

married people—we should all grow rich at once with no millinery bills to pay, but I'm afraid it wouldn't suit the proprietors of dry good stores.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT SILK.

Many of the well-to-do people, however, wear best dresses of silk, and that is the general costume of the mandarin class, no one but the Emperor and his family being allowed to wear anything whatever of a yellow color. Yellow silk of the texture used by Royalty cannot be purchased at all in China, and here a word for the ladies. My own experience leads me to say that though the *very best* silks brought home are unrivalled, a lady friend of mine got a flowered silk, which she wore till she was tired of it and then she got it dyed purple; some time afterwards she got it dyed black, but it seems as far from being worn out as ever, although these are unrivalled, the general class now exported are very much below those from French or English looms. Silk dealers admit that it is no longer possible to buy at any price the class of goods exported some thirty or forty years ago. But for silk gauzes China still remains the finest depot in the world, being cheap and good.

WHAT THE CHINESE THINK OF US.

I may here observe that the Chinese entertain the queerest ideas conceivable about foreign habits of dress, etc. Nothing puzzled them so much as the fashion which prevailed amongst ladies a few years since of using a steel framework to puff out their dresses. In 1861, when the late Sir Frederick Bruce, the British Minister at Peking, went to reside in that capital, he took with him a somewhat antique female on the shady side of forty, as a housekeeper. She had lived for many years in the Bruce family, and always did her marketing herself; she had done so in Egypt among the *Harabs*, as she called them, so she didn't see why she shouldn't amongst the *Chaney men*. So to market she went on the very first day of her arrival. Of course a crowd gathered round her and great was the astonishment at what they considered her preposterous form—she was about 4ft. 10in. high, and 10ft. 4in. round—until at last one bolder than the rest pushed up close to her. Touching the voluminous skirt, he looked up confidently into her face, and turning to the interpreter who accompanied her, asked, amid a breathless silence, so anxiously was the answer expected, "*Is she solid?*"

DR. NEWMAN AND MR. GLADSTONE.

In the postscript which Dr. Newman has appended to the last edition of his letter to the Duke of Norfolk he has thought fit to notice Mr. Gladstone's regrets on his accession to the Catholic Faith in terms which, however superfluous in one sense, form a noble and a precious vindication of the claims of the Church upon the heart and intelligence of her children. Widely as Dr. Newman's words are certain to be read in any case, we feel that we shall be consulting the wishes of all our readers in reproducing that solemn declaration in which the illustrious Oratorian places finally and decisively on record his reply to the suggestions as to his personal position raised by Mr. Gladstone. "From the day I became a Catholic," writes Dr. Newman, "to this day, now close upon thirty years, I have never had a moment's misgiving that the Communion of Rome is that Church which the Apostles set up at Pentecost, which alone has 'the adoption of sons, and the glory, and the covenants, and the revealed law, and the service of God, and the promises,' and in which the Anglican communion, whatever its merits and demerits, whatever the great excellence of individuals in it, has, as such, no part. Nor have I ever for a moment hesitated in my conviction, since 1845, that it was my clear duty to join that Catholic Church, as I did then join it, which in my own conscience I felt to be Divine. Persons and places, incidents and circumstances of life, which belong to my first forty-four years, are deeply lodged in my memory and my affections; moreover, I have had more to try and afflict me in various ways as a Catholic than as an Anglican; but never for a moment have I wished myself back; never I have ceased to thank my Maker for His mercy in enabling me to make the great change; and never has He let me feel forsaken by Him, or in distress, or any kind of religious trouble."

GENERAL NEWS.

According to the generally-received belief says the 'Sketcher,' on the subject of hair, men should keep theirs for a much longer time than women, because they keep it so much shorter. That keeping hair short tends to keep it from falling out is apparently one of the popular fallacies which we should disabuse our minds of. Men have gone on gradually reducing the lengths of their hair till the fashionable barbers leave no more on the head after an operation than there is on a well developed eyebrow; but in spite of this there are few men turned 30 who don't develop a weediness about the tops of their heads, which at forty usually spreads into a bald patch the size of the palm of a hand. One hardly ever sees bald-headed women, and this notwithstanding that they wear their hair long, twist, plait, paper, and torture it into all sorts of fantastic shapes, and weave into it those curious masses of matter called pads. I have three theories by which to account for men getting bald before women. First, the ill-ventilated, hot, and heavy chimney-pot hats that men wear on their heads. Bad as women's pads are in a sanitary point of view, the belltopper is worse, I imagine, for the growth of hair. Second, the cares of business, which shake the few last grey hairs of men. Have women ever considered the question of baldness in connexion with their demand to be allowed to do our work? Most of them, I fancy, would prefer their hair to their rights. Third, that the hair of the head in men runs off into beard and whiskers on the face. This disturbing element being altogether wanting in the fair sex, prevents one from making a comparison, but it is at least a singular coincidence that men don't commence to get bald till the hair on their faces begins to grow. We have the fact of the baldness of men before

us, and I have endeavoured to account for it in three different ways. If any one can give a better explanation than belltoppers, business, or beards, I will be glad to hear it.

The London correspondent of the 'N. Z. Herald' says:—"I hear that the Prince of Wales may at some not very distant day, pay a visit to Australia and New Zealand. His Royal Highness intends to visit India in November next, and he will stay in that country till April, when he will return to England. His Royal Highness is passionately fond of travel, and one of his dearest wishes is to be able, some day, to say that he has visited every country over which he will one day be called upon to rule. The Prince has visited, I believe, every capital in Europe—more times than once; he has been up the Nile; he has "done" Palestine and the Crimea; he has traversed Canada and the United States of America; he is about to visit India; and ere long—though probably not for a year or two—he will, I believe, add Australia and New Zealand to the foregoing long list of his travels. Of the male members of the Royal House the Prince of Wales is by far the most popular. Indeed, not to put too fine a point upon it, both the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Connaught are very unpopular here."

Rome, says a letter to the 'Echo,' has been much moved by the death of Princess Torlonia, once the most beautiful woman in Rome, and the fair sufferer, for nearly twenty years, from incurable mental malady: "She was Donna Teresa Colonna, daughter of Duke Aspremo-Colonna, born February 22, 1823, and married to Prince Torlonia in 1840. The memoirs and journals of travel relating to Rome of those days are full of the marvellous beauty of Torlonia's bride, who, crowned and girdled with diamonds by her adoring husband, did the honors of those magnificent fêtes which are still remembered as unequalled since by king or noble here. In those days she did her honors calmly and meekly, although the descendant of a thousand Colonnas. There is an anecdote of some jealous lady telling her that the first Colonnas were only poor plebeians in Rome 800 years ago. 'I suppose we all began that way,' was the simple rejoinder. She died last week of pneumonia, after a few days' illness. Prince Torlonia shows his grief royally, as he does everything. The remains of the Princess lay in state in one of the state rooms of Palazzo Torlonia. She was dressed in white, and lay with her hands crossed on her breast, holding a small golden crucifix, and she seemed to sleep calmly after all her years of tribulation. Three saloons were arranged as chapels, with altars, where masses for the repose of her soul were offered continually from dawn to noon."

The German bishops assembled at Fulda have addressed the Emperor of Germany a very noble letter. Without attempting by a round-about phraseology to appear ignorant of the assaults and manoeuvres of their enemies, they reveal them boldly, and declare themselves willing to die for their religion rather than sacrifice it to worldly interests. The letter is a masterpiece of style, but in substance is only a repetition of what has been so often said before since the German persecution began.

Dr. Newman has not only added a telling postscript to his letter to the Duke of Norfolk, but has made another significant addition to it in the shape of the original letter. In the last section of that letter he had referred to "Prince Bismarck and other statesmen, such as Mr. Gladstone," basing their opposition to the Pope on political grounds. In a note to the fourth edition, which has recently appeared, Dr. Newman says: "Let me, from this accidental mention of Prince Bismarck, make for myself an opportunity, which my subject has not given me, of expressing my deep sympathy with the suffering Catholics of Germany. Who can doubt that, in their present resolute disobedience to that statesman's measures, they are only fulfilling their duty to God and His Church? Who can but pray that, were English Catholics in a similar trial, they might have grace to act as bravely in the cause of religion."

It seems that both Protestants and Catholics are determined to make out Shakespeare to have been a Catholic. As we have already mentioned, Mr. Wilkes has recently admirably performed his part in the 'Spirit of the Times,' and now here is Professor Reichensperger expressing it as his opinion that not only was Shakespeare a Catholic, but an Ultramontane. Dr. Reichensperger is one of Germany's best and most famous literary critics and his opinion is of value; and his essay on Shakespeare in his relation to the Middle Ages and the Present Day," is creating a profound sensation in Europe. In it he insists upon the religious elevation and Catholic tendency of Shakespeare's writings.

Dr. Kenealy and Mr. Guildford Onslow were in Edinburgh on April 12. They went from the Caledonian Railway Station to the Royal Hotel in a carriage drawn by four greys, with outriders, followed by a procession of cabs, in which were seated the members of the "committee." As the procession passed through the streets there was some cheering; but it is stated that the hissing was quite as marked, and predominated when the Doctor, accompanied by his chief supporters, made his appearance on the balcony of the hotel. Dr. Kenealy was understood to thank the citizens of Edinburgh for the "great reception" they had accorded him. In the evening there was a meeting at the Music Hall, which was crowded, notwithstanding that prices ranging from 2s. to 6d. were charged for admission. A great disturbance arose in the lobby, caused by those wishing to enter refusing to pay more than 6d. after all the places in this part of the building had been occupied. In making his way to the hall door Dr. Kenealy was somewhat rudely jostled, and becoming angry at this treatment, he "struck out with his hat in the faces of those who were pressing upon him." In the hall he stated that the "scoundrels" had tried to take the rings off his fingers, and in the attempt had almost torn off one of his nails. The chair was occupied by Mr. Bannerman, a blacksmith, and the usual resolutions were passed; but it is stated that there was a strong opposition in the back part of the hall.

It is estimated that the number of rabbits consumed yearly in the United Kingdom is at the least 30,000,000.