

Some of our contemporaries are very fond of making assertions about the Popes, which, fortunately, considering that they are invariably very malicious, have foundation only in their own imaginations. The other day we noticed a very exaggerated account of the story of Veronica Cibo in one of the leading papers of this city. Veronica was the Duchess Salviati, of San Giuliano, and a niece of Innocent IX. She was jealous of her husband, and murdered her rival, whose severed head she caused to be wrapped up in fine linen and sent to the Duke as a New Year's gift. She fled from Florence to Massa, where her father was duke, and thus escaped death for her crime. Our contemporary said she escaped to her uncle, the Pope, who protected her because she was his niece. We have just read a very interesting account of this wretched woman, written by an Italian who is evidently prejudiced against the Church. Nevertheless, he is just enough to declare that the Pope abhorred her crime and refused even to hear her name mentioned, and intended to give her up to justice if she entered his States. She lived at Massa until she was very old, and died a humble and sincere penitent. She wore sackcloth and mortified herself in every kind of manner. Her charity was great and her repentance such that her confessor stated he believed she was pardoned her frightful crime.

Some years ago a number of rattle-snakes were wanted for certain menageries, and were caught in the following manner. There are some places where the rattle-snakes abound, and may be seen lying in their holes. A party of sailors were despatched to one of these haunts, furnished with baskets, ropes, poles, and various other implements. The sailors thought it a great fun, and laid their plan as follows. They gave three men to each snake; two of them having a rope, and the third a pole and a basket. They commenced by making one of those slip knots so common among sailors in the centre of cord. This was laid over the hole, and drawn together until it was just large enough to surround it. The third man either threw stones at the entrance of the den or poked about it with the pole until the snake put out its head to see what was the matter. Directly the reptile's head and neck were fairly outside, the two men drew the rope tight, and carried it between them to the open basket, into which they dropped it, while the third man shut down the lid with his pole, and then fastened it. The cord being slackened the snake soon wriggled itself out of the noose, and the men set off after another victim.

The janitor who had charge of Bunker Hill Monument, arriving at about half-past 7 Friday morning to open the premises, found two strangers in waiting. One, a tall, grey-bearded man in a slouch hat, asked if they could ascend the monument. "Yes," said the custodian, "you can for 25 cents" (holding out his hand). The stranger produced the money, and the custodian unlocked the door and forthwith commenced sweeping out, raising a cloud of dust, and paying no especial attention to his visitor, who was looking about him curiously, until, half choked with dust, he inquired "if these were the steps." "Yes, all right, go ahead, go right up till you get to the top." The visitor and his companion did as they were bid, and stayed some half an hour enjoying the beautiful panoramic view from the summit, after which they descended, and were quietly walking away when they were hailed by the custodian with—"H'yar, just write your names in this book; all the visitors who go up the monument sign their names here." The grey-bearded man laughed and signed his name, and the two departed. The custodian never looked at the book, but some hours afterward was electrified by one of the officers of the Monument Association who chanced to come in, asking him, in the most agitated manner, when Don Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil had been there? "Hasn't been here at all," was the reply. "Hasn't been here! Why here is his signature on your visitor's book. What does this mean?" "What!" said the custodian, rushing up to the volume. "Why, good gracious! that was written by a tall man with a slouch hat." And so it was; but the tall man was the Emperor of Brazil, and this was the way he ascended Bunker Hill Monument, just like "any other man."

There is no lady deserving of the name who could witness without a feeling of horror the process of preparing for use the feathered beauties which form such conspicuous ornaments in the present style of women's hats. If those who wear such ornaments knew the tortures to which these helpless creatures are subjected, and the heartless cruelty with which the business is carried on, they would shrink from even indirect complicity with it. Of course the impression prevails that all birds used for personal decoration are killed immediately when caught, and prepared in the ordinary way by taxidermists; but here is just where the mistake is made. The birds are taken alive, and while living the skin is skillfully stripped from their quivering ghastly bodies. By this process it is claimed the feathers retain a firmer hold upon the skin. Such is the method by which all birds used in the decoration of ladies' hats are prepared. Think of the exquisite humming bird, the blue bird, the cardinal bird, the oriole, and numberless others of beautiful plumage, struggling beneath the knife of the heartless operator; think of this, tender-hearted ladies, as your admiring gaze rests on the latest novelties in fashion by which our city belles are crowned! Hundreds of thousands of birds of the brightest plumage are literally flayed alive every year, and so long as our ladies will consent to wear such ornaments, just so long will this cruel business continue. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has placed herself at the head of a movement in England designed to put an end to the brutal business, and it is to be hoped that she will meet with cordial encouragement and co-operation on this side of the Atlantic.

There is no greater delusion entertained even amongst Catholics, who ought to know better, than that the bulk of the Catholic population of the United States is of foreign birth, especially of Irish birth. Time and again have we seen in Protestant papers the insolent reply to Catholic demands for justice in the matter of education, that we are "foreigners," and that if we did not like American institutions, we should have staid at home! Now, the facts show that the great majority of Catholics in the United States are native-born citizens. Take

any State; in Georgia the census shows 5,000 of Irish birth, and 26,000 Catholics; in Indiana there are 29,000 of Irish birth, and 160,000 Catholics; in the State of Illinois there are 120,000 Irishmen, and 400,000 Catholics; in Louisiana there are 200,000 Catholics, and 17,000 Irishmen. Even in New York, where there are 530,000 Irish, the Catholic population amounts to a million and a quarter. In Pennsylvania there are 235,000 Irishmen, and 560,000 Catholics. In short, there are 1,800,000 Irishmen in America, and 6,000,000 of Catholics. Of course it is indisputable that the large majority of Catholics are of Irish birth or descent. But if we once begin to inquire who were the ancestors of American citizens, we shall soon find that there are no real Americans except the Indians.

The puff adder is an inhabitant of Southern Africa, and is short, thick, flattish, having a most sinister and malignant aspect. The following alarming adventure occurred to Mr. Cole, a resident in the Cape of Good Hope. He says:—"I was going quietly to bed one evening, wearied by a long day's hunting, when, close to my feet and by my bedside, some glittering substance caught my eye. I stooped to pick it up; but ere my hand reached it, the truth flashed across my mind—it was a snake! Had I followed my first natural impulse, I should have sprang away, but not being able clearly to see in what position the reptile was lying, or which way his head pointed, I controlled myself and remained rooted breathless to the spot. Straining my eyes, but moving not an inch, I at length clearly distinguished a huge puff adder, the most deadly snake in the Colony, whose bite would have sent me to the other world in an hour or two. I watched him in silent horror; his head was from me; so much the worse—for this snake, unlike any other, always rises and strides back. He did not move, he was asleep. Not daring to shuffle my feet lest he should awake and spring upon me, I took a jump backwards that would have done honor to a gymnastic master, and thus darted outside the door of the room; with a thick stick I then returned and settled his worship."

The Sacramento 'Union' seems to think that sympathy for the California mustang is so much sentiment wasted. It says:—"It is possible, indeed probable, that Mr. Bergh has no intimate acquaintance with the Californian mustang, or he would know that his tender consideration was thrown away upon the beast. It has been justly, though accidentally, observed, that the sympathy of Mr. Bergh would have been much more consistently placed upon the unfortunate rider of these mustangs. This is the simple truth. The man who undertakes to ride thirty-five Californian mustangs, jumping from saddle to saddle, must be either a professional vanguard or a petrified post-boy of the olden time. But when we contemplate the mustang as an object of compassion and humanity, it is impossible to repress a sardonic grin. The army mule is a perfect Chesterfield of an animal in comparison with the native California mustang. It was the mustang that invented the noble art of bucking. We are aware that the army mule has experimented in that direction, but no other animal but the California mustang ever caused his rider to describe a parabolic curve of the same extent. Nor can the man who has not been bucked by a California mustang at all conceive the process. The victim, while undergoing it would infinitely prefer being delivered to an Hyrcanian tiger or a Lernean hydra, or a Numidian lion for immediate mastication, and when the operation is completed, and by a merciful dispensation of fate he is landed on his head in the nearest pile of road metal, with a dislocated spinal column and a pang in every nerve, muscle, sinew, and bone, he regards the author of his woes with a horror and detestation far surpassing the emotion that would be evoked by contemplation of the most forbidding antediluvian Saurian. Professor Owen ever revived for the satisfaction of the curious. If Mr. Bergh had taken it into his benevolent noddle to espouse the cause of the persecuted grizzly or the friendless rattlesnake, we could have desisted some gleam of reason in his conduct; but the humanitarian who goes out of his way to protect the California mustang is so hopeless an illustration of human depravity that we find it perfectly impossible to do the subject justice."

Here is a telegram from the Belfast 'Examiner':—"Great sensation has been created recently at the Giant's Causeway and the districts around, in the discovery of what is supposed to be the remains of the giant who was engaged at the formation of that wonderful curiosity. The figure discovered measures thirteen feet long by six feet round the waist. There are six toes on the right foot, which is much larger than the other, while the other parts resemble a fully formed human skeleton. So great has been the throng of sight-seers that admission is charged to the public."

The success of Professor Smyth's resolution in the House of Commons in favor of closing public-houses in Ireland on Sunday gave great pleasure to the inhabitants of Bessbrook. In the evening of the day on which the news became known, a number of people, headed by Mr. L. D. Lamb and Mr. J. Weir, preceded by the brass band, went through the village, round Mount Caulfield and down to Millvale, cheers being given at intervals for Sunday closing. The crowd then proceeded to Derrymore, where thirteen tar-barrels were burned about ten o'clock. The people were evidently in high spirits, and, after again making the welkin ring with their cheers, they quietly dispersed.

HISTORICAL! Vide "Jurors Reports and Awards, New Zealand Exhibition." Jurors: J. A. Ewen, J. Butterworth, T. C. Skinner. "So far as the Colony is concerned, the dyeing of materials is almost entirely confined to the re-dyeing of Articles of Dress and Upholstery, a most useful art, for there are many kinds of material that lose their colour before the texture is half worn. G. HIRSCH, of Dunedin (DUNEDIN DYE WORKS, George street, opposite Royal George Hotel) exhibits a case of specimens of Dyed Wools, Silks, and Feathers, and dyed Sheepskins. The colors on the whole are very fair, and reflect considerable credit on the Exhibitor, to whom the Jurors recommended an Honorary Certificate should be awarded." Honorary Certificate, 629: Gustav Hirsch Dunedin, for specimens of Dyeing in Silk Feathers, &c.