

May 28.—Boiler explosion at Brussels, Belgium. Fourteen lives lost.

May 31.—Explosion in a colliery near Wigan, England. Six lives lost.

June 9.—Alexandra Palace, at Muswell Hill, a northern suburb of London, was destroyed by fire. It was a place of popular resort, like the Crystal Palace, only not so large, and contained a fine collection of pictures and statuary. It was first opened May 24. Loss, \$3,000,000.

OBITUARY.

June 5.—In New York, Mansfield Tracy Walworth, author, aged forty-three years. Shot by his son.

June 16.—At Roselle, New Jersey, the Rev. Isaac Ferris, D.D., late Chancellor Emeritus of the University of New York, aged seventy-five years.

June 18.—In New York city, Horace F. Clark, aged fifty-eight years.

June 19.—In New York city, John A. Kennedy, ex-Superintendent of Police, aged seventy years.

June 21.—In Brooklyn, Lewis Tappan, the veteran abolitionist, aged eighty-five years.

June 1.—At Halifax, Nova Scotia, the Hon. Joseph Howe, the newly appointed Lieutenant-Governor of that province.

June 5.—At Frosinone, Italy, Urbano Ratazzi, the Italian statesman, aged sixty-five years.

June 6.—At Carlsbad, in Bohemia, William Adalbert, Prince of Prussia, aged sixty-two years. He married (morganatically) the sister of Fanny Ellsler, the danseuse.

June 14.—At Berlin, Frederick Louis George von Raumer, the historian, aged ninety-two years.

Editor's Drawer.

THE part performed by our colored brother during the rebellion was a peculiar one, and in that, as in almost every thing in which he is a participant, the comic side of his character will display itself. In the winter of '63, Colonel T. W. Higginson, whose *Army Life in a Black Regiment* is one of the most interesting works brought out by the war, was steaming up the St. Mary's River, Florida, and overheard the following remarks made to a little knot of sable brothers by Corporal Adams Allston, one of the most gifted prophets of those parts, whose influence over the men was unbounded:

"When I heard," he said, "de bomb-shell a-screamin' troo de woods like de judgment-day, I said to myself, 'If my head was took off to-night, dey couldn't put my soul in de torments, percepts [except] God was my enemy!' And when de rifle-bullets came whizzin' across de deck, I cried aloud, 'God help my congregation! Boys, load and fire!'"

THE freedman, by-the-way, is never more in his element at the South than when attending camp-meeting. They have a peculiar intonation when they hold forth, which is enhanced by the addition of the syllable "er" to the end of almost every word. A story is told of an old colored minister who, in expatiating upon the horrors of everlasting condemnation, which those near the close of their terrestrial journey must expect, pointed to his own aged father, exclaiming,

"Look at that ole man-er, with one foot in the grave-er, and the other all but-er!"

THE courtesy of the "gentlemanly conductor" on American railways, especially to women traveling without male escort, has a fresh and pleasing illustration in the following, from a lady:

The conductor, who had taken me as a stranger under his special protection, was quite astonished to see that I did not, like my fellow-travelers, devour all the food set before me during the "ten minutes for refreshment" that was allowed to appease our hunger at the station

where we were to "dine." He expressed his feelings in the following characteristic manner:

"Well, ma'am, I declare *you don't eat enough to keep a single-action cockroach going!* I kinder thought you were hungry when you asked for the refreshment-room;" then, pointing to the untasted dishes, "I guess you could manage to worry that down, *with a drink*, ma'am!"

Americans, as a general thing, do prefer their "game" in a separate course; hence the "single-action" dish was probably declined.

APROPPOS of the tornado that recently swept over Keokuk and Washington counties, Iowa, by which so many lives were lost and so much property destroyed, we observe that one journal has in a single sentence summed up its terrific force: "It was a wind that just sat up on its hind-legs and howled!"

IN a certain town in Vermont several instances have lately occurred where husbands who have lost their wives have married again within six to twelve weeks; hence a good deal of neighborhood gossip, particularly among some of those women who "still live." One of these, Mrs. B——, at a quilting the other day, said, "I do hope I may be spared till summer, for then I may have tombstones over my grave *before my man gets tied up again!*"

THE latest addition to our advertising vocabulary comes from Philadelphia, informing us that an actor in that city will on a certain evening "tragediate."

THIS comes from a lady of high degree in England, who lately made a little run through America—she did it in a couple of months—stopping long enough in New York to see something of the way in which educated people get on hereabouts, and to enjoy a few dinners at which Bret Harte, John Hay, and other poets and such, assisted. She writes of barbers: "I have been told, 'by those who know,' that the occu-

pation of barber in the United States has been brought to the perfection of a science; that is probably why our cousins complain so bitterly of the tortures they have to endure at the hands of even the best Parisian *coiffeur*, and also why it strikes you that the meanest laborer looks so cleanly and neat for his calling. A Neapolitan gentleman once remarked to me, with the most enthusiastic rapture, on the performance of a certain colored barber, to whose mercies he abandoned himself every morning, 'Ah!' said he, 'it is just like the exquisite touch of a young girl's hand!'

Possibly this barber may have been that artist whose pole points heavenward in Albany, and over whose door reads the following sign, "TONSORIAL OPERATOR AND CAPILLARY REGENERATOR."

AN officer of our army, stationed at Fort Laramie, Wyoming Territory, writes as follows: "Being on my return from the East, at North Platte, three hundred miles west of Omaha, I was conversing with some friends in the reception-room of the railroad hotel, when a gentleman entered the room, and addressing one of the matrons of the party, said, 'Mrs. —, I hev composed a song ballid, and would like your daughter to larn it by harte, and sing it on the pyanner.' The 'song ballid' is as follows, t'wit:

THE LOST CHILDE SONG BALLID.

Come men and madens fare and near
Come Listen to my song
I will in Shore it is all write
there is nary word thats Rong
of an axdent that was taken Place
in the neighbor hood A Round
A Little Childe Bout 2 years old
was Lost But now its found.

It Started to a neigh bours house
So as I had Been tolde
twas in the fall-time of the year
and the Wether very cold
its Parents they were So Distressed
Concerning of ther Childe
Saying shorely if it isnt Ded
it Certains going wilde

the Peopple Gethered from fare & near
A hunting Evry way
there was no more Seede of the Little Childe
Un till the Twenth Day
one eavning tha Re turnd at Late
Just a Bout the clothes of Day
from hunting of the Little Childe
A Looking Evry Way

They saw the Buzzards flying Up
as they were Looking Down
and ther the Little infant Lay
A victim on the Ground
ther was no one ther to Close its Eyes
nor Boinde its Little head
twas in A Bunch of Baren Grass
it made its Dying Bed

o Lord you know wher the infant Lay
and tooek its Breath a way
I make no Doubt But it will Shout
in one Eternal Day
its Bid Sin and Sorrow all a Due
and that we all Doe Know
its Pade the Debt it had to Pay
the Justly Debt it owd.

THE END.

A FEW miles from this city, in the town of New Rochelle, Westchester County, stands the monument of Thomas Paine, where it may be seen from the road as the traveler passes by. It stands on land that was formerly a part of the Devoe estate. It is not generally remembered

that the State of Pennsylvania gave him \$3000, and that the State of New York bought and presented to him the farm of three hundred acres above alluded to for services rendered by him to the general government. And these two instances are believed to be the only two in the history of the country where money and land were given to an individual for the efforts of his pen. In the latter part of his life Paine became very intemperate. In 1809 he died. In 1819 William Cobbett violated the grave, and took his bones to England.

By a late steamer from England we learn that the following epigram, written by Peter Pindar on a blank leaf of Paine's *Age of Reason*, is now first published:

Tommy Paine wrote this book to prove that the Bible
Was an old woman's dream of fancies most idle;
That Solomon's proverbs were made by low livers;
That prophets were fellows who sang semiquavers;
That religion and miracles all were a jest,
And the Devil in Torment a tale of the priest.
Though Beelzebub's absence from hell I'll maintain,
Yet we all must allow that the Devil's in Paine.

IN the very interesting biography of Robert Chambers, the author-publisher of Edinburgh, mention is made of a visit paid to him by the Rev. Sydney Smith. "My reverend and facetious visitor," says Chambers, "made some little inquiry about my own early efforts, and laughed when I reminded him of a saying of his own about studying on a little oatmeal, for that would have applied literally to my brother and myself.

"'Ah, *labora, labora*,' he said, sententiously; 'how that word expresses the character of your country!'

"'Well, we do sometimes work pretty hard,' I observed; 'but, for all that, we can relish a pleasantry as much as our neighbors. You must have seen that the Scotch have a considerable fund of humor.'

"'Oh, by all means!' replied my visitor. 'You are an immensely funny people; but you need a little operating upon to let the fun out. I know no instrument so effectual for the purpose as a *corkscrew*.'

THE city of B——, a town on the Big Muddy, in Missouri, has among its principal citizens Captain M'V——, a man who "knows how to keep a hotel," and who says sharp things on current events. Just before the breaking out of the late "unpleasantness" a young lady of B—— was married to a rising physician. He joined his fortunes with the Confederates, and soon after was killed in battle. Afterward the lady married a merchant of St. Louis, who was carried off by the cholera in 1866. Returning to her former home, she met a young man of fine address and entertaining manners, but who had a greater social than business reputation. He was not rich, and had, apparently, little prospect of becoming so. Under these circumstances the engagement of the twain was looked upon as any thing but desirable by the friends of the lady, who, notwithstanding her double widowhood, was still young and attractive. But in this case, as in innumerable others, love triumphed over prospective poverty. One evening while Captain M'V—— and some of his guests were sitting on the porch, enjoying the cool breeze of the Big Muddy, the couple above referred to strolled by.

After they had passed, the captain exclaimed, "What terrible sin can that woman have committed that she should be thus visited by all the curses in the calendar? She has had *war*, she has had *pestilence*, and now she is threatened with *famine*!" He might have gone on and added, "battle, murder, and sudden death." Fortunately the last marriage has proved as "happy as they make them."

THE simplicity of legal proceedings is one of the felicitous peculiarities of Washington Territory, though the law, so far as divorce is concerned, is not quite so limber as it is in Indiana. We have from the Territory of Washington a letter from a young man who seems to have suffered a little from the pangs of matrimony, and wishes to obtain a "divorce." For that purpose he puts himself on paper to a justice of the peace of that region, supposing him to have the requisite dissolving power; and his way of doing it is so simple and candid as to command our admiration. Thus:

April 11, 1873.

Justice Snyder:

DEAR SIR,—I believe one year ago last September you married me to a girl by the name of either Mrs. Rosa Kayser or Miss Rosa Heis. She left me about three months ago. now I wish to get a Divorce. how will I come about it? I wish for you to inform me and what way I shal pay you for your trouble. pleas answer right off and you will oblige

NEWTON SWINEFORD.

Poste Script.—If you can't do what I want can't you send me some other girl that will do better for me and wont leave me. That will do.

N. S.

A HUMOROUS instance of the coolness of the freedman under fire—perhaps a better one than the average—occurred in Colonel Higginson's regiment during a little fight in Florida. "My soldiers," he says, "in turn fired rapidly—too rapidly, being yet beginners—and it was evident that, dim as it was, both sides had opportunity to do some execution. I could hardly tell whether the fight had lasted ten minutes or an hour, when, as the enemy's fire had evidently ceased or slackened, I gave the order to cease firing. But it was very difficult at first to make them desist: the taste of gunpowder was too intoxicating. One of them was heard to mutter, indignantly, "Why de cunnel order *cease firin'*, when de secesh blazin' away at de rate ob ten dollars a day?"

THE youngsters—we don't mean the very little ones—will appreciate the probable accuracy of the following incident, sent to us by a lady in Gallipolis, Ohio: "Not long ago our Charlie was one of the pall-bearers at a little boy's funeral, and felt the importance of the position. Child-like, however, he could not realize the sadness of the occasion as he started at the appointed hour. When he came home he said, 'I and the other three boys rode home on the hearse. Will and I sat with the driver, Harry and Dick got on behind, and we just come down a-sailin'!"

To impart an idea of eternity is certainly one of the most difficult of tasks, yet the effort was made recently by a preacher, who exclaimed, "Eternity! why, don't you know the meaning of that word? Nor I either, hardly. It is for ever and ever and five or six everlastings atop

of that. You might place a row of figures from here to sunset, and cipher them all up, and it wouldn't begin to tell how many ages long eternity is. Why, my friends, after millions and billions of years had rolled away in eternity it would be a hundred thousand years to breakfast-time."

THE little ones are often homilists of the pithiest and directest sort. From Pontiac, Michigan, we have a notelet which tells of a little girl who, after a day which had been peculiarly trying to her mother, went to her room, and before going to bed knelt down, as was her wont, to say the nightly prayer. The first sentence, slightly altered from the usual form, was this: "I pray God to bless papa and mamma, and make them a comfort to each other; but I don't think He can, *mamma is so cross to papa.*" There is much doubt abroad about many "pops" as well as mammas; noticed, too, by elders as well as by babes.

To those who thirty years ago were familiar with the leading officials of the Post-office Department at Washington, it may be pleasant to read the following, written by a gentleman, then one of the most popular and efficient officers of the department, and who still survives, in good health, to enjoy

"That which should accompany old age—
Honor, love, obedience, troops of friends:"

POETRY SUBLIME!

I sing of what we have and what we've not,
In this our bright and ever-favored spot;
And to begin (I'm not a "ring-tail roarer!"):
If we've no bores, who'll say we've not a *Bohver*?
Now some may think that I am but a dolt
To say if we've no horses, we've a *Colt*.
But what care I? I'm guided by the "gunter:"
If we've no hounds, all know we have a *Hunter*;
And some may deem it not a little droll
That, though we have no mill, we still take *Towle*;
And yet more queer (allow me to repeat)
That we've no flour, though blest with first-rate *Wheat*.
So, if we've hickory none, we have good *Beach*.
If "suckers" none, a sound and well-tried *Leech*.
And what is more (this none will take in dudgeon),
If we've no perch, we have a prime live *Sturgeon*.
Nor would we pause, or in our duty falter;
We are not led, though you may see our *Halder*.
We love our country, as we've daily shown her;
And if not slaves, we surely have an *Owner*.
What's our religion? Let our *actions* tell:
Though we've no church, who has not heard our *Bell*?
Here let me stop, though "much remains unsung;"
If we're not old, alas! we're not all *Young*.
So now good-by! excuse this trifling thing:
The humblest of us is himself a *King*.

POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT, April 8, 1846.

It was in Harrodsburg, Kentucky, the other day, that a colored woman, gorgeous in yellow calico and a flowered Dolly Varden, and evidently not familiar with the town, came down the street, inquiring at every store if that was the place where they kept letters for the people, until finally, arriving at her destination, the following dialogue occurred:

WOMAN. "Has Sary Lewis sent any thing here for me from Lexington?"

P. M. "For whom?"

WOMAN. "Me."

P. M. "But what name?"

WOMAN. "Well, my name's Nancy Scott. They sometimes calls me Lucy Williams; but

* Dead.

since I got married last month I've changed my name to Harriet Gray."

Notwithstanding this explicit reply to his interrogatory, Mr. Mailbags was unable to ferret out the desiderated screed from "Sary Lewis."

IN Lord Houghton's newly published volume of *Monographs* there appears a new and characteristic anecdote of Sydney Smith and a little clerical fun in Yorkshire: "He willingly assisted his neighbors in their clerical duties, and an anecdote of one of these occasions is still current in the district. He dined with the incumbent on the preceding Saturday, and the evening passed in great hilarity, the squire, by name Ker-shaw, being conspicuous for his loud enjoyment of the stranger's jokes. 'I am very glad that I have amused you,' said Mr. Sydney Smith at parting; 'but you must not laugh at my sermon to-morrow.' 'I should hope I know the difference between being here or at church,' remarked the gentleman, with some sharpness. 'I am not so sure of that,' replied the visitor. 'I'll bet you a guinea on it,' said the squire. 'Take you,' replied the divine. The preacher ascended the steps of the pulpit apparently suffering from a severe cold, with his handkerchief to his face, and at once *sneezed* out the name 'Ker-shaw' several times in various intonations. This ingenious assumption of the readiness with which a man would recognize his own name in sounds imperceptible to the ears of others proved accurate. The poor gentleman burst into a guffaw, to the scandal of the congregation; and the minister, after looking at him with stern reproach, proceeded with his discourse, and won the bet."

From a book a million of years old, more or less, we quote the following homily, not more for the good sense pervading it than for the quaintness of its style and orthography. We believe it is its "first appearance" in America:

To lyve at home in housewyverye,
To order well my famylie,
To see they lyve not idillye,
To bryng upe Children vertuoslye,
To relyeve poure foules willinglye,
This ys my care with modestye,
To leade my Lyfe in honestye,
Then serve we God duely i engage,
Not willing our owne Wil, but just willing hys;
Obeying our Howsbands in what lawfull ys,
Who housewivelye taketh daily joy in thys,
Well may be called good Matron or Maistris.

THE style of persnasion that obtains in the outlying settlements of our beloved country may be inferred from the following scene that occurred recently at the Union Railway ticket-office at Denver. A rough-looking man purchased through mistake a ticket for New York *via* the Kansas Pacific line when he wanted to go over the Union Pacific. He did not discover the mistake until after the ticket had been paid for, and on asking the agent to change it the latter refused to do so.

"You won't change this ticket, then, won't you?"

"No," replied the agent; "you have your ticket, and I have the money for it, and if you want a ticket over the other route you will have to buy it."

Very quietly the stranger twisted his ticket into a small roll, very serenely drew from un-

der his coat tail a six-shooter, coolly stuck the twisted ticket into the muzzle thereof, and sticking the pleasant-looking thing through the little square window of the ticket-office almost in the agent's face, and speaking in a tone that left no doubt of his determination, said, "Stranger, thar's that ticket; take it yourself and change it, or by the great horn spoon I'll blow it clean through you." It was changed with cheerful alacrity, and the traveler per Union Pacific walked away, saying, quietly, "I jest thought I could induce him to change his mind a *little*."

THE late Rev. Dr. Guthrie was one of the ablest and noblest men whom modern Scotland has produced, and to whom, with Drs. Chalmers, Cunningham, and Candlish, the Scottish people are more indebted than to any other four for the result of that controversy which led to the formation of the Free Church in 1843. Like all characters truly great, the good doctor was one of the simplest and most lovable of men, as one may infer from these lines written by him:

I live for those that love me,
For those that love me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my coming too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance—
For the good that I can do.

There are few better sermons than that. And how nicely summed up in the last line!

OUR LONDON SCRAP-BOOK.

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.



N that quarter of London which lies upon the eastern boundaries of Bloomsbury stand a considerable number of mansions which were at one time the residences of the great, but which in the course of years have changed proprietorship and condition, and are now tenanted by owners of boarding-houses, or marked off into lawyers' chambers, or sublet to shop-keepers. Up and down the massive stone staircase,