

neys? But yet it is, as usual, not the sneer but the little truth in it that stings.

We wonder that we have no friends; but have we sought to make friends? Is not a braggart very likely to be a bully? Assuming that we were the greatest and the best of people, we have carried the assertion of our superiority into the most ludicrous detail. One of the Easy Chair's family met another American on the steamer upon the Lake of Lucerne in Switzerland. Framed in lofty mountains with green garden lawns at their feet, girt with the historic shores of William Tell and Swiss liberty, there can be no more beautiful and interesting water in the world. "This is fine, Sir," remarked Easy Chair. "Yes, I suppose so; but did you ever see Lake George?" said the other. "Yes," answered the first. "Lake George is good; but Lake George is very far away. Hadn't we better enjoy this to-day?"

"Well, you're a pretty American," retorted the other. "They make such a darned fuss about their Swiss lakes, and we all come gawking over to look at 'em. Why don't they come to Lake George, I should like to know? I don't see why foreign folks don't come and see Lake George."

These are ludicrous details of which every traveler's memory is full. But we have suffered in graver ways among the nations. Our treatment of Peru in the guano question was sure to alienate, as it did, the sympathy of all the smaller powers. The Ostend conference was certainly the most unparalleled political outrage since the partition of Poland. That its objects were not accomplished, does not change the character of the intention nor affect the judgment of other nations and of all honorable men. No power could wisely dare to be really friendly with a nation which openly proclaimed itself a buccaneer.

But these are things of the Past. The discovery that other nations neither know much of us nor care for us will teach us a profounder self-respect, which will bring them to our sides. Ceasing to be a boy and a braggart, or a bully, conscious of our power, and tried by adversity, we shall find that as we cease to be solicitous other powers will cease to be scornful, and the war will give us a victory for which we had not looked.

Our Foreign Bureau.

A WAY to the north and east of Berlin, in the Prussian kingdom, seated on the flats that border the Baltic, is the old Crown town of Königsberg. It has been in its day a great amber market; it has been the seat of royalty and a palace. The great Teutonic Order (that tried culprits secretly, and secretly thrust them into hollow columns of masonry, where their bones were found ages after) had its head-quarters in Königsberg. It is the Scène and the Moscow of Prussia. There, in the last month of the last year of the eighteenth century, Elector Friederich of Brandenburg was crowned; eighteen hundred carriages, such as they were, and thirty thousand post-horses, contributed to swell the coronal procession that passed four hundred and fifty miles through tangled forests to the august ceremony. And there, in the palace, in the midst of the splendid magnificence of bishops and chancellors, the famous Sophie Charlotte tapped her famous *tabatière*, and with a quiet pinch of snuff gave the great satiric hit of the century to the vanities of courts and coronations. A pinch of snuff that, Carlyle says, with a marvelously fine touch, "is fra-

grant all along in Prussian history." And then this sentence, which is exquisite: "Sophie Charlotte was always considered something of a Republican Queen."

But the coronations and the velvets and processions are not ended. Sophie Charlotte's fragrant rapée, and Carlyle's strong Scotch snuff that titillates to tears, have not killed them off. Königsberg, with all its traditions, still stands. The slow Pregel flows through the town; the pretty *Schloss-Teich* shines in the middle; and the ships, as in the old time, unload at Pillau. The old cathedral shows tombs of the old Brandenburg Electors, and the larger tomb of Kant. The house in which the metaphysician lived is now a coffee-house of the Prinzessin-Strasse.

We open our month's journeying at Königsberg because, just now, all the world has gone thither to see the coronation of William the First, King of Prussia. Russia is represented by a brother of the Emperor; Austria by the Imperial brother Louis; Earl Clarendon gives greeting in the name of the British Queen; and Marshal MacMahon stands for France. We do not mean to describe processions or to enumerate the jewels; it is enough to say that there was magnificent courtly jumble of silks, crowns, swords, and Latin benedictions; Mr. Judd, of Illinois, undoubtedly being present, but with what understanding of the priestly magniloquence, or what silent comparisons with Hoosier eloquence, or what rivalry of the courtly dresses in Hoosier costume, we are not informed. Königsberg must be tame to a man fresh from Chicago; and if he carried no snuff-box, like the sensible Sophie Charlotte, the American may have emphasized his estimate of the mouldy, traditional ceremonials by biting a quid from his Cavendish.

And yet, as we said, the kingly ceremonials thrive and luxuriate—like ivy fattening in the chinks of ruin—sucking out their great wealth of jewels and pomp from every little crevice where the tendril of a tax can fasten. Sophie Charlotte and Carlyle and Mr. Judd can not avail against kingship and its privileges and splendors. It is doubtful, indeed, if these things are not gaining every day (in Europe) in stability and esteem. Republicanism had never more modest champions. Mazzini is not so much general as corporal. The struggle of Hungary is not toward the novelty of democratic reforms so much as toward the memory of an ancient and splendid monarchy that was her own. Even the miserable traditions of a Bourbon king have rooted themselves so firmly among the mountains of Calabria that, in the very face of a liberal civilization from the north, they threaten the unity of Italy. The new Sultan lifts again the Ottoman banner, written over with august memories of a Mahmoud and a Solymán, and with the reek of them makes head against the Christianity of Montenegro. The Polish revolution will be nothing if not kingly; and the Mexican exiles in Europe are seeking for a great family that may centre loyalty, and serve as the depository of national birth and power.

Of course the American war has a large influence in confirming this tendency. By that, it is seen that paper Constitutions are no surer safeguards against the passions of men than the unwritten traditions which cluster around a throne, and which are translated into loyalty. There is nothing less philosophic in the fact that pride and affection should rally about a bauble of a crown than that pride and

affection should rally about a piece of striped bunting. In any civilized state these are the mere symbols of national force and law; but if the force be wanting and the law broken, the crown is a football, and the flag only a bit of bunting.

All this about the great coronation festivities of Königsberg, which are a great vanity; but so are Constitutions, if trodden down.

King William of Prussia is an old man, well past sixty, but he is bringing the vigor of youth to the discipline of an army that counts nearly half a million. Some seventy thousand of his forces have been camped together the summer past upon the banks of the Rhine; and there was an exercise of this corps, lasting through a week of battles, which counterfeited, better perhaps than such things were ever counterfeited before, all the movements of offensive and defensive warfare. Towns were attacked, rivers bridged, heights scaled, foraging parties detailed, field-works thrown up, magazines exploded, reinforcements hurried forward from points fifty miles away—nothing was wanting, in fact, but the blood and the hellish animosities of war to make the whole thing as real as American history. All the powers of Europe were represented in the crowd of spectators: old enemies of Solferino, French marshals and Austrian grand-dukes, rode together to the field, and British generals hobnobbed with field-officers of Russia. Among the foreign officers present it is noticeable that there were two Virginians, but no representatives of the "Stars and Stripes." We may remark further, as matter of interest in these battle-times, that the Prussian field-pieces are mostly breech-loading, and number eight to a full battery. The bolts are coated with lead, for due action upon the rifling, but *never* strip—as is the case, we believe, with the Armstrong ordnance. The infantry, too, employ for the most part breech-loading rifles, of the "needle" patent. At a pinch, five charges can be fired from these weapons in sixty seconds. The knapsacks of the Prussian service are balanced by attachment to the belt. Overcoats are worn, as in the Austrian service, in a *rouleau*, passing over the left shoulder and outside the knapsack.

These manoeuvres, near to Cologne and Düsseldorf, are understood to have cost the Government the sum of five hundred thousand Prussian thalers—cheaper than war, and prettier to look on.

WE had something to say last month of the French camp at Chalons, and of the new cavalry instructions. Although no field movements have been conducted upon so gigantic a scale as those of the Prussian forces upon the other side of the Rhine, yet British observers report the discipline as perfect, and the drill more effective, as being more in keeping with the new methods of warfare. Besides the camp at Chalons, the garrisons at both Lyons and Paris may be counted as armies, from either one of which a force of twenty thousand might be detailed at a day's notice for march to the borders of the empire.

In connection with this display of rival forces in countries adjoining the Rhine, much attention has latterly been given to a pamphlet, said to wear a look of imperial inspiration, and discussing very thoroughly the old question of the Rhine border. Its title is "The Rhine and the Vistula." It ignores any legitimate claim of France to the hither bank of the Rhine, and ridicules the idea of finding any security in river boundaries in these days of pontoon bridges and rifled artillery. Commanding ranges of

hills only make the proper line of defense and of demarkation. France would be weaker with the western bank of the river to protect than she is to-day; the only additional towns eastward to which she would ever urge claim, if any were to be urged, would be those of Landau and Saar-Louis.

The pamphleteer further argues for the rehabilitation of a strong government in the upper valley of the Vistula. Germany needs it as a defense against the great empire of the East, and an outraged nation demands it as a right. This is the pith of the pamphlet, whose leanings are of a Walewski kind.

No sooner was the pamphlet and the talk it kindled over than the *guidances* found more appetizing subject of discussion in the visit of King William of Prussia to Compeigne. It was not a ceremonious visit, as kings count ceremony. Only a dozen or so of attendants, a swift run down in a special convoy of the Eastern Road; the Emperor and two or three of his *suite* in waiting *en bourgeois*, a good hand-shaking, and a hearty German spoken welcome; a drive through the unpretending street of Compeigne, where crowds saluted and ladies waved handkerchiefs; a whirl into the great court of the palace between files of Imperial Zouaves; a new welcome in a burst of music from the band of the Imperial Guard, and the prettiest welcome of all in the smiles of the charming Eugénie, who is at the foot of the hall staircase (her son by her side), and whose dainty hand the gallant old gentleman touches with a royal kiss. Then a stately walk up the stairway between the giant cuirasses of the *Cent-Gards*, and such little *abandon* as courts know.

Of course their two majesties would say something of that uneasy French spirit which breaks out from time to time in a yearning for the Rhine; but what it may have been we can not tell. Of course, too, that Roman question, as possibly involving new struggles upon the Italian borders of Germany, would have its passing appreciation; but what King William said of this we can not tell. We only know that, like a good Protestant, he hates the Pope and loves Germany, and is jealous of Austria. Of course these two monarchs would have somewhat to say of England and her fleets; but coquettishly very likely; for is not King William father-in-law of a British Princess, and the Emperor firm ally of her mother; and do not both of them in their hearts detest British arrogance?

Possibly they may have talked toward the small hours "ayont the twal" of the United States, that are now agonizing with the throes of a dismal struggle; and the old King may have chuckled at thought of the annoying reclamations of Prussian soldiers who claimed a protecting nationality, over the sea, that now threatened to go by; and the Emperor, at thought of the silent looms of Lyons, may have looked gloomy. But the triumph, if the Prussian felt it, and the gloom, if the Emperor wore it, may very likely have found abatement as they remarked upon the exceptional and embarrassed attitude of England; her fanatics, whether abolitionists or humanitarians, making Exeter Hall echo more loudly than ever with invocations of a dreadful doom on all men who do not think precisely as they think; her merchants and manufacturers comparing devices to slip the blockade, or to find some Christian excuse to interfere where they have promised non-interference; her great conservative power bolding itself in proud reserve—not daring open sympathy either

with the North or with the South, lest one way it might smack of liberalism, or the other way might favor the possible triumph of revolution; last, her Government, half liberal, wholly British, coyly balancing itself between contending opinions, expressing maguiloquent regrets, and steering cautiously, as every British cabinet always has steered, and always will steer, in whatever channel, whether old or new, promises the largest accession to British wealth and British power.

Of course nobody knows what the Prussian King and the French Emperor talked of. We dare say it was a pleasant visit: the meats we know were good; the palace we know is beautiful; the guests we know were courteous; and with another royal kiss, dropped this time upon the brow of the imperial heir, the King went home, to Dusseldorf, to Berlin, to Königsberg, and to the processional mummeries with whose story we began.

At the first announcement of this royal visit the London *Times*, settling upon it with a warm leader, hatched out a terrific brood of prognostics; and from having been the best abuser of every thing Prussian—anent the Macdonald brawl of last summer—now showed most logically and unmistakably how Prussia was in fact very British, and should be the best friend of England; and how their good ally the Emperor was a very astute and wily man, who meant always “the Rhine for border,” and Prussia should beware of him. But Continentalists appreciate the *Times*—we are sorry to see America does not. It gives, to be sure, the best daily reading in the world; the most salient, the most crisp, the most digestible, the most various. It has arrowy logic; it has marrowy fullness; but it is dogmatic, bigoted, all-sided, except only—persistently British. It never shows courtesy to men or nations; it satirizes the Emperor at the very time when he is the guest of the Queen; it sneers at the Prince Royal of Prussia while the Prince is courting the Queen's daughter; it criticises English generalship as insolently as it does the Austrian or Italian. More than a score of times within the last ten years it has abused every government in Europe by turns more roundly than it has abused our own in the summer past. The French Emperor, who has come in for a larger share of its contempt and its praises than any other monarch, shows a good sense (larger than Mr. Seward's) in reading it every morning with his breakfast. In nine cases out of ten, on any international topic, it shows the unmistakable drift of the leading and governing opinions of England. Observe, we say the leading and governing opinions; not necessarily the most enlightened or liberal; not always the most Christian or advanced opinions, but the opinions which control national action. For this reason, aside from its cleverness, it carries weight and commands respect. For a man to get angry with a newspaper is a very foolish thing; but for a people to get angry with a newspaper is more foolish still.

In the Academy of Sciences, a day or two since, M. Faye announced, with some particularity, that he had received a notification from the conductor of the *American Astronomical Journal* that the issue of that paper would thenceforth be suspended on account of the war. The next day's journals, however, represented that the astronomical paper in question had been suppressed by the United States authorities. Whereupon there chanced very harsh

talk against a Republican Administration, which, not content with consigning the “suspects” to an American “Bastille” without form of trial, was now guilty of the unheard-of tyranny of suppressing journals devoted to pure science! Perhaps—the wags suggested—the great Mr. Seward will command the sun and moon to stand still!

So absurd a mistake could not float long without correction; a sober second thought would have done it, even if Mr. Motley had not thought the matter worthy of a diplomatic note of emendation.

This little *causerie* brings us pleasantly into the streets of Paris, where, as yet, the autumn leaves have hardly thrown down the first withered token of October. But death is in the air. Only the other day it was Madame de Solm, a brilliant woman of manifold accomplishments—young, rich, courted—who last year lighted up her hotel with theatric fêtes, in which she was actress and author, winning plaudits in both rôles, and winning admiration every where: now they make a grand funeral for her.

THEN, Rose Cheri, the pretty, arch, accomplished queen of the Gymnase, who entered into a good story of Scribe's with such heartiness and buoyancy that it seemed as if it were no story of Scribe's you looked on, but only a bit of Rose Cheri's own life. She deserves to have a better word spoken for her than could be spoken for most French actresses. There was no badness in her look; and, if rumor may be trusted, none in her life. She wore the face of a good, kind, clever woman, that will never beam on the full seats of the Gymnase again. She has played her last part now, and they say she played it well.

ALPHONSE DUMAS is the name of another dead one, who almost needs introduction. Not the great Alexandre; but a far away cousin, and a good type of those earnest, hopeful poets, who think themselves born for literary work, who never despair, who write poems that are rejected, who write poems that are published, who never succeed, who never know why, who write to the last, and who die in harness. How many such; not in Paris only!

M. TIERS brings his great epic of the Consulate and Empire toward a close. The nineteenth volume is before the public; swift in its march of events, highly colored, dramatic, French. The central figure of the hero appears in the grand part of the Elban exile. His quick eye following over sea the miserable errors that are breaking down the supports of the Restoration; and his proud heart yearning toward the fair land that he loves and prizes “*comme une maîtresse*.” And so, the eagles that were the companions in his glory, sailing from steeple to steeple, and from town to town, led back his steps, an easy conqueror, to the capital. Flatteries and submission wait upon him, while the weak king has fled; and he assumes again the new burden of power. But a grave sadness is in the story, which is the shadow of the coming fall. No French step approaches the battle-ground of Waterloo but it startles mournful recollections. The brilliant charges, the *élan*, the waves of flashing steel surge vainly round the imperturbable and unmoving ranks of the Saxon. It is a field of defeat. They may gild the dome of the *Invalides* that arches over the great tomb bright as they will, yet the thought of the

solitary grave, with its weird willow, at St. Helena, haunts the memory of a Frenchman.

THE little flurry occasioned by the increased price of bread has passed by; and it is probable that owing to the increase of the stock of grain, by enormous foreign purchases, which are now arriving freely, there will be no occasion for its renewal. Work is proceeding with more than the usual activity upon the newly-opened parks and thoroughfares, as well as upon the palaces of the Tuileries and Elysées Bourbon.

WHILE speaking of the city improvements in Paris, it is worthy of mention that the largest expenditures have gone to promote the health and comfort of the poorer classes. The narrow alleys and courts which carried pestilential miasma in them have given place to wide streets, abundance of air, and health-giving fountains. The opening of the Park Monceaux gave at once a magnificent garden to the enjoyment of the tens of thousands who live in the neighborhood of the Batignolle; and it is related with becoming pride, how fifty thousand persons, mostly of the humbler classes, tramped over it all day long upon the occasion of its opening, without doing damage to the amount of fifty francs to either flowers, walks, or shrubbery. The square about the old tower of Jacquerie, in the midst of the poor people of Les Halles, cost the municipality two millions of francs, and is enjoyed only by the poor. The wood of Vincennes gives a park only second to the Bois de Boulogne to the close quarters of St. Antoine; and in the neighborhood of the Conservatoire des Métiers has been opened a public square, which, of a pleasant afternoon, can hardly be entered by a late visitor for the throngs of women and children. Trees are planted with a view to the absorption of noxious gases, and minute scientific inquiries have been instituted by the Government with a view to ascertain what varieties will most contribute to the public health, and under what conditions their action will be most effective. With the exception of the private garden of the Tuileries and of the Elysées Bourbon, the public are not denied free admission to any considerable grounds in the city. There are no "locked up" squares as in London—enjoyable only by those possessing a key through purchase. Again, while the public improvements in London have been, and continue to be, mostly at the west end, thus profiting those already who had free air and healthful exercise at command, the municipal changes in Paris, although accomplished by arbitrary power, have contributed to the well-being of the most needy and helpless of the population.

WITH the same rare sagacity that has distinguished his expenditures hitherto, the Emperor Napoleon is now turning his attention to the improvement of the smaller country roads of France. It is argued, and very justly, that while the immense impetus which has been given to railway development in the Empire has quickened the trade of special localities and added largely to the public wealth, yet the benefit will not fully accrue to retired districts unless easy transportation is insured to the great lines of communication. It is a notable fact that even in England the price of land has retrograded in certain localities, from the fact that they are relatively at a greater distance from good markets than before the days of railway communication. The same is doubly true in France; and

the Emperor promises large appropriations for the purpose of remedying this condition. The best engineering talent is to be employed, and the hill countries of Lamousin, of Languedoc, and of Brittany, are at length to have the advantage of capital thoroughfares, kept in the best possible condition by the state.

It is hoped, furthermore, that this direction of the public funds will promote in the agricultural districts that love of rural pursuits which is found to be lamentably on the wane. To such an extent is this true, that in many departments it is exceedingly difficult to find capable laborers for the effective tillage of the soil, or for the securing of the harvests. The great works which have been in progress in the capital, and the construction of railways, by offer of higher wages, have drawn away very much of the muscle of the country, and the indulgences of a city life have corrupted the simple tastes of the old peasantry. It is felt that the permanent health of the nation demands, if possible, a reflux of this great tide city-ward back again to the country. The communal roads under an improved condition, it is believed, will contribute to this end, by establishing easier and more prompt communication with the great centres of trade, and assuring a readier market.

To the same end the Government is favoring, in every practicable way, the re-establishment of old country families, who by their presence and patronage, for a part of the year at least, may serve to stay the unrest of the peasants, and quicken interest in their homes.

The chateaux whose courts were overgrown with weeds are in process of repair. The plantations are revived. A new taste for field-sports is promoted. The streams are stocked, under the direction of Paris savans, with new tribes of fish. Fashion declares stoutly against autumn in Paris. The Emperor is at Compeigne. Walewski gives fêtes at his charming estate of Etolles. Vichy, Plombières, Pau, and Aix, are full. The Countess of Persigny has a score of guests at her chateau of Charamande. And the Prince Napoleon, just now back from his swift Atlantic trip of the summer, goes to his farm near Villegenis, where a Scotch bailliff, and sleek Ayrshire cattle, and consummate drainage, almost cheat one into the belief that the soil is British soil, and the landlord a Bedford or a Derby.

Even the *faucilletonistes*, who in the good gone days of the top-knot, bourgeois King Louis, scarce left their city *escritoires* for so much of shaven country as blesses the eye in the meadows of St. Cloud, now take their two months' vacation at Caudebec, watching the tide; at Harfleur, watching the sea and the sails; at Pau, scrambling on the mountains; at Biarritz, waiting the Empress; or in Savoy, surveying the new addenda of the Empire. If these things do not show an incline toward decentralization of power, they at least indicate very surely a great decentralization of taste.

APPROX of the Prince Napoleon, whom we just now named, he has made his report to the Emperor of his American reception, of his impressions of our new Cabinet, of his night at Manassas, and of his judgment of the two parties at issue. What may be the Imperial action upon this report, or what complexion the report may wear, only the wildest guesses tell, thus far. Of what is certain, these facts may be safely counted; first, that before the year closes the French will have a powerful fleet in the Gulf of Mexico; second, that no sovereign in Europe

deplores the existing American controversy more than the Emperor of France; third, that in view of the discontents at Lyons, and shortened exportations of silk, under the Morrill Tariff, French sympathy with the North is far less than at the beginning; fourth, that France will in no case attempt to break the established blockade, except in conjunction with the fleets of England and of Spain; and fifth, that she will enter into no such combination, except the distress in the manufacturing centres, incident to a short supply of cotton, and the shortened demand for French fabrics, shall show imminent danger of revolutionary outbreak.

The French navy was never before in so available and effective condition in the history of the kingdom; and it is only reasonable to suppose that the ambition of French naval officers, balked of any expression in the year of Italian warfare, should now be eager for the airing of a battle. The ardent pride in the mail and fleetness of *La Normandie*, and in the docks of Cherbourg wants a record.

In the old days of Paris sight-seeing the well of Grenelle was one of the wonders that drew the regard of all strangers: a well sunk to the depth of eighteen hundred feet through chalk, sand, and flint, occupying eight years in process of construction, and delivering from its bore of about seven inches six hundred and sixty gallons a minute at the surface of the ground. But now the well of Grenelle has a rival in the well of Passy; only within the month M. Dumas, the distinguished chemist, communicated a report upon the successful accomplishment of the work to the Academy of Sciences. The project of the well originated in the shortened supply of water for domestic uses. An accomplished engineer proposed to undertake the work of boring a well of the average diameter of twenty inches, in the neighborhood of Passy (a suburb of Paris), which should deliver fourteen thousand cubic yards of water per day, at an altitude of ninety feet above the highest point in the Bois de Boulogne.

Somewhere about the close of the year 1851 the work was resolved upon and commenced. Without encountering any obstacle of special importance, it was pushed forward unceasingly until March of the year 1857, when the bore had reached a depth of nearly seventeen hundred feet, and water was daily looked for. But a difficulty here overtook the enterprise which seemed almost insurmountable. The iron tubing which follows the bore burst at the depth of a hundred and sixty feet, under the pressure of the clay. Three years of unceasing activity were required to remedy the result of this accident before the boring could be renewed. It was found necessary to sink a shaft beside the tubing to a depth of a hundred and seventy feet of an average diameter of seven feet. The sides of this shaft were supported by iron tubing, which although of more than half an inch in thickness frequently snapped like glass. The laborers deserted the work, and refused to risk their lives in its prosecution. In this emergency the engineers themselves volunteered to descend until confidence was restored. At the close of the year 1859 this supplemental labor was brought to an end; the point of the original breakage was reached; the debris were removed, a safer tubing supplied, and the boring pushed on without serious difficulty until, at the close of September last, the water burst forth, and the orifice has delivered since that date a volume of over twenty thousand cubic yards per day; this at a temperature of about 84°

Fahrenheit, and sufficient for the ordinary supply of a population of half a million of people. Judge if the new well of Passy may not be counted a wonder!

In these days of the severe taxes which military movements always involve, it may interest your readers to know something of the report of M. Eugène Simon (an agent of the French Government) upon the fish-culture and consequent cheap food of the Chinese. It appears that the fishery of the Grand Kiang (whoever that personage may be) is equal to that of all the European nations united, and occupies millions of persons. As a consequence fish is excessively cheap, and is furnished in most of the market towns of China at the rate of two to three cents the Chinese pound (equal to a pound and a half English). Some of the cultivated fish reach the enormous weight of two or three hundred pounds. A variety, described as the cow-fish, fed mostly upon chopped grass, is recommended as capital eating, and as reaching a weight of from thirty to forty pounds.

In order to stock a pond the Chinese keep the young fish in pits along the bank until sufficiently strong, where they are fed with ducks' eggs crushed, and mixed with water. A little later the egg food is suppressed, and crushed pease given instead. After some six weeks of this nursery life the fish are considered strong enough to be committed to the deep water, which is done by cutting canals into the shore pits. Still, however, they are regularly fed; at first three times a day, then twice, and when of full size only once a day. The fish come to know the hours of feeding, and are as prompt to the call as so many ducklings. Several new species of these fish have been brought to France by M. Simon, and it is hoped may be acclimated in the waters of the Bois de Boulogne.

A SWIFT glance now at Great Britain, where they are building up in colossal proportions the new Palace of Industry; where the Queen, with the Hessian lover of her daughter, are rustivating among the "burns and braes" of the Highlands; where the Parliament men are bagging grouse on all the moors; where the cotton, and commerce, and labor questions are assuming week by week a most threatening aspect. Every public speaker at every public dinner must needs touch upon them, and always with a coyness of approach and that tenseness of nerve in the handling which reminds of nothing so much as of the surgeon, in whom the last hope lies, probing a deep wound. We may rely upon it that British merchants and manufacturers are chafing under the broken commerce with America and the present balance of exchange, as they have not chafed before in our generation. They are sweating every gold guinea they pay over to us now with a punching oath. The *Daily News* pours good Christian oil upon the situation; but we must remember that where five British voters swear by the *Daily News* twenty-five swear by the *Times*. No matter what may be the sympathies or the humanities of the Shaftesburys of England, we say now, as we have said before, that the very moment when it shall appear to the Government that the public tranquillity is more endangered, and the public purse more depleted by the existing cotton embargo than they would be by open hostilities, that very moment the Government will join France in breaking the Southern blockade, and the Derbys, and the Russells, and

the Broughams will say amen. England is, before all things, English. Her humanities are splendid, but they look first to the beef and the breeches of John Bull.

Or lesser mention we note the chess championship of Mr. Paulsen. Without altogether making good the place of Mr. Morphy, his play attracts much attention. Mr. Buckle (of the Civilization), an adroit amateur, was lately one of many witnesses to a blind-fold contest of Paulsen's against ten of the best players of London. Commencing at early evening, the contest was ended shortly after midnight with the following result: Mr. Paulsen gained two, lost three, and five were declared drawn. Mr. Staunton was not one of the combatants; nor does it appear, although the Shakspeare labor is now off his hands, that he is willing to imperil his reputation by a trial with Mr. Paulsen.

THE Haworth Rectory, where "Jane Eyre" was written, has been made vacant by the death of Mr. Nichols, the husband of the distinguished authoress. The low stone house, with its weird wastes of heather stretching round, must make a melancholy home for what family may come. Always the gray house and the heather fields will be haunted gloriously by the great shadows of the genius that once brooded over them.

For our next month's pages we put over opportunity to tell how the great self-emancipation problem is working itself out in Russia; how Warsaw is still threatful and full of dangerous mourners; how Turkey is putting all her Ottoman valor to the test for the conquest of the Christian mountaineers of Montenegro; how Austria finds graver struggle than ever with her disobedient Hungarians; how Cialdini, having swept out the brigands of Calabria, gives place to the General della Marmora; how Florence has bloomed out in festivities over the inauguration of an Industrial Palace; how the Pope, like Giant Dagon sitting at his cave's mouth, still mumbles the old bones, and will not go; how Spain, with a wonderful recuperation of energy, is pushing forward men and ships for a new conquest of her old Cortéz domain; how the roses and the chestnuts are making the October fields fragrant with strange flowers; how the European year is marching to its close with murmurs of storm, and clash of swords, and din of artillery, and the untimely bloom of gardens.

Editor's Drawer.

ADDISON said that Cheerfulness is the best Hymn to the Divinity. And a merry heart, with a good conscience, is a constant song of praise. To be vexed with every little care that comes is folly, and it would be wiser and better to laugh at all the ills of life than be forever in the dumps and tears. There was some philosophy in Jones of Boston, who took a caning in the street without a word of complaint or resistance, and when he was reproached for his patience, he said, "I never meddle with what passes behind my back." Titus said that he lost a day if one passed by without his having a hearty laugh. The pilgrims at Mecca consider it so essential a part of their devotion, that they call upon their Prophet to preserve them from sad faces. "Ah!" cried Rabelais, with an honest pride, as his friends were weeping around his death-bed,

"if I were to die ten times over, I should never make you cry half so much as I have made you laugh."

THE FIRST RECORD OF CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—You city-folk, who live next door to shops where you can get any thing at a moment's notice, can not appreciate the inconveniences to which we country-people are liable. All that I had to say about Professor Bush, etc., could have been written on a half sheet of note-paper; yet for the want of this I was obliged to send you an unfinished note. One thing and another has prevented me from completing it, and I am mortified to find that you have printed the fragment which I sent you. I will now briefly finish it.

I was going to tell you what Mr. Bush said about Doctor Cox. I think you knew the Professor, as he was called, though I imagine his Hebrew Professorship in the University involved neither duties nor emolument. A more thoroughly conscientious man never lived. Up to middle age, and I think beyond, he was theologically orthodox, and his learning and abilities assured him a prominent place in his denomination. At length he began to doubt on various points, and withdrawing from his clerical functions betook himself to writing; finally, as you know, he became a Swedenborgian.

When I first knew him he was in the middle stage of his career. I was then occasionally employed as "Proof-reader" in the printing-office where his works were printed. One day a package of his copy was missing; and I was obliged to go to his room to inform him of the loss. I wish I could describe that room. Walls, floor, windows, every thing were full of books, covered thickly with dust. The Professor sat at a little desk, with a sort of circular book-case around it, containing such books as he needed for constant reference. He was not in the least angry at the loss of his copy, but undertook to re-write it; a labor, I do not doubt, of a fortnight.

Speaking of Proof-readers brings to mind a score of anecdotes which I would like to write out; but I must not do so here, as they would interrupt what I have to say about Professor Bush. I will, however, put down one.

We were printing a volume of Poems. You know that when a printer takes out a portion of "copy" he writes his name on each leaf; these names are transcribed on each page of proof, to show who set it up. It happened that the printers engaged on this volume were Good, Scott, Poor, and French, whose names, of course, were written on the proofs sent to the author. One day he came into the office in great tribulation.

"I notice," said he, "that some critical remark is appended to almost every one of my poems. I don't know who writes them, but I can not agree with him. Some are called 'good,' but they are no better than those marked 'poor,' in my opinion, or in that of literary friends whom I have consulted. Again, 'Scott' is written against others, intimating, I suppose, that they are borrowed from Sir Walter Scott. Now I have carefully read through all of Scott's poems, for this special purpose; and I assert that there is not the remotest resemblance between them and any one of mine. Then some are said to be 'French.' Now I do not understand that language at all, and so could not, if I would, plagiarize from it. I am glad to avail myself of any just criticism; but these are so unfair that I must ask that they be discontinued."