

## GOSSIP FROM FOREIGN LANDS.

The villa in which Gustave Flaubert wrote his celebrated story of "Madame Bovary" has just been sold by the heirs to his estate for 190,000*f*. It is situated on the banks of the Seine, near Rouen, and was built in the reign of Louis XV.

Vatican authorities have decided that in all grand pontifical ceremonies the Grand Master of the Order of Malta shall rank with Princes of royal blood. The question has been long in dispute, and was referred by Leo XVIII. to a special commission for settlement. This commission holds that the Order of Malta is sovereign, and therefore of the same rank as the temporal powers.

There is a Jewish Rabbi in Galicia who lays claim to power in working miracles, and certain Continental newspapers are amusing themselves over a serious difficulty in which he has recently got himself. At Czernowitz he went into a tailor's shop and "caused a new overcoat to take a walk with him." He was locked up for this transgression, and is called upon to work the miracle of getting himself out of jail.

One of the earliest and rarest things that Dickens wrote recently found its way into the book market, and the prices for which it was thrice sold well illustrate the circumstances which change the value of such literary curiosities. The work was "Three Ways of Spending Sunday, by Timothy Sparks." It was originally purchased by a Manchester book-seller for 3*d*. He sold it afterward for £6 15*s*., and it has since been disposed of for £8 8*s*.

The remains of Joseph Severn are soon to be removed from their obscure place in the new cemetery at Rome and placed near the spot in the old one where lie those of Keats, whose faithful friend Severn was. The stone to be placed above it will be exactly like the one at the grave of Keats, and will stand at its side, one hedge and railing having been planned to surround them both. Behind the graves a memorial tablet will be set up to commemorate still further the friendship of these men.

The East Indian Prince of Gondal is about to marry—possibly ere this has married, for the precise date of this event is not named in the report—seven maiden daughters of men who are high in favor at his court. Seven days will be consumed in the several ceremonies, and each bride of the preceding day will be present at the wedding festival of her rival. Each bride receives the same presents in jewelry and dresses, and has her apartments arranged like those of her companions. None of the seven has yet completed her fifteenth year.

Kangaroos in crowded multitudes still endanger the prosperity of certain districts in New South Wales. Near Tamworth, where they have long been great nuisances, a traveler recently saw such enormous numbers in a district something over a hundred miles square that he believes there

is now "room for 1,000 breechloaders." Two years, he thinks, will, at present rates, so far increase their numbers that the settlers will be forced to surrender the country entirely to them. "And yet," adds this observer, "no one seems in the least to realize the immensity of the evil."

Tourguéneff says that persons who were educated with the Emperor Alexander III. affirm that he never, as a child, was known to tell a falsehood. Even when he had become a man his frankness and directness were conspicuous. Although his union with his wife has been undisturbed in its affection and harmony, he told her plainly, when for political reasons he was obliged to marry her, that she did not possess his love, for it belonged to another woman. She was equal to him in her response, and declared unreservedly that she had passionately loved his brother, then recently dead.

After more than a month of patient searching, under the stimulus of an offered reward, which was finally made double the original amount, the lost Woolwich fish torpedo has been found. The apparatus employed was a large net, weighted at one end with heavy chains, and buoyed up at the other by corks. It was very near the spot where the torpedo disappeared that it was caught by this net, having partially buried itself in the mud. Very little injury had been done to it, but its value lay more in the constructive secret it contained than in the money which the making of it had cost.

Mrs. Willard Fiske, the wife of the Cornell Professor and the daughter of the late John MacGraw, one of the benefactors of the university, is still seriously ill in Europe. She was recently called upon by a Professor who knew her well, and was found to be so far emaciated that he with difficulty recognized her. She was able to rise and walk across the room, but only with painful evidences of weakness. Paris physicians say that one of her lungs is entirely gone, that the other is seriously impaired, and that her condition is precarious in the extreme. Prof. and Mrs. Fiske have intended to return home this Autumn, and to occupy at Ithaca the magnificent residence now being finished for them near the university grounds. Few more imposing and costly private buildings have been erected, even on the Hudson River, than this.

Mme. Paule Minck, who has gained some notoriety as a member of the Nihilist party in France, has taken to herself a husband and for peculiar reasons. Some time ago she was arrested at Marseilles, where, in a Nihilist demonstration, she had carried a red flag and made several dangerous speeches, one of which was in response to the toast, "Dynamite, the Annihilator of Sovereigns." When brought to trial, she was thought by the Judge to be insane, and he let her off with a single month's imprisonment. On being released she became more defiant than ever, and was warned that unless she was more quiet she would be expelled from France as a foreigner, since by birth she was a Pole. Her response to this threat was that she would make herself a French subject by taking a Frenchman for a husband, and this accordingly she is said to have done.

Modern Rome appears ambitious to regain something of her ancient fame for extensive bathing establishments. Under the classic name of Egeria's Nymph, she has just opened near the Castles Fields a bath which, although in no likelihood of becoming a monumental ruin, on which, as on the one Caracalla built, some future Shelley shall write an immortal poem, or a splendid and ruined columned hall, as that built by Diocletian, out of which a Michael Angelo shall erect a noble Christian church—is nevertheless one of the most beautiful establishments of the kind now existing in Europe. The Castles Fields are across the Tiber from the city proper, and occupy the site of Nero's garden. On one side they are bounded by the Vatican and the Castle of St. Angelo, and on the other by the open country that stretches far to the north and west. A few years ago they were forsaken land, overrun with brush-wood and tall weeds, in which snakes found a convenient home, and the air about them after nightfall was so poisonous that no one dared to remain there. With the opening of a new bridge all has been changed. Palaces and streets have invaded the lonely fields, and theatres, cafés, and Swiss chalets have reclaimed them to the uses of the thousands who seek in the Eternal City for pleasure and rest. Into the new bath fresh water is made constantly to flow, and trees surrounding it afford a grateful shade. Private rooms have been set apart, and there is a special and an attractive swimming bath for the use of ladies.