

PERSONALS.

—Swami Trigunatitananda, a brother Sanyasi of Swami Vivekananda, who is now lecturing in New-York, undertook a few months ago a perilous journey over the snowy ranges of the Himalayas, with a view of visiting the shrines of Mount Kailas and Lake Manaswarabara. He has now returned to India, after an eventful journey. From what he has seen of Tibet and of Tibetan monasteries, he has reason to believe that the discovery of the Tibetan record of Christ's life by the Russian traveler Notovitch, regarded by many critics as a fake, is not without truth. He has seen pictures of Christ in the monasteries, and says that Christ is regarded by the Lamas as an Indian god.

—Gasquet, poet of Provence, former editor of *La Syrinx*, friend of Mistral, of course, and a frequenter of the Café Pascalon, where the author of "Mireille," "Nerto," and "Calendal" sings songs that the cicada in the fig trees at Maillane accompany, is to be married to Mlle. Marie Girard, whom the most recent "Cour d'Amour" crowned. They are tall, lithe, handsome; all the world that they know or care for likes them; for an hour of grief, doubtless, they will have to go to the Vaucluse fountain, and think of Petrarch and Laura.

—Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, who died recently, was the page who carried on horseback from the Court to Navarre, a message from Napoleon to the ex-Empress Josephine announcing the birth of the King of Rome. The page made the journey in eight days. He entered the drawing room unannounced, as the etiquette of courts decrees for bearers of imperial messages, found Josephine in the company of Mme. de Gontaut, and knelt to deliver his dispatch.

—Some one with a taste for figures has noticed the fact that Miss Braddon, the novelist, has in the thirty-three years since she began to write produced just sixty romances. Each of them is in three volumes, making 180 in all. She has, therefore, made copy enough for six printed pages on each day in all those years.