

his eye as she took the high notes clearly, when, after a day's practice, her brain was whirling under the professor's excitement and gesticulations and bad English.

"I shall never sing at all," she said to herself. "What made me imagine that I should?"

But when she expressed her mortification to Kitty, that young woman had no answer for her but one of contempt at her weakness.

"What would he spend hours listening to you for, if you didn't please him? I have seen him as proud as father used to be at your singing."

"Oh, Kitty, if that time were back again!"—with a half sob.

"Rubbish! You don't deserve to become famous or anything, for you've no pluck, Nina. If it was I that had the voice, wouldn't you see me work myself to skin and bone before I'd give in! That I would!"

"I will, too, Kitty—I will indeed!" returned Nina, her eyes lighting up with sudden enthusiasm.

"There's a dear old thing!"—hugging her. "It'll soon be all different. The work will shortly be over and the play will begin. Think of a house full of gentlemen and ladies, all listening so quiet, as if they wouldn't miss a word—like what we saw last night at the theatre—and clapping their hands and racking with their sticks at the end, and you bowing away like that fine lady last night!"

"Do you think she sang very well, Kitty?"—thoughtfully.

"Nothing to you," with quick decision: "and yet, what a lot to do the people made! Wait till they hear you, dear. Why, you will be like the great Opera House in Berlin. Do you remember, Nina, that first night, when we saw all the grand people, and they were throwing such beautiful bouquets to the lady after she sang? Oh, wasn't she lovely, walking across the stage with her long blue satin train? Do you remember, Nina?"

Was she ever likely to forget? Was that night not an era in her life, when, accompanying their kind guide, they had followed his steps up high stairs, till, passing through a door, they suddenly found themselves very close to the roof of a superb building, and felt their brains whirling as they gazed down on the circle below, black with human beings, and round the walls, to find them lined with a waiting multitude? Kitty had gazed to her heart's content, and continued feasting her eyes alone, long after Nina, with a first start of exquisite wonder, had yielded herself to the spell of such music as had never before met her ears, rendered by a voice that seemed to her that of angel. When she came to herself, her cheeks were wet with tears.

"Now, Kitty, don't talk nonsense please. I shall never sing like her."

"Why not? She was once somebody's sister, too, I dare say, and would never believe either how famous she would be. And such jewels as she has! Oh, Nina, don't I envy you!"

Nina's eyes were far away, and she heard the words only in a half dream. If it might be true! To be sure, even Lucia herself had one day, not so many years ago, been only somebody's sister; and now she was what Nina scarcely dared to hope she might become. And if—oh, if it but within the bounds of possibility that she might one day shine even as a star beside this Queen of Night, what triumph for her! The jewels she would wear! There was one alone that shone out with tempting lustre for her—to see a light of pride and gladness beam in her master's eye, as he welcomed her return from triumphs that would repay him for his trust in her. Had he not staked much on his faith in her powers?—for she knew that, as the world judged, he was not rich. And would it not be a proud moment for her when, looking into his eyes, she would see pride in his protégée unmistakably written there? From her reverie she rose to renewed vigor.

At last a day came when the excitable professor rubbed his hands with delight over her performance, and shouted, "Splendid, splendid!" His work was almost ended. He told her that now he had no fear, her voice was superb; she had delighted him with her diligence—at which unexpected eulogium from her taskmaster Nina colored with surprise and pleasure—he would never have such a pupil again, never; but he must let her go, for her time had nearly expired, and she had done her work well. Kitty clapped her hands with joy as she heard it from the background.

"Hear what he says! We are close to our luck now. You will be a great lady in no time"—with a slight degree of awe in her tone, as, seeing the great lady in perspective, she already began to feel removed from her gifted sister.

For answer Nina put her hands gently upon her teacher's shoulders and asked, half proudly, half shyly:

"Herr Richter, do you really believe that I shall succeed?"

"Yes, yes, I do!"

"I am so glad!" she answered, simply.

"And I too!" cried Kitty.

(To be continued.)

THE substance of the Comte de Chambord's will was published on July the 11th by a Royalist newspaper in Paris. According to it the Comte de Chambord formally commanded the obedience of the Royalists to the Comte de Paris as the heir to the throne of France, and bequeathed to him his library, his artistic collections, and all the papers interesting to the House of France.

A DINNER WITH WASHINGTON.

Of course as the prospects of peace brightened, the strict discipline of the army relaxed, and the intercourse of the army with the people grew more intimate, and hence the domestic life of Washington and the officers better known. Consequently many incidents of a private, social character have been handed down by tradition. It is only a few years since two men, one a major in the artillery, and the other a member of Washington's Life-Guard, both nearly a hundred years old, died a few miles back of Newburgh, one of whom has grandchildren still living in the old homestead. As to Washington, the routine of his life here furnished but little incident. His breakfast was a very informal meal, after which he ordered up his horse, and, attended by an orderly or his negro servant Bill, rode over to the headquarters of some of his generals. His lunch was free to all of his officers, but the dinner at five was a very formal affair, and every guest was expected to appear in full dress. If the guests had not all arrived at the precise hour, he waited five minutes, to allow for variation in the watches, and then would sit down to the table. The chaplain, if present, would say grace; if not, then Washington would say it himself, he and all the guests standing. If Hamilton was present he did the honors of the table; if not, then one of the aides-de-camp.

The dinner usually consisted of three courses, meat and vegetables, followed by some kind of pastry, and last hickory nuts and apples, of which Washington was very fond. The meal lasted about two hours, when the table was cleared off, and the leaves taken out, so as to allow it to be shut up in a circle, when Mrs. Washington presided, and from her own silver tea service served the guests with tea and coffee, which were handed round by black servants. Supper was at nine, and the table remained spread till eleven. It consisted of three or four light dishes, with fruit and walnuts. When the cloth was removed each guest in turn was called on for a toast, which was drunk by all, followed by conversation, toasts, and general conviviality. General Chastellux, a member of the French Academy, who came out, with Rochambeau as his aide, with the rank of major-general, travelled over the country and published an account of his travels. In this he speaks of his visits to Washington, and describes these entertainments as delightful, and says that "General Washington toasted and conversed all the while," and adds, "The nuts are served half open, and the company are never done eating and picking them." Washington entertained a great deal. Not only French officers but the leading statesmen of the country visited him to consult on the state of affairs. Baron Steuben's headquarters were on the Fishkill side of the river, and he frequently came over to drill the Life-Guard in military tactics, with a view of making officers of them should the war continue. Their encampment was just back of headquarters.

On these occasions he was accustomed to dine with Washington. Once several guests were present, and among them Robert Morris, who had come up to consult with Washington about the state of the finances. During the dinner he spoke very bitterly of the bankrupt condition of the Treasury, and his utter inability to replenish it, when Steuben said, "Why, are you not financier? Why do you not create funds?"

"I have done all I can," replied Morris, "and it is impossible for me to do more."

"What!" said the baron; "you remain financier without finances! Then I do not think you as honest a man as my cook. He came to me one day at Valley Forge, and said, 'Baron, I am your cook, and you have nothing to cook but a piece of lean beef, which is hung up by a string before the fire. Your wagoner can turn the string, and do as well as I can. You have promised me ten dollars a month; but as you have nothing to cook, I wish to be discharged, and not longer be chargeable to you.' That is an honest fellow, Morris."

Morris did not join very heartily in the laugh that followed.

Washington was accustomed to hold a levee every week, while the officers took turns in giving evening parties; and, not to mortify those who were too poor to furnish expensive entertainments, it was resolved that they should consist only of apples and nuts. There was no dancing or amusement of any kind, except singing. Every lady or gentleman who could sing was called upon for a song. Once Mrs. Knox broke over the rule, and gave what at that time was considered a grand ball, which Washington opened with the beautiful Maria Colden, of Coldenham. She and Gitty Wynkoop and Sally Jansen, the latter two living near old Paltz, were great belles in the sparsely settled country, and the three wrote their names on a window-glass with a diamond ring, and there they remain to this day.—Harper's.

MORE ENGLISH AND LESS GREEK.

President Robinson, of Brown University, does not exactly indorse the doctrine that Greek is "a college fetish" but he holds that ignorance of good English is the crying sin of our present system of collegiate training. In his official report just made, he says:—"The number of men annually graduating from our colleges with very creditable attainments as to both extent and accuracy of knowledge, but showing a lamentable incapacity for systematic thinking and for clear, forcible, and correct, not to say elegant, expressions of their thoughts, is one of the standing reproaches to our American education."

The only remedy appears to be in more thorough and continuous training in those studies which are known as rhetorical and which consist in an incessant critical study and practice of the English tongue. Years and years of closest study are given to other tongues, both ancient and modern, which only a fraction of educated men are expected to use in after life, while only incidental and comparative superficial attention is given to that mother tongue which all are compelled to use in speech or in writing every day of their lives, and on a skillful use of which with many depends, to no small degree, their success or failure in life. And in saying this, it is not forgotten that for the enlargement of one's knowledge of English words, and for the cultivation of that nice discrimination between synonyms which only the most careful study of language can impart—a discrimination which shows itself as one of the striking characteristics of the classics of every people—nothing has yet been discovered, or is ever likely to be discovered, that can take the place of the critical study of the classical literature of the Greeks and Romans. But the fact cannot be disguised that many a Latin and Greek scholar writes wretched English, while admirable English is written by many who know neither Latin nor Greek. What our colleges most need is not neglect of the classics of the ancients, but more attention to the classics of our own tongue—an attention that shall consist not merely in a study of its best authors, but of that unremitting and critical practice without which in literature as in everything else, no high degree of excellence is ever attained.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, Sept. 6.

MR. MILLAIS's excellent portrait of Mr. Henry Irving has now been placed in the Garrick Club.

THE price given for the Orleans Club-house by Mr. Cunard was £33,000.

It is probable that Mr. Gladstone will pay a visit to Italy during the Parliamentary recess.

ANOTHER grand experiment is to be made in the journalistic world—another paper will join the penny ranks.

It is said that the Princess Beatrice will contribute a sketch to an illustrated magazine for next month's number.

A DINNER has been given to the Hanging Committee of the Liverpool Autumn Exhibition. It took place at the Adelphi Hotel. The Mayor was present, but not Marwood.

ONE of the acquisitions which Mr. Mapleson has made for his enterprise at the Embankment Opera is Signor Valiero, a tenor, who is said to be the equal of Guigliini, of the liquid gold notes.

THE newest method of the London professional burglar is to send his sanitary agent in advance to inspect the house he is going to operate upon. The sanitary one gets ready admission.

WHILE the Italian Government has been negotiating with Garibaldi's heirs for the cession of the island of Capri, it appears that an English company has made an offer for the same of £120,000.

THE Scotchmen who attended the *Tir National* in Brussels did not think it "desecrating the Sabbath" to play up the pipes last Sunday morning. The pibroch had not been heard in that city since the days of Waterloo.

THE closing of the ranges at Wormwood Scrubs to all volunteers who are not qualified marksmen of the respective regiments has caused considerable discontent, as it may involve the return of some thousands of volunteers as "non-efficient" at the close of the official year on October 31.

THE marriage laws will be one of the topics which will be discussed at Reading on the 2nd of October, when the Church Congress is held. We hope ladies will be admitted, and allowed a good long talk, as it is a theme that really does concern them.

It is confidently predicted by telegraphists of the Post Office that the cost of carrying out the sixpenny telegram system will not be far short of one million sterling, or nearly twice the amount originally estimated.

THE idea of a Clergy Club has been so well patronized by requests from the clergy to be made members that there is no doubt it will be a great success. The list of original (or foundation) members—admitted without entrance fee—will be closed at latest on September 20th.

AN American has plagiarized an idea of the days of Beau Brummel, when it actually was put into print—namely, the production of a

catalogue of American heiresses. Doubtless it will be useful to a certain class of speculative travelling English as well as Americans.

"WILL New York be the Final World Metropolis?" is the title of a paper by W. C. Conant, who answers in the affirmative with a curious array of facts and arguments, in the September *Century*. Should it not have been finally the metropolis of the world?

THE Yankees are reprinting a cheap edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." When are we to have an international copyright? This reprint shows the enormity of the offence against the rights of property, if Mr. Gladstone has left any such offence in theory, though some are still on the Statute Book.

THE two churches in the Strand are to be pulled down. It is possible that they may not be known by their names of St. Mary's and St. Clement's, but will be remembered by some as obstructions, but by many more as ancient edifices that are time marks, and worthy of respect. They are to go because they obstruct the way to the Law Courts.

As yet there has been no denial of the stated intention of Sir Stafford Northcote to retire from the leadership of the Conservative party; and, as a consequence, Liberals are speculating as to the result. A contradiction ought to be immediately given on the authority of Sir Stafford, for we believe and trust there is no truth in the statement.

It is now almost certain that London will have, at South Kensington, a permanent *lustgarten* for the summer months, with music for the ear, pleasantly lighted groves for the eye, and freedom generally without license. Arrangements are being made which will bring it about, and the Fisheries Exhibition will be only the precursor of a series which will give London what the Continent has always possessed.

THERE is a proposal to exhume the bones of Shakespeare, notwithstanding his decided curse upon those who should attempt to do such a deed. Curiosity is the only motive to excuse the proceeding, which is not one of great respect. They want to compare the skull with the bust in the church; we should like to be able to compare their skulls with Shakespeare's if it is ever unearthed.

It was a peculiarity of the late Dr. Moffat that, in his later years, at least, he could not sleep on a soft pillow. When he visited friends they were obliged to place a wooden footstool at the head of his bed. The habit was contracted in the South African wilds, where the first essential is coolness. It is in accord with the statement that a man was so accustomed to sleep with his hand on his wife's hair that when she died he could find no rest till a friend suggested a clothes' brush as a substitute.

THE break up of the Orleans club means the abandonment for another decade at least of the idea of bringing the two sexes together under club conditions. Mixed clubs are clearly impracticable. The Orleans was tried under the most favorable circumstances imaginable. It had a fine site and fine patronage, and for a while did famously. But it latterly dwindled away, and now the club-house has been bought by a private gentleman. There remains two clubs in London to which a gentleman can take a lady.

It would appear no time will be lost in taking practical steps to use the £50,000 voted for migration purposes in Ireland. An association will forthwith be formed, comprising men of all shades of political opinion, with the object of furthering the scheme. The experiment will be interesting. No one doubts that a really thorough-going scheme of migration would work for a vast good, but in the present instance we only hope for an illustration of what might be done.

MR. EDMUND KIMBER, on behalf of the "Tichborne Release Association," denies that Charles Orton has gone over to the enemy. On the contrary, he says he has informed the Secretary of State in New South Wales that Cresswell is his brother Arthur. The partisans are angry with Lord Derby for interfering, and say that there is a Government determination to keep back the evidence which would be all convincing. Why not let the man be brought to this country—what is the danger?

MISS MARY ANDERSON, the American actress, who made her first appearance at the Lyceum recently, is spoken of as a great beauty. If Miss Anderson were not reputed to be a beauty she would be found very pleasing and graceful. She has what is called a good stage face. The play of "Ingomar," selected for Miss Anderson's first appearance at the Lyceum, is the story of a young girl, who voluntarily resigns herself as a hostage to the keeping of a ferocious savage chief—the scene being laid at Marseilles, in the year B. C. 500—in order to secure her father's liberty, with the result, of course, that Ingomar, the brigand in question, is tamed and humanized by her love.