sent in search of some Carlists, who were presumed to be lurking not far from that city. Coming up to a party, he made nine prisoners, and coolly shot party, he made nine prisoners, and coolly sho them all on the spot, without any investigation or form of law whatever. The whole of Cata-lonia rings with a cry of indigna-tion at this excensive deed, worthy only of one who, like this monster Cassalis, received his tuition in' cruelty in the former Carlist war. His telegran to the Government, which has been published; contained his own con-fession in short and pithy language: "Faction beaten near Montcalegre, Caught nine

-A zealous expressman of Biiffald, wishing to convey an idea of great celerity in the pro-secution of his business, has daubed on the side of his wagon the intelligent notifie: "LITEN eXPRES."

-The Sisters of Mercy in a Durham (Rag land) convent lately struck and departed from the the establishment without, lange from the ir superiors, on account of the insufficient :allowance of food.

-" The blessed man that preached for us last Sunday," says Mrs. Partington, "senved! the Lord for thirty years-first as a circumstidler, then as a locust preacher, and fast as am exhauster."

-A young man of sixteen; the somofias Cincinnati lawyer, is writing a tragedy four ded, on the St. Bartholomew. massacre, to be brought out at a Cincinnati theatre next. winter

-As they have stopped baring the St. J. ouis artesian, well at a depth of 3,843 flet. Mark Twain asks why they don't go aroundian id try the other end, as there must be water there somewhere.

-Mr. Mapleson, the well-known diler tor of the Italian Opera in Lowlon, disting lished himself the other day by plunging into the sea, at Worthing, and saving the life of achild who had fallen overboard.

-The receipts of the theatres, concerts, dancing places and public exhibit ons in Paris, in July, amounted to 718,018 frs nes, being a decrease of 369,098 francs on f he pre-ceding month, but an augmentation of f 175,292 francs over the July of last year.

Trancs over the July of fast year. —Mrs. Stanton says she knew Lad y Byron intimately, and can correborate. Mrs. Stowe's description of her as one of the noblest twomen that ever trod the earth. She deprocates the unanimous defence of Lord: Byror, by the newspapers of this country, and is a harmad to think that they could write, in hounding, a wonan of whom Arasida might, will, be proud.

HAZLITT, the essayist; \ married Miss Stoddart, a well-read, elegant, and well-educated lady, one of the best letter-writers of har time. With any one but Hazlitt she might have been happy; but authors of a nervous and sensitive nature require peculian treatment, which Hazlitt did not get. In the autograph MS, of the "Table Talk," in the "Essay on the Fear of Death," ho had written a pissage omitted in the printed version, which is a key to dis na-ture and to his unhappiness. "I want an eye to cheer me, a hand to guide me, a busast to lean on; all of which I shall never large, but shall stagger into my grave without them, old before my time, unleved, unlovely, unless would have some creature to love me before I die. Oh! for the parting hand to ease the fall !" It is not worth while in this short sketch to pursue the subject furthers. If the inappreciation of the wife commencedrin disagreement, the behavior of the husband hastened its catastrophe. Mr. and Mrs. Hazlitt were separated and such for a divorce. But enough of this. Some time before his death, he had written, in the milst of nucle work, trouble and disappointment-too often the lot of literary life: ⁶ My public and, private hopes, have been left a ruin, or remain only to mock me, would wish them to be readlised. I should like to see some prospect of good to manand, such as my life began with. I should like to leave some sterling work behind me. I should like to have some friendly hand to consign me to the grave. On these conditions I am, ready if not willing to Conart. I shall then write on my tomb-Grat still and Contented.

"But I have plought and suffered too much to be willing to have thought and suffered in vain,"

But his later years brought better and gentler thoughts. He died in 1830 with his friend, Charles Lamb, sitting by his bedside, to whom be addressed his last words, " Well, I've had a happy life."