

SACRIFICED.

He leads me to the altar on the morrow,
And I may well be proud to be his bride;
He tells me he will shelter me from sorrow,
And be a shield for ever by my side;
And yet I fear,
He loaded me with jewels bright and gleaming,
And bows before me as before a queen;
And all the while I listlessly sit dreaming,
For ever thinking of ' what might have been '
Hadst thou been here.

He lifts me to a realm of wealth and beauty,
And gives to me the truest heart and best,
Ah me! I can but strive to do my duty,
And blessing him, hope that I may be blest,
And yet I fear,
Why did I let my heart slip from my keeping?
Why did I learn the charm of love's first kiss?
Only to break my heart with bitter weeping
And scorn the mockery of a love like this,
So cold, so drear.

He leads me to the altar on the morrow,
This the last eve that I may give to thee,
I'll gather up my wealth of love and sorrow,
And send them to thee far across the sea;
And thou shalt hear
A wail commingling with the voice of ocean
Wild as a spirit turned from heav'n away,
And thou shalt know by thine own heart's emotion
A something hath been lost to thee for aye,
Once passing dear.

FOR EVERYBODY.

New Sealing-Wax.

A novel introduction consists in small sticks of variously-coloured sealing-wax, tipped with an inflammable compound, which, when ignited by friction, burns and fuses the wax, permitting it to be used very conveniently, without wasting or dropping, as is usually the case. The quantity in each stick is sufficient for one common or two small seals.

The Widow's Rings.

A question often asked is, "How does a widow, married a second time, arrange about her wedding ring?" Tastes differ: some wear the former one on the little finger of the left hand, with a memorial ring as a keeper; others wear it suspended by a chain from the neck, and others lay it carefully away among their cherished treasures; but the most usual course is to retain it on the proper finger, placing the new one over it.

Quid Pro Quo.

The King of Persia once ordered his vizier to make out a list of all the fools in his dominions. He did so, and put his majesty's name at the head of them. The king asked him why, and he immediately answered—"Because you entrusted a lac of rupees to men you don't know, to buy horses for you a thousand miles off, and who'll never come back." "Ay, but suppose they come back?" "Then I shall erase your name and insert theirs."

Brandy And Water For Soldiers.

The French Minister of War has ordered that large stone jars, filled with brandy and water, shall be placed in each barrack-room for the use of the soldiers. The Minister has issued this order at the suggestion of the military medical authorities, who consider this beverage indispensable for the health of the troops whilst the dog star rages thus fiercely.

Tokay.

Imperial Tokay is a disappointing draught. It is one of those wines which owe their sweetness and richness to the custom of leaving the grapes on the vine till they ripen and dry up into cloying lumps of sweetness. As dessert wines Tokay, Constantia, Lunel, and Frontignan are well enough for those who like them, and, taken as a liqueur, simply pour *se parfumer la bouche*, fulfil their mission admirably; but it is not possible to regard these choice and costly fluids as wine *pur et simple*.

A Reading Country.

Holland, with its 3,515,316 well-educated inhabitants, has 1,004 booksellers, 367 hand-press printers, and 93 printers by steam; 153 paper manufacturers and wholesale paper dealers, 87 bookbinders, 61 music sellers, 48 print-sellers, and 10 map and chart publishers. In no country in the world is there so large a number of booksellers compared with the total population. Scotland, perhaps, would take the next rank.

French Politeness.

A citizen of France had unfortunately done something which necessitated his being hanged; and, as there was no professional executioner available for the occasion, the painful duty of carrying out the sentence devolved upon an amateur, who apologised for any possible shortcomings to the person principally concerned. "I hope you will pardon me," said he, "if I put you to any unnecessary inconvenience; but the fact is, I have never hanged any one before." "Pray do not mention it," replied the other, with the greatest sangfroid; "for that matter, I have never been hanged before. We must each do our best."

A True Picture Of The Queen.

A writer who has had the privilege of seeing, and it may be of possessing, a penny coined during the present year, informs us that the authorities of the Mint have made the Queen's head something like the Queen. We are further told that "she is no longer the puny girl of fifteen, embarrassed with a

laurel crown, and grieving at the minimisation of her chignon," but that the head is at least a quarter of a century nearer historic truth. All this is as it should be, and is reasonable enough. But the sentence that follows is somewhat enigmatical: "As it is well known, and no treason to repeat, that Her Majesty has had twenty-two grandchildren, we have great hopes for the portrait on the new half-crowns and florins."

"Spell It With An 'e,' Samivel."

A Washington correspondent says: "A scintillation of genuine wit—quick, brief, and apposite—came from Butler at the close of his great speech the other night. Mr. Butler commented with unsparing severity—and he is master of invective—on the action of the Ways and Means Committee in relation to the Phelps, Dodge & Co. case. The peroration was eloquent, and before the speaker had time to resume his seat Foster, of Ohio (member of that committee), who had been personally alluded to, arose and said in a loud voice: 'Let us pray!' It raised a laugh; but without an instant's hesitation 'Old Cockeye,' as Foster had insolently called his antagonist, turned to the stenographers and said: 'Spell it with an e.' Such a storm of applause followed that even the Speaker's gavel was drowned in the confusion."

A Satirical Coin.

A copper piece, affecting to be of ten centimes, has got into a certain circulation in France, of which a note may be fittingly made. It bears the head of Napoleon III. in a Prussian helmet. Around the neck is a dog's collar, with a ring. Upon it is inscribed "Sé-lan." The circular legend is "Napoléon III., le Misérable; 80,000 Prisonniers." On the reverse, an owl on a cannon; around "Vampire Français. 2 Déc., 1851. Sept., 1870."

A Monster Chorus and Orchestra

At the late Handel festival the choralists and instrumentalists were thus divided:

Sopranos.....	757	Tenors.....	600
Altos (male).....	217	Basses.....	721
Contraltos.....	531		
Total.....	2066		
First violins.....	95	Bassoons.....	7
Second violins.....	93	Double bassoons.....	2
Violas.....	62	Cornets, trumpets.....	12
Violoncellos.....	62	Horns.....	12
Double basses.....	59	Trombones.....	8
Flutes.....	8	Ophicleides, euphoniums.....	3
Piccolo flutes.....	3	Drums.....	8
Oboes.....	8		
Clarionets.....	7		
Grand total.....	3,415		

Moore At Gore House.

N. P. Willis thus records an incident during an evening at Gore House: "We all sat round the piano, and, after two or three songs of Lady Blessington's choosing, Moore rambled over the keys awhile, and then sang 'When first I met thee,' with a pathos that beggars description. When the last word had faltered out, he rose and took Lady Blessington's hand, said good night, and was gone before a word was uttered. I have heard of women fainting at a song of Moore's; and if the burden of it answered by chance to a secret in the bosom of the listener, I should think, from its comparative effect upon so old a stager as myself, that the heart would break with it."

Solomon In Ireland.

The following story comes from the green island. Two men had a quarrel in a tavern. They adjourned outside to settle the dispute. The first man, being from Connaught, immediately seized a lump of stone and let fly at the head of his opponent, who dipped his head and missed the stone, which went through an expensive plate-glass window, and did much damage. A magistrate was called upon next morning to determine which of the two should pay the cost. The evidence clearly showed that the aim was a good one, and that if the second man had not dipped his head he would have been struck. "Therefore," said the magistrate, "he must pay the damages, as it is certain the first man didn't intend to injure the window, and the window would not have been injured if it had not been for the act of the second man."

Economy.

If all town and city sewerage and excrements could be saved and applied to the soil they would be of untold wealth to the country, and add greatly to the health of its people. Liebig, in his *Modern Agriculture*, says: "The fields of the Chinese cultivator have preserved their fertility unimpaired and in continued vigour ever since the days of Abraham, and of the building of the first pyramid in Egypt. This result has been attained solely by the restoration to the soil of the mineral constituents removed in the produce, or, what amounts to the same thing, this has been effected by the aid of a manure of which the greater portion is lost to the land in the European system of cultivation."

Puss in Parliament.

In the House of Commons recently, a fine tom cat, which had strayed into the House unseen, sprang from under the table in front of the Ministers, and darted past Mr. Hardy along the House towards the Bar, where it turned to the right, and flew wildly over the heads and shoulders of members below the gangway to an open door, causing a feeling of great terror and temporary confusion; but it ended in courageous laughter as a gentleman flung a ruler (not a Home Ruler) at puss as she skeddaddled. Of such are the mighty who are law-makers.]

Wedding Breakfast.

When breakfast is announced, the bride and bridegroom lead the way, followed by the bridegroom's mother on the arm of the bride's father, and the bride's mother on that of the bridegroom's father. It is now most unusual to have a sitting down breakfast. A long buffet is provided, as at a ball supper; but it is becoming the custom to have a few small round

tables to accommodate eight persons. At one of these the newly-married couple and their parents sit, often joined by the couple of highest rank present. The custom of many or long speeches is happily past. The gentleman of highest rank proposed in as few words as possible the health of the newly-married couple; the bridegroom as briefly responds. The bride rises, and, the knife having been placed in the cake, cuts the first slice, and then retires to change her dress. The company finish their breakfast and return to the drawing room, and in a short time the bride re-appears to make her adieux. Very often she divides the bridal bouquet among her bridesmaids. On departure, the task of throwing the white satin shoe belongs to the "best man." As soon as the young couple have departed the guests at once disperse. The custom of sending either cake or cards is now quite out of fashion.

A Hungry Judge.

Lord Chief-Justice Ellenborough, at a large dinner party at the Chancellor's, was seated next to the Countess Lieven, a lady in that age of considerable fashion, but of very lean proportions, and much remarked upon for displaying to an unnecessary degree a neck not lovely to look upon. By some accident, the Chief-Justice remained unserved, his fair neighbour meanwhile being busy. The host, seeing the plight of the hungry and discontented judge, recommended him to some particular dish. "I wish I could get some," growled Ellenborough, casting a savage glance at the angular bust bending over the table at his side, "for I have had nothing before me this quarter of an hour but a raw bladebone."

Double Epigram.

An epigram is just now current at Cambridge upon Froude and Kingsley. Froude, in his recent inaugural address as Rector of the University of Edinburgh, ascribed a want of veracity to clerical writers, and his friend, Canon Kingsley, when resigning his professorship at Oxford, dwelt on the proneness of historians to indulge in fiction. The wits of the Common Room have put the two observations together, and this is the result:

"Froude informs the Scottish youth
That persons have no care for truth;
While Canon Kingsley loudly cries
That history is a pack of lies.

"What cause for judgment so malign;
A brief reflection solves the mystery;
For Froude thinks Kingsley a divine,
And Kingsley goes to Froude for history."

It is not very brilliant, but it is the best that has been turned out of the workshop for some time.

Mormon Political Economy.

Brigham Young has lately been making a tour of his Mormon diocese, preaching the gospel of economy and co-operation. To the saints at Kananah he thus held forth—"We want to organise the people into co-operations to raise grain, cotton, cattle, and everything that is necessary for our sustenance. We want to manufacture every article that is needed for our own use. We do not want this people to import any more goods from the States, but we wish to manufacture everything at home that is needed. The day will soon come that we will manufacture every article that we need. At present we are behind the world in a knowledge of financial matters, but we must learn to make ourselves self-sustaining. We will have the best of schools, where all the sciences will be taught."

Cremating French Cannon.

It appears that even inanimate French metal has recently made an obstinate display of patriotism. We are told that the Prussian in the intoxication of victory decided that the first guns captured from the enemy should go to found an Imperial bell for the cathedral of Cologne, but the bronze has hitherto resisted cremation, "as if possessed of a French soul," and has rebelled against the decrees of William I. The three first attempts to cast the bell failed entirely, and on the fourth trial, though the bell in itself was a success, it came out minus the Imperial crown, the symbol of Germany unity. The French chroniclers also assure us that the tone of the bell has always been defective, and that it produces strange sounds, which resemble sighs and groans. A disciple of Heine is said to have written to a friend in Paris on this rather startling demonstration, saying, "Can it be that French guns, like the sacred vessels of the temples, are fatal to those who profane them? One thing is certain; the tale of this refractory bell has sent a shudder through uneasy and dreamy Germany."

Gunpowder Plot.

A gunpowder plot has lately been discovered in Illinois, United States, and happily frustrated before it could be carried into effect. In the district of Rock Island the interference of ladies in the "temperance movement" has created much angry feeling, and it was determined by the advocates of intemperance to give a gentle hint to woman that the closing of wine stores and saloons forms no legitimate part of her mission, by blowing up with gunpowder several temperance ladies while sitting in a car *en route* to Rock Island. A can, therefore, with a perforated bottom, filled with gunpowder, was deposited the other day in a cuivert under the street car track between Rock Island and Moline. Close by the can was a candle attached to a string so ingeniously arranged that on lighting the candle and pulling the string an explosion would follow, and the ladies be blown into the air. The string, it is stated, "extending a long distance south," enabling the person entrusted with the delicate duty of conducting the explosion to retire from the scene after the distressing finale without having his feelings further unnecessarily harrowed by disagreeable inquiries. The ladies who belong to the Moline Temperance League had visited Rock Island in the cars a day or two previous to the discovery of the scheme for their destruction, and there can be little doubt that this can with the powder was all ready for them, but owing to some hitch in the arrangements the explosion had to be deferred.