The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON, Jr.,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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The Chatham Record.

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OTHER MEN.

The golden precepts of our God,
The thorny path our Christ has trod,
Seem meant for other men.

The pulpit, in its eloquence,
Feels every word that drops from thence
Is meant for other men.

The sins it sees, the crimes unseen,
The on east soul, the wretched, mean,
Are all of other men.

And so from pulpit down it goes—
The list of sins our paper shows
Are deeds of other men.

And all good Christians, as they read,
Rejoicingly in their chosen creed,
And sigh for other men—

"God save these souls; but as to ours,
We do not fear the threatening powers
Which conquer other men."

And yet, oh, reader, search your heart,
And see how little 'tis apart,
From those of other men;

How much of strength is due to chance
The happening of a circumstance
To you and other men.

In prosperous days you fear no fall,
But fickle fortune changes all
For you and other men.

Oh, how much better would it be,
If you could only—only see
Yourself as others men

See all your meanness, and how small
At best you are, and, after all,
How like those other men.

—*Free Press.*

AFTER AWHILE.

After awhile
All masks shall fall away,
False images, mere forms, and phrases screening
Our other and our inmost self from sight.
All social alike and broad both intervening
Half man der with our bodies in the clay:
And, clothed in tissues of translucent light,
We shall look back on these with pitying smile,
After awhile.

LOVE IN A BALLOON.

Some time ago I was staying with Sir George Flasher, with a great number of people there—all kinds of amusements going on. Driving, riding, fishing, shooting, everything, in fact. Sir George's daughter, Fanny, was often my companion in these expeditions, and I was considerably struck with her, for she was a girl to whom the epithet "stunning" applies better than any other that I am acquainted with. She could ride like Nimrod, she could drive like Jehu, she could row like a baron, she could dance like Terpsichore, she could run like Diana, she walked like Juno, and she looked like Venus. I've even seen her smoke.

Oh, she was a stunner! you should have heard that girl whistle, and laugh—you should have heard her laugh. She was a delightful companion. We rode together, drove together, fished together, walked together, danced together, sang together; I called her Fanny, and she called me Tom. All this could have but one termination, you know. I fell in love with her and determined to take the first opportunity of proposing. So one day when we were out together, fishing on the lake, I went down on my knees amongst the gudgeons, seized her hand, pressed it to my waistcoat, and in burning accents entreated her to become my wife.

"Don't be a fool," she said. "Now drop it, do, and put me a fresh worm on."

"Oh, Fanny!" I exclaimed; "don't talk about worms when marriage is in question. Only say—"

"I tell you what it is, now," she replied, angrily, "if you don't drop it I'll pitch you out of the boat."

Gentlemen, I did not drop it, and I give you my word of honor, with a sudden shove she sent me flying into the water; then seizing the sculls, with a stroke or two she put several yards between us, and burst into a fit of laughter that fortunately prevented her from going any further. I swam up and climbed into the boat. "Jenkins," said I to myself, "revenge! revenge!" I disguised my feelings. I laughed—hideous mockery of mirth—I laughed, pulled to the bank, went to the house and changed my clothes. When I appeared at the dinner-table, I perceived that every one had been informed of my ducking. Universal laughter greeted me. During dinner Fanny repeatedly whispered to her neighbor and glanced at me. Smothered laughter invariably followed. "Jenkins!" said I, "revenge!" The opportunity soon offered. There was to be a balloon ascent from the lawn, and Fanny had tormented her father into letting her ascend with the aeronaut. I instantly took my plans; bribed the aeronaut to plead illness at the moment when the machine should have risen; learned from him the management of the balloon, though I understood that pretty well before, and calmly awaited the result. The day came. The weather was fine. The balloon was inflated. Fanny was in the car. Everything was ready, when the aeronaut suddenly fainted. He was carried into the the house, and Sir George accompanied him. Fanny was in despair.

"Am I to lose my air exped tion?" she exclaimed, looking over the side of the car; "some one understands the management of this thing, surely?" Nobody! Tom!" she called out to me, "you understand it, don't you?"

"Perfectly," I answered.

"Come along, then," she cried; "be quick, before pape comes back."

The company in general endeavored to dissuade her from her project, but of course in vain. After a decent show of hesitation, I climbed into the car. The balloon was cast off, and rapidly sailed heavenward. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and we rose almost straight up. We rose above the house, and she laughed and said, "How jolly!"

We were higher than the highest trees, and she smiled, and said it was very kind of me to come with her. We were so high that the people below looked mere specks, and she hoped that I thoroughly understood the management of the balloon. Now was my time.

"I understand the going up part," I answered; "to come down is not so easy," and I whistled.

"What do you mean?" she cried.

"Why, when you want to go up faster, you throw some sand overboard," I replied, suiting the action to the word.

"Don't be foolish, Tom," she said, trying to appear quite calm and indifferent, but trembling uncommonly.

"Foolish!" I said; "oh dear, no, but whether I go along the ground or up in the air I like to go the pace, and so do you Fanny, I know. Go it, you cripples!" and over went another sand bag.

"Why, you're mad, surely," she whispered, in utter terror, and tried to reach the bags, but I kept her back

"Only with love, my dear," I answered, smiling pleasantly; "only with love for you. Oh, Fanny, I adore you! Say you will be my wife."

"I gave you an answer the other day," she replied; "one which I should think you would have remembered," she added, laughing a little, notwithstanding her terror.

"I remember it perfectly," I answered, but I intend to have a different reply to that. You see those five sand-bags? I shall ask you five times to become my wife. Every time you refuse I shall throw over a sand bag—so, lady fair, as the cabman would say, reconsider your decision and consent to become Mrs Jenkins."

"I won't," she said; "I never will; and let me tell you that you are acting in a very ungentlemanly way to press me thus."

"You acted in a very ladylike way the other day, did you not," I rejoined, "when you knocked me out of the boat?" She laughed again, for she was a plucky girl, and no mistake—a very plucky girl. "However," I went on, "it's no good arguing about it—will you promise to give me your hand?"

"Never!" she answered; "I'll go to Ursa Major first, though I've got a big enough bear here, in all conscience. Stay! you'd prefer Aquarius, wouldn't you?"

She looked so pretty that I was almost inclined to let her off—I was only trying to frighten her, of course—I knew how high we could go safely, well enough, and how valuable the life of Jenkins was to his country, but resolution is one of the strong points of my character, and when I've begun a thing I like to carry it through; so I threw over another sand bag, and whistled the Dead March in Saul.

"Come, Mr. Jenkins," she said suddenly, "come, Tom, let us descend now, and I'll promise to say nothing whatever about all this."

I continued the execution of the Dead March.

"But if you do not begin the descent at once I'll tell papa the moment I set foot on the ground."

I laughed, seized another bag, and looking steadily at her, said: "will you promise to give me your hand?"

"I've answered you already," was the reply.

Over went the sand, and the solemn notes of the Dead March resounded through the car.

"I thought you were a gentleman," said Fanny, rising up in a terrible rage from the bottom of the car, where she had been sitting, and looking perfectly beautiful in her wrath. "I thought you were a gentleman, but I find I was mistaken. Why, a chimney-sweeper would not treat a lady in such a way. Do you know that you are risking your own life as well as mine by your madness?"

I explained that I adored her so much that to die in her company would be perfect bliss, so that I begged she would not consider my feelings at all. She dashed her beautiful hair from her face, and standing perfectly erect, looking like the Goddess of anger or Boadicea—if you can imagine that personage in a balloon she said, "I command you to begin the descent this instant!"

The Dead March, whistled in a manner essentially gay and lively, was the only response. After a few minutes' silence I took up another bag, and said:

"We are getting rather high; if you do not decide soon we shall have Mercury coming to tell us that we are trespassing—will you promise me your hand?"

She sat in sulky silence in the bottom of the car. I threw over the sand. Then she tried another plan. Throwing herself upon her knees, and bursting into tears, she said:

"Oh, forgive me for what I did the other day. It was very wrong, and I am very sorry. Take me home, and I will be a sister to you."

"Not a wife?" said I.

"I can't! I can't!" she answered.

Over went the fourth bag, and I began to think she would beat me after all, for I did not like the idea of going much higher. I would not give in just yet, however. I whistled for a few moments, to give her time for reflection, and then said: "Fanny, they say that marriages are made in heaven—if you do not take care, ours will be solemnized there."

I took up the fifth bag. "Come," I said, "my wife in life, or my companion in death. Which is it to be?" and I patted the sand-bag in a cheerful manner. She held her face in her hands, but did not answer. I nursed the bag in my arms, as if it had been a baby.

"Come, Fanny, give me your promise." I could hear her sobs. I'm the softest-hearted creature breathing, and would not pain any living thing, and I confess she had beaten me. I forgave her the ducking; I forgave her for rejecting me. I was on the point of flinging the bag back into the car, and saying, "Dearest Fanny, forgive me for frightening you. Marry whomsoever you wish. Give your lovely hand to the lowest groom in your stables—endow with your priceless beauty the relief of the Panki-wanki Indians. Whatever happens, Jenkins is your slave—your dog—your footstool. His duty, henceforth, is to go whithersoever you shall order, to do whatever you shall command." I was just on the point of saying this, I repeat, when Fanny suddenly looked up and said, with a queerish expression upon her face:

"You need not throw that last bag over. I promise to give you my hand."

"With all your heart?" I asked, quickly.

"With all my heart," said she, with the same strange look.

I tossed the bag into the bottom of the car, and opened the valve. The balloon descended. Gentlemen, will you believe it?—when we had reached the ground and the balloon had been given over to its recovered master, when I had helped Fanny tenderly to the earth, and turned towards to receive anew the promise of her affection and her hand—will you believe it?—she gave me a box on the ear that upset me against the car, and running to her father, who at that moment came up, she related to him and the assembled company what she called my disgraceful conduct in the balloon, and ended by informing me that all of her hand that I was likely to get had been already bestowed upon my ear, which she assured me had been given with all her heart.

"You villain!" said Sir George, advancing toward me with a horse-whip in his hand. "You villain! I've a good mind to break this over your back."

"Sir George," said I, "villain and Jenkins must never be coupled in the same sentence; and as for the breaking of this whip, I'll relieve you of the trouble," and snatching it from his hand, I broke it in two, and threw the pieces on the ground. "And now I shall have the honor of wishing you a good morning. Miss Flasher, I forgive you;" and I retired. Now I ask you whether any specimen of female treachery equal to that has ever come within your experience, and whether any excuse can be made for such conduct?

MINTING GOLD.

Now that resumption is an established fact, it will not be amiss to give our readers an insight into the manner in which gold and silver coins are made, or "minted." With this end in view, a reporter called on Saturday at the office of the United States assayer, where everything was bustling with business and excitement.

"The *Witness* would like to present its readers at this time with a clear idea of the work of your office, and the process of minting coins, if you will be so good as to furnish it," said the reporter to one of the superintendents.

"With pleasure," he replied, "and I feel safe in saying that the mint in Philadelphia is second to none in the world in the perfection of its machinery; and only very recently have new machines been added to the large number already on hand."

Inviting the reporter into his private office, he continued: "In converting the various metals used by our country into coins, the processes are so similar that possibly a description of minting gold may be sufficient.

"Have you been unusually busy in your department lately?"

"We have been more than busy for four months past, it being expected that a grand rush would be made for gold coins on the first of the year; but it seems that the elaborate preparations have been unnecessary."

"Will they continue minting coins at the same rates as in the past?"

"Yes, for some time to come. There are large quantities of ingots at all the mints."

"Will you explain the forming of ingots?"

"The gold after being mined is sent to the assay offices, the greater part of it to this office, and is alloyed to the proper standard for coin. Each mint has its own assaying department, both for the reduction of such gold as it receives to 'standard gold' as well as for testing the standard of the stamped ingot from this and other offices. The standard in this country is nine-tenths the pure gold and one-tenth alloy and whenever the assay of ingots or other gold is unsatisfactory it is adjusted to the standard and remelted. Ingots are cast of different thickness and weights, according to the coin to be cut from them. Upon reaching the mint, they are first taken to the rolling room where they are subjected to a red heat, and then 'broken down' between large rollers of chilled cast iron driven by steam. This operation is repeated several times, till, by an adjustment of the rollers, they are reduced to a thickness of two-tenths of an inch and five inches in width. The plates are then annealed at red heat for half an hour, after which they are plunged into cold water, rendering them soft and pliable. After additional annealing they are gradually rolled, this time, however, in different sets, till the plates are of the requisite thickness, after which they are cut into strips, which go next to the drawing-machines, making them a foot of a requisite thickness from end to end.

"Are all the metals treated alike in the annealing process?"

"Yes; but in drawing the gold through these machines it must be lubricated with wax, while silver is passed through with the aid of common grease. After the strips have been drawn out they are thoroughly cleaned with hot water. The strips are then cut into four pieces, and in the event of their being short after a minute test in a very delicate scale they are returned to the melting pot. The perfect pieces are then removed to the cutting out room, where, by delicate machinery, they are cut into round blanks, just a trifle larger than the intended coin. This machine is a marvel of expediency, cutting blanks for two hundred and twenty double eagles, or two hundred and fifty smaller blanks each minute. The blanks are then sent to the adjusting room, where every blank is perfectly examined to insure its perfectness; if too thin they are remelted, and if too thick are filed down to the proper standard."

"Is this care exercised with all the coins minted?"

"Oh, no; only with gold, where a deviation of not more than three pennyweights is permissible in a thousand double-eagles. They are then put into a milling machine, which forms the slight rim on the edge of the coin purposely made protect the device and letters from wear. This rim is raised one thirty-second part of an inch, and one hundred and fifty double eagles are thus rimmed in a minute. They are then subjected to a thorough cleaning, and poured into a vat containing sulphuric acid diluted with nine parts of water; they are then taken out and dried in a revolving drum containing hot boxwood sawdust, from which they drop into a sieve which rids them of the sawdust; they are again revolved in another drum for an hour to polish each other by attrition; they then become ready for stamping."

"Can you explain the manner in which the dies are made?"

"Briefly, they are made something after this fashion: The head or device is first made on a large scale, five or six times the size of the coin, in wax, from which a brass cast is taken; this cast is the guide from which a reduced copy is cut into steel by an ingenious transferring lathe, which reduces the figure to its proper size. The machines used for stamping are of very ingenious construction, and may be said to be almost a perfect automaton, which, when the blanks are fed to it through a tube, takes each blank in succession with a hand and lays it on the face of the lower die. Both faces of the coin are struck with one blow, whereupon the automaton hand displaces it and puts another blank in its place. The pressure for a double-eagle is equal to 75 tons, and 80 can be coined in a minute. Eight of the presses, driven by steam, are situated in one room in the Philadelphia mint, and work generally simultaneously, thereby minting 20,000 coins an hour, with only a boy or girl to attend each machine; and that is about all there is in coining money."

"What are the weights of different coins made?"

"The double eagle weighs 516 grains and lesser gold coins in proportion. The capacity of the mints is shown in the fact that during the month of December the coinage was as follows: Double eagles, 153,632 pieces; eagles, 14,364; half eagles, 70,570; quarter-eagles, 42,000; dollars, 3,000 pieces—a grand total of 283,566 pieces, valued at $3,664,935. The total coinage of silver during the month was 3,275,246 pieces, amounting to $5,748,300.50 or a grand coinage of 3,558,812 pieces, amounting to $9,430,230.50. Yes, sir, I assure you we have been very busy—and the reporter left him as he disappeared through a back door in great haste.—*New York Witness.*

WHAT ONE MAY LEARN IN AMERICA.

Young men living in the United States and brought up in what we may call the American school, learn more and faster of things it is useful and necessary to know than the young of any other country in the world. This information they gain, not in schools and from books only, but outside of both.

One strong peculiarity certainly predominates in us as a people. It is progressiveness. We do not stand still. Not motion only, but advancement, onward action, is the law of our life. It was surely not an American who gave as an excuse for not stretching out his hand to save a man from drowning that he "had not been introduced to him."

Undoubtedly the newspaper, and quite as efficiently, the periodical magazine, the popular lectures on literary or scientific topics and political, polemical, historical, æsthetic, social and even theological discussions, increase our knowledge and store the memory without effort with valuable information, which books yield only slowly and laboriously.

Without these advantages, without the means and resources of inspiring, retaining and using knowledge thus popularly communicated, every man's education, however well he may be versed in the learned lore of books, though like Dr. Pearson, he may have devoured the whole Bodleian library, will still be far below the plane of real life and solid usefulness.

In 185—two American young men found themselves in Paris. One was a lieutenant in the United States army, spending a furlough in the French capital; his friend, in civil life, an intelligent denizen of the same great metropolis. They had taken their *dejeuner* in a cafe and were tranquilly enjoying their cigars. There sat not far from them, alone at his table, a young gentleman of very pleasing exterior, who, having finished his meal, seemed interested in the somewhat free conversation of his American neighbors. They spoke naturally in English. At length, rising from his chair and advancing with a polite salutation, he inquired if he had not the honor of addressing two American gentlemen. Replying in English affirmatively, they invited him to a seat with them. He said: "I perceived, gentlemen, from your conversation that you were Americans, and as I have not seen any of your nation before, I confess to a strong desire to learn something of your wonderful country. There are two things about you already that strike me with surprise," he continued, and then paused, as if afraid to proceed. Encouraged by their polite and affable manners and being desired to proceed with his remarks, he said: "One thing that surprises me is your color, and another is that you speak English so well."

"Indeed," was the reply; "perhaps you will be so good as to tell us what color you supposed us to have as Americans?"

"Black, of course!" was the reply. "I did not know that Americans were white. But your speaking English so well surprised me quite as much or more."

"What language did you suppose we spoke?" politely demanded the Americans.

"Why *American*, of course. Is not that your native tongue?" was his rejoinder.

"It is now our turn to express surprise," said the officer. "You seem to speak English very well. How long since you left England?"

He replied, with a smile, "Me? I have never been in England in my life."

"Indeed," they exclaimed at once; "where, then, have you learned to speak the English language so well?"

"In my native land," he said, with an intelligent twinkle in his eye, and then added after a pause: "I am a native of the English Island of Mauritius, in whose schools and colleges I have acquired what knowledge I have of the English tongue."

After mutual explanations the Americans learned that the young English islander from the eastern coast of Africa had but recently arrived in France by the voyage direct to Marseilles, and was then on his tour on the continent, intending to take the British Isles en route homeward. His further conversation with them showed him to be a young gentleman of intelligence, cultivation and such education as mere book instruction could impart; but as no book took the pains to inform him that the people of the United States were whites or that they actually spoke the English language, of course he was not informed on these obvious points of familiar knowledge.

In view of the evident intelligence of their interlocutor and of his commendable desire for knowledge, our Americans advised him, with characteristic candor, to change his programme of travel, and taking a steamer from Havre to proceed at once to the United States and commence there his survey of the great world he was about to explore, assuring him that he would glean more knowledge of men and things in six months' travel and observation in America than in as many years' experience of any other country under the sun.

The incident above related would probably have passed from the memory of our countrymen, but it happened that a few days after our army officer found himself in London, a guest at the annual dinner of the "Authors' and Artists' Union." In the brilliant company were many distinguished personages. Among them was Lord Elesmere, then the recently-returned Governor-General of Canada, who had traveled extensively in this country. He was toasted and made a speech, in the course of which our American officer was a little surprised and gratified to hear him avow the conviction and give the advice he had himself offered to his unprovided friend and fellow traveler, the young British colonial at Paris. His Lordship said, in view of his recent observation and experience as a traveler, "Let me advise our countrymen—nay, our country women, too—about to travel for improvement and information, to go to America. Begin there. In the United States you will learn faster and gain more in the acquisition of useful knowledge and in the true uses and objects of foreign travel in six months than in years of idle sight-seeing and guide-book education in Europe."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A SUPERB WORK OF ART.

The Peacock Hall of Delhi, peculiarly set apart for the reception of nobility, is a quadrangle of moderate dimensions. The building is a very beautiful pavilion of white marble supported on massive pillars of the same material—the whole of which, with the connecting arches, is richly ornamented with flowers of inlaid mosaic-work of different colored stones and gilding. It is raised on a terrace four feet high, the floor of which is composed of flags of white marble. Between each of the front rows of pillars is a balustrade of marble, chastely carved in several designs of perforated work. The top of the building is ornamented with four marble pavilions with gilt cupolas. The ceiling of the pavilion was originally completely covered with filagree work, but in 1739 the Mahrattas, after a capture of the city, took the silver down and melted it—the value of the same being estimated at nearly $1,000,000. In the cornice at each end of the interior hall is sculptured in letters of gold, in the Persian language, "If there is a paradise on earth, it is this." In this hall was the famous peacock throne—so called from its having the figures of two peacocks standing behind it, their tails being expanded, and the whole set in, said with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and other precious stones of appropriate colors, as to represent life. The throne is 4 was six feet long by four feet broad. It rested on six massive feet, which, with the body, were solid gold, inlaid with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. It was surmounted by a canopy of gold supported by twelve pillars, and richly enchased with costly gems; and a fringe of pearls ornamented the borders of the canopy. Between the two peacocks stood the figure of a parrot of the ordinary size, said to have been carved out of a single emerald. On either side of the throne stood a chauri, or umbrella—one of the Oriental emblems of royalty. They were made of crimson velvet, richly embroidered and fringed with pearls. The handles were eight feet long, of solid gold, and studded with diamonds. The cost of this superb work of art has been variously stated at sums varying from £1,000,000 to £5,000,000. It was planned and executed under the supervision of Austin de Bordeaux.

MOORISH JUSTICE.

A certain Moor of Tunis lost his purse one day, containing sundry gold pieces, or sequins. Desirous of recovering it, he proclaimed his mishap by means of the good offices of the town crier. The person who had found it was a man conspicuous for his probity, and the moment he discovered to whom it belonged, he hastened to return it to the owner. The latter, finding he had to do with a rich man, thought it a good opportunity for a little illicit gain at the expense of him who had so conscientiously restored it. He therefore maintained that there were eighty sequins missing out of the purse, and vehemently insisted on their restitution. The quarrel became uproarious, and was of course referred to the decision of the Bey. One man declared that the purse originally contained one hundred sequins; while his adversary affirmed, with many oaths, that he had given it back just as he found it. As both assertions bore the same aspect of probability, the Bey was for a moment embarrassed as to his decision. He asked, however, to see the purse, and, having examined it attentively, withdrew from it the money it contained, ordering at the same time one hundred sequins to be brought to him. These he tried to put into the purse, which, however, would only contain about fifty. Then, emptying it, he desired the prosecutor to try his hand at it, and to fill it with the hundred sequins which he had sworn it originally inclosed. Of course he was unable to do so; and the Bey, handing the purse and the sequins to the defendant, said: "You had better take possession of it, as it does not answer the description of the one lost," at the same time directing the accuser to receive two hundred blows from the bastinado.

—Colonel William Ross, formerly a famous stage driver and expressman of Providence, R. I., who had the first express route on the Boston and Providence Railroad, and also the first on the Providence and Worcester Railroad, died recently. When Jenny Lind visited Providence in 1851, Colonel Ross purchased the choice of seats at $653.

Varieties.

—English steel pens are almost exclusively made by women.

—The electric light, it is announced, has proved a failure in the great London fish market at Billing-gate.

—Mr. John B. Gough was recently prevented from fulfilling a lecture engagement in Liverpool by an attack of bronchitis.

—Mrs. Charles Brook, who died recently in Leicestershire, gave to the Church of England during her life not less than $700,000.

—There is a rumor that Secretary Schurz is engaged to marry one of the daughters of a highly-placed officer of the Government.

—It is expected that there will be more queensware shipped from Trenton, N. J., this year than ever before in a twelve-month.

—The new census of Augusta, Ga., just taken, places the population of the city at 20,874. This is an increase of over 1,700 in the last two years.

—The National Guard of New Jersey numbers 234 commissioned officers, and 2,946 non-commissioned officers and privates, making a total of 3,180.

—Don Marco A. Soto, President of the Honduras Republic, is very patriotic. Upon his election he found the country bankrupt, and used a great deal of his own large fortune in improving its condition. He moreover refuses to receive any salary for his services.

—The Viceroy of India advises the annexation of the whole of Afghanistan, and the advice causes much indignation among the Liberals at home, who stigmatize such a measure as a violation of the professions of that wily, everlastingly smart, unprincipled mountebank, trickster Jew, Beaconsfield.

—On and after May 1st, telegrams within the limits of the octroi of Paris will be charged independently of the number of words contained in them, and will be conveyed by pneumatic tubes. Special forms will be provided, and open despatches will be sent at a uniform charge of 50 centimes, and closed despatches at a charge of 75 centimes.

—Three fourths of all the tobacco consumed in Great Britain is purchased by poor people in half ounces, and as Sir Stafford Northcote's tax falls heavily, especially on the poor, the falling off in consumption in nine months was about a million and a half of pounds, while the income is only $400,000 more than if, to the poor who buy in half ounces, the tax had not been doubled.

—A tramp called at the house of a Salem (Mass.) clergyman some days ago, and asked for money, at the same time presenting a paper representing that the bearer was "a poor widow woman with four small children, and no other resource but charity," etc. The pastor inquired of the fellow if he was a widow. The reply was: "Is it what it says? He writ it wrong again," and walked off.

—The Austrian Parliament House is to be provided with a new machine for voting, invented by the well-known engineer, Mayrhafer. A member, by pressing a handle, "yes" or "no," on his desk, liberates a ball which falls into an urn behind the President, and at the same time reveals the number of the voter on a board on the wall. Fraud in voting is impossible, and the time occupied is two minutes.

—Sienna, Italy, whereon earthquake has overthrown two churches, is the town that gives its name to one of the most useful of the mineral pigments—raw sienna, a brownish yellow clay, which is the base of a reddish color, known as burnt sienna. The province of Sienna also contains quarries of the yellow, variegated marble known by that name.

—The Duke of Cumberland settled on the Princess Thyra at their marriage a sum of about $10,000 a year, so long as the marriage lasts; if she survives him she will have about $30,000 a year, with an establishment, a silver service for fifty persons, and carriages, six horses, &c. She keeps her own property and jewels, and is to have all he may acquire, but the Royal Hanoverian jewels return to the house of Hanover at his death.

—Roumania has seized upon Arab-Tabia as a part of her fresh acquisition, the Dobrudscha, despite the protest of Russia: Todleben has ordered four regiments to seize the place, and unless Europe interposes, there is some risk of collision between the forces of the Czar and those of Prince—King—Nicholas. Already there has been a skirmish between the Muscovite troops and the Roumanian police.

—It is reported that Shere Ali has never quitted Afghanistan, that he is daily in receipt of all important news from Yakoob Khan, and that he is massing forces near Herat. The English are said to be apprehensive of advancing hostily, as the surrounding semi-savage tribes, though quite ready to take their liberally-distributed money in the friendliest way, are nevertheless always ready to pilfer, cut off stragglers, pounce upon convoys, and act as guerillas on every opportunity.

—All Europe is still in terror of the Russian plague, and adopting measures for preventing its extension, while Russia is busy trying to suppress it within her borders. It is said to have disappeared from the province of Astrachan, where the first outbreak occurred, but it has broken out elsewhere in the more westerly parts of that country, and is said to have made its appearance in Turkey, but this is denied. Russia complains of Roumania for having quarantined her without giving notice of her intended measure, and the feeling between the two countries is far more hostile than should exist between people lately so closely allied.