

THE BELLS.

A PARODY.

Hear the teacher with the bells—
Rising bells—
What a world of misery their turbulency tells!
How they jangle, jangle, jangle,
Through the icy air of morn!
While the stars that still bespangle
All the heavens seem to dangle
Loosely to and fro in scorn—
Keeping up a hum,
With the baser beat of drum,
To the most merciless measure that so wonderfully
well.
From the bells, rising bells—
From the jangling and the wrangling rising bells.

Hear the tuneful table bells—
Table bells—
What a world of solid comfort their calling foretells!
And of dainty dishes that delight
The school-boy's ravenous appetite!
Soon a thousand flying feet
Begin to fall,
As they hasten swift and fleet,
Stalking, stumbling down the stairs, to find a seat
Within the hall.
Longer and longer still they pour
Our Pea-pie Association's plentiful store.
How they swell,
As they tell
Of the music of the bell!
The soft, silvery bell,
The jingling and the tinkling
Of the breakfast bell,
Of the bell, dinner bell,
Supper bell!
The rhyming and the chiming table bell.

Hear the stupid study bells—
Study bells!
How the school-boy's heart with lofty indignation
swells,
As their sudden, surly sound
Drives him from the college ground!
Now begins the search for books
With eager, anxious looks,
Full of fears,
Lest the long, unending lesson be unlearned,
And his loud and ringing laugh to tears be turned.
Fast and faster fly
Fitting moment by;
Still he strives with last endeavor
To master, now or never,
Lessons dull and dry and long delayed;
But the bell, bell, bell,
What a tale its terrors tell,
Of despair!
And the tutor's clash and roar
Still another horror pour
On the palpitating bosom of the heir:
Yet the boy be clearly know,
By the twinging,
And the switching,
How the tutor's fury elds and flows;
And his ear distinctly tells,
In the banging,
And the clanging,
How the fury sinks and swells,
By the sinking and the swelling in the anger of the
bells—
Of the bell—
Of the bell, study bell—
In the clamour and the clamour of the study bells!

Hear the tame retiring bells—
Retiring bells!
What a world of rest and dreams their monody fore-
tells!
In the late hour of the night,
How we welcome with delight
The soft, measured music of their chime,
When from out their cell
Softened sounds begin to swell
All in rhyme!
And the boys—ah, the boys,
Wicked upper-story boys,
All in time,
Now are sliding, sliding, sliding,
Down the ancient walls,
Through the misty darkness dimly gliding,
To the distant dancing halls,
How their throbbing bosom swells
At the dying sound of bells!
While in dances with the belles
Keeping time, time, time,
To the prompter's ruler rhyme,
In the dizzy whirl with belles—
Merry belles!
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of woeeful rhyme,
To the sweeter swelling note,
That now begins to faintly float
From the darker corner far remote!
Better far to keep in time,
With a happy Runie rhyme,
To the rolling, rolling bells,
The sweet retiring bells,
To the swelling of the bells,
Of the bells, retiring bells—
To the chiming and the rhyming retiring bells.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

From a lady's point of view a once brilliant and attractive court beauty, who for eleven years had not contemplated herself in a mirror, can hardly perhaps have a stronger claim to the term eccentric than that single fact implies. But Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, daughter of Evelyn Pierpont, Duke of Kingston, and Mary, daughter of William Fielding, the third Earl of Derby, had many other claims to be regarded as eccentric, not the least in the eyes of her contemporaries being her learning and literary accomplishments. For in her day a lady "of quality" was chiefly distinguished by the frequency and coarseness of her oaths, and one who could write decently and spell correctly was regarded as a particularly well-educated woman.

Lord Kingston only followed the prevailing fashion in giving his daughter little or no education—of what use could education be to a lady who would never have to earn her own living! What she did get was, she says, "exactly the same as Clara Harlowe's" and one "of the worst in the world." But it was a fashionable education, and all that she acquired beyond and above it she owed to her eccentric love of knowledge and books. Her mother died while she was still a child. She contrived to share her brother William's lessons in Latin and French, and to get some assistance in her classical studies from Bishop Burnet and the Bishop of Salisbury. At the age of twelve she composed verse in imitation of Ovid's Epistles, and when nineteen she knew a little Greek, and

had translated, from Latin, the "Enchiridion" of Epictetus. She had also studied Erasmus, and read with eagerness every book within her reach, passing entire days in their perusal. In 1709 she wrote: "My study at present is nothing but dictionaries and grammars. I am trying whether it be possible to learn without a master. I am not certain (and dare hardly hope) I shall make any very great progress; but I find the study is so diverting. I am not only easy, but I am pleased with solitude that indulges it."

In her runaway love-match there was an eccentricity on her part which Mr. Wortley Montagu appears to have resented as coquetry. Her wedding clothes were bought, her marriage settlements drawn up, and the day appointed for her union with another lover favored by her father, before, hesitating and uncertain of her own mind to the last, she wrote to the one whom her father had declined to accept as a son-in-law:

"Reflect now for the last time in what manner you must take me. I shall come to you with only a nightgown and a petticoat, and that is all you will get by me. I told a lady of my friends what I intend to do. You will think her a very good friend when I tell you she proffered to lend us her house. I did not accept of this till I had let you know it. If you think it more convenient to carry me to your lodging, make no scruple of it; let it be where it will, if I am your wife I shall think no place unfit for me where you are. I beg we may leave London next morning, wherever you intend to go. * * * 'Tis something odd for a woman that brings nothing to expect anything; but, after my way of education, I dare not pretend to live but in some degree suitable to it. I had rather die than return to dependancy upon relatives I have disobliged."

Mr. Spence, who made her acquaintance at Rome in 1740, writing of her and her marriage, said:

"She is one of the most shining characters in the world, but shines like a comet; she is all irregularity, and always wandering; the most wise, most imprudent; loveliest, most disagreeable; best-natured, cruellest woman in the world; 'all things by turns and nothing long.' She was married young, and she told me, with that freedom which much travelling gives, that she never was in so great a hurry of thought as the month before she was married. She scarce slept any one night that month. You know she was one of the most celebrated beauties of her day, and had a vast number of offers, and the thing that kept her awake was who to fix upon. She was determined as to two points from the first—that is, to be married to somebody, and not to be married to the man her father advised her to have. The last night of the month she determined, and in the morning left the husband of her father's choice buying the wedding ring, and scuttled away to be married to Mr. Wortley."

One of the letters to Mr. Wortley to some extent confirms the description above given, for writing of her marriage to her lover just before it took place, "If I change my mind you shall know before Sunday."

In the coarsely vulgar and immoral Court of the first George, to which this eccentric lady was introduced in her twenty-fourth year, a conspicuous character was the son of a footman, named Craggs, who had risen in the world somehow, who confessed that when getting into his carriage his first impulse was always to jump up behind it. One of King George's several openly-kept mistresses bestowed favor upon young Craggs, who, one evening, when Lady Mary was escaping from the coarse society of the Court, carried her back up the stairs and into the anteroom against her will.

When her husband went as ambassador to the Porte she accompanied him, and famous indeed are the letters in which she describes her travels, which were conducted with great state and ceremony. In the east Mr. Wortley traveled with three hundred horses and a retinue of one hundred and sixty persons, besides his guard of janissaries.

On her return she crowned her reputation for eccentricity in the eyes of thousands, and made many powerful enemies, including nearly the whole of the medical profession, by that which now constitutes her greatest claim to the gratitude of posterity; she introduced vaccination, and says of the task, "If I had foreseen the vexation, the persecution, and even the obloquy which it brought upon me, I would never have attempted it." To a man the medical faculty rose against it, clergymen denounced it from the pulpit as impious and heathenish, and mobs hooted her, the fact that she tried it first on her own son before she urged its general adoption bringing upon her the outpourings of rancor and malignity as a cruel woman and an unnatural mother.

In 1739 Lady Mary separated from her husband with his consent, and retired to live alone abroad, chiefly in Italy, occupying for many years a deserted palace, gardening, reading, writing, teaching the surrounding poor to make bread, butter, etc., cultivating silk worms, and returning to England after her husband's death in 1781, was regarded and visited as a kind of natural curiosity.

Horace Walpole, who was not her friend, describes her as wearing a horseman's coat "and other eccentric costumes." Mrs. Montagu says she neither spoke, acted, nor dressed like anybody else, and, describing a visit to her, said, "Her domestic establishment is made of all nations, and when you get up into her drawing-

room you imagine you are in the first story of the Tower of Babel. A Hungarian servant takes your name at the door; he gives it to an Italian, who delivers it to a Frenchman, the Frenchman to a Swiss, and the Swiss to a Polish; so by the time you get to her ladyship's presence you have changed your name five times without the expense of an Act of Parliament."

She died in her seventy-second year, and left her son—more than he deserved—one guinea.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, July 21.

THE English fashion of publishing a list of the presents given to the bride and bridegroom on their marriage has now been adopted by the French aristocracy.

ONE of the Parisian papers is offering its readers a daily report of the numbers and colors that turned up the day prior at the tables at Monte Carlo.

THE approaching marriage in high life is announced of the Marquis de Levis, son of the Duke and Duchess de Levis-Mirepoix, with Mlle. Henriette de Chabannes La Palisse.

THE inviting theme of "The Honeymoon" is occupying the musical and literary capacity of Messrs Noel and Tréfen, and the result is to be a comic opera in three acts.

THE Préfecture of Police has put the pipe out of the cabdrivers by forbidding them to smoke when they are driving. It was pretty well time that this impudent and vulgar proceeding, which has been too long tolerated, was put a stop to.

NAUNDORFF, one of the numerous pretenders to the title of Dauphin of France, is about to publish a pamphlet advocating his claims. The late Jules Favre was convinced by the evidence adduced by Naundorff that he was what he professed to be.

DURING the illness of the Count de Chambord many marriages in high life, which would otherwise have been celebrated with great rejoicings and much pomp, have taken place in a very simple fashion.

IT is a matter of much pleasure to announce that young Offenbach, the son of the great composer, is recovering fast from a most dangerous condition of health. He is a very talented musician, he is remarkable, *en passant*, and will worthily follow in the footsteps of his father, if promises are fulfilled.

THE coachman of high life is assuming an unheeded dignity of manner and amazing belief in his status; for instance, the other day the coachman of the Marchioness D. L— flung up the reins because he was asked to drive her friends home. He said his "functions" were to drive the marchioness, and no one else would he drive.

"LIKE a bird!" Yes, just so! Your beauty at the seaside intends to dress like one. She will be in robes and dresses, even hats, entirely composed of feathers of the barn-door cock, of the swan, of the partridge, of the jay, and so on. The bill will be a little dear, and the poor birds will have to pay also for the cost of the extravagant fashion.

THE new director of the Renaissance is insisting upon all his actors and actresses attending a singing class which he has formed at his theatre, in order to drill all without exception into a knowledge of the rudiments of singing, and, if possible, take them a step farther. The idea is a good one, and might be copied by all other managers, each one having its little Conservatoire.

THE Duchess de — exhibits a phenomenal appearance to her Parisian friends. She left a few evenings ago for the East with certain marks of age upon her sweet face; she returns without a vestige of those marks and with fifteen years of wear taken off her appearance. The reply she gives is, "It was a *philtre* that was given me, and I drank of it often." The sceptical reply, "But why do the Orientals, then, grow old and worn?"

WILLIAM ASTOR has made a contract for a new steam yacht, to be ready for service next May. The cost is to be three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Compared with Jay Gould's yacht *Atalanta*, Mr. Astor's yacht will be twenty-nine feet longer, of four feet greater beam, and five and a half feet greater depth of hold. The vessel will be of steel, and two hundred and thirty-five feet long, on the water line, twenty feet depth of hold, and thirty feet breadth of beam. She will be supplied with compound engines and steel boilers, and will have a regular cruising speed of fourteen knots per hour. The yacht will have well-appointed quarters for the crew, a spacious reception saloon on the main deck, and large staterooms for Mr. Astor and his guests.

LITERARY.

MISS A. W. FIELDE has prepared a dictionary of the Swatow dialect, the first work of its kind ever published.

GEORGE MACDONALD, with eight members of his family, is giving dramatic recitals in costume of "Polyeucte" and "Macbeth," in London.

PRINCE LEOPOLD, of Bavaria, who is said to have done some hard work in the domain of comparative anatomy, is about to publish a memoir on the tongue.

MISS JULIA A. WHELOCK, a young lady of Dorchester, Mass., has just made her debut as "Gilda" in Verdi's "Rigoletto" at Rome under the stage name of Signora Valda.

AN odd book has just appeared in England. It contains diagrams of the palms and backs of the hands of twenty-two eminent persons, among whom are Mr. Gladstone, Charles Darwin, Wilkie Collins and the Duke of Argyll.

DONALD G. MITCHELL'S works ("Ike Marvel") are to be issued in a new edition. "Reveries of a Bachelor," the author's most popular book, put forth first about thirty years ago, begins the list and will be printed from new plates.

MR. G. A. AUDSLEY, of Liverpool, who is well known by his work on Japanese art, is preparing a book on the history and practice of chrono-lithography, tracing the development of the process by the aid of elaborate illustrations.

SHAKESPEARE literature is far from being exhausted. A new work, "Shakespeare's Hamlet," by A. Dehlen, has just made its appearance at Göttingen (Vandenhoeck and Ruprecht, publishers), and is spoken of as one of the most original and characteristic commentaries on the wonderful creations of the great British bard.

EDWIN ARNOLD has nearly ready another Indian poem composed of five idyls from the Sanskrit of the "Mahabharata," as follows: "Savitri; or, Love and Death," "Nala and Qamayanti," "The Enchanted Lake," "The Saint's Temptation" and "The Birth of Death."

HEER OTTO SCHULZE, the well-known Oriental publisher, of Leipzig, announces a new monthly periodical, entitled "Literatur-Blatt für Orientalische Philologie," under the editorship of Professor Ernst Kuhn, of Munich. The first number will appear in October.

ONE million and a half copies of Martin F. Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy" have been sold in the United States, but the author has reaped little benefit from it. Some of Mr. Tupper's admirers, including Mr. Gladstone, Lord Houghton, Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Robert Browning, are raising a fund to be presented to him.

PERSONAL.

THE London *World* says that Henry James is a "cultivated Yankee without imagination."

W. D. HOWELS, the novelist, is in Boston. Henry James is also in Boston at his old home on Mount Vernon street.

PROFESSOR PAINTER, of Roanoke College Virginia, joins Charles Francis Adams, Jr. in the crusade against Greek and Latin.

THE Duke of Teck and Duchess (the Princess Mary of England), are going to reside abroad for pecuniary reasons, finding it quite impossible to live in England on their income.

MR. and Mrs. William W. Story are in London. Mr. Story's status of "Sardanapalus" has been bought by Mr. Cyrus Flower for his private gallery on Hyde Park.

EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE is thus pictured by a writer who saw her three weeks ago: "A rather stately-looking woman, in deep black, not a tinge of color anywhere, about her eyes the twinkling ripples that the years make around her mouth, the deeper drawn lines of sorrow, a sallow face, hair with gray in it."

SEÑOR BARCA, the Spanish Minister, who died suddenly recently, was one of the most popular members of the diplomatic circle in Washington. He was fifty-two years old and in his own country had won an honorable rank as a lawyer and politician. He left a wife and two daughters, one unmarried.

A GRAND-DAUGHTER of the poet Burns is at present in receipt of relief from the London Scottish Corporation. Her name is Mrs. Pyke. She is the wife of a workman, who through no fault of his own has fallen into poverty, and the daughter of the poet's oldest son Robert, who for some time was employed in Somerset House.

A MISER'S WILL.

The will of Miss Barbara Scott, a wretched old woman who inherited several fortunes, and increased them by every means which her miserly instincts could devise, has been upheld by the Superior Court in Montreal. McGill University gets \$40,000, and various hospitals, churches and charitable institutions receive the rest. For years before her death she lived isolated in the old family mansion in the suburbs of the city, until the dirt and filth became so intolerable that the Board of Health was forced to interfere. She refused even to employ a female domestic, but allowed an old man to visit the house daily to do chores. She died without an attendant, and, when the executors took possession, thousands of dollars were found rolled up in scraps of old paper. Not the least remnant of food was discovered in the house, and the doctors thought she starved herself to death. The relatives, who were practically ignored, tried to break the will on the ground of insanity, but the Court held that the testatrix was of disposing mind, though eccentric.

LADY BEAUTIFIERS.

Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health, and nothing will give you such rich blood, good health, strength and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof.