

In passing along the street he can distinguish stores from private houses, and doors from windows, if the windows consist of a number of panes, and not of a single sheet of glass.

A remarkable fact, bearing on the subject of an unrecognized sense, is mentioned by Mr. Levy. A naturalist extracted the eyes of several bats and covered the empty sockets with leather. In this condition the bats flew about the room, avoiding the sides and flying out of the door without touching the door-case. In flying through a sewer which made a right angle, they turned at the proper point. They flew through threads suspended from the ceiling without touching them, though they were only far enough apart to admit the passage of the bats' extended wings.—*Youths' Companion*.

Carlotta Patti Dead.

On Friday of last week Carlotta Patti, the well-known singer and sister of Adelina Patti, died in Paris.

Carlotta Patti was born in Florence, Italy, in 1840. Adelina Patti was born two years afterward in Madrid, Spain. Their father was Salvatore Patti, a Sicilian tenor singer, and their mother was Caterina Barili, long a formidable rival of Grisi, and always popular in Italy. In 1848 Signor Patti brought his family to New York. He was a member and afterward manager of the Palmo Opera Company, of which his wife was the prima donna. Carlotta studied to become a pianist under Henri Herz, the celebrated pianist and composer, and was proficient on the instrument before she was fifteen years old. It was Carlotta who gave Adelina her first piano lessons. The family, at the time they were living in New York City, had lodgings first in Bleecker Street and afterward at 343 W. Twenty-second Street.

In the midst of Carlotta's studies on the piano she was compelled to relinquish her work to accompany another sister, an invalid, to South America in search of health. The sister died there, and Carlotta returned to New York nearly heart broken. The deceased sister had been married to Signor Scola, a distinguished vocal teacher, and both Carlotta and Adelina soon began a course of lessons under him. They were earnest rivals, and each strove to surpass the other, a strife which doubtless did much to make them the great artists which they subsequently became. In 1861, so well had Carlotta progressed, that she obtained an engagement to appear as a concert singer in New York. The American impresario, Mr. Ullmann, being present at her debut, engaged her at once for the grand concerts at the New York Academy of Music. Here her success was fully confirmed, and with this stamp of currency upon her she commenced a tour through the principal cities of the North American States, in each of which the musical public unhesitatingly ratified the verdict of the metropolis.

In 1862 Carlotta was brought out in opera on the stage of the Academy of Music by a manager named Nixon. She appeared in "Lucia," "I Puritani" and "La Sonnambula." After the veteran manager, Max Strakosch, who is still living, became her manager and introduced her in "The Magic Flute." But Carlotta Patti preferred the concert to the operatic stage. She had a slight limp when she walked, the result of a fall in childhood, and was very sensitive concerning it.

Carlotta Patti's first appearance before a London audience was at Covent Garden Theatre—then under Mr. Gye's management—on the night of Thursday, April 16, 1863. The extraordinary range of Mile. Patti's voice (she took G sharp in alt without hesitation) made a sensation. From that time forward her career was assured, she made immense sums by her concert tours, and was a welcome guest at more than one European court. Queen Victoria declared that "never in her life had any singer so charmed and pleased her," and her triumphs on the Continent were phenomenal. In Paris and Berlin she had repeated ovations. She returned to New York and appeared in Steinway Hall on September 9, 1869, under Max Strakosch's direction, and a trip was undertaken which extended to South America. She was frequently heard in concerts afterward on both sides of the Atlantic. Her last appearance here was in 1879, when, under the management of Mr. Chizzola, she began a tour round the world, and reappeared in New York, at Chickering Hall. Three weeks before she had been married to Ernst de Munck, the well known violinist. Of late years she had spent much of her time in Paris.—*Music and Drama*.

CURRENT TOPICS IN EUROPE.

The "Home Rule" arguments of Mr. Gladstone are gradually developing a policy that will inaugurate a new era in the history of the British Empire. The question of the day which is sure to stir up the public mind, is that of having all parts of the vast possessions of Great Britain enter into an immense federation represented by deputies. Not merely Canada and Australia, but likewise South Africa, India, Ceylon, etc., would have their representatives in the Imperial Parliament at Westminster. Each federate State would then have jurisdiction over its own affairs; and the autonomy of Ireland would thus find its natural place. The whole struggle between Liberals and Conservatives will converge on this point. The Conservatives with Mr. Balfour at their head, combat this idea from today, with the utmost violence. On the other hand, it is worthy of remark that, even the Conservatives of Canada, Australia, etc., favor the plan of federation. It seems only a question of time when Mr. Gladstone's theories will become established facts.

The announcement that the battlefield of Tewkesbury is for sale, has awakened a lively interest in the minds of millions. In as thickly a populated country as Great Britain, it is well-nigh impossible to preserve all the sites of her historic conflicts. It may be said of battlefields, what Gibbon says of books, "The wonder is that so many have been preserved." It is true that Great Britain has undergone but two great civil wars in the eight centuries which have elapsed since the Norman conquests, and while these together would not cover a space of more than forty years, another ten or so would cover all the briefer struggles from the Scotch wars of the Edwards down to the battles of the Pretender. Yet the face of the "tight little island" is simply studded with spots rendered historic as the scenes of civil strife.

The little battle-ground of Tewkesbury is not more than fifty acres in extent, but small as it is, there are not many spots more memorable than the field whereon the long struggle between the Houses of York and Lancaster was brought to a close. It was from this battle-ground the Prince of Wales, son of Henry VI, fled to his brother-in-law, Clarence, and appealed for protection. How he fared is graphically described by Shakespeare. It was the shade of this unhappy youth, it will be remembered, that was the most appalling phantom that flitted through Clarence's distempered dream. It is he who is represented as the ghost that shrieked aloud, his murderer's welcome to Hades. "Clarence is come!—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence, that stabbed me on the field of Tewkesbury."

Sometimes the broad plain on which contending armies have clashed, has remained untouched and unaltered by the hand of man. Landsdowne is still the same vacant tableland that it was at the Roundhead defeat in 1643, excepting the lovely monument which records the death of Sir Basil Grenvil. The battlefield of Naseby can still be well made out, but, in the wide stretch of Yorkshire country, who can trace the exact scene of Cromwell's victory of Marston Moor? Then again, while some of the fields on which Scots and English have met in battle array, from Flodden northward to Culloden, can be fairly well made out and remain much the same as they were, the plough has long since passed over the most famous of them all. The block of granite, known as the "Bore Stave" alone points out the locality of Bannockburn and preserves its memory only less enduring than the deathless battle-song of Burns.

The municipal authorities of London are beginning to awaken to the fact that improvements are everywhere demanded. One of them is a supply of seats at convenient places where the over-weary might rest for a few moments. At present one may travel for miles in London without finding a spot where the foot-sore traveler can repose for a