

## KATIE'S ANSWER.

Och, Katie's a rogue, it's thrue,  
But her eyes, like the sky, are so blue,  
An' her dimples so swate,  
An' her ankles so nate,  
She dazed, and she bothered me, too—

'Till one mornin' we went for a ride,  
Whin, demure as a bride, by my side,  
The darlin' she sat,  
Wid the wickedest hat,  
'Neath a purty girl's chin liver tied.

An' I said, "If I dared to do so,  
I'd let go ur the baste, an' I'd throw  
Both arms round your waist,  
An' be stillin' a taste  
Ur them lips that are coaxin' me so."

Then she blushed a more illeasant red,  
As she said, without raisin' her head,  
An' her eyes lookin' down,  
'Neath her lashes so brown,  
"Would ye like me to drive, Mither Ted?"

## OLD DUTCH HOMES IN ALBANY.

The houses in Beverwyck were very neat without and within. They were built chiefly of brick or stone, and covered with white pine shingles, or tiles from Holland. Most of them had terraced gables fronting the street, with gutters extending from the eaves beyond the side-walk to carry off the rain-water; hence the streets were almost impassable during a heavy storm of wind and rain. The streets were broad, and lined with shade-trees, with here and there a bit of pavement. The houses were generally but a story and a half high, and well spread out on the ground floor. Each bowery had its grass plot, and garden in the rear, where vegetables were produced in great abundance. Mrs. Grant, in her "Memoir of the American Lady," says, "The Schuylers and one or two other families had very large gardens laid out in fanciful European style." The "stoops" of the houses were raised above the street, and shaded by trees planted in commemoration of some event, or the birth of some member of the family, and here gathered the young and old at twilight. Every family had its cow pastured in a common field at the end of the town, and it was a picturesque sight at evening to see each animal going home of its own accord to be milked, the tinkling bells hung round its neck heralding its approach.

At eight o'clock the supper was rung, a signal that work was over for the day. And here just a brief glance at the interior of the Dutch home. The kitchen fire-places were enormous—large enough to roast a whole sheep or hog; and over the crackling hickory logs, suspended on hooks and trammels, bubbled and hissed the large iron pots and kettles. Here the family gathered, while by the light of the glowing fire and a tallow dip, the jufvrouws spun their linen and the barchers smoked their pipes. In the parlour, that revered apartment of state, was a similar large fire-place, with its hickory back-log, and its shovel and tongs keeping guard over the brass andirons (or fire-dogs) and fender. The chimney jambs were inlaid with party-coloured tiles of Scriptural designs brought from Holland, and were extremely quaint. The round tea-table stood in the parlour, the large square dining-table in the kitchen, or family living-room. In one corner stood the old Dutch clock—no doubt the grandfather's—telling the year, month, day, and hour, the rising and setting of the moon, and when each hour struck sending forth in silvery tones some antique air. In still another corner stood the Holland cupboard, with its glass doors, displaying the family plate and china. There was the massive tankard, the richly-engraved punch-bowl, the shell-shaped sugar-bowl, with provisions for the "bite and stir," and the *ooma*, or sifter for cinnamon and sugar. On the top stood a decanter of large size, always filled with rum, and beside it a piece of cow's horn, smooth on each end, and hollow, tipped with silver. And every morning before breakfast Mynheer must "take a born" as an appetiser, hence the origin of the term. In another corner stood the huge oaken, iron-bound chest, brimful of fine linen, of home production. Later this gave place to the "chest of drawers," with its brass rings and key-holes. On the wall hung the pipe-case of mahogany, with the drawer underneath for tobacco. Every house of pretension had its cock-loft in the steep roof for house slaves. In the middle of the hall was the "hoist door," through which the wheat was hoisted up by a crane and stored in the loft. Over the front door was a shelf, with steps leading up to it. Here was placed a large tobacco box, always kept filled, and for every one to help himself. On the parlour walls hung the dim portraits of relatives in the Vaderlandt, and "ye scone, a hanging candlestick, with a mirror to reflect ye rays."

Chintz calico formed the curtains, which were put up without cornices. The windows were of very small panes of glass set in lead frames. The floors were sanded, with fanciful figures made in the sand with a broom handle. The best chairs were straight and high-backed, covered with hair-cloth, and ornamented with double and triple rows of brass nails. About 1700 the claw-foot sideboards, sofas, and tables were generally used. The high-post bedstead had its heavy curtains and valance of camlet, and on it a bed of live-geese feathers, with a lighter one for covering. The patch-quilt was a most marvellous affair. Over each door was usually a stone with the date of erection and name or initials of the builder. In later times the date was built in anywhere, and the general style of architecture was altered.—*Harper's Magazine*.

## REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

PROF. BLAIRIE'S LIVINGSTONE.—The aim of the present work (1) is to give a clearer insight into the personal life of the great explorer than his own works have given us. His Travels, representing, as they did, in a great measure, the formal report which the Government and the public were entitled to at his hands, are little occupied with personal matters. As a proof of this may be cited the business-like way in which alone he mentions his wife's death, for which, indeed, he has been blamed as a proof of want of proper feeling; whereas, in fact, it only showed the light in which he himself regarded his book, considering that personal matters should find no place in it, though, as in this case, the loss was one which, for a time, utterly broke him down. Livingstone's name has probably become most famous for his geographical discoveries; there can, however, be no doubt that he himself considered these discoveries as entirely secondary to the main object to which his whole life was devoted, that of introducing Christianity into Africa. Of this part of his work the present volume is a most interesting and valuable record. We cannot help sharing Prof. Blairie's intense admiration for the Christian worker, whose original hope had been to have gone out as a missionary himself, but who gave it up for the greater task imposed upon him of opening the way for all missionaries in the future. The book has been compiled for the most part from family correspondence, and the details of Livingstone's domestic life, of which we have hitherto known so little, are touched upon with a loving hand. Throughout the book never loses its interest, even to the ordinary reader, and is, besides, singularly free from any suspicion of egotism or affectation. It may be added that the typography is excellent, and the get-up of the book, though plain, yet most perfect of its kind.

DR. SCHERR'S LIFE OF SCHILLER.—(2) This book has for twenty years enjoyed a reputation in Germany as the favourite work of a most popular writer. The present translation is careful and very readable withal, and the book should become popular with English readers from the absence of abstract speculations upon the genius of the author, in which most of the so-called lives of Schiller (especially those by German writers) abound. Schiller is, above all others, an author whose life helps us to understand his works. Unlike Shakespeare, for example, whose writings gain but little in clearness from a knowledge of his domestic affairs, Schiller lived in his poetry; it was a part of his every-day life, and the more we know of him personally, the more we are fitted to appreciate the work which was the outcome of that life. In addition to this, the scene of Schiller's life was laid amid events of lasting interest for all time. The passing away of the old order of society in France, the Revolution which shook Europe to its centre, had a marked influence in Germany, and Dr. Scherr's treatment of the subject is comprehensive and withal picturesque. While keeping the main end of the work before him, he has set the picture of Schiller's inside life in an attractive frame of the stirring times in which he moved. The book is nicely illustrated throughout.

BEN HUR. A TALE OF THE CHRIST.—The title of this book (3) is somewhat misleading. Although the interest of the story, the latter part of it rather does, to a certain extent, centre upon the Christ, or, more properly, upon the advent of Christianity, yet the story itself is told independently of the life of our Lord, who is only introduced personally in a somewhat secondary character. So far, however, from detracting from the merits of this most remarkable work, it is herein, perhaps, that its highest art discovers itself. From the really beautiful manner in which the Saviour first makes his appearance—silently, thoughtfully, unostentatiously performing a simple act of kindness to a prisoner, to the last scene upon the cross, the subject is handled with such reverence, good taste, artistic feeling, as cannot fail to impress the reader with a sense of the personality of our Lord, which is heightened by contrast with the scenes of ordinary life, which accompany these occasional glimpses of the Saviour. There is an omission in the account of the crucifixion which is remarkable, in view of the general description of the after effect upon the people; the testimony of the centurion, "Truly this man was the Son of God," is not even alluded to. In other respects the picture is most striking. Indeed, throughout the work Mr. Wallace shows a most rare facility for descriptive writing. The meeting of the wise men in the desert, the arrival of Joseph and Mary at Bethlehem, the scene on board the Roman galley, and last, but not least, the description of the chariot race at Antioch, should be quoted in full had we space at our command. They and other passages in the book will stand as equal to Sir Walter himself for accuracy and picturesqueness of detail. It is a pity that one blemish should deface many of the finest passages. Mr. Wallace, though writing sufficiently pure English as a rule, has not

(1) The Personal Life of David Livingstone, by W. G. Blairie. 1881. New York, Harper & Bros.; Montreal, Dawson Bros.

(2) Schiller and his Times, by Johannes Scherr. Translated by Elizabeth McClellan. Philadelphia, I. G. Kohler.

(3) Ben Hur. A Tale of the Christ, by Lewis Wallace. 1881. New York, Harper & Bros.; Montreal, Dawson Bros.

been able to exclude some virulent Americanisms which sully his pages. "Got mad," "hitch up," "got through," are certainly not classical; while a few other grammatical errors, such as the use of "will" for "shall," suggest a want of careful revision by some friendly hand. All these slips—for they are few—could be easily altered in another edition, and would be scarcely worthy of mention were it not that the book is so good that we grudge to allow Mr. Lewis the slightest deviation from the high standard of excellence which marks it in the main.

## U. S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

From the galleries of the House of Representatives popular government appears to consist of a confused mass of desks and desultory men—the desks littered with books and papers, and the men continually walking about in every direction; of a vast amount of private correspondence, a relay of page-boys obeying a Turkish magnificence of clapped hands from this and that member to do his errands; and a monotonous droning by the clerks, together with a minimum of oratory. All this against a dignified background of cigar smoke in the lobbies, and of coat-rooms and barber-shops, where Congressmen lounge and joke, or confer on coming measures. It is also apparent, from the amount of work done with the penknife, that the House is determined to have order as to its finger-nails, whatever may be the fate of public business in this respect. You hear some half-audible speaking, but the general walking, talking, and rustling suggests how Demosthenes, if he had enjoyed the privilege of a seat in this body, might have dispensed with the aid of the sea.

Then a division takes place, and members pour in from the lobbies, the restaurant, the committee-rooms, to pass like a drove of sheep between two tellers. The efforts of inexperienced or unimportant members to get attention are pathetic. One is perpetually swaggering about, but never speaks; another gets up and murmurs, but being ignored by all parties, sits down, with a ghastly disappointment, and tries to look as if he did not feel he was being looked at; another, with Chadband hair, rises for information, asking in a bland voice a question so needless that some one on the other side answers it, to save the Speaker's time, and Chadband, after swaying uncertainly on his toes for an instant, subsides so abruptly that he can't at once recover the use of his limbs sufficiently to steal away towards a cloak-room. Yet, at almost any moment, except in the "morning-hour" and on "private bill day," an exciting and masterly discussion may begin, which promptly fills the chairs, and enchains every listener. The general demeanour of the House, too, is more business-like, excepting for the amount of preoccupation, than that of the House of Commons. Those who come to look on, with imaginations trained by history and the press, are grieved to go away without seeing a single member spring at another's throat, or even call him a liar. The homogeneity of the faces and persons on the floor is another point for remark. It is clear that Americans are Americans, however wide asunder their abodes may be, and it occurs to one that if the representatives of different sections were to get hopelessly mixed up and changed about some day, it would produce no incongruity so far as their outward appearance is concerned. To imagine these comfortable gentlemen arrayed, in their frock-coats of identical make, on opposite sides in a civil war, or as the lawgivers of separate confederacies, would be grotesque, if the reality a few years ago had not been so tragic. A few distinctions of East and South and West may perhaps be traced in the physiognomies, but individual peculiarities assert themselves far more strongly. The man of the people, with his indifferent neck-tie and "well-met" manner; the smug, well-to-do lawyer; the "elegant speaker"; the richest members, with heads partially bald and faces seamed with fine wrinkles, wearing a look of long resignation to the collection of dividends; or the plethoric, rosy-faced man who gains his point by private champagne rather than public speech; the quiet gentleman of refined manners; and the gory antagonist—all these, and other types besides, may be sharply discriminated without regard to State or geographical lines. It has grown to be the fashion to say that Congress accomplishes nothing except to disturb trade, but if that is so, it is not due to idleness. Accomplishing nothing was never before so laborious a task. House members are the busiest people in the country, with their caucuses, their incessant committee meetings, their speeches and preparation, their dense correspondence with constituents, and interviews with visitors. The House, too, turns out a vast amount of work, its committees being efficient agencies for transacting business. Every day you find in the Document Room a fresh armful of newly-printed bills, many of which are trash, to be sure, but harmless. The real and great defect of the popular branch is its great capacity for distorting, maiming, or destroying good measures matured in committee, by unforeseen amendments carried in general debate. A few laudable enactments, however, always survive this general massacre of infant bills, and we must remember that the amendments often represent a wholesome watchfulness against special class or private legislation. Whatever the evils of Congress, finally, they are faithful reflections of the avarice, ambition, or low sense of honour in the communities there represented; and the people do not do wisely to sneer at their own exposed deformity, without trying to remedy it

by cultivating morals more assiduously in business and in political opinion.—Geo. P. LATHROP, in *Harper's Magazine*.

## VARIETIES.

AN anecdote of the King and Queen of Italy comes from Syracuse. When the Royal Family were already in the train, and the King was leaning over the carriage-door, saying a few parting words to the Mayor, one of the officials tapped on the door, and when the king turned round, the man said, "Cheer up, your Majesty! Laugh!" And the King did laugh, much to the delight of the man, who seemed enchanted at the idea of having brought a smile on Humbert's grave, and face. When that man is old he will tell his grandchildren how one day he made the King laugh.

EAGER FOR THE FRAY.—Beattie the poet was on one occasion presented by the manager of a theatrical company which visited Montrose with an order for two to the boxes. As a special treat, Mr. Beattie asked a well-known character in the town, famous for his great height and bodily strength, named John Tweedale, to accompany him. The play was "Macbeth," and the tragic incidents seemed to have powerfully affected John, who was making his first acquaintance with the stage, for at that part of the play where the murdered Banquo stalks upon the scene, Beattie rose up hastily in his seat, and, extending his arms towards the actors, exclaimed in earnest tones, "For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, stop the play; John Tweedale's flegged!" Silence at once fell upon the audience and actors, till up rose bulky John, whose anxiety to see the tragedy was gaining the better of his fears, and, with a white scared face, cried out, "It's a lee, gentlemen, I'm no' the least flegged; gang on wi' the slaughtering!"

RAGGLES!—A well-known American lady-artist resident in Rome relates that, while standing one day near the statue of the Apollo Belvedere, she suddenly became aware of the presence of a countrywoman. The new-comer, a well-to-do looking American woman, introduced herself as Mrs. Raggles of Missouri, and then asked—"Is this the Apollo Belvedere?" Miss H. testified to the identity of the work; and the tourist then said: "Considered a great statue?" The interrogated lady replied that it was generally thought to be one of the masterpieces of the world. "Manly beauty, and all that sort of thing!" said the lady from the land of the setting sun. "Yes," responded the now amazed artist, "it is said to be one of the noblest representations of the human frame." "Well," exclaimed Mrs. Raggles, closing her Baedeker, and, with arms akimbo, taking a last and earnest look at the marble, "I've seen the Apollo Belvedere and I've seen Raggles, and give me Raggles!"

AN EMPHATIC WITNESS.—Alick Thompson, of Virginia, tells a story illustrative of the peculiar vernacular of the people among whom he was born, and of their special capacity for giving evidence in a court of justice in a compact, accurate, and picturesque style. Some time ago he chanced to be visiting at a country seat in Virginia, and was courteously invited by the Commonwealth's attorney to come into the courtroom on the following morning, with the assurance that a witness would testify in a murder case then pending. He entered the court-room, and speedily after his arrival a witness was called, who advanced to the stand with such a jaunty air of self-assurance, and who kissed the book with such loud-sounding confidence, that he was sure this must be "his man." His judgment was not incorrect.

"Mr. Williamson," asked the Commonwealth's attorney, "do you know anything of the killing which took place at Robertson's store last month?"

"Know anything!" was the response; "I wero thar."

"Then tell the Court and jury," said the attorney, "what you know."

The witness platted himself more firmly on both feet, glanced around upon his auditors, and thus delivered himself: "Well, you see, Mr. Robertson were a-sittin' in the back part of his store a-playin' of his fiddle, not a thinkin' of bein' stobbed, nor nuthin' of the kind, when in come Mr. Johnson, and then and thar stobbed him; then he gathered a bung-starter, cleaned out the crowd, lipped the palin', and clared heself."—*Harper's*.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

SIR JOHN BENEDICT is writing a cantata on Lamartine's "Graziella."

BOOTH in *Iago* pleases London infinitely better than in *Hamlet* and *Othello*. The *World* says of *Iago*:—"The performance is altogether remarkable for its consistency, its force, its finish and subtlety."

THE new opera by Gilbert and Sullivan has for its subject the over-poetic, hyperbolic, pathetic mania of society. No sarcasm against any individual, but any amount of happily humorous castigation of general manners.

LAST month, Adelina Patti received for her two concerts in Nice 30,000 francs, which makes about 1,000 francs for each trill. The old adage alluding to "silence being golden" has evidently grown obsolete.

AT a recent concert in the winter-garden of the Central Hotel in Berlin, the appearance of two juvenile virtuosos on the cornet-piston, Johann and Franz Schmidt, aged ten and nine respectively, has created quite a sensation.

MR. HAYES has engaged Her Majesty's Theatre for a season of what are described as "Drawing Room Matinees." The chief feature of the entertainments to be given daily will be comic songs and scenes by English and foreign performers.