

Several very significant words in the above letter were omitted in the German papers. It is easy to fill up the gaps, which indeed are eloquent enough as they stand in describing the state of the country. The oppressor's foot is upon the victim's throat. Every groan, every sigh is stifled. Who will dare to hint that the State is persecuting, or doing more than acting in self-defence against the Vatican decrees?

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE CONSUMPTION OF AN ORDINARY LIFETIME.—Our young readers have a big task before them, if this calculation of the amount of food eaten by a man in half a century be correct, but they need not be discouraged, and should take things leisurely. He would have to climb a good sized hill to overlook the articles; for they comprise 30 oxen, 200 sheep, 100 calves, 200 lambs, 50 pigs, 1,200 chickens, 3,000 turkeys, 193 pigeons, 140 pounds of salmon, 150 pounds of other fish, 30,000 oysters, 5,443 pounds of vegetables, 244 pounds of butter, 24,000 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ tons of bread, 3,000 gallons of tea and coffee, besides tons of fruit, barrels of sweetmeats, and hogsheds of water.

NOT A BAD JOKE.—An incident of a somewhat amusing nature occurred at a meeting of the Christchurch Council a few days since. The time arrived for the opening of tenders for the cartage of rubble, and Councillor Calvert, on whom that duty usually devolves, proceeded to open the batch of letters handed to him by the Town Clerk. To the astonishment of all, the first he opened was—not a tender, but a Valentine specially dedicated to his Worship the Mayor. It is needless to say that the incident caused considerable merriment, the Mayor joining his brother councillors in the laughter that ensued. Councillor Calvert proceeded, and two or three genuine enclosures were brought to light one after the other; then came another Valentine addressed to Councillor Gapes, and lastly a second for his Worship. The letters were all marked "tenders," and there was nothing whatever to lead the Town Clerk to suspect the nature of their contents. It was suggested that perhaps the "cabbies" knew something about them.

THE MOUTH AS AN INDEX OF CHARACTER.—The mouth is the frankest part of the face. It can the least conceal the feelings. We can neither hide the ill-temper with it nor good. We may affect what we please, but affectation will not help us. In a wrong cause it will only make our observers resent the endeavor to impose upon them. A mouth should be of good natural dimensions, as well as plump in the lips. When the ancients among their beauties, made mention of small mouths and lips, they meant small as opposed to an excess the other way, a fault very common in the South. The saying in favor of small mouths, which have been the ruin of so many pretty looks, are very absurd. If there must be an excess either way it had better be the liberal one. A pretty pursed up mouth is fit for nothing but to be left to its complacency. Large mouths are oftener found in union with generous dispositions than very small ones. Beauty should have neither, but a reasonable look of openness and delicacy. It is an elegance in lips, when, instead of making sharp angles at the corners of the mouth, they retain a certain breadth to the very verge, and show the red. The corner then looks painted with a free and liberal pencil.

CHINESE PRINTING.—Printing a book in China is done somewhat as follows (says the 'New Zealand Times') :—Two pages are written by a person trained to the business, on a sheet of thin paper, divided into columns by black lines, and in the space between the two pages are written the title of the work and the number of chapter and page; when the sheet has been printed, it is folded down through this space, so as to bring the title, &c., partly on each page. The sheet, when ready for printing, is pasted, face downwards, on a smooth block of wood, made usually from the pear or plum tree. As soon as it is dry, the paper is rubbed off with great care, leaving behind an inverted impression of the characters. Another workman now cuts away the blank spaces by means of a sharp graver, and the block, with the characters in high relief, passes to the printer, who performs the work by hand. The two points that he has to be most careful about are—to ink the characters equally with his brush, and to avoid tearing the paper when taking the impression. From a good wooden block some 15,000 copies may be printed, and when the characters have been sharpened up a little it is possible to obtain 8,000 or 10,000 more impressions.

A BARRISTER'S IDEA OF A HEIFER.—At the Quarter Sessions yesterday (says the 'Burrangong Chronicle'), while a learned advocate was cross-examining a witness in a case where a man was charged with cattle-stealing, some difficulty arose about the stolen animal in question having one or two hind knees. When the learned gentleman asked in most serious manner, "Are the hind knees were bandy as well as the front?" His Honor drew attention to the fact that a heifer had only two knees, which announcement was received by an outburst of laughter from the attendance, and the barrister looked somewhat astonished and crestfallen.

THE LESSON OF GRATTAN'S LIFE.—Reader if you be an Irish Protestant, and entertain harsh prejudices against your Catholic fellow-countrymen—study the works and life of Grattan—learn from him for none can teach you better, how to purify your nature from bigotry. Learn from him to look upon all your countrymen with a loving heart—to be tolerant of infirmities, caused by their unhappy history—and like Grattan, earnestly sympathise with all that is brave and generous in their character. Reader! if you be an Irish Catholic, and that you confound the Protestant religion with tyranny, learn from Grattan, that it is possible to be a Protestant and have a heart for Ireland and its people. Think that the brightest age of Ireland was when Grattan—a steady Protestant—raised it to proud eminence; think also that in the hour of his triumph he did not forget the state of your oppressed fathers, but laboured through his life, that both you and your children should enjoy unshackled liberty of conscience. But, reader! whether

you be a Protestant or a Catholic, whatever be your party, you will do well as an Irishman to ponder upon the spirit and principles which governed the public and private life of Grattan. Learn from him how to regard your countrymen of all denominations. Observe, as he did, how very much that is excellent belongs to both the great parties into which Ireland is divided. If, as some do, you entertain dispiriting views of Ireland, recollect that any country, containing such elements, as those which roused the genius of Grattan need never despair. *Sursum corda.* Be not disheartened.—From 'Memoir of Henry Grattan,' by D. O. Madden.

HOW THE GREENLANDERS DRESS.—A correspondent with the late Juanita expedition says of the Greenlanders that to one ignorant of their style of dress, and the similarity of the dress of both sexes, it would be difficult to distinguish the man from the woman. The man combs his hair straight down and over his forehead, only parting it sufficiently to enable him to see directly ahead of him, while the woman combs her hair in a long plait, forming it into a knot on the top of the head, which is elevated about four inches from the scalp, and tied with a strip of ribbon either of a black, blue, or red color—the widow being distinguished by a black ribbon, the wife by a blue, and the maiden by the red one. The complexion is coppery, like that of the Indian, their hair black, and their nose flat, while their cheekbones are broad and prominent, nearly hiding the nasal appendage when the profile is presented. The kepetah, or jumper, with hood attachment, worn by both sexes, the hood of the woman's being much larger, in which to carry the young babe, is of sealskin, with trimmings of dogskin. The pantaloons and boots are also worn by both sexes, those of the woman being in most cases very elaborately and artistically trimmed. The pantaloons of the women reach only to the knee, while the boots, made of finely tanned sealskin, nicely crimped and sewed with the sinews of the deer, make them look comfortable.

GENERAL NEWS.

The following queer story is told in the 'Australian Sketcher':—“I was lately asked to stay to an early dinner at a friend's house. Towards the end of it, Bridget appeared at the door, and said mysteriously, 'There's a lady wants to see you, ma'am.' 'A lady!' said my hostess. 'Have you shown her into the drawing-room?' 'I have not,' replied Bridget. 'Where is she, then?' asked her mistress. 'Shure she's in the kitchen, ma'am,' said Bridget, 'and it's in a great hurry she is too.' 'What an extraordinary thing!' said my hostess, rising. 'You really must excuse me for a minute.' She returned in a short time, laughing; and on being asked who her friend was, gave the following explanation:—She went into the kitchen, and, seeing no one there, asked Bridget where was the lady. 'Shure an' it's me, ma'am,' replied Bridget; 'I didn't know how to toss them pancakes myself, and I didn't like to say so before the strange gentleman!'”

“General Dot,” a celebrated American dwarf from California, on exhibition in Paris, died recently at the Hotel des Etrangers, 81, Pueblo street, in that city. He was buried on the 11th of November in the cemetery of Cayenne. The coffin of an infant was too large for the poor little General; a cigar-box would have been amply sufficient. His funeral was attended by the generality of the living phenomena which are exhibited at the local festivities of the towns in the vicinity of Paris. A giant, seven feet four inches high, the most intimate friend of the deceased, was the bearer of his coffin, which he carried delicately in the right hand, weeping bitterly. Then walked a showman, an American by the name of Gibbs; then an individual well-known by the denomination of the “Sugar-loaf Fellow,” whose long tapering head delights the spectators at all the fairs; then the “Skeleton Man,” and a woman with three arms; and last of all four or five learned dogs, the great favourites of the General, and which, as well as poor Dot, were exhibited by Mr. Gibbs. The singular funeral procession walked, leaped, hobbled and trotted through the streets with a very sorry deportment, to the great amazement of the passers-by; and on their return from the cemetery they were ordered by the police to disperse, an order which they immediately obeyed.

The news which arrived by the last mail that an Austrian lieutenant had attracted great attention on the Continent by riding from Vienna to Paris, a distance of 600 miles in 15 days on one horse has suggested another race against time to a Melbourne amateur sculler, who offers to back himself for £200 to row 750 miles in 15 days, or 1000 miles in 21 days. The 'Bendigo Advertiser' states that the feat of riding a horse from Vienna to Paris—a distance of 700 miles—in 15 days, giving an average of a little more than 46 miles a day, has been surpassed in Victoria; for the Wm. Balsillie—for a bet of £70—drove his horse 700 miles in 14 days, between Sandhurst and Newbridge, or at the rate of 50 miles a day, and at the end of the journey the animal was as fresh and spirited as when he started.

The London 'Daily News' recently published the following statement concerning its issue of Saturday, the 21st ult.:—“This issue was, so far as we know, in respect of breadth, length, and solid contents, the largest newspaper without a supplement ever published. Its printed matter was nearly equal to that contained in three numbers of the 'Cornhill' or the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' was more than is contained in the 'Edinburgh Review,' or the 'Quarterly,' and exceeded the proportions of two volumes of the average novel. The pieces of metal lying within the sixty-four columns were 1,044,009 in number. The paper on which it was printed was rolled on cylinders, a single one of which holds a roll of four and a half miles in length; each copy was delivered from the machine printed on both sides, and duly cut from the cylindrical web of paper; and the whole edition was printed on five of the Walter machines at the rate of 50,000 copies an hour.”

The approaching marriage is announced of a grand-daughter of Fenimore Cooper to a grand-nephew of Washington Irving.