### BETTER THAN GOLD..

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand-fold.
Is a healthy body and mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please;
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
And share its joys with a genial glow,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in a humble sphere,
Doubly blessed with content and health,
Untried by the lust or the cares of wealth;
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot;
For mind and morals, in nature's plan,
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labours close.
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumber deep.
Bring sleepy draughts to the downy bed
Where luxury pillows its aching head,
But he his simple opiate deems
A shorter route to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore:
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empire pass away;
The world's great dream will thus unfold,
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
When all the fireside characters come;
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister or wife;
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by Heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought nor sold,
And centre there, are better than gold.

### HORACE, ODES, BOOK I., XXXVIII.

TO MY BOY.

BY G.

Persians I hate, boy; festal preparations
Fall on my soul—linden crowns and all that.
Don't, an' you love me, hunt about for roses,
Lazily loit'ring.
Myrtle is good enough; do not, I beseech you,
Labour to better it; myrtle unbecomes not
You as the servant, me as the master
Quaffing off my wine.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

Persian odours, feasts, I hate;
Linden garlands I abhor;
Laggard roses, blooming late,
Do not seek for, I implore.

Simple myrtle—that will do;
All but that I shall decline;
Myrtle suits a boy like you,
And the master at his wine.

## DROLLERIES OF THE STAGE.

Charlotte and Susan Cushman once attempted to play Romeo and Juliet at Trenton. Scenery and property were conspicuous by their absence; and the only way they could devise for doing the balcony scene was to stretch an old-fashioned patchwork quilt in front of Juliet, one end being held by the manager, and the other by a little negro employed at the hotel. All went well until Juliet called Romeo back to ask,

And what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send for thee?

Before "fair Montague" could reply, a black head peeped out from the side, and its proprietor ejaculated: "Miss Cushing, my bell's ringin', and I am obliged to let my side of the house drop;" and drop it he did, and there was an end to the balcony scene.

The sisters were not quite as dumbfounded as Madame Miohan Carvalho when playing in *Lucia di Lammermoor* at Marseilles. The cantatrice had ordered a restaurant-keeper to send her a basin of hot soup at nine o'clock. The hour came, and with it a girl carrying the star's refreshment. The girl made at once for the stage, and arrived at the wings as Madame was singing in the finale to the first act; and the next moment Ravenswood and Lucia were astonished by a soup-tureen being set down on the mossy bank in front of the fountain, the cover lifted, and the intruder addressing them, as she plunged a spoon in the bowl, with: "Begging your pardon, sir, for interrupting you and the lady, but here's the soup!"

On the first night of *A Crown for Love*, Anne Boleyn had no sooner uttered the words, "Now is the crown fixed firmly on my head," than the regal diadem set auditors and actress laughing by tumbling to the ground. An accident not so annoying to the individual most concerned as the gallery commentary upon a Dunedin Cassio's lamentation: "O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!" coming in the significant shape of: "All right, old man; drink away; you're safe!" Equally trying to the actor's serenity was the more friendly intimation from another "god," who seeing Macbeth cover his face with his robe and shudder convulsively after crying "Unreal mockery, hence!" to Banquo's ghost, let him know the horrible shadow had departed by shouting: "It's all right now, governor; he's gone!"

Actors, like other men, are apt to plume themselves upon finding favour with the ladies, and like other men, sometimes achieve embarrassing conquests. Christian Brandes in his strolling days was cast to play Leander in a primitive sort of drama in which the dialogue was left pretty much to the discretion of the players. It was settled that Hero was not to be too easily won, but to refrain from admitting her love for Leander until he had plied her hard with passionate speeches. Unluckily the Hero of the occasion was in reality desperately smitten, and scarcely gave Leander time to protest his love, before exclaiming: "I cannot resist you, Leander; accept my heart and hand." Brandes was nonplussed; the fine speeches he had prepared were unsuited to the situation. While he hesitated, the enraged manager whispered to Hero: "In the fiend's name improvise a few words and retire!" Whereupon the poor girl turned to the audience and said: "In the fiend's name, I improvise a few words and retire!" and tripped gaily off the stage to the shouts of the amused audience; who after all, had less reason to laugh than those who heard the Western Romeo announce: "But soft! What light from yonder window breaks? It is the east, and Juliet has a son!" What his Juliet thought of the new reading is not recorded.

Macready travelling by coach to Bath, was much amused by a fellow-passenger whose budget of theatrical anecdotes seemed inexhaustible. By-and-by the story-teller said: "Macready is a good actor: but he can never play without applause. He went on one night, and no notice being taken of him, he told the manager he could not get on if he was not applauded. Whereupon the manager went round and told the audience what Macready had said; and when the tragedian reappeared, they applauded him so incessantly that he was utterly disconcerted." Not more disconcerted however than the relater of the story, when his amused listener observed that he rather discredited *that* tale, since he happened himself to be Mr. Macready.

Dumaine, as a pirate in *Le Fleau des Mers*, was wont to excite the wonder of the spectators by extinguishing a candle with a pistol-shot. The trick was done by placing the light on a table near a small round hole in the "cloth" behind it, through which the prompter blew out the candle as Dumaine discharged the pistol. Actuated by jealousy or a love of mischief, a fellow-actor one night covered the hole with goldbeater's skin, and when the pirate fired and the prompter blew, the candle flared away in triumph. Dumaine drew another pistol from his belt; but before he could pull the trigger the malicious joker had torn away the skin, and by blowing through the hole made the candle go out, and apparently of its own accord, while Dumaine was mentally abusing the innocent prompter for his pet point not coming off as usual.

Readiness in unforeseen emergencies is of the greatest value to manager and actor alike. A word fails the memory at an important stage of the play, or some other accident occurs to mar or even put a stop to all further proceedings. On such occasions fertility of resource is of the greatest moment, and has over and over again saved the credit of all concerned. In fact the readiness of an actor or manager to turn an apparent disaster into a happy interlude is much on a par with the presence of mind that guides a skillful general to victory. This readiness was well displayed on the stage by Luguet when playing the bearer of an important despatch, on the contents of which the plot of the drama turned. By mistake the property-man gave Luguet a blank sheet of paper, which he handed to the mimic king, who not having studied the words which ought to have been written on the despatch, was in a quandary. He got out of it by handing the paper back to the messenger, with the command: "Read it to me, sirrah!" Luguet however, was equal to the occasion, and responded: "Alas, sir, born of poor but honest parents, I have never learned to read."

A travelling company performing in one of the cities out West, where dramatic entertainments were rarely seen, announced Maturin's sombre tragedy *Bertram*, the hero to be enacted by a clever but erratic player named Webb. The house was crammed. "Where's Webb?" asked the manager. Nobody knew. Scouts were sent out, and the actor unearthed; but to get him to the theatre was beyond them. He would not go. What was to be done? Somebody suggested returning the money; but the manager was not inclined to let three hundred and fifty dollars slip through his fingers. "We'll change the play," said he, "everybody get ready for *The Review*. They don't know the difference between farce and tragedy down here; only remember to call Deputy Bull, Deputy Bertram, and we shall pull through right enough." They played *The Review*, and the audience never discovered the alteration in the programme.

The good folks of Agen, a small French town, were not to be so easily cheated out of what they came to see. A strolling troupe, of whom young Hortense Schneider was one, announced *La Tour de Neale* for their last performance. An overflow resulted. The actors were in high spirits and full of fun. Mademoiselle Schneider discovering an old pair of russet boots behind the scenes, put them by way of a joke into the hands of Buridan as he was going on the stage. Accepting the awkward handful, he placed the boots on a table on the stage, and quietly went through his part; when another actor of the name of Philippe p' Aulnay took possession, and made his exit with one under each arm. In the next act, Marguerite de Bourgoyne entered carrying the mysterious boots, and passed them to Gaultier d'Aulnay; he turned them over to Orsini; in short, before the curtain fell the boots, though foreign to the piece, had been, borne in succession by every personage. The audience watched for their appearance, while wondering what it all meant, and applauded the players to their heart's content. Twelve months afterwards another company set up their bills in Agen, and *La Tour de Miele* attracted everybody to the theatre; but before the first act was over there were symptoms of displeasure, which gradually increased, until the uproar was so great that the curtain fell on a half-played piece; benches were torn up, lights put out, and only the arrival of the mayor at the head of a troop of soldiers put an end to the tumult. Then the mayor turned on the poor manager, who protested his inability to understand how the riot came about. "That is all nonsense," returned the mayor. "Your conduct is disgraceful. You have misled the people and mutilated a masterpiece. *Where are the boots?*"

Actors are supposed to be an unmethodical race; but they are punctual to business. To avoid keeping the stage waiting, Grimaldi once ran from Sadler's Wells to Drury Lane in his clown's costume. With the same regard for punctuality, Mr. Toole having to play Jack Grinnidge in *Green Bushes* at "the Wells," after performing the clockmaker's boy in *Jane Pride* at the Adelphi, executed the change from boyhood to age *en route*, and when he stepped out of the cab, found further progress barred by the driver, who demanded: "What have you done with the kid, old un, that I took up at the 'Delphy?" and was not to be pacified until the stage door keeper endorsed the comedian's explanation of the mystery.

During the run of *Ours* at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Mr. John Clarke, who played Hugh Calcott, used to pass his Sundays and Mondays at Brighton, returning to town by the five o'clock express. On e Monday afternoon, upon arriving at the station at the usual time, he discovered that the express had been withdrawn during the winter months; and that if he wanted to be in London by half-past seven, he must pay twenty pounds for a special engine. He paid the money; and as he jumped into his solitary first-class carriage, congratulated himself that he had only lost a quarter of an hour. "Eighteen shillings, if you please sir," said an official. "What for?" "By the by-laws of the Brighton Company, all occupants of a seat in a special express must pay extra fare," was the unwelcome response. He had but half a sovereign in his purse, and had to run back to his hotel to supply the deficiency—then he was off in deed, and was smoking his cigar as Hugh Calcott on the stage of the Prince of Wales' at the proper time.

Less expensive, but more risky was Mr. Emery's railway ride from Anerley to London. He had been down at the Crystal Palace, and allowed himself plenty of time to reach the Olympic Theatre; but he had the chagrin of seeing three trains despatched while he was waiting permission to go on the platform, and of learning there would not be another for half an hour; but that if he made the best use of his legs he might catch a train at Anerley which was due at London Bridge at half-past six. He ran his hardest, darted past the porters at Anerley, and jumped into the guard's van as the train was proceeding. In went the guard after him, and having no breath left to explain, he gave an undertaking to appear if called upon by the Company; and jumping into a hansom, by a promise of double fare got over the distance in twenty minutes; and two minutes later was as Mr. Potter, standing with his back to the fire in John Mildmay's drawing-room, in the play of *Still Waters Run Deep*. Mr. Crompton was not so successful in his attempt to reach the Haymarket from Epsom Downs on the Derby Day, and for the first time in his life failed his manager. It was ten o'clock before he arrived at the theatre, and *The Evil Genius*, in which he played a deaf postman, was over. He eagerly inquired what apology had been made for his non-appearance, and what piece they had substituted. "No apology, and no change at all," was the consoling reply: "we cut the postman's part out altogether, and nobody missed it." The experiment was a bold one; but not so bold as that of the Memphis manager who, upon his prima-donna sulking at the last moment, cut Alice out of *Robert le Diable* and pleyed the opera without the heroine!

In 1834 Macready was starring at Louth. As he was dressing one evening for Virginius, the manager came into the room with such a long face, that Macready inquired: "Bad house?" "Bad house, sir," replied the dejected manager; "there's no one!" "What! nobody at all?" "Not a soul, sir, except the Warden's party in the boxes." "What! not one person in the pit or gallery?" "O yes; there are one or two." "Are there five?" "Yes; there are five." "Then," said Macready, "go on at once we have no right to give ourselves airs." He adds: "I never acted Virginius better in all my life."

### Very Lively Cider.

A Norwich man put up twelve bottles of cider against the no-licence law this season, and when he went down cellar to get a bottle for a friend the other night he found that five of them had burst. He picked up a sound one and returned above stairs. He held the bottle at an angle of sixty-two and one-half degrees north latitude, between his knees, and cut the wires that girt the cork. There was a flash and a report, and the cork struck the northern brink of his wife's left ear, while the entire pint of cider, making nearly as good time as the cork, struck the expectant friend full in the mouth.

Never having accustomed himself to drinking cider in this way, that is, on the fly, he reminded the dejected possessor of the bottle that he had been able only to get a smell of the liquor, and advised him to open another bottle. The request was complied with and the host brought up another bottle and in order to avoid accidents and also save the cider he turned the neck of the bottle into a pitcher before he cut the wires. Then he severed the cords in the presence of a small but highly appreciative and attentive audience. The second manœuvre, as far as getting the cider out of the bottle and into the pitcher was concerned, was a complete success, but the idea that it might refuse to stay there does not appear to have struck him half so forcibly as did the cider when, with unimpaired agility and strength, it shot forth and raked him from the bottom button of his vest to the back part of his hair. About a thimble full of the liquid remained in the bottom of the pitcher, and this was drunk in solemn silence by the guest, who pronounced it exceedingly good, but nervously muttered something about setting the children a bad example of extravagance and waste when the opening of a third bottle was suggested.—[Norwich Bulletin.

### Railway Rules.

If you are a commercial traveller, make your own rules.

Get on the train the instant it reaches the platform, the alighting passengers notwithstanding; any fool can get off a train.

Once on board, secure your seat—that is to say, two seats in the centre of the car, one next the stove, and one in the smoking compartment.

If you see a fellow-passenger falling asleep hand him a tract or ask him the name of the next station. Either may lead to a conversation.

If you are asked by a stranger to take a hand at whist, throttle him on the spot.

An interesting object—a clean sweep.

A lasting grievance—one's bootmaker's bill.

"The angel said unto me write." Note by our favourite devil, "He must have been a fallen 'un."

## GENTLEMEN OF THE SWORD.

### Some Distinguished Masters of the Noble Art of Fencing.

### A Novelist's Blunder—Stage Combats Cheered in Paris and Laughed at in New York—American Actors who know the Foils.

The art of fencing has furnished many a picturesque scene to the poets, dramatists, and novelists of the romantic school in all countries. Stage fights well executed always draw a good crowd, and a good combat has often saved the fortunes of a bad play. The duel scenes of the "Corsican Brothers," the fencing bouts in "Hamlet" and the "Lady of Lyons," the single combats in "Richard III.," "Macbeth," and "Romeo and Juliet" are as familiar as popular. The novels of Scott and Bulwer in England, Dumas and others in France, are full of sword combats, while Goethe and Schiller in Germany exhibit no less fondness for the "gentleman's weapon." When *Col. Damas* say that "any man who has carte and tierce at his fingers' ends must be a gentleman," he expresses a feeling that comes down from the times of chivalry.

In recent years, with the improvement in firearms and the general disuse of the sword, fencing has dropped out of favour in literature, save in military and naval novels. With the disuse of the weapon comes the liability to mistake in description of its use, as was lately shown by no less a writer than Wilkie Collins. His Christmas story of last year, called "The Duel in Herne Wood," is founded on such a blunder. He makes his hero a skilful fencer, who has visited the schools of Paris, Vienna, and everywhere else. This hero is challenged to a sword duel by the villain, who pays a poor fencing master £50 to teach him a secret by which a greenhorn can defeat a master. This secret consists simply in catching the opponent's swordwrist with the left hand while fighting, and then running him through.

This is the first and commonest move in what is known as "fencing *a la brigand*," and is in use in Spain, Italy, Germany, France, everywhere, indeed, where great fencing schools exist. Nevertheless, Mr. Collins founds his whole story on the remorse suffered by the villain for using this costly secret—the same, by the by, which Marryat uses in the duel in "Peter Simple," and a modification of the trick by which Lever makes Tom Burke defeat Maitre Francois.

The same general disuse of the sword and consequent bungling in its occasional employment have cast ridicule on much of the stage fighting of the present day. The ludicrous exhibitions of what is known as "two up and two down" that constitute the average modern actor's idea of a combat, would not have been tolerated in the days of Garrick, when the audience was capable of criticising the fencing as well as the acting. As it is, the so-called "fight" at the end of "Richard III.," is sure to be greeted with laughter and ironic cheers in most theatres, when executed in this style. When the actors take the trouble to learn to fence, the result is very different. The fine appearance of Fechter with a sword in his hand was the theme of many a critic in the days when Fechter was still new in this country, and there is no doubt that he did look well; but it was the contrast with the bunglers round him that made most of his fame, for Fechter is only an ordinary fencer. The furore lately excited by good stage fencing in Paris shows that its hold on the public has not ceased. All the world is running to see the duels in "Romeo and Juliet," simply because they look real, the actors having been carefully trained by a fencing master. Any American manager who takes the trouble and bears the expense of training his company to vivid and lifelike representations of hand-to-hand fighting will find it pay handsomely. The great pecuniary success of our athletic meetings proves this, and skilful management can transfer the excitement to the stage here as well as in France.

At present the number of our actors, even the most celebrated, who can make a stage combat look real, is very small. Lester Wallack is a pretty fair boxer in the old-fashioned style, and can play the single-stick moderately well, but with the rapier he is nowhere. Edwin Booth is only a fair foil fencer, but his brother, Junius, while not so famous as an actor, is a first class swordsman, having won matches with the foils against experts. Pope, who recently played at Nible's in the "Corsican Brothers," is an excellent fencer, and Frank Mayo and Charley Thorne are expert at knife play. Those aside, hardly a decent fencer can be found on our stage. Barrett, while a noted actor, is no fencer at all, and makes a perfect burlesque of the fight in "Richard III."

Every large town in France has its *salle d' armes*, sometimes two or three, and the ambition of all the provincial fencing masters is some day to teach in Paris. To become a *maitre d' armes* in Paris only one way is open—that of skill. An aspirant must be able to hold his own with the best masters there, and a series of victorious "assauts" confers the coveted *brevet de pointe* of the Ecole Polytechnique or the Ecole Centrale d' Escrime, the rendezvous of the best fencers. Different masters in Paris have their supporters and schools, as they always have had. Once it was Lafaugere who was known as the *Roi d' Escrime* in the days of the First Napoleon. He was the inventor of the *coup d' arret*, the "time thrust," which has held its own ever since as the highest proof of skill in fencing, when properly employed. Conlon was equally celebrated in his time, and Grichet was the master when Louis Philippe was King. In the early days of the Second Empire M. Bernard was the recognized chief, and M. Robert held the first rank at its close. M. Louis M. Merignac is the first master in Paris to-day, and Desarolles has special fame as a trainer of actors. The oldest fencing master now in Paris is M. Ponce.

Paris is not the only city where good fencers are to be found. On the contrary, the German capitals have excellent schools, though the point is subordinated to the edge most Germans; in other words they prefer broadswords to foils. The student duels, so famous at Bonn, Dusseldorf, Gottingen, and Heidelberg, are always fought with the *schager*, a narrow basket-hilted sword, ground as sharp as a razor, while the fencing schools devote most of their time to broadsword work.

In Stokholm and Copenhagen are some of the best fencing schools in the world. Dr. Linge, the founder of the "Swedish movement cure," was also the inventor of an almost entirely new school of fencing with the foil, which has superseded the old French style in moss parts of Europe. The leading features of this school are the change of position on guard, the left hand resting on the hip instead of going up in the old-fashioned "balance," and the adoption of what are called "effective parries;" which are apt to disarm a fencer of the French school. The fame of the Central Institute of Stockholm incited Copenhagen to emulation, and to-day the best school of arms in Europe, the best athletic tournaments, and the best circus performers are to be found in the seldom-visited capital of Denmark.

In England fencing with the foil has not taken the same hold as broadsword exercise, but Angelo, Capt. Chiesso, Griffith, and McLaren, have brought the art down to the present day, while the English Life Guardsmen are found all over Europe as heavy swordsmen and singlestick players.

Spain and Italy have their peculiar schools of fencing, where the combatants indulge in all sorts of tricks not recognized in strict school fencing, but very effective against novices. "Brigand fencing," as it is called in France, comes from Spain and is universally practised in Mexico and Spanish America, where the people are still enthusiasts in swordsmanship. The Espadachins or professional swordsmen of Central America travel from fair to fair, and the peasants and gentry alike bet their money on them to the last dollar. They hardly ever cross blades, having a saying that the sword should be treated as "as if made of glass;" they trust to feints, false attacks, bounds, and supple evasions to puzzle an adversary, seizing his sword wrist with the left haud whenever possible.

In the United States swordsmanship has never taken a firm hold on the affections of the people, save in California and Nevada, where the tastes was caught from the Spanish population. There are some excellent swordsmen in the Olympic Club of San Francisco. Gen. McComb, editor of the *Alta California*, used to be known in the fencing school as "Iron Wrist," from his power of disarming his opponents, and nearly all the old California actors were members at one time or another of the school. Their instructor, now in New York, is a Baltimorean, remarkable as the only American fencing master, having, besides, a very strange and checkered history. His name is Thomas H. Moustery. He graduated in Stockholm and Copenhagen as a master of arms, and has won many laurels in contests with the masters of Europe and Spanish America. As a fencer he is probably unequalled by any now living, and his actor pupils—the two Booths, Mayo, Thorne, and Pope—are living proofs of his skill as a teacher. Since 1870 Col. Moustery has had a fencing school in New York. His only formidable rival is Monsieur Regis Senac, the fencing master of the Racket Club. Senac is a much younger man, having been born in 1838, while Moustery first saw the light in 1821. The French master graduated as *maitre d' armes* of the First Lancers under the celebrated M. Bernard in 1859; entered the Chasseurs d' Afrique in 1862, and was transferred to the Traine Militaire of the Imperial Guard in 1864 as *maitre d' armes*—a position he held until the disbanding of the Guard after the Prussian war. Then he came to America. As a fencer his characteristics are grace, activity, and finish, and in the use of the *coup d' arret* he is very skilful.

Besides Moustery and Senac there are now only four properly accredited *maitres d' armes* in America—Antoine Lorenz, the swordmaster at West Point, and MM. Caurbester, Retz, and Hentz at Annapolis. Of skilful amateurs in New York city teaching the art, but not regularly brevited from any school, there are Fredrich, swordmaster of the German Turnverien, and De Turck and Nicholas, both French. Friedrich's forte is the broadsword, with which he can beat any one in the city except Moustery and Senac. Miller, the Græco-Roman wrestler is an excellent single-stick player, but as a foil fencer only third rate.

### Sentiment Respecting Trees.

All England is up in arms against the authorities of Hampstead, who are accused of a conspiracy to commit vandalism. The British public has been informed that the officials of Hampstead have a proposition before them for the destruction of some "sylvan groves" that have for many generations formed a part of the pride and glory of the country. Every one seems interested in the matter. In order to prevent the fall of the axe on the beloved trees of Hampstead, they give an account of their history. In the seventeenth century the Honourable Susanna Noel, mother of the Earl of Gainsborough, gave six acres of heath land, "encompassing the well of medicinal waters," in trust, for the sole use and benefit of the poor of Hampstead. At that time the place was a noted sanitarium. It contained what the king's physician called a "inexhaustible fountain of health," a spring of strong chalybeate water. In order that visitors to the fountain might have a place for rest, exercise, and enjoyment, the noble donor gave six acres of land covered with lime trees, and arranged for a perpetual line of trustees who should take care of them as well as the spring. In process of time the water at the fountain gradually failed to flow, till at present five minutes are required to fill a pint cup. On this account the authorities thought they were justified in putting the property to some other use, namely, covering it with houses.

The people of England, however, claim that the trees formed a part of the trust, and that they must be preserved. They have constantly increased, while the overflow of the spring has decreased. During a large portion of three centuries they have been visited by the greatest men and women that Great Britain has produced. Lord Erskine lived near them, and daily rambled in the famous "well-walk." Coleridge visited the place in order to regain his health. Mrs. Barbauld lived beside the trees, and Joanna Baillie often came to enjoy the cooling shade of these far-spreading limes. Every landscape painter of note has transferred some of the trees to canvas. Their beauty has been sung by the poets of three centuries. Forensic and pulpit orators have alluded to the stateliness and grace of these trees in their most polished discourses. They are enshrined in the literature of the nation. They are known in every land, and the English people seem determined that they shall not be cut down. And they are right.

### Stationary Theology.

BY ERNST EMORY.

The folly of the modern vandalism which seeks to destroy all that is sacred in orthodox shrines and temples, is equalled only by the vain fancy of theologians who have run their course in the field of religious thought, then embodied their conceptions in sundry systems or bodies of divinity, and presented their work to the world with the name and pretensions of "Christianity."

Select from your flowers the simplest violet—most remarkable for its modesty. A child sees it, and its beauty gives his eye a sensuous pleasure. The man of science contemplates it, and with the lore of Linnæus at his command, he studies the relation of pistil and stamen, the mystery of carpel and calyx, and the symmetry and proportion of filament and petal. But he whose heart corresponds with its modesty and grace regards the flower from another point of view. To him it is a teacher. Its presence evidences a Maker; its charms tell the form of a loving God, and are not soldered together. The two ends lap over each other, and the ring can thus be made larger if necessary. The Alexandra cross is also in general favour. This is an exact copy of a cross found in Denmark, and the first was worn by the Princess of Wales. Its shape is very peculiar; on each point is an enamelled figure in red, green, and blue. "Barbarian" styles have thus far been considered the most elegant in jewellery. For day wear silver mountings replace gold. The newest porte-bonheur is composed of three circles, linked together by fine chains. One of the circles is adorned with pearls, another with turquoises, and the third with diamonds.

### Pryden's Boy at Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Pryden took their little boy to church on Sunday. It was his first day in pants and his first time in church. For the first half of the service he was fully absorbed in things about him, and the novelty of the situation. After that his mind turned in upon himself, and he began to pay exclusive attention to his own wants, and Mr. and Mrs. Pryden, from an exultant feeling of pride, gradually slipped down an inclined plane of anxiety which emptied into an abyss of despair. The number of positions the youth got into, and the wants he manifested would seem incredible were they not actually witnessed by a full score of respectable people. As soon as he took in a realizing sense of his own identity, Master Pryden began to comprehend and respond to the demands of his nature. He got on his knees in the seat and stared at the choir. He twisted back again, to the front and was only saved from falling to the floor by the alertness of his pa. The floor being thus suggested to him, he got down on it. Then he got up on the seat again. From this place he desired to change to a position between his pa and ma. He was accommodated. After resting quietly there for twenty seconds, he changed to the other side of his pa. Thence he moved to his pa's lap. From thence he went to the other side of his ma.

This was evidently a mistake, for he immediately expressed a wish to go back to the other side of his pa, and on their attempting to lift him there he kicked and cried, and was only silenced by being allowed to walk the distance, which he did at once. The motion so pleased him that he went straightway back again and tried it over. Also for the second and third time. Then he got up again between his ma and pa. Then he espied a gilt-backed book in the back of the next pew, and, reaching over to get it came within an ace of depositing his entire carcase on the other side, but was clutched in time by both of his parents and hauled safely back, very red in the face and very indignant. Disappointed in this venture, he turned his attention to the rack in his own pew, and possessed himself of the books therein, which, being taken away from him, made it necessary that he should get them again. These he dropped on the floor one at a time, and smiled the guileless smile of infancy as they were picked up by his embarrassed parents. Pretty well exhausted, he now prepared for sleep, and rested his head upon his mother's breast and closed his eyes. His parents sighed. Then he slipped down on the floor, sliding in such a way as to leave quite an expanse of white goods between his pants and jacket, and to roll the collar of the jacket up on the back of his head. The clothing was adjusted, his ma whispered in his ear for the fortieth time, and his pa scowled so hard as to nearly dislodge his own scalp. He saw the scowl and suddenly sank down on the floor, from which he had to be lifted by main force. Then he took out the hymn books again, and was going to drop them as before, when his pa interfered and rescued them. He resented this liberty by throwing back his head, which, coming in sharp contact with the back of the seat, wrenched from his lips a shrill cry. The unhappy mother endeavoured to stifle in her shawl so much of the wail as she could not whisper away, while his pa's face was full of great drops of great perspiration, of which pa himself was unconscious. The wail not abating, pa's knife, containing four blades, was brought into service, and then the cry hushed. For a full moment he was absorbed in the contemplation of this object. And then he let it drop. There was no carpet in the pew. Two-thirds of the congregation raised from the seats, and Mr. Pryden himself came almost to a perpendicular. Then the hymn was given out and sung, and the benediction was pronounced, and Mr. and Mrs. Pryden, with their heir between them, started for home, Mr. Pryden being so warm that he took off his overcoat and gave a boy 10 cents to carry it home for him.

### A Sea Slug that Restores Youth.

(From the London Telegraph.)

Rachel Levison, otherwise Mme. Rachel, is, it may be assumed, too much absorbed in the interesting occupation of picking oakum, making doormats, or wringing out clothes in the prison laundry, to devote her attention to her once favourite pursuit of making ladies "beautiful for ever." Indeed, were she so inclined to revert to her favourite study, the governor of the establishment in which the venerable matron is spending her period of seclusion from "the madding crowd," might perhaps object to her experimentalizing on the countenances of her fellow *detenues*, or on those of the female warders. Still, there are plenty of lady Cagliostros at large, and these occult dealers in elixirs and cosmetics will learn with much interest that there exists a simple and efficacious nostrum possessing the specific property of making aged people not only look young, but of positively endowing them with renewed youth, as the fabled Fontaine de Jouvence was said to do. The marvellous specific is the large seaslug known as *beche de mer*, a moluse about the size of a cucumber, which is fished for in very deep water among the rocks off some islands in the Pacific. The extraordinary virtues of this slug were mentioned a few days since, in a trial at law, by Mr. Willis, Q. C., who incidentally and humorously observed that *beche de mer* was highly prized in China, not only as a delicacy for the table, but for its rejuvenescent properties. He had seen it, pursued Mr. Willis, bnt his friend Mr. Hill had tasted it, and that might account for the fact that, although Mr. Hill was his senior at the bar, he looked so much younger a man than he [Mr. Willis] did. This, as bar humour goes, may be held as a very good joke; but the question before us is how to supply the London markets with sea slugs capable of making old people young. If a cargo of *beche de mer* could only be landed at the London docks, baskets of the youth-giving edible should at once be forwarded to all the aged celebrities of the day, and all the old ladies who were once famous beauties. We should have all our dear old actors, dancers, painters, authors, back in their prime. It would be, perhaps, inexpedient to send any *beche de mer* to the Judges of England—Judges, like port wine, improve with age—but a few sea slugs might be advantageously presented to the Episcopal Bench. It may, in conclusion, just be hinted that snail soup is a very old-fashioned English remedy for consumption, and that the supernatural qualities ascribed to sea slugs in China may be only an imaginative exaggeration of the supposed efficacy of the *beche de mer* in pulmonary complaints.

### Another Miraculous Cure.

(Correspondence of the Utica Herald.)

News reached Waterville this morning of considerable excitement in Dansville about what was said to be a remarkable cure that had just been effected in that village. The case, as reported, was so unaccountable that many regarded it as little short of a miracle, and the circumstances were so entirely peculiar that your correspondent has taken the pains to learn from David W. Baeton, the father of the sick girl, the story of the cure. All the parties are reputable and well-known, and are not spiritualists. Mr. Barton says that his daughter Gertie, aged about 14 years, has been sick for several months with a disease of the stomach which has baffled the physicians. For the past fortnight she has been running down, and has not taken any nourishment for nine days. Mrs. C. T. Pooler, a lady who claims to be a "Perfectionist" in religious matters, had incidentally remarked to her husband lately that she believed she could cure Miss Barton. "Why don't you do it?" was the reply. "The time has not yet come," said Mrs. Pooler. Yesterday, after the regular visit of the physicians, Mrs. Pooler started up and went to the house of Mr. Barton, entering rather unceremoniously, and made her way into the room where the sick daughter was in company with her nurse, Mrs. Hatheway.

"Jesus Christ has sent me here to cure you," said Mrs. Pooler; "do you want to be cured?"

The somewhat wild appearance of the comer startled all parties in the house, and the event, it was feared, would prove fatal to the sick girl. Mrs. Pooler grasped the hands of the invalid, shook them violently, and permeated her with what Mr. Barton terms "mesmerism" or "magnetism," and, after the mesmeric flutter, told her to get up and eat. Though she had not been able to take a particle of the most simple nourishment for days, she roused, dressed herself, and has eaten hearty meals since. Miss Gertie is about the house to-day for the first time in months, has to-day eaten a hearty dinner, and is comparatively "a well girl." Her home has been visited by many to-day, but only a few have been allowed to see the convalescent girl.

### Fanny Hodgson Burnett.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* at Washington sends the following sketch of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," whose stories have attained an extraordinary success:—Mrs. Burnett is rather below than above the average height, is slight and supple, with a girlish grace of face and figure quite attractive; her features are full of expression and never rest; her eyes are large, brown, soulful eyes, which dilate and flash and sparkle, or grow tender and compassionate, and hide beneath the long, curling lashes, as the subjects may be gay or sad; her nose aquiline, with thin, sensitive nostrils, that contract and expand as emotion inspires her, and a mouth and chin full of sentiment. In relating a story, the lips are only half parted, and when her soul is stirred by the pathos of what she is narrating, the refined lips quiver and the chin vibrates with the imaginary sorrows she makes so realistic. This face, so full of genius, so rich in phase, so attractive in contour, is crowned by a luxurious suit of hair, which fringes in long rings about her intellectual forehead. In colour it is auburn—not of the vivid red-gold, so-called, but the beautiful auburn immortalized by poets and artists since the days when the Virgin Mother became their inspiration. It is coiled in a loose mass at the back of her superbly poised and classical head.

In conversation Mrs. Burnett is animated and brilliant. Her language is well-chosen, and is after the manner of Thomas Carlyle, its resemblance lying in the use of good, strong, short Anglo-Saxon words. She uses her hands in expressing her meaning, and very small, shapely hands they are. Her toilets are generally of some neutral tint, black being her favourite colour. This she illuminates with bright harmonious tints, and about her shoulders there is usually wound a lace or netted silk fichu. Her manners are easy and affable, and her bearing is full of unconscious grace. In all, she is a woman to be marked in a crowd.

### Rare Diamonds.

The extraordinary loss by the Countess of Dudley a few years since at a railway station in London, of jewels and chiefly of diamonds, valued at more than $100,000 in gold, through the carelessness of an attendant, brings out into a striking light the extent of the investments made in this way by the rich and great in the Old World. These diamonds, enormous as their value must seem to be when compared with that of the finest jewels owned by opulent persons in this country, were yet but a portion of the "Dudley jewels," famous now throughout Europe. Lord Dudley, who is one of the wealthiest landed proprietors in Great Britain, has been for years a collector of gems and precious stones. At the World's Fair of 1867, in Paris, he allowed one of the leading jewellers of London to exhibit for him a single set of sapphires and brilliants belonging to his wife which was valued at no less than $40,000 in gold. Yet the "Dudley jewels," magnificent as they are, are by no means the finest private collection in Great Britain. The Dukes of Westminster and of Sutherland, and Mr. Hope, are all understood to possess more and finer diamonds than the Earl of Dudley. The Duke of Westminster owns one stone, the Nassac diamond, a triangular jewel, with rounded facets, of the weight of seventy-eight and five-eighths carats, which rivals in splendour as well as in size one of the most superb gems in the richest royal treasuries. The Nassac diamond was originally taken by the Marquis of Hastings, the Lord Rawdon of the American revolutionary war, in the conquest of the Deccan in India. It weighs above twenty carats more than the famous Sancy diamond of the Duke of Burgundy, and is but little smaller than the scarcely less famous "Shah," presented by Cosroes, the son of Abbas Mirza, Shah of Persia, to the Emperor of Russia.

### Miscellaneous Fashion Notes.

Lead white is to take the place of ivory and cream white.

Ball shoes and stockings are made of the colour of the dress.

Marabout feather fringes and ruches are to be worn on ball dresses.

Twilled flannel costumes are brought out for the midwinter season.

The coiffure for morning and street toilet is low on the nape of the neck.

For full evening toilet the hair must be arranged high and very elaborately.

"Bijou" boxes are favourite presents for either young ladies or gentlemen.

Marabout feather fans are seen matching the marabout feather fringes for ball dresses.

Waistcoats figure on all kinds of toilets from the robe de chambre to the dinner and ball dress.

Montague locks about the forehead and temples are still much worn by fashionable young women.

Many of the handsomest New Year's day toilets were trimmed with marabout feather fringes and ruches.

Ball dresses are to be worn short, and dancing steps are to be used in quadrilles and lancers as well as in round dances.

The coiffure is very elaborate for full dress and evening toilette, but severely plain for street wear by fashionable women.

An opera mantle, fit for an eastern princess, is made of heavy white silk matelasse, with red gold clasp and profusely trimmed with feathers, fringe, and beading.

The newest hose for children are in dark solid wine shades, ribbed, and made double at the knee. Garments of spun silk are delightful for wear, and are beginning to be highly appreciated.

The latest freak of fashion is a celluloid watch-case, and these are very unique and pretty. They are finished at the edges with a narrow gold band, and the handle and winder are also of gold.

A colour which retains its charm is silver gray—always pleasant and *distingue*. It even gains a slightly rose colour hue; but should the gray contain a suspicion of blue, like pearl gray, the blue tint is lost, and the distinctive characteristic of pearl gray disappears.

New hose from Ireland are made of best sea island cotton and embroidered by hand by the peasant girls and women. They are in dark colours and unbleached, the embroidery contrasting.

Slippers and bands across the instep, or ornamented with jewels, steel, or gold or silver buckles, and sometimes with a small bouquet of flowers, are to be worn *de rigeur* with full evening or ball toilets.

A very dressy novelty for young ladies consists of a double vest in two shades of satin, buttoned with sil