

CREMATION OF AN OCTOGENARIAN PLANTER.

THE body of Mr. Henry Thomas Berry, aged eighty-two years, one of the largest and most respected planters in Marion County, South Carolina, has been subjected to a process of cremation, in accordance with a request contained in his will. The reasons assigned by the deceased planter for this strange desire are very peculiar. About twenty-four years ago two relatives of his died. After having been buried for several years the surviving relatives desired to have the remains disinterred to be removed to a spot located in an adjacent section. In accordance with this desire the bodies were disinterred, and during the removal the coffin lids became detached, and the bodies were exposed to public gaze. Having been buried a long time they were of course in a fearful state of decomposition. Mr. Berry was present on the occasion, and his nervous system received such a severe shock he there and then made a solemn declaration that his remains should not be subject to a similar fate. His two sons frequently tried to dissuade him from his intention, but argument was useless, and the old gentleman made a provision in his will that his sons should be disinherited in the event of their not carrying out his wishes. Some months before his death he entered into a contract with two of his employees, allowing them two mules and £60 each for superintending the cremation proceedings, and he selected two fir trees on his estate which were to be used for the purpose of firewood. The trees designated by the deceased were cut down, and all the necessary arrangements having been perfected, the body was laid on the platform surrounded by an enclosure about twenty feet in height. After appropriate services, held by a Baptist divine, the combustibles were ignited, and in about two hours all that remained of the deceased was ashes. The people of the district say that the process was an outrage on their sensibilities, and should have been prevented by the authorities.—'New York Herald.'

A FRENCH AMAZON.

ONE of the few surviving veterans of the First Empire (says a Paris correspondent) has just passed away in the person of M. le Commandant Duchemin, at the ripe age of 85. Constantly on active service throughout the campaign of Napoleon, and frequently wounded, he fought his way up from the ranks, and on the occupation of Paris by the Allies rendered himself famous as a duellist, and boasted of having killed or wounded a score of the "odious foreigners" on the field of honor. For the last twenty years he frequented the same café at the same hour daily to play his game of cards and take his absinthe. He lived almost in the past, and gave vent to his feelings in maledictions against Wellington, Blucher, Grouchy, and the rest, "*qui avaient fait mourir son Empereur*." His principal delight, however, was in recounting the history of his mother, Marie, whose career was a remarkable one. The daughter of an old soldier, and a vivandiere, she was from her earliest years the pet of the regiment, and at the age of fifteen married the fencing-master of the regiment of the Gardes Francaises, who, after taking part in the overthrow of the Bastille, was killed in attempting to save the life of a soldier of the Swiss Guard, leaving his young widow with her infant son. When the great Revolution war broke out, Marie felt the hereditary military instinct too strong to be resisted, and without hesitation sacrificed the locks so dear to her sex, and, disguised in male attire, was the first to enrol herself as a volunteer under the name of Joseph Duchemin, which was also that of her grandfather. Of iron constitution, and the build of a granadier, measuring nearly thirty-six inches across the shoulders, she had little difficulty in concealing her sex, although she was wounded at the siege of Toulon. Two months afterwards, when fighting in the war of La Vendée, she was engaged in the battle of Chollet. Here she received two severe wounds, but in spite of the loss of blood, her courage sustained her until the close of the day, when she fired the very last shot, and fell exhausted. Then only on dressing her wounds was it discovered by the surgeons that Corporal Duchemin (for she had gained her stripes) was a woman. She became at once the hero, or rather heroine of the day, and was personally complimented by her general, who asked permission from the War Minister to keep her name on the muster-roll of the regiment, and Marie remained inscribed as corporal in the 42nd Foot. She afterwards fought at Lodi, Arcola, and Rivoli, where she captured a flag, at the Pyramids, Mount Thabor, Aboukir, and other engagements. She was then taken prisoner by the English, and sent to the hulks at Plymouth, but managed to escape, with three of her comrades, by killing the sentinel on duty, and got safely back to Paris. Five days afterwards she rejoined her regiment, and made her last campaign, for she lost her right leg by a cannon ball at Marengo. She was then admitted as a pensioner into the Invalides, and it was a proud day for herself and son when they went together in 1857 to the Palace of the Legion of Honor to receive each the St. Helena medal. General Serrurier, Governor of the Invalides, applied for the Cross of the Legion of Honor for her, but before the authorities had decided on such an awful departure from precedent, as to confer this distinction on a woman, she died in 1862. In relating this extraordinary career, the old commandant used to say, "She was only a woman, but" (with a forcible but untranslatable French expletive) "what a soldier!"

The following report of the steamer St. Louis arrived at this port from New Orleans, respecting the adventurous voyage of Mr Johnson, which has been previously alluded to, will be read with interest:—"The Centennial, small boat or dory, of Gloucester, United States manned by one man, A. Johnson, from Gloucester to Liverpool, steering E., July 14, at four p.m., in 43 N. 47 W. Left on the 15th of June. Boat sixteen feet long. A. Johnson was well and required no assistance."

THE 'SATURDAY REVIEW' ON "GROWN-UP DAUGHTERS."

NOTHING (says the 'Saturday Review') can be more intolerable than the mismanagement and discomfort to be found in countless households where there are plenty of grown-up daughters, who have really little to do but grumble at the dreariness of their lives and fret themselves into permanent ill-health. Perhaps they take sufficient interest in the housekeeping to wonder contemptuously how their mother can be troubled with such inefficient servants "creatures" who cannot even make palatable coffee or keep the silver bright. They have no patience with the shortcomings of the overworked housemaid, from whom they expect as much personal attendance as if she had only a lady's-maid's work to perform. They cannot think why the gardener does not show more taste in his arrangements of the flower-beds, and why he does not cut off the withered roses. Half the young women one meets in the country sink into a state of semi-imbecility from idleness and want of interest in their surroundings. From mere thoughtlessness and ignorance they grow up exacting and unreasonable. From want of active exercise they become the ready prey to hysteria, dyspepsia, and spine complaints. They marry any one who will have them, simply because they are so bored that any chance is welcome. They make bad wives, because they have never learnt the rudiments of domestic economy. When the unfortunate mother of such daughters allows herself to be persuaded to add a lady help to the establishment, the height of absurdity is reached. Four or five plain, commonplace, stupid girls may lounge about the house—one with a piece of soiled fancy-work, another playing snatches of dance music, and a third reading French novels on the sofa, while perhaps a pretty, graceful lady lays the fire, dusts the room, and endeavors, probably in vain, to bring order in the uncomfortable and chaotic establishment.

ST. FRANCIS.

THE Francisans were the sacred militia of the Middle Ages in the free Italian communes. Friends to the weak, foes to the oppressors, they lived on the charity of the people; they despised the rich; courageous, because they sided with right; fearless, because they numbered legion; free, because they did not possess anything, and so had nothing to lose.

There is a whole series of poets belonging to this Order, the first of whom is St. Francis himself. Fond as he was of the poor, he does not care to sing in any other language than that of the people. His first song is a hymn to the sun; but the characteristic feature of this sacred troubadour, is that his marriage with poverty is but an imitation of the chivalrous usages of the time. He was handsome and young; he had distributed his money in alms, he had learned the habits of the troubadours, the art of the courtier, the traditions of the Knights of the Round Table. He was a gay companion, the lord of banquets, the minstrel of society; he dreamed of wrongs to redress, of the innocent to save, of the weak to raise by his courage—he loved, in short, all the enterprises and adventures of knights-errant. He accompanies one of the Crusades; he bravely fights before Damietta; he conceives the formation of a new chivalry, the chivalry of Christ, and he returns to Italy to found his Order. But could there be a good chevalier without his dame? Certainly not. He had but just returned; his friends visit him, and find him, thoughtful. "What is it?" they ask; "do you think of choosing a wife?" "You have guessed," he says; "I am thinking of marrying one that is to me the noblest, the richest, and most beautiful dame. My lady is Poverty." He then sings a hymn to Poverty, which he personifies, according to the symbolism of the time, seeing in her eyes the power of detaching souls touched with her love from all terrestrial thoughts and inclinations, and raising them to the contemplation of angels. On May 26, 1219, in the smiling valley below the city of Assisi, the saint's native place, the first general review of his militia took place. They mustered five thousand men, encamped under the shade of the beautiful foliage. Their clothes were sackcloth, the earth their bed, a stone their pillow, and their recreation was prayer, and the singing of hymns and psalms. People assembled from all parts; poor and rich asked each other what it meant. "It is the camp of God—it is the holy chivalry." They were the followers of St. Francis, who had taken the oath of poverty, and were going to receive the watchword from their chief, which was—"Love of God, nature and mankind; poverty and humility." They separate. They scatter themselves to all parts of the world, they consider themselves the chevaliers of faith. In the East they take the place of the Knights Templar; in the West they preach to the Moors; in Italy they assist the lepers and teach the people poetry—popular poetry—so that they may understand and sing the praises of God. In the sublime songs of St. Francis there breathes a spirit of faith and enthusiasm which, in spite of a language still rude and imperfect, gives them a harmony quite in accordance with the subject. His poems have a graceful and touching simplicity for one who reads them with a view to the life of their author. In reading them, one must remember that he wrote them when, absorbed in contemplation after a life of labor, he gave a positive farewell to the world, to look upon it from a lofty sphere, where he felt but love to God. This love he continually sang and taught in his works, which form one of the most interesting monuments of primitive Italian life, faith, poetry, and literature.—'Macmillan's Magazine.'

As an indication of the progress ritualism is making in England, it is stated that vestments are worn in two hundred and fifty-one churches; in seven hundred and fifteen candles are placed on the altar, and in three hundred and seventy instances the candles are lighted at the celebration of the communion.