

## WINTER.

Thou dark-robed man with solemn pace,  
And mantle muffled round thy face,  
Like the dim vision seen by Saul,  
Upraised by spells from Death's dark hall:  
Thou sad small man—face thin and old,  
Teeth set, and nose pinched blue with cold,  
Ne'er mind! Thy coat so long and black,  
And fitting round thee all so slack,  
Has glorious spangles, and its stars  
Are like a conqueror's fresh from wars.  
Who wove it in Time's awful loom,  
With woe of glory, warp of gloom?  
Jove's planet glitters on thy breast,  
The morning star adorns thy crest,  
The waxing round the waning moon  
Clings to thy turban, late or soon;  
Orion's belt is thine, thy thigh  
His jewelled sword hangs brightly by:  
The Ploides seven, the gipsy's star,  
Shine as thy shoulder-knots afar;  
And the great Dog-star, bright, unknown,  
Blazes beside thee like a throne.  
Take heart! thy coat so long and black,  
Sore-worn, and fitting round thee slack,  
Is brodered by the Northern Lights,  
Those silver arrows shot by sprites—  
Is powdered by the Milky Way.  
With awful pearls unknown to-day,  
Which well make up for all the hues  
Proud Summer, bridegroom-like, may use.

Proud Summer with his roses' sheen,  
And dress of scarlet, blue, and green,  
Floods us with such a sea of light,  
We miss the faint far isles of night,  
And thoughtless dance, while he with lute  
Beguiles us, or assails to fruit;  
But, like a shade from spirit-land  
Dim Winter beckons with his hand—  
He beckons: all things darker grow,  
Save white-churned waves and wreathing snow;  
We pause; a chill creeps through our veins;  
We dare not thank him for his pains;  
We fear to follow, and we creep  
To candle-light, to cards, to sleep.

Yet, when we follow him, how deep  
The secret he has got to keep!  
How wonderful! how passing grand!  
For peering through his stormy stand  
The eternal cities of the sky,  
With stars like street-lamps hung on high—  
No angel yet can sum their worth,  
Though angels sang when they had birth.

## Miscellaneous.

## An Amateur Detective.

It is related that a grocer in Lowell, Mass., had a chest of ten stolen from in front of his store several weeks ago, and, not relishing such treatment, he set an ingenious trap to catch the thieves, which proved successful. He filled a large chest with sawdust, first boring a hole in the bottom, and set it out in front of the shop. About seven o'clock, while the attention of the men in the shop was diverted, the chest was stolen. Its whereabouts was easily found by means of the sawdust trail, though the thief was not then found. He was subsequently arrested, however.

## Not the Right Place.

It is currently reported that fourteen young Arabs are about to enter the University of Naples, being sent by the Viceroy for the purpose of studying jurisprudence. Had the Pasha sent the young gentlemen to Naples to be put through a course of music we should have seen nothing so very remarkable in it, but that he should have sent them there for the purpose of studying law sounds really strange. In no city in the world does it take such a length of time to decide an ordinary cause, and the experience of many suitors prompts them to say with so slight a show of justice.

## A Novel Meat Safe.

An ingenious invention for the larder, which careful housewives may do well to adopt for the preservation of their meat and poultry has just been perfected in England. It consists of a refrigerating safe, the sides of which are formed of wirework lined with felt, which is kept constantly saturated with water supplied from a shallow trough forming the top of the apparatus, and the evaporation of which keeps the interior perfectly cool, even in the hottest weather. A butcher's meat cart, constructed upon the same principle, has also been modelled by the inventor, and should commend itself to the purveyors of perishable provisions generally.

## A Curious Piece of Modelling.

There is exhibited in St. Louis just now a curious bit of work in amateur art. This is a medallion of a sleeping face, very well executed it is said, not in clay nor marble but in butter. It came from the head and hands of an Arkansas farmer's wife, who caught the idea while busy in her dairy. She made a quantity of studies with the aid of her butter-paddle, cedar sticks, broom-straws, and a camel's-hair pencil, and at last succeeded in modelling a really creditable head. It is ingeniously mounted in a milk-pan, which in turn is framed. There is something pathetic in the endeavour of this untaught, hard-working woman, to use in the intervals of butter-making and dish-washing the natural talent she can never develop.

## Tea and Prayers.

Fashionable Christianity in London is growing to be amusing. People are now invited to prayer meetings precisely as invited to a social soiree or an evening party. The Newcastle Chronicle prints the following transcript of a card which it has received: "Mr. and Miss—propose (D. V.) to hold a Bible reading on— evening at 7½ o'clock, when the company of friends is requested. Subject, Rev. II. Reading from 7½ to 9½. Morning dress." A writer in the Broad Churchman states that he got a card of invitation, which, as far as the body of it was concerned, might have applied to a dance or card party, but in the corner were the characters "Tea and P." After a while he discovered that the cabalistic sign stood for Tea and Prayers. He went, and when he found them handing Bibles round on a tray, he left disgusted.

## Gamey.

This is a story with a moral for those who are fond of "high" game. An English gentleman in "high" life went to a pouter's, and taking up a pheasant from a slab put the bird close to his face to know whether it was fresh or not. The breast of the bird, where it had been hit, was wet and stripped of feathers, and just touched the lip of the gentleman, which was abraded from a cold. In a very few hours afterwards the lip became dreadfully swollen, and symptoms of mortification showed themselves so seriously that it became a question whether a painful and necessarily disfiguring surgical operation would not have

been required. It is a question which was in the highest condition at the time of contact, the gentleman in high life or the bird.

## Droll Duellists.

One of the funniest duels on record was that in which Sainte-Bauve was engaged. It began to rain slightly after he had taken up his position, whereupon he coolly held his umbrella over his head with the left hand while holding the pistol in his right. The expostulations of his witnesses had no effect upon him. "It is all very well to be killed," said the famous essayist, "but I object to catching a cold in my head." There is a droll story about Perpignan, a literary Bohemian, having an encounter with Charles Maurice at five paces. The former having fired, and contrived to miss, the other, taking a deliberate aim, said to his antagonist: "Well, now, before I send you into the other world, tell me what you are thinking of." "I'm thinking that if I were in your place I would not fire," said Perpignan; and he owed his life to his presence of mind.

## Celebrities.

George Warren Stoddard writes home from London in a private letter: "I have been very busy—have dined at the 'White-friars,' 'Savage,' and 'Westminster'—have seen George Eliot at her own house, and am invited to her receptions—have come upon lots of interesting people, and am forever full of delightful engagements in viewing the wonders of this grand old city. Yet California is the place for me, and I shall bless God the hour I am able to set my face towards it. I am with Mark Twain; we have our suite of rooms and are having gorgeous times. He begins his lectures Monday night, and I expect to be with him till he sails for home, and then, ho! for the continent. Mark and I lunched with Chas. Kingsley to-day at the Cloisters, Westminster Abbey; 'Ouida' was in the house. You cannot open your door here without stumbling upon a celebrity."

## Isle Ste. Marguerite.

The Fort Sainte Marguerite, whither Bazaine has been transferred, was constructed under Louis XIII. and repaired by Vauban. Among the celebrated prisoners who have been confined there are Omer Falon, the Man in the Iron Mask, the poet Lagrange-Chancel, and a certain Bishop Broglie, who flourished during the first empire. From 1841 to 1859 a number of Arab prisoners were detained there. Pliny speaks of a city called Verconium, which once existed in the Isle Ste. Marguerite, but no trace of it can now be found. In the seventeenth century the first of the modern fortifications was built by order of Richelieu. The fort was besieged in 1635 by the Spanish, and in 1746 by the Piedmontese and Austrians. Prosper Merimee, in his "Voyages dans le Midi," gives some interesting details about this fortress, and particularly about the room in which the Man with the Iron Mask was confined for seventeen years.

## Strange Dance.

Charles G. Leland gives a description of the dancing of the Egyptian girls, in which he chronicles the performance of one young person, declaring it to be "quite a poem." He says: "Placing a cup, a symbol of temptation, on the ground, she danced around it in a style which was perfectly Spanish, turning the body and sinking low with great grace and exquisite art. The cup appeared to exercise a terrible fascination and she seemed afraid to drain it. The fear was perfectly acted. Five times, without aid from her arms, she almost lay on the ground with her thirsty lips just dallying with the edge, and then rising swept in dance, and thrilled and shivered, and turned, and sank again. The sixth time she had completed a circle, and, no longer able to resist, she approached the cup with throbs and pauses, and then without using her hand lifted it from the ground with her lips alone, draining it as she rose, and, the tragedy of temptation being over, merrily danced about the room in quick step, with her head thrown back holding the cup all the time in her mouth."

## Schiller's Remains.

Twenty years after Schiller's death a certain burgomaster, Schwabe, took into his head to get Schiller's head as a precious relic. He had the vault opened, where the remains had been laid with those of ten other mortals, but to his dismay the coffins had all decayed away, and there was nothing but a confused mass of bones at the bottom of the vault. He took home the eleven skulls, numbered them, ranged them in a row, and invited every one in Weimar who had been personally acquainted with Schiller to come and see them. The visitors were taken one by one into the room, and invited to write down their opinions as to which was Schiller's skull, without the opportunity of consultation. All agreed upon the same number, and then Professor Schroter, of Jena, after much difficulty, sorted out the bones of the skeleton from the heap, and the whole was placed in the library at Weimar. It is evident that the ideas of the present day in regard to the sanctity of the grave were not then prevalent. Goethe wrote some beautiful lines to the skull, and everything was pretty and pleasant.

## Parisian Art.

There are hundreds of occupations pursued in this world of which the general public know nothing. A peculiarly French art consists in the restoration of old books and manuscripts, and has been raised by a few experts to a marvellous perfection. The skill of these artists is, indeed, so great that no book is considered by them to be beyond their transforming touch. They take out the most inveterate stains and marks, they reinsert the surface where holes have been gnawed by rats or eaten by worms; they replace missing lines and leaves in such a way that no one can discover the interpolations; they remake margins, giving them exactly the colour of the original—in fact, so well is all this done, that frequently the most discriminating judges cannot tell the restored copy from the perfect original work. Ornamental frontispieces, editors' marks, vignettes, coats-of-arms, manuscript or printed pages, all are imitated to a degree of accuracy that takes even the most practised eye. Such restoration, however, is of course expensive. Thus, at a sale of books some time ago, a tattered, filthy, and repulsive but in some respects quite a unique copy of the *Breviary of Geneva* brought only one hundred dollars, on account of the damaged condition it was in. The purchaser at once took it to a book restorer, who stated his terms to be £20, and that the process would require a year.

## A Suggestive Puppet.

M. H. B. writes: "This is the greatest season yet for dolls, and innovations of a startling character are displayed this year. There was the doll with moveable eyes and the talking doll and the walking doll and the crying doll, but now there's the doll with three (adjustable) heads. She comes in a box, with her two extra heads hung on each side of her, and she's got a screw in her neck, and her change of head can be made as easily as a cork can be drawn. It's beautiful. There's a blonde head, with a sentimental face; then a brown head, with a piquant countenance; and then a black head, with a high-toned aristocratic mug, which you'd almost consider incompatible with deception. Girls are all fickle, the mass of wavering black hair gives place to the blonde, which in turn delights the heart till the brown is substituted. I pause and ponder before this new arrangement. Why could not nature do as well as art? Why

do we not have an assortment of heads? How much happier we would be. The gentleman on the first of January who would have an extra head in an unswelled condition at home, waiting use, would be more comfortable on the second. The husband with a neuralgic wife would find his hearth far pleasanter from that spare head. The sap head, the bull head, the blunder head, and the dead-head would find a blessed relief in unscrewing themselves at the neck and trying it on with the other head.

## The Tomb of Lazarus.

The most recent discoveries by the Palestine Exploration Expedition are such as to excite the liveliest interest of the Christian world. The explorers have found on the Mount of Olives a number of Jewish Greek sarcophagi bearing inscriptions. In these were the bones of Christian Jews, and one of them bears the name of Lazarus. Others are inscribed with the names of Simon and Martha, and although the discoverers do not claim that these sarcophagi actually served for the entombment of the biblical individuals known to the world under those names, they leave it to be inferred that such may be the fact. The tomb of Lazarus—the scene of one of the most marvellous of Christ's miracles—it is believed will be definitely located before the expedition is finished.

## A Clerical Chatterer.

Burleigh writes from New York to the Boston Journal: "One of our city pastors is a most excellent singer. He has a sympathetic voice. He frequently supplements his sermons with a song, and the music is quite as efficient as the appeal. He visited a madhouse the other day, and was shown a cell in which a madman was confined. He was one of the most furious sort. He had to be chained to the floor to keep him from dashing his brains against the sides of his cell. It was as much as one's life was worth to approach him. He tore his clothes into ribbons, and his bed was a mass of rags. As the minister looked through the grating the prisoner made for him, and with such violence as to jerk himself back on to the floor. He rose foaming with rage. 'I'll kill you.' 'I'll beat your brains out.' 'Clear out.' Instead of moving, the preacher began to sing. The hymn he selected was 'Our Home in Heaven.' First the madman listened; then he stretched himself out to the full length of his chain. First one arm relaxed and then the other. Tears moistened his eyes. Then he coiled upon his bed of rags as quiet as a child. And when the hymn was ended he looked up, saying, 'More, more.' The preacher sang till his strength gave way, and when he left the madman seemed hushed in slumber. The keeper said he had no doubt but it would have been perfectly safe for the minister to have gone and sat down by his side in the cell. It was the old case of Saul and David."

## Thieving in High Life.

"Much talk has been created here in Paris," writes a correspondent, "by what we call *une voleuse de ton*, in other words, a fashionable thief. It appears that a few days ago a lady of beauty and standing, well known to the American colony, entered the Magasin du Louvre, and not being able to express her wants in French, was directed to a saleswoman who spoke English. At the request of the customer a large assortment of expensive lace was displayed. None being satisfactory, the lady took from her pocket a yard of d'Alecon, saying she desired to match the piece. The saleswoman, thinking it odd that she should not have properly explained her wish at first, looked with suspicion upon the affair, but having no proof was obliged to go in quest of the desired article. On her return she immediately detected the loss of a valuable piece of lace. The inspector was summoned, the lady arrested, and the missing lace found in her possession. On being further examined it was discovered that she had not one cent about her. The culprit was without delay taken to the Commissariat, but refused to give information respecting herself, but despatched a messenger for a gentleman well known in the highest circles of Paris. He endeavoured to obtain, at any cost, her liberation, but the law would take its course. All will necessarily be brought to light, and when the lady's name, which begins with S., is known, it will create no little astonishment in New York."

## Paris Street Scenes.

"The street scenes in Paris," writes a correspondent, "are very amusing to a foreigner. Men and women, harnessed by leather straps into capacious hand-carts, transport heavy loads with apparent ease. Jackasses, with ears of fabulous length, are driven in small herds from door to door, where they are milked and the product served to invalid customers. The prevalence of wooden shoes worn by the humbler classes creates a perfect din and clatter upon the sidewalks and roadways, while these pedal attachments bear a goodly proportion in size and form to a Swampscott fishing skiff. The uncovered heads of men, women, and children of the working-classes, except, perhaps, a linen cap upon the more pretentious middle-aged women, is a marked feature. The wonderful harnesses upon the common horses, heavy beyond all reason, with collars partly of wood, and of such enormous size as to overshadow the animal itself, are remarkable to one who has an eye for the eternal fitness of things. The marvellous burdens borne by men and women upon their heads are also a constant source of astonishment. Then there is the army of *chiffonniers* who perambulate the street gutters in the morning, picking up and utilizing unconsidered trifles, and who again make their appearance, armed with lanterns, at night to ply their humble calling. Add also the amusing cries of itinerant tradesmen, prepared to serve you in various domestic matters, and all forms a panorama of curious and busy life, extremely picturesque."

## Women of Burden.

"It is remarkable," says a writer on German life in the Boston Globe, "what great burdens German women carry on their heads. One may meet them constantly with great tubs and kettles of water on their heads. Many of them carry loads of vegetables to market in great white wooden tubs, wearing a little round plaited mat next the head. One sees the strangest loads, too, poised in mid-air! Vegetables of all kinds and cheese are carried by them. Suddenly a woman comes along with an immense pile of faggots tied in bundles, some for burning and some, which are saplings, for brooms and baskets. Another one comes bearing great baskets of turf for kindling fires; and often do we see on these women's heads loads of kindling wood. The German peasant woman occupies a position little better than a slave, performing the most menial services for a mere pittance. Any night around the fountains and water-tanks may be seen crowds of these young women with great tubs and half-barrels, almost in size, waiting in turn to carry water for their use the next morning. These persons should have a word spoken in their behalf, for they have a weary life, and their position is a pitiable one. They are expected to black boots, carry burdens, do any and all kinds of drudgery, and are paid a mere nothing for their work, depending a great deal on Trinkgeld collected for doing odd jobs and errands of all kinds. In many German houses they are given monthly a little extra sum. They are expected to do anything and everything that in our country the men servants do. Coming from the opera a host of these girls may be seen with shawls and wrappings for their mistresses to wear going home. Women occupy certainly in common a position far below the American woman in a relative position in society. In the streets they are constantly seen pulling wagons fit for one horse to draw. The woman is only a servant, as it were, not the hostess, as we understand the term, in her own home."