POETRY.

THE ROSE THAT BLOOMS O'ER MOTHER'S GRAVE.

The earth may boast her gardens rare
 Containing many flowers sweet,
And diamond roses sparkle where
 The eastern winds and sunlight meet;
But gem-like flower ne'er was found,
 Beneath the brightest sky to wave,
With charms like those that circle round
 The rose that blooms o'er mother's grave.

The angels when they bore away
 Her soul, to mingle with their kind,
Were moved to pity by the tears
 Of weeping loved ones left behind;
To bind the heart that grief has torn,
 They to her child this promise gave,
We'el come some sunny summer more,
 And plant a rose-bush o'er her grave.

The winter's snow had fled before
 The honied breath of perfumed spring,
The trees alive with birds once more,
 With songs of praise began to ring;
When I, soon as the blushing dawn
 Had smiled and filled all life with cheer,
Watched fondly where her body lay,
 To see the promised bush appear.

My anxious watch was soon repaid,
 For firstly vision met my eye;
A tiny sprout, of rarer shade
 Than that reflected in the sky,
Struggled, yet seemed half afraid,
 To lift its head above the sod;
Again it tried, an effort made,
 And with the breeze began to nod.

Tended by an angel's care,
 And ever bathed in Heavenly dew;
It flourished, thrived, and soon it bare
 Roses of the fairest hue;
Whose sweet perfume calls back the smile
 That ever shone upon her face,
And whispers in a little while
 We'el meet in Heaven her dwelling place.

They called her from this world of care,
 Of sorrow, doubt and vanity,
To dwell with Christ, and with him share
 The blessings of eternity;
But to their sacred promise true,
 They sent their rose of Heavenly mould
To comfort when life's friends are few,
 And cheer me when the world seems cold

S. E. G.

St John, May 13, 1874.

MAY.

Who saw April when she went,
Weary-hearted, wan and gray,
Leaving all the world content
 With the May?

With the darling of the year,
When with happy eyes she came,
Whispering in the world's charmed ear
 Summer's name.

Smiling at the winter's dream,
Making slaves of winter free,
Listening to each bird and stream
 Graciously.

Dropping flowers for passing showers,
Making fields and gardens rare,
Making roses, mocking snows,
 Here and there.

Winning the reluctant time,
Wedding beauty to the year,
Winter's facts to summer's rhyme,
 Grief to cheer.

Who for April mourned? Not I!
For the present is too fair—
Summer comes to glorify
 Earth and air.

LAUGH OR SMILE.

The journey is weary,
 The road is brier'd,
The day is dreary,
 And we are tired;
And we backward gaze
 With a saddened brow—
"We laughed in those days,
 But a smile does now."

We crossed life's ferry,
 We put from shore,
Our hearts are merry
 Till half way o'er;
Age's sand we graze
 With unwilling prow—
"We laughed in those days,
 But a smile does us now."

Yet from folly the laughter
 Too oft must start—
The smile that comes after
 Wells out of the heart,
To each then the praise
 'Twere fair to allow,
To the laugh of those days,
 To the smile of now!

LITERATURE.

THE SWEDES IN PRAGUE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

As the reader will have observed, Helen's position toward her betrothed was far from being the same as at a former period, when stolen interviews, under the veil of night and secrecy, only allowed her to cast at times, a few looks into the heart of her friend. All this romance gradually wore away upon more frequent intercourse; and unpleasant scenes, such as that respecting Wallenstein's mantle, often took place. It is true, peace was as often restored; but the discord which had been struck, not from accidental occurrences, but from a leading difference of character, was never thoroughly set right.

Wallenstein's image occasionally floated before her mind, and doomed her to the agony of remorse. His name was on every lip, his praises in every heart, nor could the preparations for the wedding, albeit they diverted for awhile her increasing melancholy, by any means dispel it. The story of Joanna caused these unwelcome feelings to expand with fresh vigor, and gave new strength to her growing distrust of Odowalsky That Albert had once warmly loved her, was certain; it was probable that some remains of this passion still lingered within his bosom. A serious attachment, on his part, towards the gardner's daughter she could not credit, feeling certain that the nephew of the Duke of Friedland would never so far forget his lineage and station. Still, solicitude for her fate would, doubtless, actuate him powerfully, and stimulate his exertions; and whoever should be instrumental in effecting her deliverance, would acquire a right to his warmest gratitude, especially were hazard and difficulty to be experienced

She at last formed a fixed plan on the subject. She was determined to rescue the daughter of Bertram, to conceal her in a safe spot, and to inform her lord of this by some sure means; and, when either peace, or the capture of the city, should put an end to the present state of things, then she would, as a welcome gift, present to Wallenstein his rescued dependent.

She learnt that her prison was in the white tower, and succeeded in making herself known to the jailer by means of a trusty attendant and messenger, to whom the jailer's wife was related. The watch was not very strict, and if, instead of Joanna, some resolute man had been imprisoned there, he might readily have effected his escape. Disguises and horses were secretly procured, and on the same day on which Wallenstein had passed so many hours in making preparations for the enterprise of the following night, Helen was also occupied with arrangements for her plan towards the accomplishment of the same object.

The sun of a cheerful summer's day had descended, and twilight spread its shades over the city. The hapless Joanna beheld the near approach of the termination of her short existence. Her execution was fixed for the next morning. She felt the complete consciousness of her rectitude, but also the fullest conviction that nothing could save her, as the exertions of several persons of rank in the Kleinseite, nay, the interest of the Governor General himself, had been to no purpose.

Two points however, there were, which still continued to discompose her: first, the natural distress of her father, whose heartrending sorrow, when, after long prohibition, he was at length permitted to visit the adjudged victim, unhinged her soul, and made her painfully doubt how far she had been justified in subjecting him to this distress; and secondly, the remembrance of Wallenstein, which she sought in vain to repress. Of what nature would his emotions be, when he heard of her doom? How frequently, during this last night of her earthly existence, when she would have collected her thoughts, and directed them to that God before whose throne she was soon to stand, did she surprise herself in recollections of quite a different nature! She beheld before her his beloved form, she heard the cherished tones of his voice.

Thus passed the hours, even quicker than Joanna had hoped, and, as night approached, the jailer's wife brought her evening meal, which, since she had been sentenced to death, had been supplied in plenty and delicacy. At the same time she lighted the lamp, and the prisoner having partaken of some refreshment, the woman disappeared with her provision basket, having extinguished the lamp, and darkness and silence again reigned around Joanna.

The bell in the tower of St. Veit announced the midnight hour, when the prisoner was roused by a slight rustling without, under the casement of her prison. It soon became more distinct, and apparently ascended higher and higher.

She listened in breathless anxiety until, at length, she fancied she saw a figure move outside the bars of the casement Directly afterward, a soft voice pronounced her name.

'Gracious heaven! what does this mean?' muttered Joanna, 'Can it be possible that a rescue is at hand? Should my father'—and then she thought of some one else!

Just at that moment the voice repeated, somewhat louder, 'Joanna, are you there?' It was not her father's voice—it was——but oh! the mingled hope and joy kept her mute, and answer she could not, for it was indeed the voice of her noble lord!

On a third adjuration, however, she gathered energy to reply; and a brief suppressed explanation ensued. Wallenstein, then, was near her,—was come to liberate her. Wallenstein! the idol of her dreams! the man for whose sake chiefly she had staked her life, and was on the point of losing it on the scaffold! He came to return the service, by rescuing that life at the hazard of his own.

The hollow sound of blows levelled at the bars now alone broke the stillness. Joanna sank upon her knees, and stretching her arms toward heaven, prayed for a blessing upon him, prayed for his happiness, which was linked with her own, whatever shape her future fate might take. In this frame of mind she continued kneeling, and offering up prayers to God, until again roused by the voice of her deliverer, who, as some loosened stones rolled withinside the apartment, besought her to take care and keep out of their way.

Joanna now became active and useful, and, as if instinctively, pushed the table against the wall, placed the two chairs, mounted, and with joyful amazement did Wallenstein soon behold her immediately opposite him behind the bars She pointed out to Albert the despoiled parts of the wall, and the places in which the bars were fixed most loosely; but it seemed to her as if, since she stood up there, Wallenstein worked with less industry, as if his looks were more frequently directed towards her than his crowbar, and as if his companion (of whom she now first became aware) was forced to accomplish the most.

At length, the bars gave way, the window was opened, and Wallenstein presented Joanna his hand, begging her encouragingly not to be afraid, for he would bring her safely down. Inwardly, but fervently, thanking God for his mercy, she sprang forward, slipped through, and was received in Wallenstein's arms.

When arrived at the bottom, Wallenstein threw over the rescued maid a Swedish horseman's cloak. Leopold (for he it was who had joined in the resue) presented her a cap of corresponding character; and she now observed, that both men were attired in the cavalry uniform of the enemy.

All this was the work of a few moments. The youths guided Joanna, trembling with joy and anxiety, down to the shore, where there was a boat in waiting for them.

The strength and resolution which, during the business of her liberation, had upheld our heroine, abandoned her when nearly in safety. But as they glided over the face of the water, recollection returned, and with an intense consciousness of what Wallenstein had done for her, she slid from off the bench upon which he was supporting her in the boat, to his feet, striving (though almost incapable of speech) to thank him for his exertion and hazard. In vain, for some time, did the latter endeavor to raise and reassure her.

Wulden, during this scene, had, with his customary acuteness and consideration, kept aloof, and engaged the boatman in conversation, to draw off his attention likewise; but as soon as Joanna had been persuaded to resume her seat, Albert called him forward, and the friends learnt from their fair companion how she had lived whilst in confinement; how she had gained information of the attack upon the bridge tower, her meeting with Count Martinitz her capture, examination, and other circumstances.

Thus engaged, the long course down the Moldavia seemed to occupy but little time, and Wallenstein started up astonished, as, far below the city, the boat put to shore, and the trees became visible under which Wulden had ordered his groom to wait with three saddled horses. They found everything in readiness, and upon one horse a packet containing three mantles of that description usually worn by Bohemian *bourgeois*. Each of the youths immediately threw one of these over his Swedish uniform, which it completely concealed, and directed Joanna to follow their example.

This done, Wallenstein assisted Joanna to mount her horse, and, as they proceeded at a pretty quick pace, informed her of the plan he and Wulden had laid down for her safety. Being forced to return rapidly to Prague, they could not therefore accompany Joanna far, and had, on that account, resolved to accompany her to a maiden aunt of Leopold's, in the vicinity of Kaurzim, who was prepared for their arrival.

'Yet, notwithstanding this,' cried Wulden gaily, 'I would lay any wager my worthy relative thinks that Joanna and I are playing the hero and heroine of a romance.'

'Well, a romance it certainly is,' answered Albert.

'True,' rejoined his friend, 'but for the *hero* we must look elsewhere.'

'But,' said Joanna, timidly, 'as you cannot have had any reply to your communication, may not my visit be possibly unwelcome?—I fear—

'Fear nothing,' interrupted the ardent Leopold, 'I know my aunt well, who is, contrary to the usual custom of old maids, the best creature in the world, and particularly fond of having any hand in an adventure:

'You will remain with the Lady Theresa von Wulden,' said Albert, 'until the roads are free from the Swedes, who have now turned toward the parts of Tabor and Budweis, when I shall probably have you conducted to my relation, the Countess Harrach, at Vienna.

'I acknowledge the advantage and kind precaution which your plan implies, my Lord,' replied Joanna. 'Permit me to ask only one question—what will be done with regard to my father?'

'Your question is reasonable,' answered Wallenstein; 'for awhile the good old man must remain in doubt as to the details of your fate. But when he learns, to-morrow, that you have escaped, I hope that this certainty of your deliverance will put him at ease on the other score—and subsequently—'

'My Lord,' interrupted Joanna, 'my father is not in Prague—he will learn nothing to-morrow.'

'Not in Prague!' cried Albert; 'where is he, then?'

'That I know not,' returned Joanna; 'he sent to inform me by a confidential person a few days since, that he could not be a witness of my death, and was going to try an extreme chance—'

'Of what?' interrupted Wallenstein, hastily.

'That is as little known to me,' replied she, 'as whither he is gone. But on account of this very uncertainty I feel impelled to entreat—'

'I understand you, Joanna,' said Wallenstein, kindly; 'but for the present, nobody—not even he—must know where you are. His joy might betray the secret. But this I promise you—he shall, as soon as I can possibly find means of furnishing him with the intelligence, learn that you are in safety.'

Joanna bowed her head and said no more.

Leopold now observed—'This conversation induces us to ride too slowly. Remember, the Swedes may be at our heels, and it would, therefore, to spur on'

They did so, and flew—each wrapped in the veil of some peculiar train of thought—across the plain.

They were not far distant from the termination of their journey, when day began to dawn in the east, and gave to view the outlines of surrounding objects; while the morning star beamed on them from the left They now left the high road for a side path.

'The morning star shows us the way,' said Wallenstein, raising his eyes sadly toward it, as the thought of the approaching separation fell heavy upon his heart. They now perceived at a distance the grey walls of the castle, which was situated on the summit of a little hill. They soon reached it, and being admitted, the riders sprang into the court. An aged female attendant now appeared with the information that her noble lady was sleeping, but that she had orders to receive Baron Wulden and his company.

Albert assisted Joanna to dismount, who, through the exertion of the ride and her own anxiety, was almost worn out.

'Pray,' said Albert, turning to Leopold, 'procure some refreshment for our companion; she is almost fainting.'

Wulden gave directions to the attendant (who had been measuring and examining the supposed lad with curious looks, and now heard with surprise that a female form was concealed within the ample riding-cloak), and entered himself the interior of the building, leaving Wallenstein and Joanna in the hall.

He soon returned, and brought a message of much courtesy from his aunt, who promised to use the greatest caution to ensure Joanna's safety. Another female domestic followed him, stating that everything was in readiness for the lady's accommodation; so that the parting moment had arrived. Joanna, collecting all her strength, raised herself from the seat, made a respectful obeisance to her youthful Lord, who returned her farewell with repressed ardor, and only adding, in a broken voice, 'Greet my father!' vanished into the castle with her guide.

The young men now mounted their steeds and rode at a very swift pace into the open country. The towers of Prague had grown upon their view, before Wallenstein's abstraction—which his friend did not choose to interrupt—gave way. He now checked his horse, and stretching out his hand to Wulden, said, 'How shall I thank you, my dear friend, for what you have done for me this night?'

'By saying no more about it,' replied the frank-hearted young man. 'It is enough for me that our expedition has succeded; that the heroic girl is safe; and that your mind has recovered its serenity.'

'Alas,' answered Wallenstein, with a mournful smile, that is not so. Never again shall I be light of heart. This poor young woman has been preserved from a cruel, unmerited death, but not from a fatal passion. She loves me, Leopold! I have unhappily excited in the bosom of one to whom reciprocity of affection would be madness, flame a which consumes her, and has communicated itself to me I have sought long to hide from my heart the consciousness of this truth—but now it is forced upon me:'

Wulden was touched to the quick. His nature, although volatile, was capable of the truest feeling and the nicest delicacy; and feeling for his friend's situation, he utterly forebore all attempt at raillery.

FACES.

What is there that attracts us so much in some faces,* and repels us powerfully in others? It is not mere beauty in the one nor homeliness in the other, for very often we see little to admire and nothing to love in a face of the most perfect color and proportions, while one that has not a good line nor a pure tint throughout delights us like a poem, or a song, or the first handful of sweet spring flowers. It is not even intellect, nor yet expression; nor is the attraction universal any more than the repulsion. We do not all gather round the same centre, kneel before the same shrine, nor band together to blackball and expel without one favorable vote to modify. Henry finds Angelina as lovely as a fairy, as divine as an angel, but Charles pronounces her to be a plain little insignificant little nobody, and wonders where his friend's perceptions have gone. The acknowledged belle of the season is not recognized as the queen by all, and there are sure to be rival factions, each supporting its own special Venus, and both denying the claims of the others. And even the homeliest face has its lovers, and those to whom its inartistic muddle of features is pleasant and refreshing—those with whom affection had conquered criticism and who do not care to examine, but only to love. It would be sad living for the poor ill-favored ones else.

Neither beauty nor homeliness, neither intellect nor the want of it, nor yet expression of such arbitrary kind that all shall read it alike—what is it then attracts us to some faces, repels us from others? *Quien sabe?* Is not this one of the mysteries we cannot fathom? a spiritual, or maybe chemical, or maybe electrical process, of which the methods are concealed and the result only known? What was the motive power in the strange attraction? A young man of thirty-three, unmarried, never saw a young woman he would like to make his wife save one passed on the Caledonian Canal, he in his lugger, she in a barge. No word was spoken, only that one look exhanged, but that one look did what no other woman had done before or had done since, and for ten years and more the young sailor has remained constant to the face seen for that brief moment in passing—the only face he would care to marry. When the secret of that quick and strong attraction is found out we shall have made a long step in the science of man.—*The Queen.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

Sir,—If my letter in the EXAMINER of the 30th ult. has merited the indignation of a correspondent in the *Herald*, and another in the *Patriot* of a recent date, I must deserve, at least, a little sympathy from the gentle reader for the very awkward position in which I am placed, in the midst of this cross-fire. But all thanks for that divine dispensation which gives to mankind a little comfort in the worst adversities. I find that neither of the worthies referred have succeeded in disproving a single statement uttered in that letter; but, on the contrary, have digressed from the points at issue, and blundered exceedingly. In the first instance, my friend of the *Herald*, who styles himself "Censor," in order to belittle the points treated on, because of their harshness towards his friends, the incapables of the Local Opposition, attributes the production of my letter to a pugnacious pedagogue of Glenfinan, as coming from such a source, the reader might form an estimate of its worthlessness. The pedagogue in question lays no claim to newspaper composition touching on public questions, as far as I have been informed of him. In the meantime, it is a pointless style of argument to endeavor to depreciate an assertion on account of the source from which it emanated. For if Beelzebub himself should have written or spoken the truth on an important question, he would be deserving of an appropriate share of credit.

If "Censor" had written something after this fashion, and said:—Mr. Editor of the *Herald*—Sir,—I sincerely sympathize with you, to be made a butt for that contemptible, rascally Monagahan man (in fact from what I have been taught to believe about these Monaghans up to the present, I believe they are all rascals, every hoof of them, and would cut your throat if they had but the chance), I, therefore, think that if others let you have your own way in conducting your own paper, it was none of his business at least. What if you did say that Pope's Railway Government would be consigned to a limbo which would never know a resurrection,—but who, before the last sod was laid on, arose again? What if the men who passed the railway bill were designated by you as robbers, plunderers and swindlers, who would be compelled to fork over to their successors in office thousands of pounds, but were never afterwards asked to do it? What if you asserted that the New York engineers, after having seen the crooked railroad and rotten sleepers, would severely censure the work by published delarations to that effect, stamping the promoters of the vile thing with infamy for all time, but which, in due time, proved to be a certificate of good character, and silenced cavil on that score? What of all this, I say? It only showed that you miscalculated, and were but working out a problem to enable you to raise the wind to procure the needful to keep you alive. For, in all truth, you are entitled to something handsome for your pains as an editor in showing that black is white, and white no color at all." Something like the foregoing would, in my humble opinion have been more to the point and in accord with the rules of common sense, than an attempt at sarcasm and irony which has neither meaning nor application. The remarks of "Hard Grit," in the last *Patriot*, which, through the kindness of a friend I had a chance of reading, are more practical; but narrow-minded prejudice and the cloven foot are manifest throughout the piece. He, too, has failed to contradict any one assertion that I have made in the article alluded to. He takes exception to the style of the opening sentence of my letter, which was intended for a well-defined purpose, namely—to show that a most barefaced system of lying and slander has been resorted to by the *Herald* and its scribes on a former occasion against the men who gave to the Island a railroad. Also, David Laird's inconstancy in promising to knock the brains out of the Bill; and Major McGill's declaration and failure to break up the Local House of Assembly in a given time. These, Mr. Editor, are the points to which that sentence had the strictest application, and it still holds good. If Mr. "Pure Grit" choses to console himself or anybody else with the fancy that a certain portion of my letter formed a certificate of character to Mr. Caven for sifting public transgressors, he is quite at liberty to do so to his heart's content. I have said nothing in disparagement of the reputation of Messrs. Welsh and McGill. But I do say now that the less fuss is made by "Pure Grit" in puffing up Major McGill's action on the Compulsory Land Purchase Bill in his capacity as Legislative Councillor, all the better for that gentleman's future prospects as a politician. The assistance which he gave the Bill is truly an ultimatum,—but of such a negative feature as totally to destroy its utility in being of any specific relief to the tenantry for perhaps a long time to come. The features of the measure, after receiving the finishing stroke of the Legislative Council, is now before the country for the tenantry to ponder over; and no sophistry, however artful, will be sufficient to explain away Councillor McGill's conduct for his partizanship in connection with the arbitration clause.

It is not my purpose Mr. Editor, to use harsh names towards these gentlemen, further than to say that Major McGill's interference and conduct on behalf of the tenantry of Queen's County will not serve to immortalize him as far their interest is at stake. My friend "Pure Grit" cannot be ignorant of the fact that at the banquet at Summerside a few days ago, where so many leading spirits of opposite political opinions were assembled, that an overflowing measure of praise was unanimously accorded to the to the authors of the railroad for possessing a creative genius and superior intelligence in grappling with so grand and useful a measure. Neither *if* nor *but* was used in taking exception even to the wire fence or the curves; everything was grand—everything perfect.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,
A MONAGHAN.

East River, May 14, 1874.

To the Editor of the Examiner

DEAR SIR:—I regret very much that present circumstances force me to have my name paraded through the press; but in justification of myself, and for the information of the public generally, I consider it my bounden duty to have it so at present.

In the *Herald*, of the 6th inst., and over the signature of 'Censor,' appeared rather a lengthy production for any special animadvertence. In that production, the writer, in his usual strain of high-sounding phraseology and disreputable assertions, accuses me with being the author of a lengthy production which appeared in the EXAMINER of the 20th of April, and over the signature of "A Monaghan," East River.

Having no ambition to claim credit for another man's work, I have to inform 'Censor,' and all others whom it may concern, that I am not the author of the above-named production. And if 'Censor' were endowed with Christian charity, ordinary wisdom, or sagacity, he would not have made such an unjustifiable and unwarrantable attack without some shadow of foundation to bear him out in his nefarious schemes. Certain allusions have been made in his very erudite article, regarding the 'terrible chastisements of Glenfinnan's angry pedagogue.' Since he, in all his wisdom, has thought proper to designate me as an 'angry pedagogue,' he will, I hope and trust, have no objection to my stating that from his falsifying and sophistical production in the *Herald*, he is, in my opinion, adapted for, and should have a certificate as being a blatant demagogue, who endeavors surreptitiously to steal away the reputation of his fellow-creatures.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I beg leave to tender you my sincere thanks in advance for whatever space you may be pleased to leave at my disposal, and if 'Censor' wants a refutation of any more of his lying slanders, he knows where to find me, only let him appear over his own signature, because my daily avocation will not allow me sufficient time to notice anonymous scribblers.

Yours, &c., &c.,
JAMES H. CUMMISKEY.

Glenfinnan May 13, 1874.

Herald please copy.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

Sir,—In a late *Herald*, I see that a young man, signing himself "Censor," seems to think that I took a novel method of honoring 'Old Erin," when I wrote in the EXAMINER, sometime ago, over the signature of 'Glasslaugh Irishman." The youthful and pious "Censor" is, undoubtedly, under the vain impression that he is an honor to Ireland and the Irish. Poor, deluded youth! This disgraceful young vagabond is as much honor to Ireland and the Irish, as Jemmy O'Brien, the infamous Irish informer. No, dear "Censor," you're a disgrace to the decent Irish parents who reared you, instead of being an honor to the land which produced a Grattan, a Shiel and an O'Connell.

If it was my signature which caused you to wake up now and impeach me for dishonoring Ireland, I beg leave to state, for "Censor's" information, that I'll use any signature (when occasion requires it) which pleases *me*, and not "Censor;" and further, if his penetrating mind can possibly pick any flaws in my letter to which he refers, and exhibit them as he did those of "A Monaghan. I will be happy to have a little chat with this advocate for the honoring of Ireland. As he seems to have the use of the "fostering" columns of the *Herald*, I hope to hear from him soon that is if he survives the terrible chastisement of Glenfinnan's angry pedagogue, as also those of "A Monaghan," "Carlow Man," and of your obedient servant.—

AN IRISHMAN.

Glasslough, May 19, 1874.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The new Spanish Ministry intend to revive titles of nobility and subsize the clergy.

The steamer *Faraday*, with a new Atlantic telegraph cable, has sailed for Gravesend.

THE AGASSIZ MEMORIAL.—It is proposed to raise a teacher's memorial to Agassiz, "by placing upon a strong and enduring basis the work to which he devoted his life, the museum of comparative zoology." On the 28th day of May, the birthday of Agassiz it is proposed that all teachers should contribute something, however small, to this object. The treasurer is James M. Barnard 13 Exchange street, Boston.

A dog, who already bore about his muzzel some not inglorious scars, accompanied his master, who bore on his breast the Victoria Cross, to the Ashantee campagne. Being of the bull-dog breed, and with a natural turn for fighting, he distinguished himself on several occasions and indeed throughout the campaign. In one instance he rushed into the enemy's ranks, and singling out one of naked foes, so bit and worried him that he actually brought in his prisoner in triumph. He was such a favourite with the men that in a heavy engagement their fire was suspended for a minute to allow of his uninjured retreat from one of his desperate forays. He lived to enjoy his return and his honors, and at this moment is one of the greatest pets of Belgravia.

Parliamentary life at Ottawa.—Our Legislators at Ottawa seem encompassed with dangers to health and life. Since the inauguration of the Union several deaths have occurred in that Capital among members of the Dominion Legislature, and a great deal of sickness that has not proved fatal has been experienced by them there. These things have not happened without sufficient cause. What is the trouble? It is known that the Parliament buildings, on which millions have been lavished, are, in a sanitary point of view, in a decidedly bad condition. The Commons Chamber, and, probably, other rooms in the building, are supplied with impure air, and have no effective appliances for getting rid of it.—*St. John News.*

THE RUSSIAN SCANDAL.—It now turns out that the Grand Duke arrested in Russia was not the brother of the Czar, but his nephew, the son of the Grand Duke Constantine. He stole his mother's diamonds to bestow them on an actress. He was a splendid young fellow, no doubt, and thought it princely and generous to bestow mamma's baubles upon an exponent of art. Had his mother known the excellent use to which her diamonds had been put, she probably would not have hastened to inform the police of the theft. As it is, it is best, perhaps, that the Prince should feel the rigors of the Russian law, while it would be interesting to know what is to be done with the actress. If she does not visit Siberia she certainly will go to Paris, where she will be adored as the modern Cinderella, for whom the Prince, not being able to find a glass slipper, quietly cribbed his mother's diamonds.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A Paris correspondent of one of the London papers tells the following: "A sad accident took place yesterday in a churchyard of Gosbois, a village outside of Paris. The body of a child was about to be lowered into the grave when the supposed corpse was heard to groan. The mother pounced on the coffin and wrenched off the lid with a pair of sissors which she had in her pocket. 'Mon Dieu!' cried she, 'my son lives—he's alive—he's saved!' And taking the poor little shrouded body in her arms, she bathed it with tears and kisses. But her joy was brief The child made a movement, and, muttering another feeble groan, threw backs its head and—died. The mother gazed on the corpse with haggard eyes, and then clasped it to her breast with despair, and for a few moments her whole body was convulsed. Suddenly she fell to the ground as if struck by lightening, and, when recovered from her swoon she had become insane."

CRIBBING HORSES.—Mr. Lyman Thayer, of Franklin, Mass., a gentleman who has had a large experience in the care and handling of horses for the past thirty years, in answer to the question "How to cure cribbing," says he has been quite successful by nailing strips of sheep skin on the edge of the manger, in every place where the horse could get hold with his teeth. The skin is put on with the wool side up, and if the horse attempts to play at his old trick or habit, he will find himself pretty effectualfy gagged. We were shown an inveterate cribber, which appeared to be throughly cured by the simple treatment. Mr. Thayer, like most others considered cribbing more of a habit than anything else. The sheep's wool seems to be a little digusting to the animal, and as he gives up cribbing in the stall, he appears to forget his habit when on the street. Cribbing is generallybelieved to be a habit more than disease, although, if persisted in, it may be an indirect cause of desease.—*New England Farmer.*

Prince Leiliohoku, brother of the present King of the Sandwich Islands, and heir apparent to the throne, intends to make a tour in the United States, and probably a journey to Europe, during the present year. He is a young man of uncommon promise, well educated, and of fine personal appearance and pleasing manners. With him will come Mrs. Bernice Pauahi Bishop, wife of the late Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Charles R. Bishop, and a highly cultivated and charming lady, one of the high nobility of the old native race, ranking next to the king. Her husband is a native of New York, a gentleman of large wealth, the leading banker of the Islands.

RANDOM READINGS.

A great object in life—A giant.

If your brain is on fire blow it out.

Why should a magistrate be very cold?—Because he represents just-ice.

Why is a ship designated as "she?—Because she always keeps a man on the look-out.

A lady asked a vetran which rifle carried the maximum distance. The old chap answered 'the minnie, mum.'

Q. QUESTION FOR NAVAL EXAMINATIONS.—Can you give any other name for a ship's cut-water? A Yes, A sea-saw.

A Virginia judge gave a convicted thief the choice of six months in jail or thirty days in jail and twenty-five lashes. He was such a tough customer that he chose the latter.

It is reported that if the British Government agree to assume the protectorate of the Fiji Islands, the Governorship will be offered to Captain Glover.

"OFF!"—Sergeant O'Leary: "Double! Left! Right! What the blazes, Pat Rooney, d'ye mane by not doublin 'wid de squad!?" Pat: "Sure, Sargent, 'twas't a fair start!"

A country boy having heard of sailors heaving up anchors, wanted to know if it was sea-sickness that made them do it.

A Texas man recently declined to receive a telegraphic despatch from a yellow fever locality, lest he should catch the disease.

A Sunday-school scholar being asked what became of men who deceive their fellow-men promptly exclaimed, 'They go to Europe.'

A hard money Congress-man condensed his speech by holding a ten dollar greenback in one hand and a ten-dollar gold piece in the other hand, and asking "which will you have,"

The Chicago *Tribune* estimates that getting born costs the people of the United States $220,000,000 annually: getting married, $250,000,000; getting buried, $73,746,000. Total, $552,994,450.

In Truckee, Nevada, the other day, a group of five able-bodied individuals were conversing about fire arms. One offered to wager the drinks that there were not three revolvers in the crowd. The bet was taken, and the result was six revolvers, three derringers, and a horse pistol.

A lady, who rouged very highly, inquired of a gentleman, under the plea of indisposition, how he thought she looked. "I really can't tell, madame," he replied, "unless you uncover your face."

The Printers again—An ardent lover, pouring out his passionate devotion in verse, spoke of that night, when walking with his sweet heart, he 'kissed her under the silent stars.' In print he was made to say that he "kicked her under the cellar stairs."

A Keokuk paper tells a story of how a clergyman of Keokuk married two young people in Bonaparte recently by telegraph. The parties assembled in the telegraph office, the questions and responses, service and benediction were ticked rapidly off, and the happy pair left the office, one flesh, welded together by lightning.

The queerest object in nature, is a Spanish beggar, for these beggars beg on horseback, and it is an odd thing to see a man riding up to a poor foot-passenger and asking alms. A gentleman in Valparaiso being accosted by one of these mounted beggars, replied, 'Why sir, you come to beg of me, who has to go on foot, while you ride on horseback!" "Very true, sir," said the beggar, "and I have the more need to beg, as I have to support myself and my horse."

Brigham Young has begun to be made a grandfather-in-law, and geometrical progression is inadequate to estimate the infinite possibilities of the future.

Mr. Edmund Yates is picking up characters for a French novel in the south of France. The work will probably be imitative of the style of Pau.

An extradition treaty has just been entered into between Great Britain and the Austrian Empire, which is made applicable to all the British Colonies.

Mr. Gladstone tells his private acquaintances that he regrets having given so many years to politics. 'How little do politics affect the life, the moral life of a nation! One single good book influences the people a vast deal more.'

An enterprising firm in London lately paid 200 rupees for the privilege of collecting the hair shorn from the heads of the pilgrims at Magh Mela, at Allahabad, and the whole capillary harvest has been shipped off to England, to be made into chignons.

Disraeli is said to have formed a warm friendship for the Duchess of Edinburgh, and to have declared that she is the most gifted and cultivated of any lady he ever met. The Duchess speaks all Centinental languages, with but little Tartar accent.

A singular accident occurred at Whitehall, N. Y., during the prevalence of a high wind on Sunday. A little boy was blown from the front steps of his father's residence, on to the picket fence of the front yard, and hung there suspended by the chin on a sharp picket, until his cries brought assistance.

The unpopularity of Prince Napoleon among the Bonapartists of Corsica, owing to the antagonistic attitude which he has assumed toward the Prince Imperial, continues to prevent the Council General assembling in sufficient number to form a quorum. Prince Napoleon is President, and the members, who regard him as a traitor to the Imperialist cause, refuse to take their seats.

According to the statement of the Registrar General of England, the population of London is now 3,254,260. The number within the limits of the ancient incorporated city of which the Lord Mayor is the chief magistrate, is 74,897. The total number of municipalities in London returning members to Parliament is ten, and they return an aggregate of twenty-two members. A small number for the large population.

An upright Sovereign.—"King Koffee signs the treaty, but is under an impression that the indemnity stipulated for was 5,000, not 50,000 ounces of gold."

 Though a long face King Koffee pull,
  He dubs up as he ought;
 His treaty he performs in full,
  Who from it leaves out nought!

The actual number of officers and men who died in battle or succumbed to sickness on the Gold Coast was 100, but the number of Invalids or wounded was 1,000.

GLOVER AND GLOVER.—There are two Glovers of whom posterity will read the names in biographical dictionaries. Both of them bear a relation to Leonidas. The first, Glover the poet, celebrated the valour of that hero. The second, Captain Glover, of Ashantee renown, emulated it. Happily, however, there is this difference between Captain Glover and Leonidas, that whereas the latter fell at Thermoyplæ, the former lives to receive the thanks of Parliament, and to dine with the Lord Mayor.—*Punch.*

In a late number of the London *Figaro* there are some observations on spring that will be read with appreciative sympathy:—

"How beautiful is the Spring!—
 At least there are many who say so;
But preserving one's headgear's a troublesome thing
 When the east wind is blowing away so.
 If your never without a great coat,
  And fasten your hat with a string,
 And wrap a warm scarf round your throat,
  How beautiful is the spring!"

A notable instance of negro enterprise is given by a Tennessee paper. Three years ago three colored men—Manuel Persons, Moses Persons, and Addison Lewis—bought a farm about six miles below Somerville, containing nearly 200 acres, for which they agreed to pay $3,800 in annual instalments—one third of the sum at each payment. At this date the last cent has been paid, and they now hold a good title to the farm. Theystarted with no capital but five mules. They had to buy everything else, and in addition supporting their families. They performed all the work themselves.

Gas as a Cure for Dumbness.—A curious story is told by the Springfield (Mass) *Republican* of the way B. A. Leonard, a dumb man, residing in Southbridge, that State, recently recovered his voice. He lost it about a year ago, while recovering from an attack of cerebro spinal meningitis; but, a few mornings ago, he was awakened about four o'clock by a sense of oppression and faintness. He became conscious enough to understand that gas was escaping from a coal stove, and that he would soon die unless he could get to fresh air; so, after many falls and tumbles, he gained the outside door, when he fainted, but was soon aroused by the lapping and tugging of a faithful Newfoundland dog. Then the thought came to him that his wife and child were in the house, and, though he had not spoken for months, he called loudly for help. His cries, united with the howls the dog set up, soon roused a neighbor, to whom he told his troubles, and again fainted, and was insensible for two hours. On recovering he was unable to talk, but the doctor, on hearing the case, caught an idea, and ordered him to visit the gas house and breathe air in the purifying-room. After spending an hour and a half there he could talk in a whisper, and has since steadily regained the perfect use of his voice.

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IMPORTANT CAUTION.—The public are earnestly warned against a piracy of the above work emanating from a so-called "Peabody Institute." Boston, which unblushingly appropriates the titles of two works, published by Dr. La'Mert for thirty years.

March 30th, 1874. 1y.

FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE.—See Deuteronomy, Cap. xii., verse 23.

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