

THE LOVE OF AN HOUR.

The fast-fleeting love of an hour
Leaves a pleasing remembrance behind,—
Like the breath of a beautiful flower,
When its perfume doth float on the wind.
We live in it, even in dreams,
Through many a long weary year,
And every thing lovelier seems
When the love of an hour is near.

We love many times in our life,—
Light loves that a breath blows away ;
With pleasure their memories are rife,
Though they lasted us but for a day.
We live in the garden of bliss,
And sip all the sweets from each flower,
Nor cold grows the oft-stolen kiss,
While we live in the love of an hour.

S. A.

ARABESQUES.

A Canadian Vandal.

A tourist writes : In the model dairy at the Little Trianon there are busts of Marie Antoinette and of two of her friends, and these memorials of the illustrious dead are being gradually covered with pencilled memorials of the rather less illustrious living. On the cheek of Marie Antoinette appears the name of "Tetgaren," and on her neck, "T. S. Norden and family, Cape of Good Hope," and "L. J. Hannen, Montreal, Canada."

Used To It.

The *Hornet* says : "One of the Englishmen with the Carlists, Captain Ronald Campbell, is a hero, and so the *frances-treurs* regarded him, when, upon being put up (for the third time) to be shot by the Germans, he turned round and said in French : 'I may as well dispose of my effects first, who will give me five francs for this umbrella?' The officer commanding the shooting party started and said : 'That's an Englishman : let him go!' And he went. He was used to going."

Daring, But Doubtful.

A noted pearl-diver of Atlantic City proposes to test the virtue of a newly-invented life-preserver by being carried from New York in a steamer to a distance of not less than two hundred miles from land, and there left to the mercy of the waves until he shall meet a passing vessel. He will carry with him rations for a week ; also signal-lights and flags, all being stowed away in a rubber bag about two feet square. He is confident of success ; but—

A Puzzler for the Bishop.

The Bishop of Lincoln, who not long ago expressed an objection to cremation on the ground that burned bodies could derive no benefit from the resurrection, has received the following pertinent inquiry from a London clergyman : "Since you think, my lord, that the practice of incineration militates against the idea of the resurrection of the body, what is your opinion as to the future of those *martyrs* whose bodies have been incriminated?" No answer.

Scientific Wrangling.

M. Emile Blanchard, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, asserts that Darwin upsets his own system by affirming that natural selection, or the survival of the fittest, does not necessarily imply indefinite progress. Hereupon an English champion of Darwin angrily replies—"M. Blanchard himself is, zoologically considered, very little superior to creatures who live in the internal organs of others, but quite unable to fight a battle of life under their conditions."

Naughty Royalty.

A correspondent writing from London tells the following story of little Prince Albert Victor, son of the Prince of Wales : He behaved on one occasion somewhat rudely before visitors, and the Queen bade him go under the table, which is, it seems, the royal punishment for such peccadilloes. After a little while, supposed to have been spent in penitence and contrition, he was given permission to come out again, and out he came—in the highest spirits, but without a rag of clothes upon him!

Too Much Luck.

An instance has happened at Gessenay, near Berne, wherein a man hanged himself from being overwhelmed with good fortune. The man, by immense efforts, succeeded in amassing a considerable sum of money. Not long ago he was informed that a legacy of 25,000 francs had been left him. This piece of fortune gave him the mortal blow. A profound melancholy seized him, and the fear of death from hunger haunted him day and night. To avoid this he stealthily left his house one night, went into a neighbouring forest and hung himself to a pine branch. He left a fortune of 100,000 francs.

Rare Ben Jonson.

A writer in *Temple Bar* concludes that "rare" Ben Jonson was "a second-rate comic writer, and a third-rate tragic-writer ; quarrelsome, vain, and disparaging of others ; with ten times the classical learning of Shakespeare, he made not half the use of it in anything that has lived. Only a bear with genius. Turn from the general view of his plays to particular passages in his masques and poems, and you will find that Ben Jonson was occasionally one of the most exquisite poets who ever wrote in our or any other language. He has got a reputation infinitely beyond his merits, and that on the wrong grounds."

Effects of Camphor On Flowers.

Before the beginning of this century, Dr. Benjamin Smith Barton, of Philadelphia, published some experiments in which cut flowers or slips in water, which were about to fade or wither, were revived for a time by putting camphor in the water. He compared its action to that of spirituous liquors or opium upon animals. Dr. Vogel, of Munich, has been trying these experiments over again, and he finds that camphor does have a remarkable reviving effect upon some plants, although almost none upon others, and that it quickens the germination of seeds.

A Cow Indeed.

The New Bedford *Mercury* says : "A good story is told of Judge P. of Vermont, well known as a pronounced teetotaler, to illustrate the value of some men's professions. Invited to attend some agricultural festival, the Judge was asked upon his arrival if he would have a glass of milk, and upon responding 'yes,' was proffered a glass of what looked like milk, but was in fact most potent milk punch. Taking a sip at first, the Judge soon returned to the glass and drained it to the bottom, when he returned it to his entertainer, with the exclamation, 'Lord, what a cow!'"

Poisoned by a Carpet.

A member of the Swedish Medical Society of Stockholm relates the case of a young man who, having manifested symptoms of arsenic poisoning, was sent away to travel. During the following year he enjoyed perfect health, but having at length returned home, he began to suffer shortly after in the same manner as before. Suspicion was now directed to a green carpet upon the floor of his chamber, and an analysis revealed the fact that there was contained in the colouring matter a very considerable quantity of arsenic. The removal of this carpet was followed by an immediate disappearance of all the morbid symptoms.

Behind The Age.

A pretty little tale is told by the gossips of a scene which happened on the first night of the reproduction of Voltaire's "Zaire" in Paris. In one of the *loges* was seated a member of the Government, with a brother deputy. The pair were much delighted with the tragedy and applauded vociferously. After a time the Minister turned to his companion and asked : "Who is the author of this?" "Don't know," was the reply. "Is he a member of the Institute?" "Don't know." "Is he decorated?" "Can't tell." "Ah," muttered the Minister, "I must see to this. Talent should be rewarded by the Republic of France."

Seeing Stars.

One of Marshal Suvaroff's favourite jokes was to confuse a man by asking him unexpectedly : "How many stars are there in the sky?" On one occasion he put this question to one of his sentries on a bitter January night, such as only Russia can produce. The soldier, not a whit disturbed, answered coolly : "Wait a little, and I'll tell you," and he deliberately began to count, "One, two, three," &c. In this way he went gravely on to a hundred, at which point Suvaroff, who was already half-frozen, thought it high time to ride off, not, however, without enquiring the name of the ready reckoner. The next day the latter found himself promoted, and the story (which Suvaroff told with great glee to his staff) speedily made its way throughout the army.

Prof. Fawcett's Memory.

A gentleman who went down to Brighton the other day in order to report Prof. Fawcett's speech for fourteen newspapers called upon the professor some time before its delivery, and explaining the nature of his business, requested the favour of a statement of the principal points of the speech. Professor Fawcett very courteously proposed not only to give him the substance of his speech, but to rehearse the whole of it for him. This he did, and the reporter took it down. Later on, while the speech proper was being delivered, the original copy made at the rehearsal was checked over word for word, and from beginning to end ; so perfectly had the speech been committed to memory, there was not one single mistake, except that in one place a word was substituted for its equivalent in the notes.

Bearding the Shah.

A writer on Persian life and manners says : "Fat-h 'Aly himself was a poet, and his laureate was an old chief named Fat-h 'Aly Khan, whose ancestors had been for several generations the Governors of Kashan. It is related that one day the Shah gave him some of his verses to read, and asked for his opinion of them. 'May my soul be your sacrifice,' said the laureate, 'they are bosh.' The insulted sovereign exclaimed, 'He is an ass ; take him to the stables ;' and the order was literally obeyed. After a short time his Majesty sent for him again, and read some more of his verses. The poet walked off without a word. 'Where are you going?' cried the Shah. 'Just back again to the stables,' answered his undaunted laureate. Fat-h 'Aly, delighted with his boldness, called him back, and ordered his mouth to be stuffed with sugar-candy, a high mark of favour."

A Little Fraud.

The Virginia *Enterprise* says : "The other evening a stalwart, middle-aged woman, with arms bare and red, as though just out of the wash-tub, and a calico sunbonnet set awry upon her head, was seen passing hurriedly up Union Street, leading by the left ear a squint-eyed, snub-nosed, freckle-faced, caroty-headed youth of eleven summers. Fierce determination was seen in the eye of the woman, and a wild fear of wrath to come was depicted on the face of the boy. As the pair passed a crowded portion of the sidewalk, a bright idea seemed suddenly to strike the booby who was being thus roughly led away. Suddenly pulling back he shrieked in a piteous tone : 'I'm little Charlie Ross! I'm little Charlie Ross what was stole! Won't somebody save me? That's a big reward offered for me!' 'Too thin, Ike!' cried a young hoodlum in the crowd, 'everybody knows you and yer old mam!'"

Grand-Ducal Courtesy.

The German press is at this moment occupied with the following incident :—The Hereditary Grand-Duke of Oldenburg, who is studying at the University of Leipzig, happened the other day to be at the station at Dresden, and whilst waiting for the train, entered the refreshment-room and seated himself without ceremony at a table ready served. The waiter requested him to take another place, as that one was engaged, but the duke very rudely refused. The master of the establishment then came and made to the Prince some remonstrances, to which the latter replied by a blow. The master returned it with interest ; the travellers present took the master's part, and his Highness was hustled about and beaten

with canes and umbrellas, and at last turned out of the room. The police shortly after intervened, and rescued the young man from the indignant public, who knew nothing of his rank, but saw that he had acted with great rudeness.

A Fashionable Party in 1787.

In a book recently published, containing numerous incidents of fashionable life at the beginning of this century, the following anecdote is related :—From the opera I went to Mrs. Crew's, where there was a large party and pleasant people among them—for example, Tom Pelham, Mundy, Mrs. Sheridan, Lady Palmerston, &c., besides all which were three young men so drunk as to puzzle the whole assembly. They were Orlando Bridgeman, Charles Greville, and a Mr. Gifford, who is lately come to a good estate of about £5,000 a-year, the whole of which he is in the act of spending in one or two years at most, and this without a grain of sense, without any fun to himself, or entertainment to others. He never uttered a word, though as drunk as the other two, who were both riotous, and began at last to talk so plain that Lady Francis and Lady Palmerston fled from their side-table to ours, and Mrs. Sheridan would have followed them, but did not make her escape till her arms were black and blue, and her apron torn off.

Army Statistics.

According to a return which has been prepared, the nationalities of the non-commissioned officers and men of the British army were as follows :—On the 1st of January, 1873—English, 674 ; Scotch, 85 ; Irish, 237 ; foreigners, 5 per 1,000. On the 1st of January, 1868, they were—English, 593 ; Scotch, 94 ; Irish, 308 ; foreigners 5 per 1,000. The religious denominations are given as—January 1st, 1873, Church of England, including Dissenters, 681 ; Presbyterians, 89 ; Roman Catholics, 230 per 1,000. On the 1st of January, 1861, they were—Church of England, 604 ; Presbyterians, 111 ; Roman Catholics, 285 per 1,000. On the 1st of January, 1868, they were returned as—Church of England, 616 ; Presbyterians, 96 ; Roman Catholics, 287 per 1,000. In 1873 there were only 60 per 1,000 who could neither read nor write, in comparison with 95 per 1,000 in 1868, and 190 per 1,000 in 1861. In 1868 there were 68 per 1,000 returned as of superior education, as distinguished from those who can read and write well, whereas in 1873 there were 326 per 1,000 in this category.

Prices of Celebrated Horses.

The present summer has been one of unprecedented activity among the horse-trot and racing brotherhood. "Time" has been called on every track and course in the land, and minutes and seconds have been the main topic of talk. The prices paid for superior horses is enormous. Kentucky brought \$40,000 ; Norfolk, \$15,000 ; Lexington, \$15,000 ; Kingfisher, \$15,000 ; Glenelg, \$10,000 ; Smuggler, \$15,000 ; Blackwood, \$30,000 ; Jay Gould, \$30,000 ; Dexter, \$43,000 ; Lady Thorne, \$30,000 ; Jim Irving, \$30,000 ; Goldsmith Maid, \$20,000 ; Startle, \$20,000 ; Prospero, \$20,000 ; Rosalind, \$20,000 ; Lulu, \$20,000 ; Happy Medium, \$25,000 ; Clara G., \$30,000 ; Pocahontas, \$35,000 ; Edward Everett, \$20,000 ; Auburn Horse, \$13,000 ; Judge Fullerton, \$20,000 ; Mambrino Bertie, \$10,000 ; Socrates, \$20,000 ; George Palmer, \$15,000 ; Mambrina Pilot, \$12,000 ; Flora Temple sold, when aged, for \$8,000, for brood mare ; \$25,000 was offered and refused for Tom Bowling last summer ; \$30,000 was offered and refused for Bassett in his three-year-old form ; \$25,000 will not to-day buy Baywood or Asteroid ; \$40,000 was offered and refused for Woodford Mambrino, and \$30,000 for Thorndale.

New England Independence.

Burleigh writes to the Boston *Journal* : "In New York the restaurant-keeper greets you with his coat off, sleeves rolled up, face red and a breath indicative of lager. In New England your caterer is probably a man of substance. He is willing to accommodate you. He reads the paper while the coffee is boiling. The *Atlantic Monthly* lays on the book-shelf, and he can tell you all about the subjects discussed at the last Scientific Convention. The young woman who hands you your coffee is his daughter. She took the medal in algebra and has been two quarters at the academy. It would be just as well if her tongue was not quite so sharp, but then she is as good as anybody and only waits on you for your accommodation. I have been amazed to see a New Yorker give his order. He has been waited on in New York by girls—German, Irish, French, and Italian ; but this is his first experience with a Yankee girl. She hands the guest a bill-of-fare, and waits like a school-teacher who has given a dull boy a hard problem. 'Can I have some hard-boiled eggs?' 'I presume you can.' 'Have you buttered toast?' 'I believe it is on the bill-of-fare.' 'Can you get me a glass of milk?' 'I can.' In this matter-of-fact way the colloquy proceeded, to the utter astonishment of the man of Gotham."

Realistic Fiction.

Mrs. Henry Siddons, a neighbour and intimate friend of the late Lord Jeffrey, who had free license to enter his house at all hours unannounced, and come and go when she listed, opened his library door one day very gently to look if he was there, and saw enough at a glance to convince her that her visit was ill-timed. The hard critic of the *Edinburgh* was sitting in his chair with his head on the table in deep grief. As Mrs. Siddons was delicately retiring in the hope that her entrance had been unnoticed, Jeffrey raised his head and kindly beckoned her back. Perceiving that his cheek was flushed and his eyes suffused with tears she apologized for her intrusion and begged permission to withdraw. When he found that she was seriously intending to leave him he rose from his chair, took both her hands, and led her to a seat. Lord Jeffrey (loq.)—"Don't go, my dear friend. I shall be right again in another minute." Mrs. Siddons—"I had no idea that you had had any bad news or cause for grief or I would not have come. Is any one dead?" Lord Jeffrey—"Yes, indeed. I'm a great goose to have given way so ; but I could not help it. You'll be sorry to hear that Little Nelly—Bos's Little Nelly—is dead." The fact was, Jeffrey had just received the last number then out of "The Old Curiosity Shop," and had been thoroughly overcome by its pathos.