

heavy tumbulations of the big ships in the Downs, and by the wild staggering and sprawling of the smaller craft.

The weather these galley-punts encounter and live through makes the feats of the life-boats small in comparison. They are in reality pilot-boats, and it must be a furious gale of wind indeed, that will stop them from putting a pilot aboard a vessel, or from cruising about in search of a ship that wants such help as they can give. These men are true boatmen, the very first and best specimens of the English 'long-shoreman'; and, placing their work side by side with such work as the waterman does, you will readily sympathize with the boatman's wish that the various vocations of the 'long-shoreman' should have distinct titles.

ON THE CARS.

An affable, though somewhat desiccated, American was on his way the other day to the city of Boston. He had, with that thrifty forethought of his nation, secured a lower berth, and was meditating upon the wisdom of gathering his body behind the curtains when he was accosted by an Englishman in a tweed suit. The Englishman was of an ample presence, and had the air of one who had been pastured on mutton chops all his life.

"You will excuse me," said he of the tweed suit, "but am I right in supposing that you have the lower berth?"

"You bet your life," replied the other.

"My sister," said the owner of the tweed suit, "has the upper berth, which is deuced awkward, you know. The fact is," added the Englishman with frank urbanity, "it's d—d unpleasant for ladies to climb up past a man in a lower berth. They think everybody's looking at their legs, you know. Now, might I ask you, sir, to do me the extreme favour of occupying the upper berth, and permitting my sister to take yours?"

The request was scarcely proffered before the American, with the gallantry of a genuine Yank, hastened to assure his English acquaintance that nothing could give him greater pleasure than to be of service to a lady.

On the following morning the American was astonished to see a pair of tweed legs emerging from a lower berth opposite that which he had politely given up, and the next moment the adipose extremities of the Englishman.

"Say," said the American, as an air of grave disgust began to creep over his astonished physiognomy, "didn't you ask me to give up my lower berth to your sister?"

"Certainly, my dear fellow," replied the gentlemen addressed, "hope you slept well?"

"And you had a lower berth?"

"Of course."

"And then you got me to give up mine to your sister, sir?"

"Why, my dear fellow," said the Englishman in his turn astonished, "you didn't expect I'd give up a lower berth to my own sister, did you?"

"BLIZZARD" AND "BOOM."

HOW THE WORDS HAVE BEEN DERIVED.

Blizzard.—This remarkable word Mr. Bartlett defines as a "poser," having noticed apparently only a single instance of its use, and jumped at the conclusion that this is the meaning intended. He adds the comment, "Not known in the Eastern States," which was generally true no doubt until the sharp winter of 1880-81 familiarized the term (as well as the thing itself, in a greatly modified form) to the people of the east. It is hardly necessary to say that the real blizzard, as the world is now understood, is a terrific storm, with low barometer, light clouds or none at all, "and the air full of particles of snow, in the form of dry, sharp crystals, which, driven before the wind, bite and sting like fire." The term is said to have made its first appearance in print about the year 1860, in a newspaper called the *Northern Indicator*, published at Estherville, Minn. Its etymology can only be guessed at, but there has been no lack of guesses. The English word *blister*; the French *bouillard*; the German *blitz*; the Spanish *brisa*; the surname *blizard* (said to be common around Baltimore); an unpronounceable Sioux term, and the Scotch verb *blizen*—all these and other words have been suggested with various degrees of improbability as the origin of the term. My own conjecture is that it is simply an onomatopoeia; an attempt not wholly unsuccessful, to represent the whistling and "driving" noise of a terrible storm. It should be added that the word seems to have been occasionally used in various places in the Eastern States for a long time past, in significations quite different from its present meaning.

Boom.—A semi-slang expression, though it appears in the 1881 Supplement of Worcester, descriptive of a sudden advance in popularity or price. Perhaps borrowed from the mining phraseology of the Far West, where a process called *booming* is sometimes adopted to clear off surface soil and reveal supposed mineral veins. An artificial reservoir is constructed near the summit of a mountain, which is first allowed to fill with water, and is then suddenly opened, whereupon a mighty torrent rushes down the slope, carrying rocks, trees, earth and all, with resistless force.—*North American Review*.

SOMETHING BEYOND.

Something beyond! Though now, with joy unfound,
The life-task falleth from thy weary hand,
Be brave, be patient! In the fair beyond
Thou'lt understand.

Thou'lt understand why our most royal hours
Couch sorrowful slaves, bound by low nature's greed,
Why the celestial soul's a minion made
To narrowest need.

In this pent sphere of being incomplete—
The imperfect fragment of a beauteous whole,
For you rare regions, where the perfect meet,
Sighs the lone soul.

Sighs for the perfect! Far and fair it lies:
It hath no half-fed friendships perishing fleet,
No partial interest, no averted eyes,
No loves unmet.

Something beyond! Light for our clouded eyes!
In this dark dwelling, in its shrouded beam,
Our best waits masked: few pierce the soul's disguise;
How sad it seems!

Something beyond! Ah! if it were not so,
Darker would be thy face, O brief to-day!
Earthward we'd bow beneath life's smiting wo,
Powerless to pray.

Something beyond! The immortal morning stands
Above the night, clear shines her present brow;
The pendulous star in her train-figured hands
Lights up the now.

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Slamming of doors and the rattling of dishes tire and bewilder workers and everybody about the house. Work quietly. Noise is not work. Make the most use of your brain and eyes. Do everything at the right time, and keep everything in the right place when possible.

Housekeepers make a great mistake when they allow their vegetables to be washed at all until just ready to put on to cook. Many leave all kinds of vegetables to stand, covered with cold water, for a long time after washing, and by so doing lose a large portion of the natural sweetness and flavor. Many grocers think they cannot sell their vegetables unless they wash them free from the earth that is on them when dug up, or they insist on the farmers washing them before they buy. To make them look fresh and handsome they sacrifice a large portion of the best part of the root. If farmers washed their potatoes, turnips, carrots, etc., after digging them, before putting them into the cellar, they would be spoiled in a month. The earth about them is an absorbent and a preservative of the less volatile elements of the root, which evaporates quickly after being washed. How often the city people speak of the excellent flavor of the vegetables they sometimes eat in country homes, and wonder why they cannot be cooked to taste as good in the city. It is not because the farmer's wife understands the art of cooking vegetables any better than the city dame, but because she leaves her vegetables in the earth that covers them, until she needs to put them on to cook. Housekeepers only, can cure this evil. The moment the grocer finds that he loses his time and labor when he washes his vegetables—just for the fancy looks of the thing—and that the housekeepers are becoming sensible and will not buy them in their fancy dress, but in their natural covering, then city folks can have as nice vegetables on their tables as the farmer is favored with—certainly they can do so after the season is too far advanced to gather vegetables fresh every day.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, February 7.

DURING her sojourn in the South Mlle. R. Bonheur has been occupied with a large painting, entitled, "Le Dapiquage des Blés."

Our old friend Mme. Rattazzi is about to found a weekly paper in Madrid. She will be assisted by a number of men of eminence.

Those who give us information of the financial doings of Sarah tell us that she has sold the copyright of her memoirs for £4,000. She is turning everything into gold, and it is dangerous to approach her.

FEMALE wrestlers are the latest and least commendable novelty of the Parisian stage. The troupe, consisting of four lady athletes, wearing very neat costumes, appear at the Folies Bergère, where they contend together every evening for prizes offered by the management.

GUSTAVE DORE did not know himself how many designs he had made in his lifetime. Several years ago a collector in Paris, who was eagerly seizing all he could get of his published sketches, had then ascertained that there were over 20,000 in existence.

THE throne to be used at the Czar's coronation has already been ordered. It will be made of black oak, richly carved in antique Saxon patterns, and will cost over £1,000. The canopy will be supported by columns ten feet high, and will be ornamented by the Imperial eagle and a scroll-work bearing the fifty-six coats of arms of the Governments of Russia. Crimson velvet hangings, embossed in gold, will shelter the Imperial chairs, which will stand on a dais.

NICE has lately been visited by a heavy snow-storm, and the aspect of the orange trees, covered with fruit, and the rosebushes laden with flowers, and each and all bending beneath a thick layer of snow, may be picturesque and unusual, but is certainly far from pleasant. Still it is not often that one can enjoy the sensation of going out into a garden and gathering roses and orange-leaf blossoms in the midst of a blinding snow-storm, as was the case on Thursday week. The view from any elevated point over the gardens and valleys around the city, with the rich verdure all covered with snow, certainly presented a very singular picture. It was Winter, not "lingering in the lap of Spring," but enfolding Summer in a close and fatal embrace.

The total eclipse of the sun on the 6th of May next will last six minutes, and a longer one will probably not occur within the next 100 years. It will be partially visible in many places, but few will see it in its entirety, as the path lies almost entirely through the ocean, touching land nowhere but at a little island in the South Pacific called Caroline Island, which is out of the track of any established commerce or travel. The French Government has determined to send an expedition to that island; it is almost certain an American party will go thither, and it is more than probable that a grand international gathering of astronomers will take place at Caroline Island to take part in this scientific quest.

VARITIES.

THERE is a niche in the temple of fame already prepared for "Old Ketch," as King Cetewayo is somewhat familiarly termed. The author of that invaluable biographical *vaude mecum*—*Men of the Times*, intends enrolling Cetewayo in his Valhalla of Worthies. So that with the issue of the new edition of this work the sable Monarch of Zululand will be handed down to posterity as one of the men of "light and learning" of this nineteenth century.

A BRILLIANT marriage is to take place in February in Paris. Mlle. de Mercy Argenteau is to marry the popular Count D'Avary, grandson to the present Duke D'Avary, and heir presumptive to the title. The signature contract is fixed for February 1, the civil ceremony for February 2, and the religious ceremony for February 3. A great deal of curiosity has been excited about that part of the trousseau which the celebrated Reffern of Rue Rivoli has been entrusted with. He is said to have lavished all the resources of his art, and they are not a few, on this order, but absolutely refuses to show them to any but the most intimate friends of the future bride.

SARAH JEWETT'S LATEST WHIM.—Miss Sara Jewett is now figuring in a new version of the "She Would and She Wouldn't." One "they say" is that she will not return to the fold of "A Parisian Romance," but fight it out without play or pay until May, when her contract with Mr. Palmer expires. The other is that she has thought better of it, and will presently resume the rôle of *Marcelle*. In the meantime, Miss Netta Guion has continued to play the part, and Miss Jewett might have been seen amongst the fairest guests at the Twenty-second Regiment ball at the Academy. One thing is certain: a new leading man and a new leading lady, *viz* Mr. Thorne and Miss Jewett, will be retained for next season at the Union Square.

MR. ERNEST FOXWELL must be added to the list of notable inventors. He has discovered that express trains are one of the greatest joys and blessings of mankind. He calls his discourse on this subject in *Macmillan's* a "rhapsody," and the title seems not inapt when one comes across a passage like the following: "Vulgarity, snobbishness, and parochial servility are dissolving under a thoughtful regard for the circumstances that inclose human affairs." This, as the result of railway travelling by express is sufficiently remarkable. As nobody but Mr. Foxwell has observed the dissolution of the unpleasant characteristics of humanity which he names, he must be congratulated on the possession of a phenomenally penetrating vision.

A CONTROVERSY upon the manner in which Dickens spent his last days seems a little out of date. But Mr. Herman Merivale rushes into it with all the ardor of a man inspired by a new idea. Mr. Forster has in his biography of the novelist conveyed the impression that the last days of his friend were spent in gloom. Professor Ward, in his little volume in the English Men of Letters series, has adopted the same view. But Mr. Merivale, after an interval of nearly thirteen years sets us all right. Almost to the last Dickens was engaged in his most cherished pursuit—private theatricals. A performance in which he acted as stage-manager "ringing all the bells and working all the lights," and "going through the whole thing with infectious enjoyment," took place on the 2nd of June, 1870. On the 9th he was dead.

SOMETHING of a sensation was created lately in Nice by the odd conduct of a young lady pianist at a recent concert. The young performer in question had commenced playing a symphony by Beethoven when several persons in the audience commenced a conversation in rather too audible a tone. The performance continued, but the young player was evidently annoyed, made several mistakes, and finally seemed to lose all memory of the music. With one bound she sprang from the piano and fled to the dressing-room, where she went into a violent

fit of hysterics, her sobs and cries being distinctly audible. Now no one will pretend to excuse the conduct of persons who talk while music is going on. Still, in this case the provocation was great, as nine out of the twelve pieces on the programme were morceaux for the piano, which was rather a large allowance for any audience not exclusively composed of scientific musicians.

OUR American cousins have a droll idea of the manner in which social distinctions are exhibited in England. A play of native origin is now in course of representation, in which a great English nobleman is one of the prominent characters. All sorts of people address him as "my lord," and speak of him as "his lordship." Everybody knows that this is not done in England, except among classes who don't know better. But the American playwright goes further in portraying an English nobleman. For instance, he makes the personage in question of so much distinction that he has had the most noble and ancient order of the garter conferred upon him, and to emphasize the matter he makes him wear the broad blue ribbon and the splendid diamond star, and also attires him in knee breeches, so that he may exhibit the garter with its famous motto! The jewel and the garter are worn in the house, in the street, and at a garden party, where lawn tennis is the amusement provided!

If the Orleans Princes should be unable to remain in France, it is expected they will return to that district in the neighborhood of London in which they are so well known, and in which they settled during the reign of Napoleon III. But Claremont is now the residence of the Duke and Duchess of Albany, and that place cannot be had. It has become the private property of the Queen, although it is understood that Her Majesty has not paid the purchase-money, £74,000, but pays interest upon it at 4 per cent. to the Woods and Forests Department. Twickenham House, at which the duc d'Aumale lived, is also now the Orleans Club. So there would be some difficulty in finding a desirable abode. The rumor of their return to England is based upon the belief that the Orleans family will not consent to live in France if the power is in the hands of the French Government of ordering them to quit France at any time immediately. In fact, it would be a most irksome condition, and an insult.

BIARD, a painter whose celebrity was very great during his prime, has died almost entirely forgotten. Biard earned 50,000 francs a year with his brush for a long period, and that at a time when painting was not the speculation that it has since become, and artists were not in a way to purchase magnificent houses on the Avenue de Villiers. Yet Biard died poor; but the sums passing through his hands were never put to any bad or futile purpose. He had a peculiar taste for everything exotic and strange; purchased outlandish animals at outlandish prices, filling his rooms with birds from the tropics, insects, monkeys, serpents, and even alligators. A great traveller, he loved to visit distant parts of the earth, and there to lead as nearly as he could the life of the natives. In Lapland he passed several weeks, dressed in skins, and on the banks of the Amazon he fraternized with the savages. Robust, active, and observant, he was an ardent admirer of nature, and brought back hundreds of sketches from these distant excursions. As may be imagined, Biard was connected with all the great painters and writers who flourished during the reign of Louis Philippe. Alexandre Dumas, in particular, was intimate with Biard, and has given a description of the latter's characteristic studio in *Le Capitaine Pamphile*.

THAT magazine which the Conservatives are going to found in order to prove beyond a doubt that nine-tenths of the intellect of England is Tory will at least be well edited. Mr. Knowles is going to leave the *Nineteenth Century* in order to become the director of the *National Magazine*. His only stipulation is that all the articles shall be signed. He has recommended himself to the post by the assiduity whereby he has succeeded in raising a protest against the Channel tunnel, because England, if the Channel tunnel is made, will cease to be an island. He will be succeeded on the *Nineteenth* by Mr. Keegan Paul, who is fitted by education, position, and attainments as few men are to conduct an enterprise in which knowledge of theology, politics, and literature is required. Being the head of a great publishing firm, he has the quality of perception which will enable him to discern what is "taking," and a power of attracting authors which even Mr. Knowles, successful as he is, will not be able to exceed.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Novas, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y.