

# A HOLIDAY DREAM.

Good Shakespeare asked us, "Where is Fancy bred?"  
We care not; she is with us year by year,  
Revolving memories of days long dead,  
Gilding the present, when the summer's near.  
She comes once more; make way; for in her train  
Are scenes remembered, set in frames of flow'rs,  
Pictures of sun and sea to give again  
The long sweet influence of summer hours.  
Come sit and see our dream-procession pass.  
Behold, we mount to tracks of rosy snow;  
Now we are hidden in the lazy grass,  
Near the old waterfall, where lilies grow.  
We dilly trace some old cathedral town,  
And tread its solemn cloisters hand in hand,  
Now pulses quicken on an English down;  
Now senses falter in a foreign land.  
Close both your eyes in fancy—can you see  
That Alpine path we climbed one afternoon?  
Can't scent the leather chaps'd round either knee?  
Can you not feel the Rhine's harvest-moon?  
Look, darling, here we rested from the heat;  
And as you slept I crown'd your yellow hair  
With rose and marigold, and at your feet  
I sigh'd for joy, because the world was fair.  
There's not a spot I love you have not seen;  
I hate the landscape your dear eyes have miss'd;  
One spell alone binds us to what has been,  
For where we sympathised, there we have kiss'd!  
So, as the summer hastens, let us sing,  
And in her honour drink deep draughts of wine;  
There is no happiness we cannot bring,  
No faith like yours, my love—no love like mine!

CLEMENT W. SCOTT.

# A LOVER'S DEVICE.

One fine winter evening, early in the present century, Colonel Smith and his maiden sister, Patty, were sitting on either side of a blazing fire, enjoying their ease, without any interruption for at least an hour; and that, considering the sex of Miss Patty, was certainly very remarkable. The Colonel was cross-legged in a great arm-chair, with his spectacles on his nose, and a newspaper in one hand and a pipe in the other. Miss Patty was moving herself gently forward and backward in a low rocking-chair. Close by her feet was the cat, while Carlo was stretched out at full length on the rug in front of the fire, and, like his master, was fast asleep.  
At length, the Colonel roused from his nap, took off his spectacles, and rubbed his eyes; then, glancing at a large pile of papers on the table near him, said, "I wish Henry was here to help me collect my rents."  
"Well, I really wish he was," answered his sister.  
"I can't expect him this month yet," yawned the Colonel.  
"Hush! you better send for him!" suggested the sister.  
Upon this, the dog got up, and walked towards the door.  
"Where are you going, Carlo?" said the old gentleman.  
The dog looked at his master, wagged his tail, turned about, and pursued his way towards the door; and, as he could not well open it himself, Miss Patty got up, and opened it for him.  
The Colonel seemed perfectly satisfied, and was composing himself for another nap, when the loud and cheerful barking of the dog announced the approach of some one, and roused him from his lethargy. Presently the door opened, and a young man gaily entered the room.  
"Why, William Henry, is that you?" said Aunt Patty.  
"Henry, my boy, I am heartily glad to see you," added the Colonel, getting entirely out of the chair, and giving his nephew a hearty shake of the hand. "Pray, what has brought you home so suddenly, my boy?"  
"Oh, I do not know," answered Henry; "it is rather dull in town, so I thought I would pay you a visit, and see how you were."  
"Well, I am glad to see you; sit down," said the Colonel.  
"So do," said his sister.  
"There, aunt, is a bottle of something good for you; and here, uncle, is one of capital Macaroni."  
"Thank you, my boy," said the Colonel. "Positively it does my heart good to see you in such fine spirits!"  
"And mine, too," said his sister.  
Henry, ever anxious to help his uncle or himself, broke the seal from the top of the bottle, and drew the cork, while Aunt Patty provided some glasses.  
"Well, my boy," said the Colonel, whose good humour increased every moment, "what's the news in London? Anything happened?"  
"No—yes," said Henry; "I have got one of the best stories to tell you, you ever heard in your life."  
"Come, then, let's have it," said he, filling his glass.  
"Well, you must know," said Henry, "that while I was in town, I met with an old and particular friend of mine, about my own age. Some two months ago, he fell desperately in love with a young girl, and wants to marry her, but dares not without the consent of his uncle, a very fine old gentleman, as rich as Croesus—do take a little more cordial."  
"Why, don't his uncle wish him to marry?" inquired the Colonel.  
"Oh, yes," resumed Henry. "But there's the rub. He is anxious that Gus should get a wife, but he's terribly afraid that he'd be taken in; for it is generally understood he is to be the gentleman's heir. And as for his uncle, though liberal in everything else, he suspects every lady who pays his nephew the least attention of being a fortune-hunter."

"The old nunny," said the Colonel; "why can't he let the boy have his own way?"  
"I think as much," put in Patty.  
"Well, how did he manage?" inquired the Colonel.  
"Why," said Henry, "he was in a confounded pickle. He was afraid to ask his uncle's consent right out; he could not manage to let him see the girl, for she lives at some distance. But he knew his uncle enjoyed a good joke, and was an enthusiastic admirer of beauty. So, what does he do, but go and get her miniature taken, for she was extremely beautiful, besides being intelligent and accomplished."  
"Beautiful—intelligent—accomplished!" exclaimed the Colonel—"pray, what objection should the fool have to her?"  
"Why she is not worth a groat," replied Henry.  
"Fudge!" said the old Colonel. "I wish I had been in the old gentleman's place. How did he get on?"  
"Why, as I said, he had a picture taken, and as it was about the time of collecting rents, he thought it would make the uncle good-natured if he went home and offered to assist him; and so, answering all inquiries, he took the miniature out of his pocket, handed it to his uncle, and asked him how he liked it—telling him a particular friend lent it to him. The old gentleman was in an ecstasy of delight, and declared he would give the world to see a woman as handsome as that, and that Gus might have her."  
"Ha!" shouted the Colonel. "Capital! the best joke I ever heard; but was she really beautiful?"  
"The most angelic creature I ever saw," answered Henry. "but you can judge for yourself. He lent me the picture, and knowing your taste that way, I brought it for you to look at."  
Here Henry took the miniature out of his pocket, and handed it to his uncle, at the same time refilling his glass.  
Aunt Patty got out of her chair to look at the picture. "Well, now," she said, "she is beautiful!"  
"You may well say that, sister," said the Colonel. "Bother me if I do not wish I had been in Gus's place. Deuce take it! why did you not get the girl yourself, Harry? The most charming, graceful creature I ever laid my eyes on! I would give a thousand pounds for such a niece."  
"Would you?" inquired Henry, patting the dog.  
"Yes, that I would," replied the Colonel; "and nine thousand more upon the top of it, and that makes ten thousand; deuce take me if I would not!"  
"Then I'll introduce her to you to-morrow," said Henry.  
As there was a wedding at the house of the worthy Colonel very shortly after, and the old gentleman was highly pleased with the beautiful and accomplished bride, it is reasonable to suppose that Henry did not forget his promise.

# BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

MR. MORE wrote to a girl, asking her to marry him. She declined, and closed her note with, "No More at present."  
To write a good love letter you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and to finish without knowing what you have written.  
MOTHER (to her little son eight years old): "How do you like your new teacher, my dear?"  
—LITTLE SON: "Oh, she's capital! She sits and works worsted all the time, and don't care whether we learn our lessons or not!"  
"How much money have you?" said a rich old curmudgeon to a gay young fellow courting his pretty daughter.—"Oh, I haven't much of anything now, but I have a very rich prospect indeed." The wedding occurred, and the old gentleman learned from his fine son-in-law that the rich prospect was the prospect of marrying his daughter.  
THE Duke of Richmond, it is said, recently had occasion to write to an American lady with regard to some paintings which that person had to dispose of. The Duke signed himself with the title of his double dukedom. The lady misunderstood his Grace, and in reply addressed her envelope to "Messrs. Richmond and Gordon," commencing her epistle with "Gents."  
PROF. SEYDIE was lecturing in Ossipee, U. S., on Natural Philosophy, and in the course of his experiments he introduced one of Carrington's most powerful magnets, with which he attracted a block of iron from a distance of two feet. "Can any of you conceive a greater attractive power?" the lecturer demanded. "I ken," answered a voice from the audience. "Not a natural, terrestrial object, I opine?" "Yaas, sir!" The Professor challenged the man who had spoken to name the thing. Then uprose old Set Winlet. He was a genius in his way, and original. Said he: "I ken give ye the facts, squire, an' you ken judge for yerself. When I were a young man, thar were a little piece o' natural magnet, done up in kaliker an' dunnity, as was called Betsey Jane. She could draw me fourteen miles every Sunday. Snakes alive, it were jest as natural as slidin' down hill! That wa'n't no resistin' her. Thar' ere magnet o' yourn is poety good, but 'tain't a circumstance to the one 'at draw'd me." "No, sir!"  
A Dublin chambermaid is said to have got twelve commercial travellers into eleven bed rooms, and yet to have given each a separate room. Here we have the eleven separate bed-rooms.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11  
"Now," says she, "if two of you gentlemen will go into No. 1 bedroom and wait a few minutes I'll find a spare room for you as soon as I have shown the others to their rooms." Well, now, having thus bestowed two gentlemen in No. 1, she puts third in No. 2, the fourth in No. 3, the fifth in No. 4, the sixth in No. 5, the seventh in No. 6, the eighth in No. 7, the ninth in No. 8, the tenth in No. 9, the eleventh in No. 10. She then came back in No. 1, where you will remember she had left the twelfth gentleman alone with the first, and said, "I've accommodated all the rest and have still a room to spare, so if one of you will step into No. 11 you will find it empty." Then the twelfth man got his bedroom. Of course there is a hole in the saucerpan somewhere, but we leave the reader to determine exactly where the fallacy is, with just a warning to think twice before declaring as to which, if any, of the travellers was the "odd man out."  
THERE were a score or more of women gathered together at Mr. Johnson's house. Mr. Johnson is a good-hearted man and a respectable citizen, though he is rather sceptical about some things. The women had just organised "The Foreign Benevolent Society," when Mr. Johnson entered the room. He was at once appealed to to donate a few dollars as a foundation to work on, and Mrs. Graham added:  
"It would be so pleasant in after years for you to remember that you gave this society its first dollar and its first kind word."  
He slowly opened his wallet, drew out a ten-dollar bill, and as the ladies smacked their lips and clapped their hands, he asked:  
"Is this society organized to aid the poor of foreign countries?"  
"Yes—yes—yes!" they chorused.  
"And it wants money?"  
"Yes—yes!"  
"Well, now," said Johnson, as he folded the bill in a tempting shape, "there are twenty married women here. If there are fifteen of you who can make oath that you have combed your children's hair this morning, washed the dishes, blacked the cook-stove, and made the beds, I'll donate this \$10."  
"I have," answered two of the crowd, and the rest said:  
"Why, now, Mr. Johnson?"  
"If fifteen of you can make oath that your husbands are not wearing socks with holes in the heels, this money is yours," continued the wretch.  
"Just hear him!" they exclaimed, each one looking at the other.  
"If ten of you have boys without holes in the knees of their pants, this 'N' goes to the society," said Johnson.  
"Such a man!" they whispered.  
"If there are five pairs of stockings in this room that don't need darning I'll hand over the money," he went on.  
"Mr. Johnson," said Mrs. Graham, with great dignity, "the rules of this society declare that no money shall be contributed except by members; and as you are not a member I beg that you will withdraw and let us proceed with the routine business."

# NEWSPAPER CIRCULATION.

Having been appointed to investigate the actual circulation of the EVENING STAR for one month, to wit, from 16th May to 15th June, 1876, I have carefully examined the books and vouchers of said paper, and from which I find that the circulation for said 26 days was 294,933 as detailed below, being an average of 11,343 per day.

| DATE.   | CITY.   | COUNTRY. | TOTAL.  |
|---------|---------|----------|---------|
| May 16  | 8,544   | 1,589    | 10,133  |
| " 17    | 9,048   | 1,589    | 10,637  |
| " 18    | 9,704   | 1,568    | 11,272  |
| " 19    | 9,777   | 1,567    | 11,344  |
| " 20    | 9,885   | 1,592    | 11,477  |
| " 21    | 9,840   | 1,594    | 11,434  |
| " 22    | 9,842   | 1,585    | 11,427  |
| " 23    | 9,408   | 1,593    | 11,001  |
| " 24    | 9,539   | 1,596    | 11,135  |
| " 25    | 10,229  | 1,592    | 11,821  |
| " 26    | 9,205   | 1,594    | 10,799  |
| " 27    | 9,659   | 1,591    | 11,250  |
| " 28    | 10,488  | 1,593    | 12,081  |
| June 1  | 9,951   | 1,592    | 11,543  |
| " 2     | 9,698   | 1,593    | 11,291  |
| " 3     | 10,027  | 1,594    | 11,621  |
| " 4     | 9,710   | 1,589    | 11,299  |
| " 5     | 10,011  | 1,585    | 11,596  |
| " 6     | 9,890   | 1,584    | 11,474  |
| " 7     | 9,729   | 1,577    | 11,306  |
| " 8     | 9,765   | 1,661    | 11,426  |
| " 9     | 10,233  | 1,578    | 11,811  |
| " 10    | 9,751   | 1,579    | 11,330  |
| " 11    | 9,943   | 1,584    | 11,527  |
| " 12    | 9,643   | 1,802    | 11,445  |
| " 13    | 9,344   | 1,631    | 10,975  |
| Average | 253,251 | 41,682   | 294,933 |
|         | 9,743   | 1,600    | 11,343  |

THOMAS R. JOHNSON,  
Accountant.

Montreal, June 23, 1876.

N. B.—The circulation for the month ending 15th June shows, in comparison with the figures of the month preceding:—  
Average Daily Circulation.  
City. Country. Total.  
16th May to 15th June 9,743 1,600 11,343  
16th April to 15th May 9,298 1,634 10,932  
815 34 750  
Showing an average increase in city circulation, in a single month, of 815 copies, daily, or an aggregate increase of 21,190.

# THE PRICE OF FOOD IN OLD TIMES.

Amid the never-ending comments on the high price of provisions it is difficult for us to realize the fact that a time existed in England's history when wheat, as food for one hundred for a whole day, was worth only a shilling, and the average price of a sheep was fourpence. In the reign of Henry I. the price of wine was raised to sixpence a quart for red, and eightpence for white, in order that the sellers might be enabled to live by it. When wheat was one shilling and sixpence per quarter, as it sometimes was, the farthing white loaf was to weigh sixty-four ounces, and the whole grain ninety-six. Think of purchasing a six-pound loaf of good wheaten bread for a farthing! In the nineteenth year of the reign of Edward I. the price of provisions in the city of London was fixed by the Common Council at a tariff by which two pullets were sold for three halfpence, a partridge or two woodcocks for the same, while a fat lamb was to be sixpence from Christmas to Shrovetide, and the rest of the year fourpence. In the fourteenth century, Parliament fixed the price of a fat ox at forty-eight shillings, a shorn sheep at five shillings, two dozen of eggs at threepence, and the best wine at twenty shilling per tun. An Act of Parliament passed in 1533 settled the value of beef and pork at a halfpenny per pound, and veal at three farthings.

# ARTISTIC.

THE life-size statue of Horace Greeley, for Greenwood Cemetery, is now ready for erection.

Forty-six cases of casts and photographs taken from the German excavations at Olympia have been sent to Berlin. The digging will be recommenced next September.

ADMIRERS of Mr. Carlyle will rejoice to learn that M. Rajon has been invited to execute a portrait of the author of "Sartor Resartus," and that that able engraver is about to begin the commission.

FOREIGNERS as well as native artists are invited to compete for the construction of a monument in Pesh to Francis Deak, and three prizes are offered for the best designs. The cost is not to exceed 100,000 dollars.

"BANSU: OR, OUR AFGHAN FRONTIER," is the title of a work which will be of special interest to the student of Pashto, and of general interest to Oriental scholars. It contains the first collection of Pashto proverbs which has been given to the public.

THE colossal statue of Independence for the harbor of New York will be finished, it is hoped, in time to be shown in Paris during the exhibition in 1878. The wrist of this gigantic statue has been moulded lately. It took 200 sacks of plaster for its composition, and weighed 5,075 kilograms.

Professor Whitney, the learned American Sanskritist, is reported to have nearly completed a treatise on Aryan affinities, a work likely to create a sensation amongst Oriental scholars. It is said he intends to proceed to India soon and take up his abode there for several years, to continue his researches.

THE Byron Memorial Committee has at last invited competition for the proposed colossal statue in the Green Park, and it is announced that the models, which are to be quarter-size, must be sent in before the 1st of October, and will be exhibited in the South Kensington Museum. The amount already collected is £3,000.

SEVERAL statues in white marble are to be placed in the crypt of the tomb for the Orleans family at Dreux. The first, ordered by the Comte de Paris, represents Madame Adelaide lying on a bed, the head and breast surrounded by a lace veil. The three others have been commanded by the Duc de Montpensier, who will place them on the tombs of his daughter and two sons. All four are the work of the sculptor Millet.

THE Prince of Wales' Indian presents make a very fine and attractive show, but intrinsically they are not worth much. Most of the diamonds are flat chips, so light that they float in water. As works they are not to be compared with the contents of the India Museum. One of the Cashmere shawls is worked in the shape of a wrap of Junno, the capital of that country. In many respects the collection shows the pernicious influence of European models, and fine old Indian work of any kind is not very plentiful.

WELLS SMITH, an artist in Leeds, England, was waited upon by a detective who had received instructions from London to investigate the receipt of a note, of which the following is a copy: "What a nerve you must have had to collar the Gainsborough. What are you going to do with it?" This note, Smith informed the officer, had been received by him from a peculiar artist resident in London, and he had thrown it into his waste-paper basket, and thought no more about it. Hence it found its way to the dust heap, and was there picked up by a rag man, who had heard of the reward offered for the recovery of the stolen picture "The Duchess of Devonshire."

A NOVEL feature in the art collection of the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition will be the largest picture ever painted. The subject is the "Siege of Paris," and the painter, the celebrated M. Philippoteaux, the size, fifty feet wide by three hundred and eighty feet long. The task of painting so large a picture is of course difficult, especially as the artist will not consent to leave Paris. The *modus operandi* is as follows. The great canvas is stretched that upon the floor of a large building. As soon as a portion of the painting—which is worked up from miniature sketches—of sufficient dimensions is finished, it is covered with paper, and the completed part rolled up, thus bringing a new and unfinished section upon the vast easel, and within reach of the artist's brush. A peculiar and attractive feature will be the introduction of superb life-sized figures in *paysan* models of men and horses, occupying a foreground of earth, in front of the canvas, by means of which the eye will insensibly be carried away from reality to the painting—a perfect illusion.

THE National Portrait Gallery has just now acquired by purchase several important additions to its treasures. These are—1. Mary Tudor, as "Lady Mary," aged twenty-eight, anno 1544, a much injured, but quite genuine picture, and similar to an engraving by Hall, on panel, with gilding. 2. Mary Queen of Scots, at the time she was a prisoner at Sheffield, dated 1578. The brand of Charles I., "C. R." surmounted by a royal crown, is on the back of the very strong oak panel. These pictures have lain hid at Beaurepaire, a seat of the Brocas family in Hampshire. 3. Angelica Kauffmann, by herself, an oval, half-length, the size of life, holding a book and portfolio. 4. Anne Oldfield, grandmother of the first Earl of Cadogan, who was brought in state to the Jerusalem Chamber, and refused a monument in Westminster Abbey, where she is buried beneath the memorial of Congreve. She was "Nardissa," the subject of Pope's satire. 5. Rachel Lady Russell, widow of Lord Russell, the patriot, in mourning, seated in a pensive attitude; a good Kneller.