

A letter from Marseilles gives details of a mysterious crime just committed in a train on the line from Marseilles to Nice. A young man named Rosès-Salles, aged twenty, a native of Auch (Gers), on his way from Bordeaux to visit his brother-in-law, Lieutenant Boubéc, at La Clotat, was found dead in a second-class carriage. In the same compartment was also lying in a state of insensibility a man aged thirty, named de Bony, and who described himself as an operative engineer at Marseilles. He related that between the stations of Cassis and La Clotat, a fellow traveller had given them to drink some champagne, of which he had a sample in a portmanteau. The stranger afterwards attempted to rob the two young men, and, not succeeding, escaped from the train. A singular fact, not yet explained, is that the watch of M. Rosès-Salles, with the chain broken, was found on de Bony, and the travelling bag of the latter contained a hatchet, some phials of a greenish liquid, and some india-rubber tubes. A *post-mortem* examination of the body of the deceased will be made to ascertain the exact cause of death.—*Galignani.*

At the opening of the business in the Nisi Prius Court at the Liverpool Assizes on Wednesday, it was found that one of the jurymen, named Louis Wilde, who had been sworn in a case commenced the previous day, had not arrived. The case was proceeded with in his absence, and in a quarter of an hour he came into Court. In reply to the learned judge (Baron Bramwell), the juror said he had no particular explanation to give for his delay. His Lordship—Then I fine you £2; you know I warned you last night to be in time. The Juror—You can have the £2 if I can go home and not come back. His Lordship—Then I fine you £5, and you will have to remain in Court. The Juror—Very well, sir, you can have it. His Lordship—Be quiet, sir. I advise you to behave yourself, or I will do something else besides fining you. The juror then became silent.

A young gorilla has been brought over from West Africa by the German African Society's expedition. It is a young male, three feet in height, and in the most perfect condition. It is now romping and rolling in full liberty about a private room in an hotel at Liverpool, where it is staying, "now looking out of the window with all becoming gravity and sedateness as though interested, but not disconcerted, by the busy multitude and novelty without, then bounding rapidly along on knuckles and feet to examine and poke fun at some new comer; playfully mumbling at his calves, pulling at his beard (an especial delight), clinging to his arms, examining his hat (not at all to its improvement), curiously inquisitive as to his umbrella, and so on with visitor after visitor." "If," says Mr. Moore, of the Liverpool Museum, who has paid the creature a visit, "he becomes over-excited by the fun, a gentle box on the ear would bring him to order like a child, like a child only to be on the romp again immediately. He points with the index finger, claps with his hands, pouts out his tongue, feeds on a mixed diet, decidedly prefers roast meats to boiled, eats strawberries, as I saw, with delicate appreciativeness, and is exquisitely clean and mannerly. The palms of his hands and feet are beautifully plump, soft, and black as jet. He has been eight months and a half in the possession of the Expedition, has grown some six inches in that time, and is supposed to be between two and three years of age." It is a pity, says the 'Observer,' that the animal cannot be secured for the Zoological Gardens. It is the second of its kind that has been brought alive to England, Mr. Wombwell having exhibited a female some twenty years ago which died in the course of a very few months. If Mr. Du Chailu is any authority, the gorilla can be tamed when young, but as it advances in age becomes exceedingly intractable and dangerous, so that the owners of this new acquisition are likely to have a lively time of it.

The proposed flooding of the Sahara Desert is something more than mere talk. Mr. McKenzie, the projector, with an engineering party, is about to leave London for Western Africa, to make the necessary surveys for turning the waters of the Atlantic into the great desert. He is confident that a canal eight or nine miles long will accomplish the object, and enable the flooding of the low lands to be accomplished, so that Timbuctoo will be brought within navigable distance to the sea. The opening up of a vast trade with the interior of Africa is the inducement offered for carrying out the project.

A man residing at Taunton, Mass., has had some hardships during his life, as the following will show:—He has been shipwrecked once, narrowly escaped burning to death in a railroad disaster, was shot in the neck at Gettysburg, had a taste of the horrors of Libby Prison, fell overboard from a whaler, and before his rescue had two fingers bitten off by a shark; he was drafted twice, had his right arm broken in two places during the first New York riot, and stood on a barrel, with a halter round his neck, in an Alabama town at the outbreak of the Rebellion, from sunrise to sunset. In 1863, he was crushed under a falling building during a California earthquake, and was without food or drink nearly fifty hours, and when homeward bound from the mines of the White Pine regions narrowly escaped lynching, having been mistaken for a criminal.

We were in error last week in stating that Mr. Archibald Forbes was acting at Paratjia as correspondent of the 'Times.' We had heard from Belgrade that he was acting for the 'Times' as well as for the 'Daily News,' with which his connection for several years has been unbroken. The representative of the 'Times,' with Prince Milan, is Mr. Kelly. Mr. Kelly and Mr. Forbes were together at Prince Milan's headquarters, and their reports at first were very nearly identical with one another and with the Serbian bulletines, whence probably our informant's mistake. The mistake could not have been made this week. Mr. Forbes is not in the best position for getting at the facts, but he seems somehow to get at them. He is still without an equal as a war correspondent. There is no mistaking his hand in the last reports to the 'Daily News.' The 'Times's' correspondent, the other day, gravely repeated his assertion that there had been no fighting on the Timok on the 15th, and assured us that he knew for certain, because he had been told by Iovanovitch, a member of the Prince's staff. We owe Mr. Forbes an apology if we

have caused him to be credited with such a statement as that.—*Ulster Examiner.*

A savage duel has been fought in Belgium, between two communist refugees, Pindy and Charon. Both had pieces of flesh sliced off their faces.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

In 734 A.D., in the neighborhood of Belfast, a "horrible great thunder" was heard, succeeded by a shower of hail-stones, "the like of which had never been known for size, and on the partial clearing away of which a huge serpent was seen in the sky." Coming down a hundred years later, in 832, we find that "fire from heaven burnt the mountains of Connaught; the lakes and streams were dried up, and many people were burnt by the fire." Again in 950, in the midst of a "mighty great hailstorm," a bolt of fire passed through Leinster, killing numbers of men, cattle, and burning most of the houses of Dublin." More disastrous still was the thunderstorm of 1113 in which thirty pilgrims were killed by lightning on Croagh Patrick, and the hailstones were as big as crab apples and proved the death of "an infinite number of cattle." In June, 1776, the neighborhood of Tralee and Abbeyfeale were startled and deluged by the most tremendous thunderstorm, and at Clonmel "the hailstones were as large as musket balls." Nine years later, in 1785, Arklow, Coolgraney, and Redcross, County Wicklow, were visited by a thunderstorm of "appalling vehemence, accompanied by a prodigious shower of hailstones, which killed a number of lambs, and wounded many persons."

Instances of persons possessed by devils are comparatively rare in Christian countries, yet in heathen countries, as in China, for example, these instances are by no means unfrequent. So numerous are they, and so well and unmistakably marked, that even the heathen inhabitants of China recognise them as real diabolical possessions; and heathen parents, without knowledge of or faith in Christianity, but moved simply by parental affection, often bring their children to Catholic missionaries to be baptized, in order that they may be guarded and protected from the danger of their falling into the possession of devils. The difference between the children who are baptised and those who are unbaptised, as regards this, is so marked in China, that even the heathen cannot but notice it. They see that the baptised children are not subject to diabolical possessions, and they know that unbaptised children frequently are.

Ever since the world began this has been a disputed question; and ever since the world began the majority of the people have generally misjudged. Thoroughly dissatisfied with any present time, the people cast about for a golden age. We cannot find it in the future, as the cloud of uncertainty hangs on the horizon in that direction. We are compelled, therefore, to explore the past. The immediate past, with its facts and disappointments, is too fresh in our memory to allow us to throw the required halo about it, and so we continue our journey until we get to the point where memory grows dim and the imagination works actively, and we call that the hale halcyon period of life. This distant future and distant past are both creations of the fancy. To say that childhood is the happiest period of life is to offer insult to Providence. The child is at best but a bundle of possibilities. He is a creature of unrestrained impulses, of undeveloped affections. His mind is like a grate in a well ordered-house. The coal is there, the wood is there, and the whole thing will break into a blaze when touched with a match. Now, after the match has touched it, what is a pleasanter and more profitable sight than a half dozen lumps of coal enveloped in a royal blaze, and filling the room so full of light and heat, that one forgets the wintry sleet without? So childhood, with its sugar plums and its toys, will be inferior to manhood with its burning enthusiasm and its burning ambition.

The little old theatre in Albany, N.Y., has been the scene of many curious theatrical stories. On one occasion Mr. Edwin Forrest, then a young man, and more famous for his muscle than his genius, gave a tremendous display of really powerful acting. He was supposed to represent a Roman warrior, and to be attacked by six minions of a detested tyrant. At the rehearsal Mr. Forrest found a great deal of fault with the supes who condescended to play the minions. They were too tame. They didn't lay hold of him. They wouldn't go in as if it were a real fight. Mr. Forrest stormed and threatened; the supes sulked and consulted. At length the captain of the supes inquired in his local slang, "Yer want this to be a bully fight, eh?" "I do," replied Mr. Forrest. "All right," rejoined the captain, and the rehearsal quietly proceeded. In the evening the little theatre was crowded, and Mr. Forrest was enthusiastically received. When the fighting scene occurred the great tragedian took the centre of the stage, and the six minions entered rapidly and deployed in skirmishing order. At the cue "Seize him!" one minion assumed a pugilistic attitude, and struck a blow straight from the shoulder upon the prominent nose of the Roman hero; another raised him about six inches from the stage by a well-directed kick, and the others made ready to rush in for a decisive tussel. For a moment Mr. Forrest stood astounded, his broad chest heaving with rage, his great eyes like flashing fire, his sturdy legs planted like columns upon the stage. Then came the few moments of powerful acting, at the end of which one supe was seen sticking head foremost in the bass drum in the orchestra, four were having their wounds dressed in the greenroom, and one, finding himself in the flies, rushed out upon the roof of the theatre and shouted "Fire!" at the top of his voice; while Mr. Forrest, called before the curtain, bowed his thanks pantedly to the applauding audience, who looked upon the whole affair as part of the piece, and "had never seen Forrest act so splendidly."