

great blotch of vermillion, a net-work of white streaks, a little burnt sienna, and a few charcoal strokes, and behold! ex-President Johnson, crowned, ermined, and snuffing a veto from afar. Next a lurid mass of red, a dash here, a dab there, a wipe all around, and like a full moon out came the face of General B. F. Butler. Finally, a rapid grotesque picture of himself, in night-cap and night-shirt, lighting himself to bed.

Refreshments in the Italian Assembly.

Every now and then a man in livery, with knee-breeches and silk stockings, appears bearing a great salver, whereon are a decanter full of cold water, a goblet, and a silver basin full of powdered sugar. This he deposits on the desk of any honourable member who is about to address the house. For no man would think of attempting to make a speech without having within reach the refreshment of a copious draught of sugar and water. It is a little comic to observe the invariable routine. The speaker always has a friend at hand, who prepares the beverage for him and hands him the brimming goblet as he may need it. Many orators ask for intervals of rest in the course of a long speech, which are always accorded by the house, and thus fight their parliamentary battle in a series of "rounds."

A Patriot Tragedian.

The tragedian Salvini, like the tenor Campanini, made his debut in the ranks of the Italian patriots. When Rome was invaded by Napoleon, in 1849, he shouldered a musket, and fought with such bravery in the defense of the city that he was decorated with a medal of honor by General Avezzano. He was subsequently imprisoned both at Geneva and at Florence, and on his release was banished from his native city, Milan. It is no wonder that he declaims so feelingly against tyranny in the *Gladiator*, a part which he is fitted for by nature, for a more ideal gladiator was never seen. He is about forty, tall, well made, and muscular, with dark hair and moustache, and a grave and earnest face. He is a master of the robust school, like Forrest, whom he somewhat resembles, and is an admirable tragedian.

Paris Firemen.

The fire brigade in Paris, including one colonel and forty-nine officers, numbers 1,500 men, distributed in eleven barracks, and sixty *postes de garde*. The total annual expense for the maintenance of this force and its accessories is one and a half millions of francs, defrayed by the municipality. The privates and non-commissioned officers' pay varies per class from 550fr. to 1,200fr. per annum; the children of the regiment receive eleven sous per day, with bread, and an increase of one sou daily for every year. This early service renders the firemen of Paris valiant lions, as they have to practice gymnastic exercises daily; and the value of such training is evident to the visitor who has seen the small, wiry, India-rubber-muscled firemen of Paris at work. It is said an American gunboat will sail wherever the ground is moist; the firemen in question climb anything upright, like cats or monkeys.

Beards and Bronchitis.

Ful beards have long been regarded as a defense against bronchitis and sore throat, and it is asserted that the sappers and miners of the French army, who are noted for the size and beauty of their beards, enjoy a special immunity from affections of this nature. The growth of hair has also been recommended as a person's means to take cold easily. It is stated that Walter Savage Landor was a sufferer from sore throat for many years, and that he lost the morbid disposition by allowing his beard to grow, according to the advice of the surgeon to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. A writer to *The Dublin University Magazine*, however, referring to this theory and to the examples cited in its favor, states that he adopted the same course as Landor, for precisely the same reason, and with fair success, but is nevertheless bound to state that he knows of individuals with long flowing beards who have not been saved from attacks of bronchitis and laryngeal disorders.

Musical Charms.

A letter to the *Salem Register* from a friend in Southern Africa relates a curious illustration of the power of music. An English ship sprung a leak off Cape Good Hope, and, another vessel coming in sight, it was judged necessary to abandon the sinking ship. Crew and passengers were transferred in safety, but it was found that valuable papers had been left, and a call was made for volunteers; and among those who stepped forward ready to make the hazardous visit was a man who had been a musical amateur. The cabin of the vessel was reached and the documents secured. A piano was in the cabin, and our amateur commenced playing a favorite song of his native home. His comrades repeatedly called to him, but he heeded them not; his whole being was absorbed in the music. The officer in charge of the boat saw the danger, and seizing a top-maul smashed the instrument, and the passenger sprang with him into the boat just in season to save themselves from going down with the ship.

Master and Man.

One day last week, says the *Court Journal*, two young colliers, from Carlisle, drove down in a waggette to a coal pit near Wislaw. They were dressed in the highest stage of finery. Each pocket in their waistcoats sported a watch in its own right, and the cable connections in gold between the button holes and watch-pockets were something enormous. Their fingers had been extracted from the precious ore, while the heads of their walking canes glittered and glowed in the same metal. On driving up to the pit, they asked a man, who happened to be near, if he would "hand the horse," and they would give him "something for himself." The man consented, and the two colliers went down the pit. Inspected their "rooms," came up again and on the pithead held the following consultation:—"First collier—Hoo mickle will we gie that coye for handin' the horse?" Second collier—"Oh, dash it!—we'll gie him a shilling. He's a hard-up-lookin' sowl." Accordingly the "hard-up-lookin' sowl" got his shilling. He touched his hat, thanked them, put the shilling in his pocket, and retired, with a queer smile struggling for a place on his features. He was the proprietor of the colliery.

The Torment of Flame.

Some weeks ago, at the village of Reuil, France, celebrated for the burial place of Queen Hortense and Empress Josephine, a terrible accident occurred. A grocer's shop took fire, which was soon extinguished; a crowd collected, of course; one of the firemen had the imprudence to descend into the cellar with a lighted candle to see if there were any spirits on fire; in the course of a few seconds a terrible detonation was heard and the shop and for yards around it were enveloped in a sheet of flame. Several casks of petroleum had exploded, fifty persons in the crowd were injured, and eight subsequently died. The doctor who attended the injured has read a curious paper on their burns, all more or less deep. The exposed surface of the body was most severely attacked, the nails of the hands, hair, eyebrows, and whiskers were singed away; the skin peeled off the hands like gloves, and in that state was picked up in a basin of water. For three hours after the accident the injured experienced no pain; then set in the most atrocious sufferings, violent shiverings, and tetanic spasms, and insupportable thirst and delirium; everything they ate or drank appeared to them to be tainted with petroleum; if they closed their eyes for a moment they were haunted with petroleum, and so continued until death relieved their torture.

Romances and Riches.

It is not generally known that, under the provisions of its ancient charter, the Governor and Corporation of the Bank of England are obliged not only to purchase at their fair value any precious metals tendered to them, but are also obliged to take charge of any gold or silver, in ingots or plate, that may be brought to them for safe keeping. From time to time plate chests have been deposited with this view in the vaults of the Bank, and many of them have been there so long that they are actually rotting away. On a recent occasion the servants of the Bank discovered a chest which, on being moved, literally fell to pieces. On examining the contents a quantity of massive plate was discovered of the period of Charles II. This circumstance might not in itself be very interesting but that there was found with the plate a parcel, which proved to be a bundle of old love-letters, carefully arranged according to their dates. An inspection of them revealed a correspondence of a tender and romantic description, carried on during the period of the Restoration. The name of the writer was found to be Berners, and, after considerable search among the archives of the institution, it was found that a family of that name had been connected with the Bank about the time in question. Acting upon this clue, the directors prosecuted their inquiry, and being satisfied that a gentleman of the same name, now living, is the lineal representative of the owner of the plate and the love-letters, both have been handed to him.

The Woman who Sniffs.

In that entertaining novel, "My Little Girl," is the following about the woman who sniffs: "About a week ago, having nothing to do, I got into a favourite omnibus for an hour or two of quiet thought. The rattle of the omnibus glasses, when the wind is westerly, I find conducive to meditation; and as the Favourite line runs from Victoria to the extreme verge of civilization at Highgate, there is ample time. Several women got in, and I noticed—perhaps it was partly due to the time of the year—several sniffs as each sat down and spread her petticoats. Your regular female omnibus passenger always takes up as much room as she can, and begins by staring defiantly round. I was at the far end, whither I had retired to avoid an accusation of assault; for they kick your shins across the narrow passage, and then give you in charge, these ladies. So delicate, my friends, is the virtue of the class to which I allude, that even the suspicion of an attack is resented with this celestial wrath. Presently, however, I being the only male, there came in a young person, quiet, modest, and retiring. She made her way to the far end, and sat down next to me. Instantly there was fired a volley—a hostile salute—from seven noses; a simultaneous sniff of profound meaning. Versed in this weapon of feminine warfare, and therefore understanding the nature of the attack, the new-comer blushed deeply, and dropped her veil. It was like the lowering of a flag. I took the earliest opportunity of tendering her respectfully the compliments of the season; and, in spite of a second and even a fiercer attack, we held our own, and conversed all the way to Highgate."

THE IDEAL AND REAL.

Few of us set out in life without an ideal aspiration. Few of us realize what we longed for, and fewer still, if we have attained our wishes, are quite satisfied. It is best perhaps, but it is sometimes hard to bear. One man longs to be famous and when fame comes, *done*? He grumbles at the inconveniences it subjects him to. He cannot at once have the bracing air of the mountain and the sunny suavity of the valley. Another man is a poet and his imagination paints a hundred pleasures unknown to Hodge; but then he has intenser pain. The cuticle is sensitive. It is tickled with pleasure and tormented with little stinging insects that the pachydermatous hide of Monsieur Hodge never feels. I have offered up a prayer once or twice that I am not like other men—married. That I can have my Chateau Margaux without grumbling at my expensive habits and if I do come home a little late with an inclination to sing something about being a jolly good fellow, I have no reproachful eyes gazing at me in the morning; a headache is enough. I leave my pipes and tobacco about and no dainty little hand sweeps them out of the window. I can go down to the club when I please and come back when I please. I am free; but, *en revanche*, I suffer inconveniences. The buttons will drop off my shirt just as I am dressing for dinner, and have no one to abuse!

We all have an ideal marriage. I had, but it was not realized. *Venez ici*, Rosie, and tell me your secret aspirations. I listen and I see a picture of the Captain with an impossible character. He is to love you and only you. He is not as much as think of other women. He is never to be cross or ill-tempered. He is to give up his club and sing duets with you and read while your sew little delicate embroideries and hold the silk for you to wind and yet, *ma chère*, he is to be manly and military and brave. *C'est impossible*. Achilles in the Court of Lycomedes, among the daughters of the King, with his great legs in female petticoats, was not as brave a fellow as when he strutted on the plains of Troy. I warn you, Rosie, you Captain will care for other women and pay them *petits soins* which you would like to monopolize, and he will hanker after his club and prefer a glass of brandy and water to muscatel, and if dinner is late he will be cross and he will not defer to every little wish, Rosie, as in the anti-nuptial days. Don't be too exacting, *ma belle*. You will not be quite so sweet tempered as in the old honey-days. You will snap your lips and draw your brows into an ugly frown now and then. The fact is we play ridiculous parts when we are courting. Butter would not melt in our mouths we are so sweet and gentle. Then comes marriage and what a *bouleversement* of preconceived ideas there is! The fine cloak of gold and embroidery is flung aside and we see the under garments somewhat faded and threadbare. Prince Prettiman and the Queen of Beauty at home don't dress as fine nor look as handsome as when they ogle each other behind the footlights!

I am now going to be very serious. Supposing a couple are really each other's ideal, at marriage have we a guarantee of perfect happiness? As life goes on it is hard to escape danger. The woman's occupation preserves her a woman; but the man is specialized by his work. In process of time he is no longer the universal man. His trade or profession marks him and he wears its livery. He may attain to a particular elevation, but his general elevation is lowered. He is a man when a lover. Ten or twelve years hence he is a lawyer, an architect or a physician. *Bon, voilà qui va bien*. But for the woman he was a more interesting person in being a man. Yet she would not have been content had he not soared above her. To be the specialist with universal thoughts, to have hope without bounds; to be practical with unlimited idealism, *hoc opus, hic labor est*. It is hard that by our noblest labors we become inharmonious. He who hammers iron becomes too high in the right shoulder. The wife recollects the

perfect form and is dissatisfied with the imperfection, yet she would not suppress in him his art. The faculties which are not employed suffer atrophy. The great physician cannot make little love verses as he once did; but the wife wants love verses and is vexed at not having them. This is the trouble. Woman's occupation preserves her, man is specialized. He creates and is absorbed in his creation.

Rosie, girl, you may not understand all that I have been speaking *au grand sérieux*; but remember this. Look well after the Captain's dinners. See that he is well fed. It is wonderful how we mellow down with good eating. If I were to live at a cheap boarding house I should be a Radical in a month. Let the gallant Captain, dear, have a feeling that he cannot get a nicer served dinner anywhere than at home and, my word for it, he will not wander much.

Do not expect effusive affection after marriage. Your husband will not be posture-making and protesting *à genoux* as in the love-making days, when you were always kissing and embracing each other. If less demonstrative do not think he loves you less. He has his banker's book to look after and you, my married dame, I hope have your babies to attend to.

Notes and Queries.

"I LOVE CHURCHES, &c."—Whence come the lines:

"But I love churches which mount up to the skies!
For my devotion rises with the roof,
Therein my soul doth Heaven anticipate!"

NEMO.

"SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS."—Where does this saying originate?

KAPPA.

AUTHORSHIP OF LINES.—An enquirer asks for the real authorship of the lines often attributed to Queen Elizabeth:

"Christ was the Word that spake it,
He took the Bread and brake it,
And what the Word did make it,
That I believe and take it."

PAY OF THE CLERGY IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.—The following curious entry, from the household book of the Stationers' Company, 1560, will give an idea of the poor pay of the clergy at that time, compared with other dependents:

Item. Paide the preacher. vi. 2.
" the minstrelle, xij. 6.
" the coke (cook) xv. 9.

ANACHRONISMS.—Shakespeare is full of anachronisms of literature and art. In the "Comedy of Errors," he alludes to ducats, marks, and guilders, and also to the striking of a clock in the ancient city of Ephesus. In "King John" and "Macbeth" he speaks of cannon. He makes "Coriolanus" a contemporary with Alexander the Great. Cato, and Galen, all of whom lived centuries afterwards. Cassius, in "Julius Caesar," also speaks of a clock striking the hour. Beaumont and Fletcher make a man discharge a pistol, who must have lived long before the Christian era. The painters do not behave much better. In one of Albert Durer's pictures representing Peter denying the Saviour, there is a Roman soldier in the background smoking a tobacco pipe. A Dutch painter in the painting of the Sacrifice of Isaac, makes Abraham point a blunderbuss at his son's head as an argument of obedience. Tintoret paints the Israelites gathering manna in the wilderness as carrying guns. Another master, in a picture of Adam and Eve, places a German student in the background shooting ducks. Another represents St. Peter walking along the shores of the Sea of Galilee devoutly reciting his rosary.

THE EOLIAN HARP.—Every lover of nature's harmony may not probably know to whom we are indebted for this simple but pleasing instrument. It was invented by Athanasius Kereker, a learned German Jesuit, who died 1650. He describes the method of constructing and using it in his "Phonurgia Nova," 1659. The instrument he constructed was "made of pine wood, five palms (fifteen inches) long, two broad, and one deep; it may contain fifteen or more strings, all made of catgut. The method of tuning it is not as in other instruments, by thirds, fourths, and fifths, but all the strings are to be in unison, or in octaves; and it is wonderful that such different harmony should be produced from strings thus tuned."

EPIGRAMS.—A Colledge of witte-crackers cannot float mee out of my humour, dost thou think I care for a Satyre or an Epigram?

SHAKESPEARE.

The following may be interesting. The first is by some learned gallant of the law, on the fair sex:

"Fee simple, and a simple fee,
And all the fees intall,
Are nothing, when compared to thee,
Thou best of fees—Female."

The second shows that the word we now pronounce *ache* was formerly, as John Philip Kemble did, pronounced *ache*. It is by Hayden, 1566, on the letter H:

H is the worst letter in the crisse crosse row,
For if thou find him either in thine elbowe,
In thine arm, or leg, in any degree,
In thine head, or toe, or teeth, or knee,
Into whatever place H may pike him,
Where'er thou find *ache* thou shalt not like him."

The third is one of the time of the Commonwealth. The story is that when Cromwell lay with his army at Perth, in Scotland, a rich old miser in that town—named Munday—hanged himself on account of the fall of grain. Oliver, who was by no means a greedy man, offered a premium for the best epigram on old hunks. Several were sent to the Protector on the occasion, but he was only pleased with the following, from an old cobbler, who received the premium:

Blessed be the Sabbath day,
And curs'd be warily pelf,
Tuesday must begin the week,
For Monday's hang'd his self!

"SOME INNOCENTS 'SCAPE NOT THE THUNDERBOLT," (Shakespeare.)—This alludes to a superstitious notion among the ancients, that they who were stricken by lightning were honoured by Jupiter, and therefore to be accounted holy. Their bodies were supposed not to putrify; and after having been shown a certain time to the people, were not burned in the usual manner, but buried on the spot where the lightning fell, and a monument erected over them. Some, however, held a contrary opinion. See the various notes in Persius on the line—

"Triste facies inels, evitandumque bidental."

The ground that had also been smitten by a thunderbolt was considered sacred, and afterwards inclosed; nor did any one presume to walk on it. This we learn from Festus: "Fulgurum, id quod est fulmine letum; qui locus statim fieri putatur religiosus, quod cum Deus sibi dicens videretur." These places were therefore consecrated to the gods, and could not in future become the property of any one.