

THE GRAND PARADE.

The billows are out on grand parade
In their uniforms of blue;
Their white plumes toss in the passing breeze,
And their stumps are strong and true.

They march to the life-notes of the gale,
And the breaking surges' drum;
While the banners flash in the noon-tide light,
And the sea-gulls cry, "They come."

They come, and their march is a thousand years
Aye, a thousand years thrice told;
They shake the earth with their lofty tread,
And their heart-beats grow not old.

They give no heed to the haughtiest foe,
But on in their high career,
Mid lightning's flash, and the thunder's crash
They laugh in the face of fear.

The centuries sat and gazed amazed,
Yet the crowding billows came;
With their plumes still tossing in the breeze,
And their uniforms the same.

They came, sometimes like the rough dragoons
Sometimes with the cannon's roar;
Sometimes they rush in the Northeast raid,
Till they terrify the shore.

Sometimes as still as the lovers' stroll,
When the moon walks in the sky;
Kissing the strand with their liquid lips,
And soothing it with a sigh.

They march till they touch the frozen North,
Then down to the Summer zone;
Still on, to remotest isles away,
To the eyes of men unknown.

They bow but to one Supreme behest:
To but one Commander's rod;
"Thus far," is the only law they heed,
And that law they know, is God.

And the coming centuries unborn,
Shall watch by the wave-washed shore;
Though the nations rise, and kingdoms fall,
The billows march ever more.

So, the waves of influence go on,
Our own, is an endless flow;
And all whom we reach for good or ill,
We never shall fully know.

SIMPATICA.

A dictionary would give sympathetic as the English translation of this comprehensive Italian word, "simpatica," and philologically the dictionary would be right. But far beyond the limits reached by this mechanical rendering, "simpatica," like charity, spreads its cloak over a crowd of moral and personal qualities, and includes within itself graces of various kinds and beauties of diverse forms. Active and passive at once, "simpatica" both sympathizes with and is pleasant to others. Like a mirror it reflects what it sees—like a star it is its own illumination by which its loveliness is made manifest. It gives and it receives; it loves and is beloved; it feels with and is felt for. The word is a word of power, and the quality which it represents is one of the most potent in all the catalogue of human moral possessions. Between those two sisters, what is it that attracts every one in Amanda, so that the sorrowful go to her for comfort and the joyous carry to her their happiness—as we go to the living fountain when we are thirsty, as we hear flowers on the bridal altar—while all the world keeps far away from Astarte, and is content to admire from a distance, and to pay homage without offering love? Between those two sisters there is not a question which is the more beautiful, the more intellectual, Astarte is a goddess to look at—a Corinne to listen to; while Amanda has a nose which leaves much to be desired, a skin that would be freckled in an Arctic winter, a figure which a lover's prejudice itself could not commend, and not an "ology at her command. All the same, Amanda is "simpatica," and Astarte is not. And even when she does kind things, and says gracious ones, Astarte does not touch the heart of those who hear her and whom she benefits so much as does Amanda when she simply sits and listens, and lets others pour out their hearts as they will. Through the soul of the one runs a certain glacial vein which seems to freeze up all that makes a woman "simpatica;" the whole heart of the other is one uninterrupted tract of warmth and softness—a rich soil, a genial air, and in consequence thereof fair flowers and useful fruits. The one is not "simpatica;" the other is; and volumes could not improve, though they might enlarge on, this definition.

There comes to the table-d'hôte a stranger unknown to any of the older guests. Before the dinner is over every waiter is her slave, every man her admirer, every woman her willing handmaid. She is pretty, but not overpoweringly lovely. Her eyes are large and soft and dark and tender; her smile is sweet and frank with the faintest touch of melancholy, like the down on fruit or the first colouring of an unopened bud; her manner is gracious and graceful; the tones of her voice are subdued and musical; her hands are white, well shaped and fine in texture. When you speak to her she listens with attention, with an air of self-giving for the one part and of reception for the other; when she speaks to you you are absorbed in what she says and when she leaves off you wish she would go on. It is not that she says anything worth hearing. She has evidently studied little and thought less. She knows nothing of science, of politics, of history, of philosophy. She has traveled one mile to your hundred, and her home has been her universe. Her accomplishments do not go beyond a little needlework and a little music; and in the resolution of the great mysteries of life she is nowhere. Still, for all that, you admire her

in her speech, and wish that the sweet, low voice could go on rippling its major nothings in a kind of musical cadence, which hold your heart though they leave your head untouched; and when she rises and leaves she seems to take with her all the light and melody and perfume of the hour. Ask yourself, what is the secret of her charm? She is "simpatica." She has no other merit. But this is that which includes all the rest—which creates all the rest! If she were not "simpatica," she would be nothing; being this she is all that most delights, most enchants, most warms, and rejoices those who know her.

All young people are, or should be delightful. The latter inflection is too often rounded off with: But are not; chiefly because they fail in this mysterious quality of "simpatica." There comes into your society, as the friend of your friend, a young girl who is introduced to you. You, a woman of more than a certain age and of quite a certain position, enter the room where your friend and the new arrival are sitting. The introduction is made generally. The young woman, sitting a little defiantly as well as awkwardly on the edge of the chair, remains sitting. She does not get up, does not smile; does nothing but make a faint and curiously cold inclination with her head, as if she had been a superior person to whom you were rather humbly presented; and when you, willing to be cordial, hold out your hand and bid her welcome, she puts into it the tips of five rigid fingers and looks as if displeased by the contact and the familiarity. Her after manners confirm the ungenial impression created by her first bearing. She is always defiant, always cold and repellent, and as if stuck round about with moral spikes; always as if afraid she will lose her dignity by being amiable—lower her pride by being sweet. She says sharp things when she has the chance, and she never does gracious ones—even though she has to go out of her way to avoid doing them. She starts hard and straight, and no return stare of those who object to her scrutiny can make her lower her pale grey eyes. She means no harm; she is in no sense bad or wicked; she is only insensitive, without delicacy of perception because without "simpatica." She plays the piano well, but she plays like a machine which has been perfectly arranged and is thoroughly wound up. For any extra grace given by soul or passion she has not a trace. She is simply an efficient kind of vitalized barrel organ, and with faultless execution contrives to take all the paths, all the poetry, all the suggested romance out of the most noble pieces in her repertoire. She is the last person in the world to whom a child would go for comfort in its sorrows, for help in its lessons, for aid in its difficulties, for companionship in its games—the last in whom a woman would confide, or to whom a man would look for feminine counsel. Hard, inflexible, granitic, she has of youth only its rounded outlines and smooth skin, of womanhood only its unserviceable muscles and physical form. She is essentially without that divine quality which we celebrate when we say that such a one is "simpatica;" and being thus without it, she can neither give grace nor call forth love.

In strong contrast to her stands that tall and graceful girl for whom at first sight you feel that kind of interest which experience tells you further knowledge will develop into affection. Not critically beautiful, her brow and eyes are of that sweet and thoughtful type we mean when we say, "Madonna-like." Her soft brown hair is parted simply on either side and the eyes which look at you with the tenderness of a Botticelli are fine and full of intellect. Her manners are the perfection of a young girl's manners—without consciousness, simple, thoughtful for others, without self-consideration or self-seeking in any way. She is courteous to every one, and to the old she is specially courteous. Her music is the music of true genius. Her instrument is the violin; and the great musician of Rome, he whose whole soul is full of poetry and whose life is filled with harmony, listens to her, as much entranced as surprised. Were she poor, she would be famous. As she is, she is the charm of a limited circle only; but what a charm! how tenderly beloved! how frankly loving in return! She has genius of a rare type; but it does not make her conceited nor self-conscious. It only makes her more tenderly alive to beauty, to love, to grace, wherever she finds it; because she has a soul as well as a mind—because she is "simpatica" as well as gifted.

That nice young fellow who talks to every one by whom he sits, and knits up local companionships all around, he too is "sympatico." He makes even that cold, dry man of the world smile, and when others come in between, he is welcomed back to his old place, as would not have been the prettiest woman at table. Good-tempered, unconscious, kindly, he is everything we most like in a young fellow who has ceased to be a boy, but has not yet put on the hardness of manhood. Time and experience—especially if that experience be unfortunate—may rub off the finer qualities which he possesses now. From the good tempered, genial, light-hearted and "sympatico" fellow he is to-day, he may become suspicious, soured, repellent and dry.

The transformation will be great and regrettable if ever it comes to pass; but meanwhile he is as bright and charming a youth as one can well see, and no one is indifferent to his merits.

This quality of "simpatica" excuses a great many defects. This cameriera Gigia is greedy, curious, grasping. She is the chief spy on your "piano," and you know by proof that she spends

all her spare time in peeping through the key-holes of the various rooms to see what the inmates are doing. She is also jealous with all an Italian's jealousy; clamorous for "quattrini," and not always truthful. Nevertheless, outside this nucleus of bad qualities she has that divine grace of nature which makes her "simpatica" when occasion demands. If you are ill, she will nurse you with the tenderest devotion, and think nothing a trouble that will soothe your pain or hasten your recovery. If you are sad, she will do some little extra service, as if to give you a moment's pleasure and have a moment's respite from your sorrowful thoughts. While you stand in the sunshine she is her worst self; when you are in the depths of the shadow she is her best. Her worst is very bad, her best is very good. It depends then on your own nature whether you forgive the one for the sake of the other, or allow your indignation and disgust to overpower your gratitude and admiration. If you are "simpatica" on your own account you will do the former; if you are a pessimist the latter. It will not be difficult to say which it will be if you are wise and a philosopher.

To be "simpatica" is to hold the key of true clarity. No one who is this can indulge in the ill-natured surmises, the cross-cornered comments, the slanderous insinuations so sadly rife in society. No one who is "simpatica" repeats damaging stories or believes in shameful interpretations. Rather to one of this kind human nature is a thing to love, and its shortcomings are to be pitied rather than condemned—pitied as one pities failure of all kinds—from Sisyphus onward. Ah! we should do ill without this lovely quality to help us forward! It is the rose in the moral garden—the sweet in the intellectual sauce—the fruit to the close bread of duty. To feel with and for others. What a glorious widening out and enriching of one's life that is! How it increases our joy because of the pleasure that we take in the joys of others—how it renders selfish brooding over our own woes impossible, because of the sympathy we must give to the sorrows of others! Not generosity only, not kind-heartedness only, nor courtesy, nor unselfishness, nor keen perception, nor quick understanding—it is all these, and more than these. He who is "simpatica" has his entrance into all hearts and is the solver of all human problems. To him is given dominion where he thinks to serve; and the love which he gives without stint as without calculation he receives back without measure as without conditions.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, Sept 15.

THE King of Holland has invited the King of the Belgians to pay him a visit at the Hague.

SOME people do not think it improbable that Mr. Tennyson will give us some verse *apropos* of his sea trip with the Premier.

MR. KYRLE BELLEVUE is credited with the intention of becoming the manager of a London theatre ere long.

LONDON has witnessed this week the introduction of a four-wheeled hansom. It has some good points about it, and is a useful addition to the circulating medium.

THE portraits drawn for Mr. Black's novel, *Yolande*, of the heroine, by Mr. Overend, are said to strongly resemble a beautiful American young lady.

DURING the twelve nights on which Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Helen Terry acted at the Royalty Theatre of Glasgow the receipts amounted to upwards of £4,500.

THE Red Cross has been assumed by the burglars as their special sign. Any one finding such a mark on his premises had better give immediate information to the "protectionists."

MR. GLADSTONE has been solicited to play next month on the accordion at a fancy fair for the benefit of a charity. It is not generally known that our worthy Premier is very proficient on this chief of street nuisance instruments.

PEOPLE are dropping slowly back to town, and in a sort of shame-faced way hostesses are giving little "parties of consolation" to the unlucky mortals who cannot stay out the orthodox September amid continental excitements or country scenery.

THE building of the Prince's theatre in Coventry street is progressing with wonderful rapidity. In fact, the shell of the theatre has been completely erected. It is in advance of the surrounding building, which is to be constructed for shops and even an hotel.

THE latest addition to the English language is, it appears, the word "squip." It seems to mean a small measure of ardent spirits; but we are not certain on that head, because the learned authority who introduced it to the public notice the other day acknowledged that he was suffering from "squips."

A SYNDICATE of English capitalists has resolved to bring Italian dairy produce to England in great quantities. All the mechanical and scientific appliances for keeping the stuff as fresh as possible during the transit between the two countries will be brought into requisition.

THERE is to be an æsthetic school in Kensington to which the inhabitants of the æsthetic houses can send their children. It will be red brick, of course, and the little boys are all to wear knickerbockers according to the true Queen Anne model, which, happily, is green and yellow in its hues.

THE Garrick Club is undergoing a complete external transfiguration. An internal renovation will also take place before it reopens to admit its hundreds of talented and agreeable members. The club keeps up its reputation in every respect, and it has been famous for many things material as well as "brained."

FOR many off seasons town has not been so full of Americans. They seem this year to have arrived later or to have delayed on their way. The pacification of Ireland has detained many of them at Killarney. The National Gallery overflows with tourists studying their guide books and then looking up at the pictures. But the Fisheries take most of all.

THE Vauxhall and Cremorne Gardens' elements of attraction have been fully copied at the Fisheries Exhibition, therefore we are not surprised to hear that before the grounds and doors close it is proposed to give a grand costume entertainment, the idea being fishwives' dresses for the ladies, and the costumes of sailors of all nations for the males.

THERE will be an opportunity for enterprising newspapers to send their specials off on a mission which may prove profitable to the journals who are paying away too much to their staff. The mission would be ostensibly to report the next earthquake at Ischia, which the noted "volcanologist," Rudolph Falb, has calculated from unerring signs will take place on the 15th of October.

THE Millbank penitentiary is for sale, the Government having moved the establishment to other quarters. Now that club and is developing so rapidly, and quarters are difficult to get, this might be found eligible. Any Radical club about to begin business would find it cheap and suitable, and would certainly not feel any hesitation on account of the prison occupants.

THE Americans propose to get up an international lawn tennis tournament with England with some heavy prizes, hoping that what is done in the finance way in the United States will be covered by a like amount in England. Next year the contest is to be in London, the following one in New York. This is all right and amicable enough. Could not the two trials of skill take place in the same year?

ONE would think it difficult to be poetic about the leek, but a Welshman, at the recent concert given by the Marquis of Bute, offered the scent (incense, that is to say), of his homage to a fair singer, by presenting her with a leek, and these lines:

"This leek I send thee, lovely fair,
Thou' not like Pistol's to be eaten;
But on thy bosom proudly bear,
As once her gallant sons did wear
When Kymru's deadly foes were beaten.
'Twill fire thy soul with thoughts so grand
Of this thy much-loved native land—
Her song, her chivalry, her glory,
That thou wilt sing as ne'er before
Was sung in princely halls of yore
Thy noble countrymen's proud story."

DID SHE DIE?

"No!
"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years."
"The doctors doing her no good;"
"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."
"Indeed! Indeed!"
"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A DAUGHTER'S MISERY.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery.
"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility.
"Under the care of the best physicians.
"Who gave her disease various names,
"But no relief.
"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

FATHER IS GETTING WELL.

"My daughters say:
"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."
"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."
"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."
A LADY OF Utica, N.Y.