

## TRIUMPH.

The dawn came in through the bars of the blind,  
And the winter dawn is gray,—  
And said: However you cheat my mind,  
The hours are flying away.

A ghost of a dawn, and pale and weak—  
Has the sun a heart, I said,  
To throw a morning flush on the cheek  
When a fairer flush has fled?

As a gray rose-leaf that is falling white  
Was the cheek where I set my kiss;  
And on that side of the bed all night  
Death had watched, and I on this.

I kissed her lips, they were half apart,  
Yet they made no answering sign;  
Death's hand was on her falling heart,  
And his eyes said: She is mine.

I set my lips on the blue-veined lid,  
Half-veiled by her death-damp hair;  
And oh, for the violet depths it hid,  
And the light I longed for there!

Faint day and the fainter life awoke,  
And the night was overpast;  
And I said: Though never in life you spoke,  
Oh, speak with a look at last!

For the space of a heart beat fluttered her breath,  
As a bird's wing spread to flee;  
She turned her weary arms to Death,  
And the light of her eyes to me.

H. C. BUNNER.

## GOOD FRIDAY IN MUNICH.

I once witnessed the ceremony of the Feet washing, one of the greatest sights of the year. My good friend at the *Kriegs-Ministerium* kept his word faithfully about procuring tickets for us. Accordingly, Myra F. and I saw the whole ceremony. At nine o'clock Myra was with me, and, early as it was, Madame Thekla advised us to set off to the Palace, as people were always wild about places, and if we came late, spite of our tickets, we should see nothing. The good old soul also accompanied us, on the plea that, as she was big and strong, she could push a way for us through the crowd, and keep our places by main force. She stood guard over us—the good creature! for two mortal hours, and when the door at length was opened by a grand lacquy had the satisfaction of seeing us step through the very first.

But before this happy moment arrived, we had to wait, as I said, two hours; and leaving therefore, the patient old lady as our representative before the little door which led into the gallery of the Hercules Hall, whither our tickets admitted us, and before which door no one but ourselves had yet presented themselves, Myra and I ranged along the queer, whitewashed galleries of the old portion of the palace in which we were. Cannot you see those vistas of whitewashed wall, with grim old portraits of powdered ladies and gentlemen, in hoops, gold amid lace, ruffles, and ermine, and framed in black frames, interspersed wreaths and arabesques of stucco, dazlingly white walls, dazlingly white arched ceilings, diminished in long perspective! Now we come upon a strange sort of a little kitchen in the thick wall, where a quaint copper kettle, standing on the now cold hearth, told of coffee made for some royal servant, some hours before. We were now before the door of some *Kammerjungfer*; now in the gallery with the whitewash, but without the portraits, where, opposite to every door, stood a low, white cupboard: a goodly row of them.

Once we found ourselves below stairs and in one of the courts. Then, on passing through the door-way, stood on a sort of terrace, above your head a ceiling rich with ponderous wreaths of fruit and flowers and other stucco ornaments of the same style, which probably had once been gilt, and with frescoes of gods, goddesses and cupids! This old part of the Royal Palace of Munich is quite a little town. We discovered, also, a little tiny chapel, now quite forgotten in the glory of Hesse's frescoes, and the beauty of the new Hof-Kapelle. To-day this old chapel was open, hung with black cloth, and illuminated with numberless waxen tapers and the altar verdant with shrubs and plants, placed upon the altar steps. There was, however, a remarkably mouldy, cold smell in the place, but I suppose the royal procession visited this old chapel as well as the new one, on its way to the Hercules Hall. This cortege, with the king and his brother walking beneath a splendid canopy, and attended by priests and courtiers, went, I believe, wandering about a considerable time, to the edification of the populace, and of all this, excepting from hearsay, I cannot speak, having considered it as the wiser thing for us to return to Madame Thekla and our door, rather than await it.

The Hercules Hall is rather small; and certainly more ugly than beautiful, with numbers of old-fashioned chandeliers hanging from the ceiling, a gallery at each end supported by marble pillars, with a row of tall windows on either side; a dark, inlaid floor of some brown wood; but with no sign whatever of Hercules to be seen. Suffice it to say, that having noticed all this at a glance, we observed in the centre of the hall, a small altar covered with white linen, any bearing upon it golden candlesticks, a misal bound in crimson velvet, a veiled crucifix, and a golden ewer standing in a golden dish. On one side of the altar rose a tall reading-desk, draped with sulphur-colored cloth, upon which lay a large open book; a row of low, crimson stools stood along the hall, opposite the altar, on the other side, across the windows ran a white and very long ottoman, raised upon a high step covered with crimson cloth, and chairs of state

were arranged at either end of the hall below the galleries. The arrival of people below was gradual, although our gallery and the gallery opposite, had been crowded for hours. We at length had the pleasure of seeing something commence.

The door at the further end opened, and in streamed a crowd. Then tottered in ancient representations of the twelve "Apostles," clothed in long violet robes, bound round the waist with white bands striped with red, and with violet caps on their heads; on they tottered, supported on either side by some poor relative, an old peasant-woman, a stalwart man in a black velvet jacket, and bright black boots reaching to the knee, or by a young buxom girl in her holiday costume of bright apron and gay bodice. On they come, feeble, wrinkled with white locks falling on their violet apparel, with palsied hands resting on the strong arms that supported them—the oldest being a hundred and one, the youngest eighty-seven years old. My eyes swam with sudden tears. There was a deal of trouble in mounting them upon their long snowy throne; that crimson step was a great mountain for their feeble feet and stiff knees to climb. But at last they were all seated, their poor friends standing behind them. A man in black marshaled them like little school children; he saw that all sat properly, and then began to pull off a black shoe and stocking from the right foot of each. Thus, with drooped heads and folded withered hands, they sat meekly expectant. A group of twelve little girls, in lilac print frocks and silver swallow-tailed caps, headed by an old woman in similar lilac and silver costume, took its place to the right of the old men in a little knot; they were twelve orphans who are clothed and educated by the queen, and who receive a present on this day.

The hall at the further end was by this time filled with bright uniforms,—blue, scarlet, white and green. In front were seen King Max and his brothers, also in their uniforms; numbers of ladies and children; and choristers in white robes, who flitted, cloud-like, into a small raised seat, set apart for them, in a dark corner behind the uniforms. A levy of priests, in gold, violet, blue, and black robes, with burning tapers and swinging censers, enter; prostrate themselves before the King of Bavaria, and before the King of Hosts, as typified to them on the altar; they chant, murmur, and prostrate themselves again and again. Incense fills the hall with its warm odorous breath. They present open books to the king and princes. And now the king, ungirding his sword, which is received by an attendant gentleman, approaches the oldest "apostle;" he receives the golden ewer, as it is handed from one brother to another; he bends himself over the old foot; he drops a few drops of water upon it; he receives a snowy napkin from the princes, and lays it daintily over the honored foot; he again bows over the second, and so on through the whole twelve; a priest, with a cloth bound round his loins, finishing the drying of the feet. A different scene must that have been in Jerusalem, some eighteen hundred years ago.

And now the king, with a gracious smile, hangs round the patient neck of each old man a blue and white purse, containing a small sum of money. The priests retire to the altar and reading-desk are removed. Six tables, covered with snowy cloths, upon each two napkins, two small metal drinking-cups, and two sets of knives, forks and spoons, are carried in, and joined into one long table, placed before the crimson step. In the meantime the man in black has put on the twelve stockings and the twelve shoes, and, with much ado, has helped down the twelve "apostles," who now sit upon the step as a seat. Enter twelve footmen, in blue and white liveries, each bearing a tray, covered with a white cloth, upon which smoke six different meats, in white wooden bowls; a green soup—remember it is *Green Thursday*—two baked fish; two brown somethings; a delicious-looking pudding; bright green spinnach, upon which reposes a couple of tempting eggs, and a heap of stewed prunes. Each footman, with his tray, is followed by a fellow footman, carrying a large bottle of golden hued wine, and a huge, dark, rich looking roll on silver waiters. The twelve footmen, with the trays, suddenly veer round, and stand in a line opposite to the table, and each opposite to an "Apostle;" the twelve trays held before them, with their seventy-two bowls, all forming a kind of pattern-soup, fishes, spinnach; soup, fishes, spinnach; pudding, prunes, brown meats; pudding, prunes, brown meats; all down the room. Behind stand the other footmen, with their twelve bottles of wine and their twelve rolls. I can assure you that, seen from the gallery above, the effect was considerably comic.

A priest, attended by two court pages, who carry tall burning tapers, steps forth in front of the trays and footmen, and chants a blessing. The king and his brothers again approach the "Apostles;" the choristers burst forth into a glorious chant, till the whole hall is filled with melody, and the king receives the dishes from his brothers, and places them before the old men. Again I feel a thrill rush through me; it is so graceful—though it be but a mere form, a mere shadow of the true sentiment of love—a gentle act of kindness from the strong to the weak, from the powerful to the very poor. As the king bowed himself before the feeble old man of a hundred—though I knew it to be but a mere ceremony—it was impossible not to recognize a poetical idea.

It took a long time before the seventy and two meats were all placed on the table, and

then if hands could convey the soup to the old lips; took a very long time before the palsied old throats could swallow. Some were too feeble, and were fed by the man in black. It was curious to notice the different ways in which the poor old fellows received the food from the king; some slightly bowed their heads; others sat stolidly; others seemed sunk in stupor. The Court soon retired, and twelve new baskets were brought by servants, into which the five bowls of untasted food were placed; these, together with the napkin, knife, fork, spoon and mug, bottle of wine, and bread, are carried away by the old man, or more properly speaking, are carried away for them by their attendant relatives. Many of the poor old fellows—I see by a printed paper which was distributed about, and which contains the list of their different names and ages—come from great distances; they are chosen as being the oldest poor men in Bavaria. One only is out of Munich, and he is ninety-three.

We went down into the hall to have a nearer view of the "Apostles;" but, so very decrepit did the greater number appear, on a close inspection; their faces so sad and vacant; there was such a trembling eagerness after the food in the baskets, now hidden from their sight; such a shouting into their deaf ears; such a guiding of feeble steps and blinded, bleary eyes; that I wish we had avoided this painful part of the spectacle.

## BETTER WITH ICE IN IT.

Speaking of cool drinks, the rattle of ice in a glass set a friend to telling this story: A party of fellows were going northward on the Hudson River railroad. They had some bottles, over which they smacked their lips, but they all said it would be much better with a little ice. There was a Jew in the seat in front of them, a drummer, and he never wanted a drink so bad in all his life. He could smell the generous wine, and he tried to think of some manner in which he could be invited in, so after they had complained about not having any ice, he turned around and said: "Shentlemen, of it would be any accommodation to you I dink I could get you some ice." They told him it would. He put his finger by his nose and winked and said it was a cold day when he couldn't find any ice, and he went out into the baggage car and returned with a piece of ice, and they broke it up and drank with great gusto, and invited him to partake, which he did, though he said he never took ice in his, preferring his straight. Finally the ice was out and they suggested that he get some more, which he did, and they became hilarious over their good luck. The third time he was sent for ice he came back without it and with a sad-looking face. The train was nearing a station where he was to leave, and as he took his grip sack to get off, one of the sportsmen asked him why he didn't get the ice. He said the baggage-man wouldn't let him have any more. Then they asked him what was the reason the baggage-man had gone back on him. The train had stopped, and the Jew had got to the door, when he turned and said, "Vell, shentlemen, I told you about de ice. De baggage-man says off I dlook any more ice from dat box he was afraid dot corpse spoil. I don't peiveit it would spoil"—an empty bottle struck the door casing as the drummer struck the platform of the little station.

## USEFUL HINTS.

To prevent the juice of pies soaking into the under crust, beat the white of an egg, and brush the crust with it. To give a rich brown to the upper crust, brush that with it also.

This will help to make a variety: Take a piece of beef or lamb of a size suitable for the family dinner, rub it with pepper and salt, and put it in a tin pail, cover it closely and set it in a kettle of boiling water. Let it cook in this way until it is tender; thicken the rich gravy with flour, add a small lump of butter, and pour over the meat.

To keep moths from injuring carpets and upholstered furniture: Dissolve one pound of alum in one gallon of boiling water, and brush the carpets and furniture with the solution, after it has become cold, until the fabric is well saturated; take special care to brush the edges well. A thorough examination for traces of moths should first be made. This simple receipt has worked perfectly in a house of thirty years' furnishing, in which English carpets laid twenty years ago, are perfectly preserved.

To fatten geese. An experienced practitioner says: Put two or three in a darkened room and give each bird one pound of oats daily, thrown on a pan of water. In fourteen days they will be found almost too fat. Never shut up a single bird, as geese are sociable and will pine away if left alone.

The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply to the part affected. It will draw off the matter, and relieve the soreness in a few hours.

## ECHOES FROM LONDON.

London, July 15.

THREE Maori Chiefs are promised as a set off to Cetewayo. The New Zealanders wish to push a land claim that they have, and will be here in August.

Nothing finer in the way of a satirical political squib has appeared for a long time than that on the Egyptian muddle, which appears in *Blackwood* for this month. It is keenly clever. It is said that it is from the pen of Mr. Laurence Oliphant.

THE new Law Courts in the Strand, which the Commissioner of Works stated some time ago would be opened this month, cannot be ready this side of the long vacation, and will probably be opened in October. The Queen will not be present at the ceremony.

THE proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph* is said to have spent £7,000 on the "music and machinery" reception, dance, and supper which he gave a few days ago to commemorate the erection of a fresh set of Hoe presses and an advertising office.

A GAY political writer exclaims, "Who would dare to stigmatize the three leading members (Gladstone, Chamberlain and Bright) of the Government when their initials stamp them with one of the noblest badges of honor, 'G.C.B.' (Grand Cross of the Bath.)"

AN enterprising cutler exhibits in his window a handy little article, which he calls "an embankment protector." It is a short, thick-bladed dagger that shuts into a handle. He ought to make Sir William a present of one, if not for protection, to moralize over.

MR. SALA will preside over the formation, and then the after-fortunes of the new club which is started for journalists. It is intended to be severe upon the point of real title to journalism, and we hear that the applications of amateurs will be declined "with the editor's compliments and thanks."

A CLERGYMAN of St. Leonards-on-Sea on Sunday astonished his congregation by informing them that he had just received a gift of £10,000, with permission to do what he liked with it. He asked the prayers of his brethren to guide him how to dispose of the money. Not many present would, under similar circumstances, have required prayers to aid them.

As soon as the Arrears Bill is disposed of by the House of Commons there will be a large exodus of hon. members from the Metropolis. Many honorable gentlemen are even now anxiously on the look-out for "pairs," and the passage of the Corrupt Practices Bill and of the Budget Bill and the voting of supplies will, in all probability, be accomplished in a very thin House.

Not long ago we heard that Jumbo had got into Chancery. After disposing of an elephant one would have thought the creature might have been satisfied. But last week it far surpassed this feat. Indeed, had it swallowed Barnum as well as Jumbo last week's exploit would still have outdone it. For now it would seem the Salvation Army has followed the course of Jumbo, and is in Chancery. I am afraid many people will hope the Army will stop there. If Chancery can digest the Salvation Army it is certainly all that Charles Dickens pictured it.

MR. IRVING has set the fashion to some extent to young men in matters of dress off the stage, as he is credited with the best taste; yet it is difficult to suppose that he will be followed by his admirers in his latest eccentricity in "garbing," which may be classed as the episcopal or the righteously severe. His coat is tight-fitting and buttoned up to the throat, somewhat after the Jingle manner of compressing the system, except that it is not cut away, but has long straight skirts, the sale of which, as yards of superfine, would have been one of Jingle's resources to raise the wind. Apparently he is shirtless, while his locks are combed back and gathered into a bounteous cluster of frizzle behind. This was his appearance at Willis' Rooms the other day when he read to an admiring circle.

A LAUGHABLE incident took place at Drury Lane on Wednesday evening. There was a pretty good house to see Ristori play *Lady Macbeth*, and in the scene before the murder, Duncan, the Thane of Cawder, was reflecting—in Shakespearean language, of course—on the crime he was about to commit. Suddenly on came a black cat. The audience roared, and Mr. William Rignold, who was playing *Macbeth*, seemed rather indignant at his scene being spoiled in this way. "Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell," proceeded Mr. Rignold—"hsh, hsh, get out" (this to the cat.) The wretched animal fled, but the men at the wings, in trying to capture it, frightened it on again; and after staring about for some minutes, puss walked down to the ballet-wire, scrambled through it, and took up a position right behind the foot-lights. Then the storm came on, and with the first rattle of peas in the spiked cask (the rain), the roll of the tin waiter (the thunder) and the lurid lightning the cat rushed off as though shot, amidst the laughter of the audience.