

Prince Charles Bonaparte has consented to be a candidate for the General Council of Ajaccio in opposition to his cousin, Prince Napoleon. The rupture, therefore, between the latter and the Imperialists has come to a climax, and it is believed that unless he obtains the support of the Republicans, Prince Napoleon has no chance of reelection.

At a meeting in London, to receive a report from missionaries sent to discover the tribes of Israel, Lord H—— was asked to take the chair. "I take," he replied, "a great interest in your researches, gentlemen. The fact is, I have borrowed money from all the Jews now known, and if you can find a new set I shall be obliged."

Mr. Disraeli's visit to Ireland has been abandoned, in consequence of the state of his health.

A curious phenomenon was recently caught at Wimborne, Dorsetshire, a perfectly white sparrow, with pink eyes. Its brethren, doubtless shocked by such a *lusus nature*, had set upon the wretched bird, and were pecking it to death.

A fee of 150,000 dollars has just been received by an American surgeon for removing a wen. The operation was performed with electric knives.

The Jews of New York outnumber those of Jerusalem.

The celebrated German Protestant historian, M. Kopps, has become a convert to Catholicity.

The unsuccessful strike of the mill-workers of Belfast has cost them over £200,000.

The American papers state that the Evangelicals are somewhat exercised about the statement that Horace Greely died a Catholic.

Basil Harrison, who figures in one of Cooper's novels as the "Bee Hunter," died recently in Michigan, aged 106.

Froude's venom has not been entirely exhausted, and he proposes to issue another volume of "The English in Ireland."

Henry B. Ste Marie, who captured John H. Surratt, one of Lincoln's assassins, recently died in Philadelphia.

The Japanese census shows only 3,000 criminals in a population of over 30,000,000 souls.

Somebody calculates that to feed New New York and its adjacent population requires annually 600,000 head of cattle, 800,000 sheep, 1,000,000 hogs, 2,000,000 barrels of flour, and 1,000,000 barrels of rye and corn, in addition to milk, fish, fruits, vegetables, and groceries to correspond.

The ceremony of blessing the foundations of the magnificent new church to be erected in honor of St. Joseph, at Berkeley street, Dublin, took place on Sunday, August 30. His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop officiated.

Some houses in Clare Market, London, were recently found to be in such a dangerous state that the occupants, who ran out on the first alarm, were not allowed to return for their goods. The houses are now in course of demolition.

A New York man, who believes in advertising, paid a bill of 78,000dols the other day for a year's work, but it was well spent, for the earnings resulting from that advertisement, which were divided among four persons, footed up 650,000dols.

A large crab having teeth like those of a horse, and limbs five feet long, has been captured off the Japanese coast.

Wishing to show a few English visitors some "sport," the Maharaja of Puttiala, lately let loose a tigress in the vicinity of his palace. As might have been expected, the brute killed two or three people before she herself was knocked over.

Mr. H. M. Stanley has left on his Zanzibar expedition. It is said that he will have as many as 800 men at his disposal to carry out its objects. He has had two portable steel boats built in England especially for river service. It is said that Mr. Stanley regards the expedition on which he is now entering as one attended with great personal danger. One of the members of the expedition is a magnificent dog, presented to Stanley by Lady Burdett Coutts, and said to be worth £500.

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

The Corporation of the City of London is becoming very rich. Its accounts for the last financial year shows its revenue amounted to £430,6000, while it has a cash balance in the bank of £640,000.

Wreaths of artificial foliage and flowers made of metal, and carefully colored after nature, are used for wall decorations, and on festive occasions at Paris.

The sale of waste paper from the different public departments in Great Britain realises annually sixteen thousand pounds sterling.

The shareholders in the Manchester Aquarium have decided to have it open to the public on Sundays, from 4 to 6 p.m.

Temple Bar has now to be propped up; so it will formally be taken away from its present position, where it is an obstruction to traffic, and re-erected as an entrance to the new law courts near by.

Margaret Wolfe, aged nine years, the daughter of a sailor, died at Liverpool, from inflammation consequent upon having her ears pierced for earrings.

King Coffee has so far lost caste by his defeat that the neighboring tribes from whom he formerly exacted tribute, now refuse to pay. Some of the tribes are in open revolt, and at present he is powerless to subdue them.

A venerable old lady (says the 'Tribune'), who was called upon to give evidence at the inquest on the fire in Pernel, lately, when she had the Bible presented to her on being sworn, asked in the sweetest manner possible if the book was for her, and without waiting a reply, began rummaging for her pocket to put it in. She looked very much disappointed on being told she was only to kiss, not to keep it.

The 'Pilot' says—Several exchanges have stated that Rev. Father Keenan, of Lancaster, Pa., who has attained his ninety-sixth year, is the oldest priest in America, and perhaps in the world. This is incorrect, as the oldest priest in North America is now stationed at St. John's Church, Frederick, Md., the Rev. John McElroy, S. J., aged ninety-eight years.

RANDOM NOTES.

"A chieft's among ye takin' notes,
And faith he'll prent 'em,"

Now that the Goddard fever has somewhat subsided, and the star which shone with such brilliancy has disappeared from our firmament, it may be that the public will come down from its high stilts, and form a less roseate estimate of the performances of that celebrated artiste. I do not for one moment wish to depreciate the undoubted abilities and talents of Madame Goddard, who is, *par excellence*, the pianiste of the day, and without a peer in her profession; but—at the risk of losing caste by the confession—I fail to discover that she is so immeasurably superior to other artistes I have heard, to cause the ecstatic raptures indulged in during her visit by Brown, Jones, and Robinson. The oft-repeated question, "What's in a name?" has been answered to some purpose by the reception accorded to Madame Goddard, for it will scarcely be denied that a considerable portion of the enthusiasm and gushing with which she was greeted was as much owing to the fame of her name, as a tribute of admiration for her talents. The truth is, that Madame Goddard's advent had been looked forward to for some time with an amount of interest and excitement rarely, if ever, accorded to a professional, and the public felt it incumbent upon it to endorse a verdict which had been so generally and unequivocally expressed, and add another to the list of Psaens which have been sung in her honor, or else incur the odium of being devoid of all musical appreciation. Had an artiste unknown to fame, and whose reputation had been unheralded, appeared under the unpretentious name of Green, but whose talents were equal, or even superior to those of Madame Goddard, would the discrimination of the critical audiences which rapturously applauded that lady, be equal to the occasion, and merit receive its due meed of applause? It is somewhat more than questionable. Or suppose Madame Goddard, during the execution of one of those difficult compositions, which were listened to with such wrapt attention, had chosen to take liberties with the music, and indulge in manipulations on the instrument not intended by the composer. I ask how many among her crowded audience would be able to detect the discrepancy? Possibly not two dozen, and most probably even those would attribute the variations to the super-excellence of her execution. To mention Madame Goddard's performances without a host of superlatives, was to be stigmatised as a being without a soul, and to be the recipient of the most contemptuous pity; but to have the moral courage to attempt to qualify a eulogium with the little word "but," was quite sufficient to consign one to Coventry. A friend of mine, whose opinion I asked after his attendance, indulged in strictures of a heretical nature, being neither complimentary to the artiste's abilities nor his own judgment, and more trenchant than true, yet to my surprise the second and succeeding nights saw him in his former place, applauding to the echo. Why was this? Simply because Madame Goddard was the rage; fashion was inexorable, and appearances had to be maintained; and my friend had taken a season ticket. It is a pity Madame Goddard, instead of confining herself to the mere physical puzzles of German composers, did not play some real music, and favor her audiences with pieces from the Italian masters.

Public benefits are oftentimes the reverse where individuals are concerned, and circumstances which are a boon to the many, have very often an opposite effect on the few. New Zealand is a case in point, and the immunity from the presence of snakes, *et hoc genus omne*, upon which the colony has so often prided itself—blessing, as no doubt it will be considered—has frequently been a source of regret to needy paragraphists during the long Parliamentary recess. In the other colonies journalists have always a reserve to fall back upon during a dearth of news, and the gap can be easily filled by a monster gooseberry or cleverly-improvised snake story. However, although our literary scribes are placed at a seeming disadvantage, they possess a substitute which knows no season, and is in perfect bloom in both January and May. Need I say I allude to the immortal "Knocker," of whom, no doubt, your readers have heard before. Although "Knocker" has been publicly enathematized by every journal from the 'Bay of Plenty Times' to its namesake of Otago, I have but little doubt that simultaneously a silent blessing was invoked on his behalf. As to whether "Knocker" really has an existence in the flesh, or is merely some apocryphal character created by clever Pressmen to supply the want of the gooseberry or the snake, I am not at all clear—and there would appear to be as much mystery shrouding that highly-abused but useful personage as existed with regard to the identity of Junius. However judging from the daily journals of the past few days, it would appear as if Mr. Knocker were about to be relieved from his arduous duties, and a successor found in the person of "Master Humphrey." I congratulate Knocker, and consider he may safely retire on his laurels.

It is but seldom I am in accord with the clever writer of "Passing Notes," but there appeared a sentence in his last paper which I heartily endorse. He says:—"Here in the land of plenty nobody need steal brass, as everybody seems to have more than enough. Brass abounds, and passes current; brass is essential, and is therefore plentiful." True, O King! I bow my head to the dictum of one who evidently speaks from experience, and pardon the egotism in consideration of the candour. To be convinced that brass abounds and passes current, we need only read the columns of the—newspapers. However, as the writer is not quite "everybody," it were better he had not been so general in his remarks, and rested satisfied with announcing his own possession of the commodity.

On the 1st August, the Feast of St. Peter in Chains, the 'Unita Cattolica' laid an offering at the feet of the Holy Father. It consisted of over 20,000 francs, which Catholic Italy has sent to that journal in small sums during the months of June and July. In the copy of the journal published on that day—the previous day's journal was sequestered for the attempt to publish the Archbishop of Paris's Pastoral Letter—there are a series of notes on the Chains of St. Peter, and a corresponding series of notes on the Chains of Pius the Ninth.