Parted.

We sat alone; your little hand
Lay on the table by my own;
Only a little hand, and yet
I cannot, while I live, forget
The tremour of profound regret
When I saw how your hand had grown.

We parted; but your little hand
Lay on the table, cold and fair;
Wide was the scope its numbers spanned;
Three bright-robed queens, serene and bland,
Two rampant jacks, a happy band,
While I had only one small pair.

What grief was mine! As one who stares
From some bold "bluff's" high-reaching crest,
Old "age" crept on me unawares,
I saw the "blind" and felt distressed,
I "straddled" down where I might watch
The tall red "chips" sail out to "see."

No "better" there, I could not catch
The "pot" that ne'er came back to me.
In vain I "raise" my voice, alas!
My kindred fail my "call" to see;
No "ante" comes, all loved ones "pass,"
And naught but "cussin"'s left for me.

—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

In a Palace.

Long lonesome corridors we wandered through,
Where the dim lights made shapes of darkness grow.
As the day waned the moon glanced to and fro,
When o'er her face vague wanton cloudlets blew,
Striking through squares of glass of soft wan hue
Fair marble men;—large leaves a shadow throw
That makes their still life ghostly. Angelo
Had there his Man of Twilight, doubter who
With unsolved ceaseless questions grieves alway
And lacks fruition, and his heart grows pale.
High archways passed we, on whose hangings play
Such sunset hues as clouds wear far from shore.
Alone I passed beneath the shrouding veil
Of abstract years, to silent spheres of yore.

As round the walls strange pictures were unrolled,
The breath and colour of romantic time
Wrapped me in glamour and a dream sublime;
Meseemed the prince long legended of old,
For the rare maid of whom the sweet tale told
Longing full sore. A palace, steps I climb
Seeking for her. With my rapt mood doth chime
A presence glimmering by . . . the dream's lips cold
In that dim room I kissed, as one obeys
Bidding he wots not . . . then from spells I woke,
And knew my love there standing in amaze,
Who had passed with me with light silent feet,
And now must mock my dream! Thin phantom folk
How she outvies, whose heart hath living heat!

Winter-Morn in the Country.

The Sabbath of all Nature! Stillness reigns:
For snow has fallen, and all the land is white.
The cottage-roofs slant grey against the light,
And grey the sky, nor cloud nor blue obtains.

The sun is moonlike, as a maiden feigns
To veil her beauty, yet sends glances bright
That fill the eye, and make the heart delight,
Expectant of some wonder. Lengthened trains

Of birds wing high, and straight the smoke ascends.
All things are fairy-like: the trees empearled
With frosty gem-work, like to trees in dream.

Beneath the weight the slender cedar bends
And looks more ghost-like! 'Tis a wonder-world,
Wherein, indeed, things are not as they seem.

Winter-Morn in Town.

Through yellow fog all things take spectral shapes:
Lamps dimly gleam, and through the window pane
The light is shed in short and broken lane;
And "darkness visible" pants, yawns, and gaps.

From roofs the water drips, as from high capes,
Half-freezes as it falls. Like cries of pain
Fog-signals faintly heard, and then again
Grave warning words to him who rashly apes

The skater, nearer. All is muffled fast
In dense dead coils of vapour, nothing clear—
The world disguised in mumming masquerade.

O'er each a dull thick clinging veil is cast,
And no one is what fain he would appear:
Nor any well-marked track on which to tread.

THE ROTHSCHILDS.

A Sketch of the Celebrated House.

A short time after the battle of Jena, in which Napoleon broke down the armed opposition of Prussia, William I., Elector of Hesse Cassel, flying through Frankfort, summoned to an audience a prominent banker of the city.

"I am one of those," he said, "who trusted to the faith of that faithless perjurer and enemy of his race, Napaleon Bonaparte. He promised to preserve my territory from violation and to treat me as a neutral prince. He has forced me to fly from my own domain, has already seized it, is to obliterate it and make it a part of the Kingdom of Westphalia. I have with me about five millions. Take them! Keep them in security until my rights are restored and recognized. How much interest will you allow me?"

"In the disturbances os the time," replied Mayer Von Rothschild, "I can promise nothing. It must be a very low rate if any. You will have to trust me to pay what I can, when I am able to afford it."

"Very well," replied the Elector, "my chief purpose is to secure them. From what I learn of you I cannot do better than to trust you. I must bid you adieu.

Rothschild departed, received the Elector's treasure on deposit, was enabled to loan it and reloan to some advantage, but paid no interest on it for eight years, after which he paid two per cent. for nine years, and returned it to the Elector's son in 1823.

Such, at least, according to the legend, is the origin of that wonderful house of Rothschild, whose existence and operation are surrounded with something of the mysterious and dazzling spectacular display found chiefly in fairy romances and Arabian Nights tales.

During all the troubles of Europe in the early part of the century Rothschild remained undisturbed. He negotiated two loans of four million dollars each for Denmark, which, contemptible now, were enormous then. A large wholesale "Yankee notions" or dry goods house might surpass them to-day. Mayer Rothschild had the faculty of turning all chances to good account.

Just before his death in 1812 he called together his six sons—Nathan, Solomon, Anselme, Karl, Mayer, and James, and said to them:

"I want you to promise me on your solemn oaths always to remain united in carrying on the operations of our house."

They swore as he asked, but after his death separated; or rather they divided Europe between them. They established their houses at Paris, London, Frankfort, Vienna and Naples. Each one shared in the general operations of the house, but had undivided supervision over his particular field. It was not a central bank with different branches; there were five different houses, which if occasion required, acted as one.

The Emperor of Austria ennobled all of them as if they were all the eldest, which is an Austrian custom. Their arms are five golden arrows. By a remarkable coincidence, an ancient writer predicted that Charon, who, according to the old myth, ferried people over the Styx, or river of death, and who gets his pay from the passengers, would have a large income in the year 1855, and in that year, Nathan, the eldest, and Solomon and Karl all died. Everybody expected, as each one dropped off, to learn at least the secrets of that enormous banking house. But there was not the smallest chance to look into their big books. Another Rothschild stood ready to take them from the dead men's hands. The firm is a dynasty. You can learn from it only that the firm has a secret for making money.

One of the great strokes of the Rothschild house was made when Nathan, the London banker, and an English citizen, followed close in the rear of Napoleon, in 1815, as if he foresaw the fall of that giant. The sun had not set on the battle of Waterloo before the banker was well on his way to London. He bought English consols, at that time very low in price. When London heard the great news, consols rose and Rothschilds sold. This transaction was entirely Rothschild-like. In their transactions chance is eliminated as much, perhaps, as it is possible in human affairs. The conceptions of these grand schemes are clear and simple, however vast. The accomplishment alone is difficult, because it requires a rapid glance over the whole field, and large capital. But there is in them indications of genius. In most of these first great operations there is the peculiarity of Christopher Columbus' famous egg trick. Dollars, like soldiers, need to be hurried *en masse* and at once against a designated point. The Rothschilds in this respect have been the greatest captains of the century.

Capital has displaced man in the world of industry. Formerly a man was a producer or a negotiator, a borrower or a lender. Now, by the substitution of capital, he may be all of those at the same time. In Belgium and Spain the Rothschilds are producers of coal and quicksilver. By virtue of the railroads they own they are also carriers; to-day they will be the largest buyers, to-morrow the largest sellers in Europe. Speculation is the fairy of the nineteenth century, and the Rothschilds are its god-sons. Life at the present day has been almost tripled in intensity. A man who dies at 40 years of age has certainly lived more than centenarians of the seventeenth century.

Money no longer has a country. The Rothschilds would lend it to Belgium and to Holland when they were mutual enemies; to Austria and to Italy; to France and to Germany; to Antonelli or Victor Emanuel. Though empires go down with a crash, the house of Rothschild remains unmoved. They furnish the money to make war; they furnish it to make peace. The conqueror owes them for his guns; the conquered owes them for his ransom.

Only once was there any disagreement known to have arisen between them. When Naples ceased to be a capital the Baron Adolphe de Rothschild removed his banking house from the city, and demanded, in cash, his share of the common funds—fifteen millions. But perhaps recollecting the oath required by the founder of the house, the affair was arranged, and the different Rothschilds in all times of confusion and trouble have continued to utter the same distinct watchword of business, even as at night the clocks of large cities, regulated by one hand, strike the hours at the same moment.

When steam and electricity came into use the former great strides of speculation were no longer possible. But the Rothschilds anticipated these inventions. The Baron James at Paris, it is said, hastened to seize and use these new levers, which otherwise would have destroyed him. He was the principal projector of the French railways, and is said to have wept tears of joy on sending the first telegram to San Francisco. He had calculated the difference of time between Paris and San Francisco, and knew that the answer would come during the day. He awaited it in feverish silence. It came at the hour he had calculated.

The Rothschilds are for the most part Jews. The tomb of the Paris family is opposite that of Rachel in the cemetery of Pere Lachaise. An "R" is sculptured in relief on the white stone of the modest chapel. The inclosure in front is sown with pebbles. Every Jew who visits a grave leaves a stone.

The project of buying Palestine and reinstating the Jews has been attributed to the Rothschilds, but as they have never taken any steps toward it, it is probable that they either never thought of it or speedily abandoned it.

Many stories are told of their shrewdness, and while some of them are true, more are legendary.

One of the best known is that of the Paris banker, who, when two communists entered his bank and demanded that he share his property with them, gave them each a five-franc piece and told them that was their share as near as he could calculate it.

It was a Rothschild, too, who, while playing cards, was much annoyed by another player, who stopped the game in order that he might find a piece of money that had fallen upon the carpet. Rothschild thereupon folded a bank note, lit it and held it for him, saying, "There, my good man, hurry up while I hold the light."

GENERAL.

DR. MARY WALKER has applied for a pension.

THE Marquis of Lorne has accepted the position of Commodore of the Nova Scotia yacht squadron.

MLLE. PARODI, of the Mapleson troupe, is only a sort of Parodi on the eminent singer of that name twenty-five years ago.

Her first Sunday at church—Little girl: "Nurse, please give me a penny to give to the organ-grinder; he's coming round begging with a dish."

Shoe dealers find that if they mark "No. 2" on their No. 3 shoes they get a fit and please their customers, who would not for the world put on shoes a mile too big.

"LES BEBES D'BELENE" d'Habberton, "La Reine de Saba," par Baylen Aldrich, and "Le Predicateur Ambulant," and "Le Maitre d'Ecole du Flat Creek" of M. E. Eggleston, are books just published at Paris.

A MAN over 100 years old attended a minstrelshow in Indianapolis, the other evening, and a smile of joy spread over his face as he listened once more to the jokes of his childhood.

THE property of Pius IX. is being sold at the Vatican. Everything, from superb jewelled crucifixes to empty bottles, is offered at the sale, which is semi-public. Every article is priced very low.

CABOOL is the most important city of Afghanistan. It is situated nearly at the foot of Baba Peak, eight thousand feet above the sea level. The houses are of sun-baked bricks, low, and destitute of beauty. In the eastern part is the Governor's palace, and thereare also many mosques and bazaars. The climate is severe in winter, but delightful in summer.

IN 1828, New York, with a population of 169,000, had 30 newspapers. It was estimated at that time that the United States had one paper to every 13,800 of population; England, 1 in 48,500; France, 1 in 65,300; Prussia, 1 in 43,000; Austria, 1 in 400,000; Russia, 1 in 672,000; Sweden and Norway, 1 in 47,000; Portugal, 1 in 207,000; Spain in 868,000.

AN Ohio peddler does business on an extensive scale. He carries five waggon loads of a great variety of goods, and is accompanied by several salesmen. He puts up a large tent, with counters and shelves, and show windows in front, like a regular store. His stay in each stopping place is regulated by the the business, and when the sales fall off he packs up and moves on.

Mr. Byron, the dramatist, was lately met by a friend, who asked him, "Well, Byron, htve you anything on the stocks?" "Let me think; yes, I've got the *Investor's Hand-Book.*" "No, no; you know what I mean: are you writing anything fresh?" "Fresh! Do I ever write anything stale?" "Tut! tut! have you a new piece in hand?" "No, it's on foot." "What's to be the title?" "Will Shortly—a Poer."

A sophomore, on being asked for an excuse for his absence from chapel on Sunday, said he was out walking and was so far from college when the church bells rang that he could not reach the chapel in season, and so attended the village church. "Who preached there?" asked the professor. "I don't know," said the student, "some stranger." "Indeed!" was the reverend gentleman's response. "I am surprised that you did not recognize me."

It is a thing we have never been able to understand how the passion for office seizes suddenly upon people in advanced life, who have never experienced any desire or had any training for such work. A lawyer or a journalist on entering his profession looks to office as a possibility, he aims at it, and if sufficiently persevering will reach it. But why a business man, who has grown grey in business, whose life out of his mill, store, or office has been spent at home, who has never given a moment's attention to subjects of public interest, who has, simply, known honesty and the good will of his neighbours to recommend him for election, can suddenly emerge from the quiet delights of home, stand the fatigue and slander of an election, and if elected encounter the work and worry of a life entirely new to him, is almost incomprehensible.

SOME weeks ago *The Hartford* (Conn). *Courant* printed an alleged assertion of Gen. Neal Dow which had got into circulation that Mr. Spurgeon, the famous London preacher, used beer and spiritious liquors very freely. A friend of Mr. Spurgeon in Hartford sent to him the paragraph (which Mr. Dow has disclaimed) and has just received the following: If Mr. Neal Dow knew the truth he would not make such charges against me. My manner of life is before the world. Ask them that know me. Whatever faults I may have, I have been preserved at all times from excess, and I have given no ground for any one to accuse me of it. I use no alcoholic drinks as a beverage, but I am an habitual abstainer, and, as a rule, a total abstainer. "Beer," of which Mr. Dow speaks, I never touch, and I never thought, much less said, that I could not keep up to my work without brandy and beer. I do not believe that these or any other stimulants are a help to any man.

An Anecdote of Lincoln.

One of the most interesting, newsy, and witty of Washington letter-writers is Mr. Ben Perley Poore, the correspondent of the Boston *Journal*. In a recent communication he gives the following fresh anecdote of President Lincoln: "The pertinacity with which offices are sought here was very annoying to 'Old Abe.' One day a clerk in the War Department, who had been sent previously on errands to the White House, availed himself of the opportunity to ask a place in the Treasury Department for a brother who had been in a District volunteer regiment for thirty days. 'Has your brother as good clerical capacity as yourself?' inquired Mr. Lincoln. 'Yes, sir.' 'I think your father also holds an office.' 'Yes, sir: he is chief of the division of the War Department in which I am a clerk.' 'And haven't you another brother who is a clerk?' 'Yes, sir; he is in the Department of the Interior.' 'Ah!' continued Mr. Lincoln, 'three of one family already in office, and now you want to get a fourth in. Why, as we say out in Sangamon counto, Illinois, there are too many hogs and too little corn.' The young man didn't wait for more elaborate explanations."

Sketches in Ladakh.

Ladakh is a province of Asia, lying between Great Thibet on the east and Little Thibet on the west. On the south it is separated from Cashmere by the Himalaya, while on the north it is divided by the Karakorum mountains from Chinese Turkestan. It has an area of 30,000 square miles, and the inhabitants number about 200,000. Ladakh is part of the elevated table-land which is supported by the Himalaya system, and divided by it from the low plains of the Ganges and the Indus. Through the middle of the country runs the valley of the latter river, here called Sing-ke-tsey. It is extremely well watered from the numberless streams which pour down the mountain-sides, increasing in volume until they reach their common receptacle, the Indus. This river enters Ladakh at the southern extremity, where its valley is more than two miles wide. This width continues as far as Roodok, a considerable distance above Leh, the capital of the country. At Roodok the high land comes up to the bed of the river, which rushes on with great impetuosity until it reaches the plain where Leh is built. Communication between Ladakh and the neighbouring countries is very difficult, except by way of the valley of the Indus, owing to the mountain ranges which traverse it in all directions.

The capital of Ladakh is Leh. It is situated at the spur of the immense range of mountains which divide the valley of the Shayuk or Nubra river from that of the Indus, and is composed of some six or seven hundred flat-roofed buildings. The interior of the town is a confused assemblage of houses and narrow alleys. On the south side is a small open space resembling a park, on the edges of which are some of the best houses. The Rajah's residence—a singular but not inelegant structure on an elevated situation behind the town—overlooks the whole, and there is a square fort upon the plain near. There are several bazaars in Leh, each containing a number of shops, for the town has an extensive commerce. It is the great entrepot for the wool used in the manufacture of shawls, and three great fairs are held annually, visited by merchants from Cashmere, India, and all the neighbouring provinces.

The inhabitants of Ladakh are in general an honest but indolent people, and, when not corrupted by the bad example of their neighbours of Cashmere, ingenuous and moral. They have some singular institutions. When an eldest son marries, the property of his father descends to him, and he is charged with the maintenance of his parents, who may continue to live with him if he and his wife please; if not, he provides them with a separate house. Polyandry is also a custom much in vogue. A family of brothers will have a single wife in common, who thus not infrequently finds herself provided with half a dozen husbands. Among these the eldest retains his position as head of the family, the younger brothers waiting upon him almost as servants. On the death of the elder brother his property, authority, and widow fall to the next below him in age. The dress of the natives of Ladakh is a coarse cloth made of sheep's wool; in winter the poor wrap themselves in the skin of the animal. They wear high black caps falling over one ear, shoes of undressed hide, within which they sew woolen cloth, which comes up to the middle of the leg. Their hair is plaited like that of women, and falls down in a braid behind; they shave the beard but preserve the moustache. Their outside garment is usually a tunic, the upper part of which is arranged in folds, while the lower is straight and scanty. The dress of the women is much the same as that of the men. A lady of rank is known by the number of jewels she wears braided in her hair. Among the wealthier classes there is the same plurality of wives as in other Eastern countries.

The religion of the Ladakhis is a variety of Buddhism called Lamaism. As ancient Buddhism contains no worship of God, but merely an adoration of the saints, so is the latter the main feature of Lamaism. The essence of all that is sacred is comprised by this religion under the name of dKon, mChhog, gSum — "the Buddha jewel," the "doctrine jewel," and the "priesthood jewel." The first person and the most important in this trinity is the Buddha, and to him the temples are dedicated, each one usually enshrining a huge image representing in a more or less hideous form the great founder of the Buddhist faith. One of the great temples of Ladakh is that at She in the neighbourhood of the capital. The statue of Buddha here enshrined is thirty feet in height. The posture is sitting, and the countenance is designed to express the complete abstraction which is the aim of the faithful Buddhist. On entering the temple the lower part only of the image is visible, as the head and shoulders pass through a flooring to which it is necessary to ascend in order to obtain a view of the face. Buddha is not looked upon as a deity who had aught to do with the origin or creation of the universe; he is merely the founder of the doctrine, the highest saint, though endowed with all the qualities of supreme wisdom, power, virtue, and beauty, which raise him above all others who have ever lived.

One curious device which the Buddhist employs to assist him in his devotions is the celebrated "prayer cylinder." These are to be met with everwhere in Ladakh. In the "Lumaseries" or temples they resemble small painted barrels turning on vertical axles, and ranged along the wall in rows. Inside each cylinder is a roll of paper some hundred feet long, on which is repeated many times the mystic sentence, "Aum Mani Padme Houm." The words are Sanskrit in origin, and the literal translation would be, "O—The jewel—lotus—Amen!" Each syllable is, however, supposed to contain a charm of mysterious power, but although scholars learned in Sanskrit have made every effort to discover the occult meaning of the terms, convinced that, from the tenacity with which they have been preserved, and the faith that all Buddists have in their potency, they must embody some truth of great significance, the mystical sentence has not yet been interpreted, and it is doubtful if it ever will be. The people of Ladakh carry small cylinders about with them, so as to have the paraphernalia of devotion accessible at any moment, but, as if this were not enough, larger cylinders are placed in the neighbourhood of streams, and turned by water power like the wheels of a mill. Outside the villages are also series of long mounds covered with flat stones, and on these the mystic sentence again appears. On the road-side and even in uninhabited wastes these stones amaze the traveller by their frequency. A solution of the problem may, however, be found in the fact that they are engraved by the Lamas and sold to the people, who look upon the placing of such stones as an expression of devotion, or, perhaps, as a votive offering to the saints they worship.

The public services of Lamaism consist chiefly in the recitation of prayers and sacred texts, and the intonation of hymns accompanied by a kind of music which is a chaos of the most inharmonious and deafening sounds of horns, trumpets, and drums of various descriptions. During this worship, which takes place three times a day, the Lamas, summoned by the tolling of a little bell, are seated in two or more rows according to their rank, and on special occasions and holy-days the temples and altars are decorated with symbolical figures, while offerings of tea, flour, milk, butter, and others of a similar nature are made by the worshippers, animal sacrifices or offerings entailing injury to life being forbidden, as in Buddhism. Baptism and confirmation are the two principal sacraments of Lamaism. The former is administered on the third or tenth day after birth, the latter generally when the child can walk and speak. The marriage ceremony is not a religious but a civil act; nevertheless the Lamas know how to turn it to the best advantage, as it is from them that the bride and bridegroom have to learn the auspicious day when it should be performed; nor do they fail to complete the act with prayers and rites, which must be responded to with handsome presents. A similar observation applies to the funeral ceremonies. Properly speaking there are none, for Lamaism does not allow the interment of the dead. Persons distinguished by rank, learning, or piety are burned after their death; but the general method of disposing of dead bodies in Ladakh, as in Thibet and Mongolia, is to expose them in the open air to be devoured by birds or beasts of prey; yet a Lama must be present at the moment of death in order to superintend the separation of body and soul, to calm the departing spirit, and to enable it to be reborn into a happy existence. He must determine the auspicious place where, and the auspicious day and hour when, the corpse shall be exposed. The most lucrative part of his business, however, is the masses which he has to perform until the soul is released from Yama, the infernal judge, and ready to enter into its new existence, the doctrine of metempsychosis being the same as Lamaism as in Buddhism. When so important a person as a Lama dies there are various ways of disposing of his body. One is by burning, after which the ashes are collected, and put into curiously shaped receptacles called "chortens." These are found in great clusters round the villages, and make them appear from a distance to be much larger than they really are. Should a Lama of exceedingly great sanctity die, his ashes are gathered up and mixed with clay, out of which small images are moulded and placed on shelves in some one of the many temples. The number of Lamas is very great; there are three degrees, and the superiors possess immense power and influence both in temporal and spiritual matters.

Talmagism.

To say that Talmage has been guilty of any new piece of indecent buffoonery has come to be almost as commonplace as to say there has been another sunrise or midnight. Nothing he can say or do excites surprise as inconsistent with the clerical calling or outrageous in any one else. We simply note the several exhibitions he makes of himself, and our only comment is: "Just like him." His latest achievement was a raid on his critics, ministerial and journalistic, and a lively time he had of it. Samson wielding the death-dealing jaw-bone among the Philistines was apathy personified compared with Brooklyn's famed divine on the occasion referred to. What he had to say about his critics he prefaced with a few interesting particulars about himself and his relatives. With rare pathos he described his father crying when "they put the lid over his mother"—it is almost as touching as the last stanza of "The Ratcatcher's Daughter." Then it must have interested a portion of the Tabernaclites to be told that Talmage "wanted to be a lawyer—but God converted his soul." It is surprising to learn that the preacher was not converted in some very original manner, but for once he managed to be like some others in "getting religion"—"like Moses, and Joshua, and John Bunyan, and John Knox, and Jonathan Edwards, and five thousand other Johns." The religion he thus "got" he intends to keep "between here and his bed in Greenwood," *i.e.*, the cemetery, a very striking paraphrase of "till I die." As to the quality of the religion he is so tenacious of, we can form some estimate from his mode of characterizing his associates in the ministry—his "dear metaphysical brother who drives people into heaven by creating a fog on earth;" his dear logical brother, who hooks them into heaven on the horns of a dilemma; his dear botanical brother, who twists daisies and buttercups; his dear classical brother, who makes Parnassus bow to Calvary. The brotherly love which breathes through all these epithets and descriptive phrases, carries him even farther; he gives all his brethren his blessing as he sends them to tea with the old ladies, and advises them to stay as long as they can; "and, if it rains, *all night.*" What a gush of fervid fraternal feeling! But even this is not the bound of his brotherly love—for he gives them each "a blessing on their head, another on their back, half a dozen on their shoulders, and two on their boots!" This is the religion he has such fast hold of, and it is a pity he should let any one share it with him.

This may be preaching, but there is not much in it to remind us either of the sermon on the Mount or the oration on Mars' Hill. Such sensationalism is making rapid headway it is greatly to be feared. In a newspaper summary of subjects of one Sunday's discourses, the following had a place:—"A royal offer of marriage;" "Man has a heart to give away;" "Do evil spirits come back to earth to torment man?" "The young men who don't care:" "The symphony of religion;" "A woman without a name." The last looks like a patchwork of Wilkie Collins' titles, "The Woman in White" and "No Name."

So far the Canadian pulpit has not been invaded by such desecrators as Talmage, but bad things spread so fast and so surely that we may have a modified Talmagism before many years. The diminished and diminishing attendance at public worship will drive some of the less scrupulous and decorous of our clerics to artifices of various kinds to fill the vacant seats, and it is too much to expect that with such an amazing example before their eyes as the success of Talmagism in Brooklyn some may not be tempted to try that sort of thing on here.

The Wife that Victoria does not Recognize.

You will be surprised to hear that the marriage to take place between the ex-King of Hanover and the Princess Thyra of Denmark could not be solemnized without the consent of Queen Victoria, and that such consent has lately been declared unnecessary by the Great Seal of Great Britain. The ex-King, or more correctly he would have been King of Hanover if Hanover had not been wiped off the European slate by Germany, is a member of the royal family of Great Britain, and is Duke of Cumberland in the British peerage. To the marriage of the humblest member of the royal family the consent of the reigning monarch must be obtained, or else such marriage is not legal, and the issue of it illegitimate. Hence the children of the present Duke of Cambridge, though their mother is as good a woman as ever lived, are simply bastards. The cruelty of this arrangement has been brought before the public mind lately by the announcement that Capt. Fitzgeorge, son of the Duke of Cambridge, had been appointed Assistant Private Secretary to the Secretary for War. The existence of such a personage was unknown to the majority of the present generation. He is a fine fellow, beloved by his father and mother, who were married years ago according to the rites of the Church, but which marriage the Queen refused to recognize, because her cousin George's wife, the woman he loved well enough to select above all royal Princesses at his disposal, was an actress. And so the Capt. Fitzgeorge of to-day, the idol of society, and deemed worthy of occupying so important a post in the Government of the country, although the Church says he is the honest son of an honest marriage, is, according to law, only a bastard. "How long, O Lord! how long?"

Protestants in Rome.

Some ten or twelve Protestant clergymen in Rome, representing as many different denominations, recently called on King Humbert. His majesty was pleased with the visit, but inquired rather curiously why there should be so many shades and colours among a body of religionists who appeared to be so harmonious. A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* writes from Rome:

The visit of the evangelical ministers of Rome to the Quirinal has excited the wrath of the clerical journals in an extraordinary degree. They call it an insult and a calumny against Umberto, and say that a King who calls himself a Catholic should not be introduced in the work of Protestant evangelization—that is, of "the moral and religious corruption of the metropolis of Catholicity." "This deputation outrages our faith. It has no right to stand before the throne of a king of Savoy upon whose coat-of-arms is the cross. These men represent an accumulation of apostates and rogues, who ruin our city and corrupt the faith of our families. They build upon this soil, bathed with the blood of our martyrs, their lying temples." The articles continue in the same strain, and say if Umberto had known all this he would never have shaken hands with such a deputation.

But they have now to deal with a man who thoroughly understands the conditions of his people and kingdom. Three times he has wished the deputations of Protestants who have visited him success in their work. Although these ministers place no more stress on his words than Umberto probably intended to give them, nevertheless the words were said and repeated.

Afghan Missionaries in Kaffristan.

The December number of *The Church Missionary Intelligencer* contains an account by Bishop Royston, of Mauritius, of his recent visit to Frere Town, Mombass, and a paper (which is of considerable interest at the present juncture) entitled "Afghan Missionaries in Kaffristan." Kaffristan, it may be mentioned, is a large mountainous tract of country, north of Lugaman and above Jellalabad, which stretches into the very centre of the Hindoo Koosh, bounded on all sides by hills so high that it is almost inaccessible. Its inhabitants were formerly supposed to be descended from some Greek followers of Alexander the Great; but they are now believed to be the descendants of the original inhabitants of the plains who were gradually pushed forward into the hills. In person they are fair, and their beautiful women are found as slaves in most parts of Afghanistan. In their native country they are described as wild and barbarous in the extreme.

Little Laura was tired and sleepy on Christmas night, when she went to bed, and forgot to say her "Now I lay me." "I touldn't go to heaven to night, mamma," said she, as her mother was pulling off her little stockings. "Why not, darling?" "Tos I'm too tired."

Mock Auctions.

(From the Toronto Saturday Night.)

Did the reader ever attend a mock auction? If not he has missed one of Toronto's most entertaining diversions, and Toronto has fewer than any other city of its size. There are about half a dozen such establishments in full blast every day and evening, and any of them will repay a visit by one who has sufficient self-control to save himself from being wheedled or bullied into buying what he does not need, and paying for rubbish twice as much as he would have to pay for a good article of the same description.

The mock auctioneer has same of the qualities of the old country Cheap Jack, but he is not nearly so interesting a character as the specimens of that genus with which Dickens has made us familiar. He must be audacious, strong of lung, and loud of voice, and must be able to vociferate by the hour without a break; he must have a roving eye to detect in the crowd the first symptom of individual weakening, and he must lie like a son of Belial. He never waits for a congregation, but, though there is not a soul in the room—for our Cheap Jack carries on business in a store, not from the tail board of a van like his English *confrere*—though there is not a man, woman or child near, he starts in full cry just as if there were a dense crowd. He may be imaginative and able to idealise the empty cases and the bales, bundles, stuffed birds and stoves into human beings; but if not he must be gifted with wonderful nerve. And, goodness, what a medley he has; it looks like the salvage from a pawnshop fire. Backless chairs and deal tables split down the middle, rolls of transparent flannel and pieces of cloth which must soon "perish in the using;" a pair of tongs astride a family bible; a row of books ragged as Falstaff's famous contingent; cheap jewellery, pots and pans, and scrubby daubs which we shall shortly hear described as works of the old masters.

After half-an-hour's "Won't you bid something for this super-excellent Kidderminster?"—a wretched rag of drugget—the seller becomes conscious that an urchin is peering in, and his spirits instantly bound upwards. "Ah, here they come," at which the *gamin* flies away in fright. After a while a half dozen dirty attaches of the concern, who have been allured by the bribe of a free drink, stroll in and range themselves in front of the auctioneer, who knocks down to them half the goods in the place at fabulous prices. These serve as a nucleus for a gathering of a more genuine character, some of whom do really buy, much to their subsequent sorrow in most cases. In nine instances out of ten they have not the slightest idea on entering the place of laying out a cent, but the plausible tongue of the dealer and the coercion of the claquers who swear to a man that they heard the bid made, compel the timid party to own up and pay down, and make the best of the rickety cradle or the twelve yards of diabolically hideous cotton print that has been thrust upon him.

The prices which some of the trash realizes are simply astonishing, so far above its extreme value that there is no necessity to doubt that it has been honestly come by; but merchantable goods are often disposed of at prices so low that with all the charity in the world we can hardly bring ourselves to believe it. The tricks of the selling also justify the impression that there may have been similar trickery in the buying.

A $4,000 Libel Suit.

The way of the libeller is hard, as has been very forcibly shown in the important suit just concluded in the Assizes, in Hamilton, brought by the Ontario Copper Lightning Rod Company, against one Simeon Hewitt, a Brantford lightning rod dealer. This suit was instituted in respect of a libel published by Hewitt, in June last, in a Toronto paper called the *Sunday Night*, and also in some three or four thousand posters and handbills which were issued by him in May last. The alleged libel consisted in the defendant, in the article and the posters and handbills referred to, charging the plaintiff's Company with *practising an imposition on the public* by selling their rod for 37½ cents per foot, and asking the public to beware of the plaintiffs' agents as extortionists. The defendant endeavoured at the trial to prove that the alleged libellous matter was true. But in this he failed, it having been shown that the prices charged by the plaintiffs for their rods left a very small margin for profits after deducting expenses.

The case occupied the greater part of three days and great interest was taken in the result. The jury returned a verdict that the libel charged was false and malicious, and awarded the plaintiffs $4,000 damages.

Much as the plaintiffs must be pleased with the substantial nature of this verdict, still more must they value the complete justification of their course of dealing with the public which it imports.

Mr. Osler, Q.C., and Mr. Teetzel for the plaintiffs, and Mr. Robertson, Q.C., and Mr. Wilkes for the defendant.

Not His Fault.

A gentleman who was yesterday driving up Antoine street came upon an aged coloured man who was loading himself with boards he had just pulled off a fence surrounding a vacant lot.

"Do you own that lot?" shouted the citizen, as he drew rein.

"'Deed I doan', sah; I'ze only kased a sheer of dis fence till de wedder brokes away an' cums warmer."

"Are you going to burn those boards for firewood?"

"I iz, boss. De fire in de house am dun gone clean out, an' de ole woman am slappin' de chill'en to keep dar ears from bein' frost-bit. It's powerful wedder, boss."

"Yes, it's pretty cold; but what were you doin' last summer? Why didn't you get your wood all ready for winter?"

"Wasn't dar an ole slab-shanty nex' doah to me, and wasn't I gwine to gradually cause de buildin' to disappear dis winter; an' jist as de fust snow cum didn't de owner of de place drop down an' gin de hut to a fam'ly to live in, rent free till spring. 'Taint my fault, boss, dat we has got chillblains all ober de house, an' frozen 'taters under de bed, but de owner of dat shanty am de puxson who orter be talked to. If you happen to meet him, boss, tole him jist what you fink of sech conduct."

The Fondness for Home.

Let every one in the household be imbued with the idea that outside heaven's pearly gates "there's no place like home," and the happiness of the race will be infinitely increased. There are a good many people who have no homes and who do not see their way to getting them. Some live with friends, others in chambers, others as the ravens and lilies do, *al fresco*. The difference between the condition of a human being who has a home and that of one who lives in this precarious style is not greater than between that of the pet dog which is sure of food and fondling and the gutter tyke, who is equally sure of having to hunt for all he eats and be kicked by each passer-by in whose road he may chance to come. When the idea takes possession of all the members of a family that home is the best place on earth, there is little likelihood that any member of that household will go far astray. The wife is not likely to abdicate a sovereignty so absolute, in which every subject is hers by altar oath or blood; the husband is an unlikely to break away from an order of things which he has been year by year proud of building up; the older children have been so habituated by custom to the home-life that the temptation to forsake its ways has little seductive force, and the younger ones are growing up as their seniors did.

Theatrical Stars.

Mrs. Fiske, wife of the late manager of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, writes to the St. Louis *Republican* about the salaries of Col. Mapleson's principal singers. She says that Gerster is singing for $600 a week, under a contract for five years, made two years ago. Gerster had hardly become famous when this bargain was made, and could probably now, if free, get as much per night as she receives per week. Hauck gets $200 a week, an advance of $75 on what she was paid in London. She is said by Mrs. Fiske to be dissatisfied with her wages, and struggling to get free. Campanini, the tenor, is the best paid member of the company, receiving $3,000 a month. According to this authority, Frapolli and Pissani get $800 each a month; Sinico, $1,200 a month; Del Puente, $150 a week; Lablache, $100 a week; and the total cost of presenting opera at the Academy was about two thousand dollars a night.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, who has just attained his fiftieth birthday, was made happy on the occasion by the proprietors of the London *Telegraph*, who presented him with a valuable service of plate in recognition of his brilliant services as a journalist.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

To Lily.

Oh, a blush is the soul of a rose,
But the cheek of a lily
Is never so silly—
So pure and unsullied it grows.

The dust of the garden soil's flowers?
But fresh from its watery bed,
It modestly raises its head—
This virgin-white lily of ours.

Oh, the charms of the land-flowers seem bold,
But, nestling deep down in thy breast,
Sweet lily, how richly thou'rt blest—
Lies hid len a heart that is gold.

The Snowbird.

The trees are barren, cold, and brown,
The snow is white on vale and hill,
The gentian, aster, too, are gone,
Is there no blossom with us still?

O look upon the hazel bough!
The flowers there are bright as gold,
Tho' all is cold and wintry now,
Their little petals still unfold.

The apples red have fallen down,
And silent is the joyous rill,
The robin and the thrush have flown,
Is there no bird to glad us still?

Hark! don't you hear a gladsome song,
A merry chirp from tiny throat?
The snowbird all the winter long
Will cheer us with his happy note.

A "Creche."

In view of the efforts making to establish a "creche" in New York, we imagine that the following will prove interesting to a large number of our readers.

A "creche," says a Paris correspondent, is an establishment where working mothers may leave their infants during the day to be cared for. It keeps during the hours of work the infant of fifteen days to that of three years. The creche is visited daily by a physician and lady inspectors. No infant is allowed to pass the night in one. No infant is admitted if sick.

There are over thirty creches in Paris, and several in the suburban towns. They accommodate from forty to one hundred infants daily. Some are gratuitous, others require a small fee. Each creche is constructed after a certain fixed model, and contains a garden, covered yard, play-room, dining, room, kitchen, linen-room, provision and toilet-room, and sleeping or cradle-room.

The creche was first established between thirty and forty-five years ago. I visited one yesterday. It is located at No. 20 Rue Malesherbes. I found it in all respects as represented—a most desirable refuge for a poor mother's infant during working hours. Every department was neat and clean. It contained accommodation for forty children. About twenty were in charge during my visit. The care of them devolved on two attendants—man and woman.

The majority of the children were in the covered yard, and about seven crying. They did not seem particularly happy, but that was not on account of any imperfection in the fittings of the establishment. It is doubtful if any child of two years is ever happy unless it can take somebody's whole time and strength in caring for it. Besides, at the age of two, or even three years, children derive little pleasure from companionship with each other.

Here were fifteen two-year-olds in the covered yard. The ground was covered with mats, on which some were sitting, some standing, and some toddling about. Of course at this age they couldn't talk much with each other, and their faculties hadn't ripened sufficiently to develope any regular plan of amusement. They looked like children of poverty and toil; but they were clean, and all wore pinafores of a coarse check, which I presume are furnished at the creche. Their condition was certainly far better than if left in charge of the next older sister, who grows up one-sided from lugging the baby, month in and month out, on one hip, while the pair are always seen on the street corner, both on a plane of equality in the mat