WILD DAYS IN WEST AFRICA

SCENES OF HORROR AND TALKS WITH BLACK SAVAGES. SROOMEN AND THEIR WANT OF CLOTHES-

THE DESOLATION OF ABUNDANCE-CROCODILES AND A CEMETERY. JENOR FLAN'S TOWN, ON THE SESTROS, July 29.—The six days that we have spent on the Kroo coast since our shipwreck on the 23d have certainly not been wasted, for I have seldom, if ever, seen so many purious things in the same space of time. I have made the acquaintance of crocodiles and serpents, and of the terrible "driver" ants, which are in their way as formidable as either. I have taken a hand at cooking by a native fire, assisted by a gang of African artists whose collective stock of ciothes would barely have made an ordinary necktie. I have had a talk with a Kroo magician, who ascribed to his own enchantments the entire credit of having wrecked our vessel. I have shaken hands with three black Kings and half a dozen colored ladies of rank, whose full dress toilet consisted chiefly of a leopard's tooth and two brass rings. I have stood

beside a tree one of whose roots would have made an entire wall for any ordinary frame house. I have had a stroll along the beach to the other extremity of the bay parrying a heavy piece of driftwood in my hand as a weapon against any marauding natives whom I might encounter on the way. Last, but certainly not least, I have just landed upon an islet inhabited solely by lead men as a contrast to the gathering of living Kroomen to whom I preached an extempore sermon last Sunday evening. By this time we have pretty well settled down to the daily routine of our ship wrecked existence, which is not by any means so intolerable after all. True, at this time and in this place "the rain it raineth every day," and nearly all day long. But every now and then the clouds break and the sun bursts forth, and the ghostly mist that broods along the seaward horizon melts sullenly away, and for a brief space all is bright and beautiful. Then nurrah for a tramp along the smooth yellow sand, which stretches for miles around the bay between the wide blue sea and the endless green maze of the jungle. On the way you are pretty certain to pass several groups of Kroomen, who have been working with very unusual industry for several days past to scrape together all the wreckage thrown up by the sea, stimulated by the beatific vision of a possible case of rum or gin to bless their ever-thirsty throats. To this propensity we owe our prolonged detention here,

for we have just learned that the native

messengers whom we dispatched to Grand

Bassa last Thursday with the news of our

disaster preferred to go on a plundering

chance of being taken off by a steamer which was there that very day.

Then when you begin to get tired and warm, what better refreshment can you have than a plunge into the bright, cool, life-giving sea, which almost makes up for the scurvy trick which it has just played pur poor old steamer, whose masts-the thing now to be seen of her-stand gauntly up out of the water four or five miles away. No enjoyment that I have ever tasted can surpass that of catching a big wave a good way out from the beach. and careering shoreward upon it as if borne on the wings of the wind. No need to make even an attempt at swimming, with this giant to bear you on; all that you have to do is to keep yourself afloat, and trust to your liquid St. Christopher to carry you to the end. But, unluckily, this is exactly what he does not do as a rule, for just as the critical moment arrives your friends are very apt to do-and you find yourself sprawling and gasping on the sand with your mouth full of salt water. Even when it is raining one may make shift to get about a little, although we may well be chary of wetting our few remaining clothes after having had so much trouble to dry them. But when the sky empties itself in one cataract. after the good old African fashion, we assemble in the parlor and the adjoining veranda, and while the Captain and I labor at our respective accounts of the wreck, and the ladies amuse themselves with the three or four books which have survived out of my vanished stock, the rest of the company talk, smoke, play cards, or hold long political and theologic-

al discussions which begin with nothing For the present our chance of being taken off by any passing vessel seems a very dim and distant prospect, but we may well be content to be even as well off as we are. Seldom, indeed, have any shipwrecked men had fuller cause than ourselves to acknowledge the special mercy of God. Had we been cast ashore at any other point of the coast we should most assuredly have been stripped to the skin and very possibly murdered as well, or else have perished by inches from thirst, hunger, and exposure to the merciless Moreover, after six days on the season we have had among 59 persons only three cases of fever-Mrs. Ker being unfortunately one of them-while a sailor who was cast ashore less than a week ago with a very ugly wound in his throat is now all but sound again. On Saturday, the 26th, our expedition was divided, the crew and firemen going over to Grand Bassa under the charge of the first officer, while Capt. Porter and the rest of our force, some 30 strong, remained here to be cared for by Mynheer Everts with an untiring kindness which amply bears out the traditional credit of the good old Dutch hospitality. Any one who should see us daily consuming basinfuls of rice and piles of "dampers" that would make an Australian stockman's mouth water might think that the world, and, indeed, but for the poor Captain's trouble and the illness of our ladies. I am sure we should all enjoy it enormously. The one or two knives obtainable have to do a good deal of extra duty, and there are symptoms of "tightness" in sugar, sait, and pepper, but such things are not likely to assume very terrific proportions in the eyes of men who fully expected to be sharks' meat less than

Our shipwreck being the first that has occurred in this bay, we have naturally become objects of great interest to the enhighted native public, who crowd to stare at us as if we were white elephants or twoheaded oxen. Mrs. Ker is one of the chief objects of attraction, many of the natives having never seen a "white Mamie" before. This morning we had quite a "full house" at the factory, all eager to have a look at her. Two chiefs, with one coat and one pair of trousers between them, the dress circle on the veranda, while in the yard below clustered a miscellaneous crowd of Kroo ladies, with blue waistcloths and short pipes, Kroo children innocent of all clothing save a string of beads round the neck or a bunch of keys dangling at the loins, and Kroo gentlemen with flint-lock guns, powder gourds, and leopard-skin sashes, their heads covered with felt wideawakes or sugar-loaf caps suggestive of Robinson Crusoe's famous goatskin, and their bodies hung (one cannot say clothed) with a miscellaneous assortment of red handkerchiefs, straps, old fiannel shirts, and what not, while the lower limbs are left entirely uncovered, the general effect being precisely that of an undersized ostrich. The chiefs shook hands with Mrs. Ker, examined every detail of her face and of schoolboys at a circus. When she at length began to sketch one of them the worthy savage was so delighted with the implied compliment that he could hardly be got to stand still long enough for the purpose. Two or three of the appreciative spectators in the pit hasten to hand up their long knives to be sketched, and well worth sketching they are, if only for the curious ornamentation of sheath and handle. Meanwhile the native ladies are driving a roaring trade in brass rings and bracelets with one or two of our passengers, who seem determined to preserve as many souvenirs as possible of their unexpected visit to the Kroo coast. "We don't get a chance of being wrecked every day, boys," says a vivacious gentleman of the Mark Tapley school, "so let's make the most of it while we have it."

Capt. Porter and I, with Mynheer Everts and two or three of the passengers, came up the river this afternoon to the place from which my letter is dated. But the title of "town" must not mislead any one into thinking of a place of several thousand inhabitants, with a spacious market place and a many-windowed palace in its centre-like the Mahdi's capital of El Obeid, in Kordofan. In West Africa, as in iceland or Finniark, a town may consist of three or four hovels, and Jenor Flan's metropolis might have stood upon the smallest patch of grass in Union-square without any risk of spilling over. But the voyage hither has been pictur-

esque in the highest degree, and even our mode of embarkation was eminently characteristic of the place and the season. To those who know Africa only from books of travel it may be worth while to state that a "landing place" in these parts, as at Assouan and other Arab towns on the Nile, consists of a vast bank of black mud. ranging through all stages from the stiff compactness of toasted cheese to the unthe prevailing fashion of getting into or out of a boat, so far as white men are concerned, is to be carried like babies in the arms or on the shoulders of brawny Kroomen: and should one of these twofooted steeds happen to make a false step you will stand a good chance of realizing in all its terrible fullness the story of the Irish servaut who came rushing up to the door of a wayside inn screaming for help to save his master, who was "up to the ankles in a bog, sure." "Well, if he's only in as far as that," remarked a bystander,

"he might surely manage to get out by himself." "Yis," cried Paddy, "but he wint in head first." Under the influence of this primitive mode of transport we all cut rather extraordinary figures, especially our good Mynheer himself, whose long limbs, sprawling abroad in the grasp of a sturdy negro, suggests a black Hercules strang ling two peculiarly thick snakes, while the fat, heavy bulk of the Scotch engineer, who follows him, carried by two Kroo men at once, would make an admirable study for a picture of the arunken Silenus, supported by his Bacchanals. But at last we are all aboard. Mynheer Everts takes the steering oar and away we go up the river as fast as six stout natives can propel us. The moment the snug litfactory is hidden from the gloom and horror of the dismal landscape fall upon us in all their terrible completeness. Nowhere in the world, save perhaps among the ghostly bayous of South America, can one find any parallel to the grim and unearthly dreariness of a genuine African river. have seen in the lonely depths of the Sahara and the great Central Asian deserts the worst form of what men are wont to call "desolation," but worse a thousand fold than the desolation of barrenness is that of untamed abundance. Far as the eye can reach the dark, snaky leaves of the mangroves curl venomously up along either edge of the foul beer-colored stream so thickly as to hide every inch of the bank from sight, while beneath them the long, gaunt roots, crossing and recrossing each other in a frightful, unending maze dig their hideous claws into the oozy rot-

ing upon a corpse. But even worse than the dreariness of this dismal scene is the sinister silence that broods over it, a silence which is not the stillness of repose, but the chilling and lifeess voicelessness of the grave. No sight, no sound of life stirs amid these black masses of distorted vegetation, weird and ghastly as that awful forest seen by Dante in the regions of the dead, every tree of which was a struggling human form, writhing in eternal torment as the merciless beaks of the harpies tore its living boughs. But this gloomy place has inhabitants of its own, nevertheless-inhabitants of a very congenial kind. A long oily ripple breaks the sullen waters. through which rise the huge, notched mud-plastered back, gaping jaws, and dull horny eye of a moustrous crocodile. He eves us doubtfully for a moment, and then, as if satisfied that he has nothing to fear, glides slowly away, and vanishes ghostlike into the dismal shadow of the

tenness below like skeleton vampires feast

"Now, Mistare Ker," says Mynheer Everts, "you sall have someting to write for your paper. Ve vill take you to one dead men live, all de dead men in dis countree." The faces of our Kroo boatmen lengthen perceptibly at this cheerful announcement, which carries to their superstitious minds a far deeper horror than it can convey to our own. Nevertheless, they do not venture to make any direct opposition, and a few minutes later we glide into a spectral twilight of overarching boughs which seems the fit vestibule of this place of the dead. Swinging ourselves ashore by the drooping branches we scramble over three or four steep and slippery boulders and come suddenly upon a scene whose blended grotesquene and horror symbolize very aptly the strangely mingled character of the wild race which produced it. In a hollow of the rock, just where the fall deepest and darkest, stand two rough

boxes covered with coarse native cloths, beside which lie bleaching several human leg bones and arm bones, for in this horri-ble cemetery there is no earth to hide the dead, and each corpse is simply laid on the bare rock and left to rot there. On every side of the dismal spot are strewn such ornaments as broken plates and bottles, rags, with which the bones of the dead are jumbled up like rub-bish in an ash barrel, the whole mass exhaling a stench as foul and sickening as any plague hospital in Syria or Egypt. And all around, dividing the island of the dead from the world of the living, lie the sullen, slimy waters, and all above is the gray, leaden sky. Yet even around this den of corruption the beautiful syringa has draped the tender pink of its blossoms above these poor fragments of mortality, combating with its rich fragrance the loathsome steams of human corruption, like an emblem of the mercy of God springing up mexhaustibly amid the ignorance and debasement of man.

Beyond the fatal islet, on the other side of the river, extends a kind of vegetable Venice, seamed with countless creeks, in whose gloomy depths there is just light or rather twilight enough to cast a goblin grimness around the knotted roots and twisted boughs that wall them in on either side and give to the gaunt black forms of the few natives that haunt this dismallabyrinth the air of demons emerging from their native night. In one of these canals we run our boat to land—or rather to that custard of mingled land and water which passes for such in this spongy region—and now our troubles com-mence in earnest. The morning's rain has turned into a flowing stream the threadlike path which is our sole passage through the jungle to the village whither we are bound, and we are forced to pick our way alternately along the right or left bank (each in turn seeming worse than the last) at the imminent risk of being scalped or impaled by projecting twigs. At times our progress is such as to recall the American schoolboy's complaint: "Brother Tom's awful mean to take the middle of the bed and make me sleep on both sides of him." Moreover, a vast puddle occurs every ten yards or so, in leaping over (or into) which we spatter each other and ourselves so thoroughly that we look like half

a dozen pieces of blotting paper running a But the thinning of the bush to make way for the fan-like cassavas and the vast green flags of the plantain at length tells us that we are nearing the "town," whose stately houses (all six of them) are grouped around the larger hut belonging to Chief Jenor Flor himself, which, built of cane and palm leaf, looks just like a big bird's nest. But there is plenty of civilizasions of her to each other with all the glee | tion inside. English trunks are piled against the wall. A table covered with a neat cloth stands in the centre supporting an oil lamp. On the wall hangs a tablet—evidently an object of great reverence to the natives— bearing in large gilt letters the words "Tonic Vermifuge." A trellis work of cane walls off from the room a kind of "sleeping place" at the side, with a hole in it just big enough to creep through, from which two or three black faces peep driving a roaring trade in brass rings and bracelets with one or two of our passengers, who seem determined to preserve as many souvenirs as possible of their unexpected visit to the kroo coast. "We don't get a chance of being wrecked every day, get a chance of being wrecked every day, says a vivacious gentleman of the Mark Tapley school, "so let's make the most of it while we have it." "

By way of an offset to this friendly call curiously at us, while half a dozen more stare in through the doorway. On the other side of the room a second apartment of the hand while Mr. Stoughton was asleep and occasioned the bite. Adders frequently get into houses in the country, and have been found partition, but it is so utterly dark that we can make out nothing at all.

Having had our talk with the chief, we stroll out into the village, where the first though not necessarily fatal. The flat-headed and one is thoroughly justified in trying to escape from it without giving it battle, unless he has a long club at hand with which he is sure of killing it at a blow. curiously at us, while half a dozen more

(magical charm.) In a corner of the nearest hut stands the great war drum with which the chief can call to arms all the 150 "guns" at his disposal. Further on, a woman with the blue stripe that denotes free birth along the place where her forehead and nose would be if she had any, is pounding rice in a rude kind of miniature churn, while her pickaninny a funny little monkey with nothing on but a brass neckring, looks wonderingly "Lookout, Captain," cries the Dutch agent at that moment, "here come King Davis, de King of dis whole district." And 'King Davis' (fancy the ex-President of the Confederacy having a namesake out here!) appeared on the scene in all his giory. He was a small, gray, shriveled old negro, very much like an overfried sausage, with a battered black "bowl hat" on his royal head, and a flannel shirt—so threadbare that it was only held together by the dirt that incrusted it-upon his anointed body. Over his left shoulder hung a staring red handkerchief of the unmistakable Manchester pattern, and in his right hand he carried something that looked like a sharp-pointed horn. As we shook hands with the King he held proudly up for inspection the seeming horn, which proved to be the end of a small ivory tusk, curiously carved, and inscribed with the words: "Ben Grouse, River Sestros, 1840." "Inglisman do him all," explained his Majesty; "he gif him me when I young man." "Yon's a braw subject for a novel, Maister Ker," said the Scotch engineer to me in a whisper. Why do ye no write ane upon it?" I ever get back to New-York," answered I in the same tone, "that's just what I shall DAVID KER.

CARLYLE ON AMERICAN SLAVERY. UNPUBLISHED LETTERS WRITTEN TO A VIR-

From Harper's Magazine for October. The following very characteristic letters from Mr. Carlyle are now published for the first time. They were addressed to Judge Beverly Tucker, of Virginia, in response to letters and pamphlets received from him; and the second letter is the most complete, serious, and restrained expression of Carlyle's view of American slavery that we have seen. * * * The chief letter was written in 1850, when Cariyle was publishing the "Latter-Day Pamphlets." his most direct and vigorous and biting onslaught upon "Sir Jabesh Windbag" and "government by talk" in England—the sharp awakening cry a strong man in "a blatant land" who felt that the was in a minority of one. It was the year of the passage of the Fugitive Slave law in this country, the darkest and angress hour of the tremendous anti-slavery agitation. The letter was written to a Virginian, a slaveholder, a man was written to a virginian, a slaveholder, a man of high character, of ability and accomplishment, and of eminent official position, who had recently delivered a speech at the Southern Convention, which met at Nashville in 1850. * * * CHELSEA, LONDON, 25th October, 1846.

SIR: The New-York Booksellers have duly forwarded to me, a few days ago, your volume of "Lectures," for which I beg to return you many thanks. The candid, ardent, and manful spirit which shines everywhere thro' these Discourses renders the Gitt welcome in itself, and as a token of your kind feelings toward me still as a token of your kind feelings toward me still I have always said of America, in looking at its books, meliora latent; the best meaning of America has not yet come to words (or even to thought)—it is but still struggling to come! And surely, it it be true, as one sometimes prophesies, that huge changes lie not far ahead n your Republic as elsewhere, whosoever has in his heart a clear word longing for utterance, ought to do his best to utter it. With many thanks and good wishes, yours very sincerely.

T. CARLYLE.

To Professor TUCKER, &c. CHELSEA, LONDON, 21 October, 1850. DEAR SIR: Your letter and Pamphlets have duly reached me; for which accept my acknowledgments. The style both of what you write and of what you have spoken invites a consider-ate perusal, and such accordingly you have had ate perusal, and such accordingly you have had from me. If it were in my power to forward, in the way you mention, what I find to be right and essentially just in your endeavors, surely I should not neglect it. But that, I must add, is little likely, in the present state of our affairs, as of yours! Our "New Downing-Street," as the present omens indicate, is still at a great distance.

Meanwhile, dark as we are in regard to all details. I think your mather avergreets to your details, I think you rather exaggerate to your-self our ignorance as to your essential position in that big controversy. I find it a settled con-viction among rational Englishmen, which they frequently express in a careless way, that the Southern States must ultimately feel driven to separate themselves from the Northern, in which result there is not felt here to be anything treasonous or otherwise horrible; our grand shortcoming is that we regard the matter grand shortcoming is that we regard the matter as one in which we have no concern, or a much smaller one than the fact might indicate if we would look at it—that, in short, the rational class, on this, as on some other subjects, is at present a dull and lukewarm one, and that, Exeter Hall, having all the talk to itself, a windy, foolish, and otherwise inconsiderable minority (for such I really take it to be, even by a count of Heads, if you insisted on having any degree of sense in them) take it to be, even by a count of Heads, if you insisted on having any degree of sense in them) usurps the name and figure of England in treating of this matter. Perhaps now at last the dumb sense of the Country does begin to stir, and growl a kind of inarticulate contradiction to the Platforms; but I foresee it will be a long time, such is the complicated depth of this Emancipation Question, and such the general numb bewilderment of men's minds, before the numb bewilderment of men's minds, before the wise result be insisted on with emphasis, and get

the majority in its favor. For you and other men of sense and manfulness of spirit, who stand in the very coil of Negro complications, and feel practically that you must retain command of your servants, or else quit your place and task in the world. I find it altogether natural that you should in silence resolve to front all extremities rather than yield to an extrinsic demand of that nat-ure, however big-voiced and pretentious it be-came, in which quarrel, too, what can I say, except "God stand by the right," which I clear-ly perceive you in part are! But, alas, the question is deep as the foundations of society, and will not be settled this long while! For the cry about Emancipation, so well pleased with itself on Humanity Platforms, is but the keynote of that huge anarchic roar now rising from all nations, for good reasons, too— which tends to abolish all mastership and obediwhich tends to abolish all mastership and obedi-ence whatsoever in this world, and to render So-ciety impossible among the Sons of Adam! And I doubt we have hardly got to the crisis of that yet—at least among speakers in England I find myself in a painful minority of one in regard to it—and after the crisis, when the minority shall have even become considerable, I feel too well what a task will lie ahead of them! It is truly time that each iraye man consulted solemnly time that each brave man consulted solemnly his own most religious oracles on the subject and stood piously prepared to do whatever God's mandate he feit to be laid on him in regard to it. Give me leave, in my dim light, but in my real sympathy with your affairs, to hint another thought I have. It is that this clamor from your "Exeter Hall" and ours, which few persons can regard with less reverence than I, was nevertheless a thing necessary. My notion is that the relation of the White man to the Black is not at present a just one according to the Law of the Eternal, and tho' "Abolition" is by no means the way to remedy it, and would be a "remedy" equivalent to killing it, (as I believe,) yet, beyond all question, remedied it must be the control of the later than the control of the later than the later yet, beyond all question, remedied it must be, and peace upon it is not possible till a remedy be found, and begin to be visibly applied. "A servant hired for life instead of by the day or month;" I have often wondered that wise and just men in your region (of whom I believe there are many) had not come upon a great many methods, or at least some methods better than those yet in use, of justly enunciating this relation, and rejeving such asperities of it as become

and relieving such asperities of it as become intolerable. Have you, for example, a law by a superior Negro, can demand his Freedom I could conceive many other laws and Prac tices not quite in use at present, but am at the bottom of my paper and must end. I shall say only, the Negro Question will be left in peace when God Almighty's law about it is (with tolerable approximation) actually found out and practiced; and never till then. Might this also be a word to the wise! With many regards and true wishes, yours sincerely, T. CARLYLE. To the Hon. BEVERLEY TUCKER, Williamsburg, Va., United States.

BITTEN BY AN ADDER IN BED. From the Hartford Post, Sept. 14. South Windsor, dreamed that he was bitten by a snake, and when he arose in the morning he found one of his forefingers bearing the imprint of a couple of teeth. It was stiff and somewhat swollen, and caused him more or less pain. The blood escaped from the affected portion when it was pressed. The following morning the finger was no better, and considerable blood was forced out through the injured parts. Mr. Stoughton was unable to account for the bite. While in his room during the day, sitting near the window, he discovered an adder making its way through from the vines which shaded the sides of the house. The reptile had climbed up the lattice work, winding its way along, and darted into the chamber. There it was killed by Mr. Stoughton. Whether it had been in the room before of course cannot be known positively, but the supposition is that it had, and that Mr. Stoughton was actually bitten by it while he was asleep. His hand was probably outside the bedclothes, and the snake may have nestled near it for warmth. The sensation from feeling the reptile may have caused a movement of Mr. Stoughton was unable to account for the

PLAYS AND ACTORS ABROAD

AUTUMN DOINGS IN PARIS AND THE BULL FIGHT AT NIMES. REVIVAL OF ROTRON'S TRAGEDY, "VENCES-

LAS"-A NEW TENOR AT THE GRAND OP-ERA --- AN UNINTERESTING EXHIBITION. PARIS, Aug. 31.—One by one the Parisian theatres are awakening from their long Summer sleep. Managers have been induced by the extreme cold to believe in the sudden possibility of large crowds, and have consequently hurried together their companies and are rolling up their curtains on more novelty than is usual at this early season. The Vaudeville, promising a new convenience in the matter of seats quite unheard of in theatres over here, has been obliged to wait until Wednesday, so as not to fall into the surplus and overabundance of the evening previous. If this plucky little theatre starts a revolution in theatrical upholstery we shall have just cause for fervent blessing. As an American remarked a few evenings since: "The theatres are better over here, I will aamit, but they ought to be to make up for the physical agony one endures." This is somewhat exaggerated. if one's purse or influence can get to the best seats; but when there is really anything worth seeing one must wait several weeks to be able to secure these at the box offices, and few tourists can afford the time. The new seats at the Vaudeville are made of leather instead of the usual red velvet, and they are said to be much larger and to have suitable places for hat and cane. A footstool also comes in. No one yet knows whether the direction

of the Opera Comique will or will not have the energy to give "Lohengrin." If there is no cholera Patti and Scalchi will sing at the Grand Opera in the Italian representations, beginning some time in February. Meanwhile, at this theatre we have really enjoyed the debut of a pupil from the Conservatoire. M. Duc, who recently took the prize for a scene from 'William Tell," made his first public appearance last evening in the tenor rôle of the same score. His voice is not broad but it is long, wonderfully even, clear, and resonant without effort; it reaches the un sweetly and easily. His present style is marked by extreme simplicity, which, if it does not yet give all the variety of shading which an older artist might lend, it sings young, true, and effectively. His stage action was quite up to the usual mark; he made no attempt to force the situations, while he was apparently interested in the by-play. The audience was startled by the unheralded excellence of the new candidate, and they gave him enthusiastic applause. Where nothing had been anticipated much had been given, and there will be considerable anxiety feit concerning the next rôle of the debutant. Rossini's hero has been visibly a long and fervent study, and in his own interest M. Due should give the same application to a new score, for his undoubted merit and rather remarkable organ are worthy of further culture. The new tenor was formerly a fencing master, and his previous calling showed itself in his suppleness of pose and good stage presence. Ohnet's play—taken from his novel—of "The Countess Sarah" is not to be given at the Gymnase after all. It does not ap-

pear to have quite met there the full choir of artists necessary. The author was rather ambitious for the greater and more perfect honors of the Français, but here too the Winter repertory is already crowded to excess. At the Gymnase the sensation is thus to be a drama taken from Daudet's "Sapho." Only, Mme. Hading is to be made up and continued throughout the play in a much younger keynote than the novel gives to its heroine, and the climax is to be changed. There can be no doubt of the curiosity and the run that the new presentation of the much read and much discussed novel will enjoy. Koning has a trump card in hand, and he is intelligent enough to use it well. The Hanlon-Lees take the place of Judic at the Variétés, while the diva is even now en route for Havre, from whence she sails

on Saturday. She expects to meet with great success, and I think she will. She is in much better vocal condition than any opera bouffe singer the United States have yet had. The refinement of her method may also conciliate uppertendom, while the musical sympathy even of her speaking voice is charming to listen to. At the Opera the first novelty is to be Massenet's "Cid." From all I can gather a that all the rôles have already been dis-tributed twice, to avoid any possible in-terruption owing to indisposition. The long morning hours are given by Massenet to the arduous study of Mme. Fides-Devries, who is enthusiastic in praise of her rôle, and who thinks it will be the crowning success of her career. She wants to sing it in America, where she is likely to go next season.

The Odéon scored an emphatic triumph on its opening night by restoring to the classical repertory the tragedy of "Venceslas" of Rotron. It was first given in 1647; then Molière reproduced it in 1659; afterward it came to the Palais Royal, and thence to the French Theatre. The last time it was given at the Comédie in 1867, when a statue was erected at Dreux to the memory of its author. It has always been considered a literary gem, and it is greatly prized by all the dilettanti of belles-lettres. The subject can almost be called grandiose in its simplicity. Venceslas, the King, obeying only the instincts, of his duty as the first magistrate of the kingdom, the supreme Judge over all, condemns to death his only son. The arguments brought forward in noble verse, to convince the populace of an unhappy error, prove to be at once quite satisfying to the listener. The people demand the pardon of the Prince, as he is, King thus eventually pardons his son, but he no longer deems himself worthy of his high station, and he abdicates, and the guilty son is proclaimed his successor. The tragedy ends in an overwhelming out-burst of enthusiasm for the new monarch and his government, and the political shading was boisterously applauded. It could scarcely give rise to protestation, on account of its date and the grandeur of its poetical inspiration. Taking the best verses and their number seems endless-from the few obscure points of mediocrity, nothing of finer purpose, of bolder, loftier outline, of more condensed value, could be ound. By Corneille, and by Racine, de Rotron was admitted and eulogized with becoming measure. He was, although vounger in years, their senior in theatrical history. Rotron died, a victim to his own devotion to his paternal city, during the plague. He returned to do his duty by the dying and the dead, and he was one of the first to fall a prey to the disease. These representations at the Odéon-I forget for now long a time-are given at popular prices, so that the test for the play was even more dangerous than the usual presence of the official first nighters might have made it. The interpretation, without being a brilliant one, is above the

For some unknown reason Spain always seems further off than Italy to the average tourist. Probably because the tour of the former is not deemed obligatory; it is only after the second or third tramp abroad that interest is awakened in the land of bull fights and castanets. Owing to some queer working of French law, the long-talked-of bull fight, so often announced in Paris to attract the crowds and louis d'or for a charitable fund, and hitherto always forbidden, was recently allowed at Nimes. Why the difference should be made in favor of a provincial town no one appears to comprehend, and it remains to be seen whether the spectacle has thus received a death blow or a legitimate local baptism. From all accounts the bull struggle was a bloody one; not only were the animals sufficiently lively to allow the perfection of goading, but Frascuelo himself was carried off wounded. The authorities, who attended in gala array, had quite enough of it before half the performance was concluded, and, as far as Nimes is interested, the population have seen the sights, and they appear quite satisfied with the first attempt. It has only whetted the Parisian appetite however, and they are more eager than ever.
Just now the Anglomania for outdoor
sports physical development and sympas.

tic feats, is not only advocated for hygienic purposes, but it is correct and fashionable to be strong and bold. The Circus and Hippodrome are crowded nightly; the young bloods and the old bloods love to saunter in the coulisses. This very large crowd of pleasure seekers, ardent for emotional sensations, think that a bull fight would be novel and terror-striking, and that is about all the modern Parisian

lives for—a new thrill.

One has had only to saunter through the exhibition at the Palais de l'Industrie to be convinced of its unattractiveness, even when allied to the daily concert given by avery excellent band. In truth, the exhibition has been a very poor one. I never saw worse taste displayed in all the sections, and there is positively no novelty. It looks like the very outskirts of a large exhibition, where no one ever goes and where the occupants seem only have collected their refuse so as to have a local reason for a prolonged daily nap. The long windows of boots and shoes, the glittering display of cheap bronzes: the cumbersome majesty of tiresome furniture, fit only for the traveler's appreciation at some railway hotel; the rows of corn cures, pomatum jars, artificial flowers, sewing machines, and that modern nuisance the orchestral piano, do not in their sum total afford amusement to the lounger. . The 'great attraction" is the descent from the first story into a coal mine. It is skillfully managed, and gives an abridged idea of the real thing. At any other time this would entice many hundreds a day, yet barely a dozen or more are induced to penetrate the mysteries recently made so popular by Zola's "Germinal." L. K.

ADOLPH SUTRO'S STATUES.

HOW HE HAS BEAUTIFIED AND ADORNED

SUTRO HEIGHTS. From the San Francisco Bulletin, Sept. 7. For a long time the people who have visited the Cliff House and beach have been puzzled to know what Adolph Sutro is doing with his property on the bluff overlooking the ocean. The signs of extensive improvements, the terraced drives, and the statuary, which are seen from the road below, attract every eye and give rise to speculation as to what is to be seen within the grounds, which are inclosed by high fences where fences are rendered unneccessary by precipitous banks. The 20 acres which Mr. Sutro has beautified by flowers, drives, walks, and statuary form one of the most attractive spots within the reach of San Franciscans. Although work was begun about three years ago most of the improvements have been made within one year, and whatever the visitor will find attractive and artistic he must give Mr. Sutro credit for, as that gentleman has had carried out his own ideas and has personally sucarried out his own ideas and has personally su-perintended all the work.

The elevated land which will be known as Sutro Heights and which overlooks the Cliff House, the Seal Rocks, the beach, the Golden Gate and north shore, the bar and the ocean has been converted into a park which, in its plan, has had the advantage of Mr. Sutro's familiarity with all the noted parks of Europe A departure has had the advantage of Mr. Sutro's familiarity with all the noted parks of Europe. A departure from the stereotyped plan which is found abroad has been made, which not only introduces a feature of beauty, but enables the other attractions and the artistic plan to be more readily seen and realized than could otherwise have been done. This departure consists in the construction of a wide, straight driveway from the main entrance nearly through the grounds, outling through the serpentine walks and drives, and overlooking one part of the grounds, while it brings into view the rest. This avenue is about 40 feet wide, entered through a gateway which was planned by Mr.

rest. This avenue is about 40 feet wide, entered through a gateway which was planned by Mr. Sutro, and which the Rev. Dr. Newman said exhibited the poetry of architecture. It is flanked on each side by lions of life size, duplicates in artificial stone of celebrated Continental sculptures. The gate itself is built of wood, and is 30 feet high by 37 feet wide. The top slopes like a grouf et the apex of which is a large up in in roof, at the apex of which is a large urn, in which grows a century plant. Over the posts which separate the driveway from the footpaths are groups of statuary. The principal feature of the entrance is the gateway of the main drive, which is half circular above, and which, when the gates are closed, presents a large open circle, with light ornamental work above and in the gates below. The feature of the smaller gates on each side is an feature of the smaller gates on each side is an elliptical opening. From the gate the main drive extends straight through toward the bluff overlooking the beach, and then turns to the right and goes around the hill above the Cliff right and goes around the hill above the Cliff House. From this main drive, or rather intersecting it, serpentine paths lead to all parts of the grounds. These grounds have been planted with all kinds of semi-tropical plants, flowers, and trees, and present a variety of beauty that would render satisfied any landscape gardener, had any professional planned them. At one point Mr. Sutro has commenced a conservatory, one wing of which is now flathed and filled with point Mr. Sutro has commenced a conservatory, one wing of which is now finished and filled with rare plants. A central cupola will next be built, and then another wing, which will make a conservatory of the same general plan as that at the park and nearly as large. But, besides this, there are several other hothouses on a different part of the grounds, in which are propagated rare plants or trees. They are called the nurseries, and here are grown and acclimated those shrubs which will be set out in the grounds. There are several hundred thousand young pines and other evergreens in boxes ready to be planted in December and January, and there is a large lot of pines procured in France, which are of peculiar beauty. The water with which the plants and grounds are supplied is collected from several natural springs and pumped into a large reservoir in which carp are growing. In the springs themselves are trout. There is one curiosity on the which carp are growing. In the springs themselves are trout. There is one curiosity on the grounds in the shape of a rectangular inclosure planted with trees, so as to form narrow paths, with an open space in the centre. The paths are so arranged as to form a maze, which those so disposed, and having the time to spare, will find much pleasure in trying to thread. It is needless to say that Mr. Surro has not concealed within it a Minotaur. All through the cealed within it a Minotaur. All through the grounds are to be seen pieces of statuary, thick

as the Autumn leaves which served Milton as a simile. All along the paths, among the flowers, in the open spaces, on the parapets, inclosed within bowers, or standing in lawns, are copies of the great sculptures which the lovers of art travel across the Atlantic to admire. Wherever Mr. Sutro saw a statue, a bust, or a figure that was good, he had a cast made in Portland cement, and had it shipped to San Francisco. There are copies of the most noted Grecian and Roman sculptures, and the Venus of Milo, Adons, Mercury, and other gods of mythology stand in proximity to busts of Roman Emperors and Grecian statesmen. Among the busts is one which is almost an exact duplicate of the features of one of San Evanciaco's most noted law. ures of one of San Francisco's most noted law-yers. The likeness is so remarkable that any one yers. The likeness is so remarkable that any one who has seen the gentleman would say that the bust of the famous Roman was a cast of the Californian features. But Mr. Sutro has not yet got all of the statuary in position, and one part of the grounds is covered with pieces unpacked and waiting to be placed. Some of these figures are seen from the Cliff House, standing on the parapet surrounding the seplaned overlocking parapet surrounding the esplanade overlooking

the ocean.

The grounds are not yet completed, but the greater portion has been laid out and planted, so that, although there remains much to do, the visitor will see little lacking. It is Mr. Sutro's intention to retain this place as his private estate for some time, but he is making preparations to admit the public on Wednesdays and Saturdays from 2 to 4 P. M., and on other days at any hour by card, which may be obtained at the hotels. Mr. Sutro says there is no place in the world which offers so beautiful a building site, and the visitor who sees the magical change which has visitor who sees the magical change which has been effected on what was considered a barren height, and the panorama of ocean and headland which lies below him, will be inclined to agree with the possessor.

LOWELL AT CONCORD.

Mr. James Russell Lowell said in his

speech at the dinner in Concord, Mass., on Sat-

urday: "Had I expected to make a speech

I should have come with my pocket full of im-

promptus; as it is you will escape with a short-

er address than if I had done so. I am reminded

of an incident which occurred during my residence in Concord, 47 years ago. I am a little doubtful under what title I am reckoned as belonging to this town, for I was born neither in Concord nor Lexington, nor am 1 an adopted son; but it occurs to me that I came under another process, more common than now. I was bound out to Concord for a period of time. During a part of my senior years in college I was rusticated and sent to reside here with a most excellent tutor. It was one of the most fortunets events of my life. side here with a most excellent tutor. It was one of the most fortunate events of my life, for here I first made the acquaintance of Emerson, whom I recall in much the same terms as those wherein Dante commemorates his teacher, Brunetto Latini, that dear and good paternal spirit. He taught me also, as Dante says, how man makes himself eternal. I was then a flighty and exceedingly wouthful youth but Emercon man makes himself eternal. I was then a flighty and exceedingly youthful youth, but Emerson treated me with the kindliest consideration. He took me on his walks occasionally and left on my memory the deepest impressions. One particular walk I recall that I took with him to the cliffs I shall always remember, and I desire to emphasize here the connection that Concord has with our literature. In my opinion it has never happened to another town so small as Concord to produce three men who have had so wide an influence as Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau. Those three men, and especially Emerson, did more than all other men put together to secure our intellectual independence. With Emerson we first ceased to be provincial. You would think me extravagant if I told you how highly I value the genius to be provincial. You would think me extravagant if I told you how highly I value the genius of Hawthorne, but I may mention one great and needful lesson which he taught us, that we could find in our past a store house for the best work of the imagination and the fancy. Thoreau taught another lesson almost as needful, that nature can be as inspiring here in New-England as in Wordsworth's country. If we have stars enough—which I sometimes doubt—to make a whole constellation of Orion, then we have in these men of Concord, those three eminent stars which make the belt of Orion, it

TEWKESBURY MEMORIES

THE SKULL OF CLARENCE AND THE CHARACTER OF RICHARD. ENGLAND'S ENGLISH MONARCHS AND HER FOREIGN ONES-RICHARD NOT SO BAD

AS HE HAS BEEN PAINTED. London, Sept. 5.—In the gloomy vault of the ancient abbey church at Tewkesbury I stood the other day and looked at the skull of "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence." An hour before I had traversed the battlefield, stood on the grassy knoll which still is called "Queen Margaret's Camp," and crossed the "Bloody Meadow" where the Yorkists hewed down full thousands of the panic-stricken, surrounded Lancastrian troops. Thence we had walked to the tottering old timber house in Church-street, where tradition locates the murder of poor young Prince Edward the evening after the battle, and then, in the church itself, had seen the brass in the tiled floor which marks his burial place, with its pathetic lines:

Ebeu hominum furor: Matris tu sola lux es. Et gregis ultima spes."

And now to stand and look upon the veritable skull of one of the chief actors in the grand tragedy of lives, dynastic hopes, maternal ambitions, and party plans which makes Tewkesbury famous, was to realize the whole scene with startling force. In the little glass case which contains the mortal contents of the old vault cheek by jowl with the cranium of Clarence is a smaller skull, delicate and finely formed—that of his wife Isabel, eldest daughter of the great Warwick. Looking at these grim relics of the War of the Roses -which, after lying in damp darkness for 400 hundred years and more, are now perked up under a glass for rude nineteenth century eyes to stare at—it was easy to yield to the spell of antiquity, and listen again for the croaking laugh of the hunchback brother, or the mailed tread of the king-maker. And when the thin taper had burned down, and we climbed up to light again, it was almost a disillusion to see a stout, modern Gloucestershire couple waiting to be shown the

abbey sights. They are going to resuscitate the character of Richard III. For a long time the feeling in that direction has been strong. John Richard Green went further than any predecessor had gone, in his "History of the English People," to set right the injustice done by the Tudor historians and writers, from Hollinshed to Shakespeare Soon a large work on the subject, written by a gentleman who has given many years to the study, will be published, setting forth what I believe will be the historical view of Richard agreed upon 20 years hence. Poor John McCullough used to hold stoutly to this view, and made the hateful part almost likeable, certainly masterful, statesmanlike, and kingly There is so much to be said for this view, if one will only think upon itthe harsh necessities of an age of turbulence and rapine, the righteous contempt which the nobles felt for the greedy parvenue Woodvilles, the confidence Richard felt in himself as the keenest, wisest ablest of his race, and, above all, his genuine popularity in the city of London, which survives even to this day in a score is some leaven, too, of race feeling in this taste for going back and furbishing up the memories of English Princes who were really English. Of the 4,096 ancestors of the present Prince of Wales, stretching back to the thirteenth generation, that of Margaret Tudor, there are perhaps 96 who could speak English, but only one of practically English parent-Weish and French blood. In all these terrible Wars of the Roses it is often lost to sight that the Yorkists were the English party, as against a weaking King whose mother was a Valois, and whose wife. Margaret of Anjou, was hooted in London as the "Foreign Woman," much as Marie Autoinette was in Paris three centuries later. And when the English bile is more than ordinarily stirred by some royal salute for a wretched Hessian Grand Duke or pension for a Coburg hanger-on, it is a real satisfaction to think of a time when the royal family was of true English blood, and to demonstrate that Richard III. was not such a bad fellow after all. There are no other three brothers in English history, perhaps not in any history, whose reputed characters are now, after the lapse of ages, so distinct in the public mind as are those of the sons of Richard, Duke of York. At the time they must have seemed ideal Princes compared with the monkish Henry VI. They were descended in twos trains from Edward III., descent from him there was but a single foreign ancestress—a sister of Peter the Cruel; all the others were Norman-Saxon, daughters of the houses of de Burgh, Nethe crown was clearly superior to that of the scions of John of Gaunt. Their father. a notably strong and popular man, had been cruelly butchered at York by the 'Foreign Woman," and his lifeless head mocked by her Angevin impudence with a paper crown. The boys, too, recalled by their juvenile valor the brightest and bravest traditions of the hero of Crecy. When his father's murder left him head of the Yorkists, Edward, Earl of March, was not yet 20; his brotners were lads in their teens—and they all had a part in the victory of Mortimer's Cross which cut the "Foreign Woman's" triumph so short, and made young Edward King. Ten years later, in 1471, first at Barnet in April, where revolted Warwick was slain, and in May at Tewkesbury. where the Lancastrians were destroyed root and branch, these youngsters wrought prodigies of valor. The King himself was only 30, Clarence was 26, and Richard of Gloster barely 20, yet they were all not only lions on the battlefield, but foxes in strategy. Only one of them, Edward, reached his fortieth year. Richard died fighting on Bosworth field when 35. Hapless Clarence drank his deep historic draught of Malmsey when barely 32. Poor Clarence! There will be no rehabilitation for him. Historians may exalt Edward, as Green goes far toward doing, to the level of Charles V. and Elizabeth. They may scrape off the thick layers of contumely with which the Tudor scribes so plastered Richard. But they can make nothing of George-not even the sweetminded philosopher whose last reveries Shakespeare charitably portrays. The old Plantagenet bravery he had, as the records of Barnet, Tewkesbury, and other fields amply show. The barbaric ruthlessness of his race was his, too, for tradition, in making the first dagger which struck Margaret's son his, has never been contradicted, and he looked on unconcerned or pleased at all the terrible series of executions which followed his brother's victories. Perhaps, too, he had no more inherent faithlessness than the others of his family. The mischief was that he betraved people at the wrong time. He went over to Warwick when it was too late. He came back to his brother when he had sinned too grievously to be forgiven. There was no skill in his scoundrelism. As irresolute as he was ferocious, doomed to be dominated always by some mind stronger than his own, shifting weakly between fear of his brother and the ambitions which Warwick fostered, history has fastened upon him a death as uniquely ridiculous as his career was unworthy. And so back to his skull, which is in the

from the ashes of his victim, Margaret's

gist has examined it. To my unscientific

eyes it seemed a good head piece, large and round. The forehead is low, but broad.

The brow directly above the nose is re-

markably full-more so than any other

skull I have ever seen. In the charts this

place is called "eventuality," and in the Dictionaries "eventuality" is described as

a term in phrenology, so that what the

bump signifies I cannot tell. If by eventuality is meant looking ahead, then poor Clarence's great faculty was used to very bad advantage. If

when he stood at the window overlook-

bump had aided him to foresee his own

wretched ending, the beheading of his son

on Tower Hill in early manhood; the

ing Tewkesbury Cross this "eventuality'

son. I know not whether any phrenoio-

the headsman chasing her about the scafe fold, striking as he ran; the terrible, bloody finish of all the game he and his brothers were playing—then perhaps ha would have chosen rather death along with Somerset, Audley, Clifton, and the other Lancastrians who were being beheaded outside.

Besides these skulls and bones of Clarence and his wife there are few memorials of the Wars of the Roses at 'rewkesbury. Ancient, timber-ribbed houses there are in abundance along the placed old Highstreet, but the village cross in the market square, against which Edward set up his caffold, is long since gone; the Tolzey itself has disappeared, and of the vast amount of armor, accoutrements, ammunition, weapons, and the like which must have strewed the battlefield, succeeding centuries have turned up next to nothing. There is, indeed, the fine old timbered house on the road to Bushley, known as Payne's Place, where one is still shown the room in which Queen Margaret was secreted for three days after the battle, but it has no relics of the time. Of the abbey church itself, very much remains as it was when the Yorkists cele-

brated with a Te Deum on Sunday, May

5, 1471, their tremendous victory. It is

among the handsomest of old English eoclesiastical structures, with enormous cylindrical pillars like those of the Gloucester cathedral, and many monuments of antiquity and interest. In the old times ts temporal Lords were such great people as the Fitz-Hamons, De Clares, Despensers. Beauchamps, and Nevilles, and their wealth endowed it with sumptuous appointments and rare carvings. The favorite Despencer of Edward II.'s time was Lord of Tewkesbury when he was executed, and his tomb here is a marvel of exquisite workmanship. So Clarence was Lord of Tewkesbury, through his wife, heiress of the Nevilles, when he came to his end, a century and a half later. For many years the vault in which Clarence and Isabel of Warwick lay was forgotten of men. In the Reformation it was broken into and 1709, a local dignitary named Hawling took it as a family burying vault, and eventually it was closed up and its location forgotten. In 1826, by the help of the 'Abbey Chronicle" it was discovered, the Hawling coffins removed, and the remains of the two skeletons found in the corner amid the relies of rich wooden coffins. placed in a stone coffin taken from the abbey yard. In 1876 the vault was opened again, and the coffin found filled with clear water, having been filled by the great flood of the Severn in 1852. Then the remains were placed in the case against the wall. where they now are, and where visitors who specially ask to view them may do so. They tell very droll stories of a local basket maker, who used to be the cicerone of the abbey, and was recently deposed because the greatness of his subject was too much for his imagination. He was accustomed gravely to tell visitors that he was present when the vault of Clarence was opened in 1826, and that the smell of the Malmsey wine was quite noticeable. The Vicar heard of this, and gave him warning to desist. Soon after he related to another party that in 1876, when the coffin was examined, it was discovered to be filled with a fluid which the guide books said was water, but which was really Malmsey that had exuded from Clarence's bones, and the fumes of which were so strong as to make the investigators quite intoxicated. This story was over the limits, and the man is making baskets again. H. F.

DR. ADELAIDE RICHARDSON.

SAD CIRCUMSTANCES OF HER DEATH AT MOUNT HOLYOKE SEMINARY. From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, Sept. 18. Dr. Adelaide Richardson, of Mount Holyoke Seminary, during a fit of temporary insanity committed suicide Tuesday night or Wednesday morning. Dr. Richardson, previous to retiring, appeared to be enjoying her usual health, and nothing in her appearance indicated anything unusual. She joined the others at table, conversing cheerfully with those around her, and afterward took part in the evening devotional services. She was present at another brief gathering during the evening. after which she retired to her room. It is the custom of the seminary for those who need the custom of the seminary for those who need the services of the physician to repair to the dispensary at a certain morning hour, and several did so Wednesday. After waiting some time for Dr. Richardson to appear the young women mentioned her absence to some of the teachers. Thinking that she was resting in her room, they disliked to disturb her, but finally became anxious and, about 11 o'clock, went to her room. They found that the door was bolted on the in-They found that the door was bolted on the inside, and, receiving no response to their calls, they caused the door to be forced. Dr. Richardson was found lying on the bed, and life was extinct. It is supposed that, while suffering from an attack of temporary insanity, she took a lancet from her table near by and made an in-cision in her neck over the carotid artery about cision in her neck over the carotid artery about an inch long and very deep, causing death. Dr. Richardson's friends were notified of the sad affair and came from Boston and vicinity at night, taking the body away with them to Wollaston, where the interment will occur. Brief services were held at the seminary before the removal of the body. Dr. Richardson was 47 years old. She obtained her medical education at Ann Arbor, Mich., and came to Mount Holyoke Seminary in September, 1878, where she remained till June, 1882. After leaving South Hadiey she went to her mother's born at Lampies Blein where she mother's home at Jamuica Plain, where she practiced for a time, and devoted some of her time to hospital work. She then traveled in the South with a friend for the benefit of her health, and while there her head was a source of trouble. At one time she imagined that she had committed a crime, which haunted her continually, and she was obliged to go to her friends at Cleveland, Ohio. During the seminary vacation she went to the New-England Hospital at Boston for treatment and was under the care of Dr. Zachschefski, a specialist, for a time. At the opening of the seminary, having in a measure regained her usual health, she accepted an invitation from that institution to return to the scene of her for-mer successful labors. The seminary people were unaware of her true condition, although they think it would soon have made itself apparent. She resumed her former position and appeared to be pleased to be among those who loved and trusted her. When cautioned in regard to overwork she said that she should care. fully avoid it. Dr. Richardson was a woman of more than ordinary attainments, standing well as a practitioner and enjoying the confidence and esteem of all who knew her. She was a lovable woman, conscientious, devoted, and a dealer than the standard of t wont Christian. Her mother, a woman or 80, who came from Boston, passed the remains on

who came from boston, passed the remains on their way east, and on arriving in this city de-cided to visit the seminary, where she was wel-comed by the former associates of Dr. Richard-son. The teachers and pupils feel the sad affair keenly, and they have naturally endeavored to avoid publicity so far as possible. DRIVING NAILS WITH AN IRON HAND. From the San Francisco Chronicle. While passing down Dupont-street near the Academy of Sciences yesterday a Chronicle reporter observed a man pounding away on a nail with his hand. It was in a blacksmith's shop which opens on the street. The nail seemed to penetrate further and further into the wood, and the man did not appear to feel as if the striking of his hand against the nail hurt him at all. Approaching nearer, the reporter saw that the hand was made of iron. The steel-fisted man said that while participating in a Fourth of July celebration in Marysville in 1864 he lost his right arm at the elbow by the premature explosion of a cannon. Being a blacksmith and keyfitter, the loss compelled him to abandon his trade. For five years he wandered about the country doing one thing or another. One day while in a blacksmith's shop in Vallejo the idea entered his head to fabricate an artificial hand out of iron. He gave his directions and had the contrivance he now wears manufactured. It consists of a steel cylinder about four or reporter observed a man pounding away on a ance he now wears manufactured. It consists of a steel cylinder about four or five inches long. To this is affixed a leather apparatus, which enables him to adjust the artificial hand on the stump of his arm. The stump fits into the apparatus and is carefully strapped. The hand may then be used as a hammer, and the dents in the steel show how much it has been so applied. The deficiency of fingers to grasp a file is supplied in the following manner: A long hole projects into the base of the cylinder, into which a file or knife may be screwed. This is properly tightened, and the loss of fingers is not felt. If the iron-handed man desires to pick up anything, he adjusts a peculiar hook or is not felt. If the iron-handed man desires to pick up anything, he adjusts a peculiar hook or an instrument resembling a chisel, and he can bring to his reach anything he may require. Besides the heavy hand, which he generally uses for hard work, he has a more delicate apparatus of brass, manufactured by himself, for easy work. He says that he has worn the steel hand for 16 years, and he has grown to regard it with great affection. He scarcely feels the loss of his great affection. He scarcely feels the loss of his natural hand. As he hammers or files at saws behind his little glass window on Dupont-street,

LEGAL CAUTION. Counsel (for the prosecution)—You will admit that your client was in Boston at the time

the passers-by gaze curiously.

the affair occurred?

Counsel—You will admit that your client was in Boston about the time the affair occurred? Counsel—No. Sir.

Counsel—You will at least admit that there is such a place as Boston?
Counsel (emphatically)—No, Sir. If the prosecution wishes to establish in evidence that such Countess of Salisbury in her old see with Woodmit nothing. it has not to prove it.

Counsel (for the defendant)-No, Sir.