The Plays in Rhyme.

'The Lady of Lyons' went 'Out on a Lark'
To flirt with 'Clancarty,' 'Alone,' 'After Dark,'
But in 'The Swiss Cottage' she met with 'Jane Eyre'
'Bamboozling' 'The Shaugraun' and 'Robert Macaire.'
'Moll Pitcher' 'The Merchant of Venice' held tight,
While 'Henry the Fifth' squeezed the 'Woman in White.'
'Our Gals' and 'Our Bachelors,' seeking for 'Fun,'
Sent 'Toodles' for 'Money' to 'Dombey & Son.'
'The Wise' made 'An Awkward Arrival' right here,
And asked for 'The Loan of a Lover' from 'Lear';
Their 'Love' they did 'Lispet' until they both heard
'The Exiles' and 'Mignon' pound 'Richard the Third.'
'Camille' and 'The Hunchback,' overcome with 'Remorse,'
Grew weary of 'Marriage' and longed for 'Divorce.'
After 'Champagne and Oysters' 'Dick Turpin' was found
Close 'Under the Gaslight' on 'Delicate Ground.'
Of 'Naval Engagements' 'Tom Cringle' did talk,
Till he met with 'Musette' in 'The Streets of New York.'
'Jane Shore' had a 'Dread' of 'The Drunkard,' she vowed,
Who with 'Nick of the Woods' sowed 'Wild Oats' in the crowd.
'Two Orphans' with 'Nobody's Daughter' did mix,
And got 'Michael Erle' in 'A Regular Fix';
'Othello' and 'Hamlet' for lodgings did wait,
But offered 'Our Boarding House' 'Dollars' 'Too Late.'
Evangeline' brought out her mammoth balloon,
And sailed with Pauvrette' on 'A Trip to the Moon.'
'Tom Cobb' went with 'Bertha' to see 'Central Park,'
And gave 'The Young Widow' 'A Kiss in the Dark';
While 'Lurline,' 'Cinderella,' and 'Rory O'More,'
Drove up in 'The Omnibus' right up to the door!

Faith.

If a man die, shall he live again?
We ask our fellow travellers in vain;
In vain the myriad that have gone before—
No answer cometh from the distant shore

The sceptic, sneering, shakes his little head,
And says, What matters it when we are dead?
Yet still the question doth forever rise,
Is there a home for us beyond the skies?

We study nature's page in hope to find
Some sign of God to satisfy the mind,
But turn with holy horror when we read,
The greater on the lesser creatures feed,

Why should we shudder, or the inference draw,
That man is governed by some higher law?
The birds, and beasts, and fellow-man will say
That man, proud man, is but a beast of prey.

We read the story told in Palestine
Long years ago; truth glows in every line;
And yet we ask, Who rolled the stone away?
How many saw, and who, and what were they?

And why the miracles beyond our ken?
Forgetting quite these were the fashion then
Hath Jesus died, and all in vain, for us?
We may not choose—we are incredulous

But shall we grope in darkness evermore?
And faithless ever seek the silent shore?
Shall naught but reason, (faith is blind they say)
With halting footstep guide us on our way?

No! courage take—what though the light be dim?
Look where along our pent horizon's rim
All rosy comes the dawn of newer faith:
In learning how to live we conquer death.

JIM PANTON.

Our Paris Letter.

FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.

Last December it was the general impression that the foolish or mad coalition that clung to power despite the declared will of France, would try a coup d'etat, before disappearing, to be no more seen. It is thus that at Limoges, when Major Labordere, received mysterious midnight instructions he protested, and in presence of his brother officers declared, he preferred to break his sword rather than commit the crime of violating the constitution. He was put under arrest, later cashiered, and the general who gave the order to him placed on half pay, though he has sworn by all the gods he only read out the order transmitted to him. The public got wind of the affair, and concluded there was an eel under the rock. The matter has not been hushed up, as the Major, in a petition to the Chambers, demands, not personal redress, but a definite explanation of an officer's duty in the case of being called upon to be an actor in a conspiracy against the law—in a word, to commit a crime. Several eminent generals, Foy, Chaugarnier, Charras, &c., protested against the doctrine of passive obedience—a problem, difficult, but not insoluble, by which subordinates can be forced to accomplish a coup d'etat. The committee appointed by the Chamber have reported in favour of an inquiry; the military discussion will turn on the theory of obedience; the political part of the petition is to be referred to the Commission charged to collect the evidence for impeaching three of the principal ex-Ministers. The belief is that the whole matter is only intended as a weapon to be held over the heads of the Reactionists in case they recommence new conspiracies against the Republic. The Minister of War condemned Major Labordere for "disobedience;" now the same minister refuses to appear before the parliamentary Committee of Inquiry, and the Chamber has not had the courage—as yet at all events—to stand by its delegates.

The Voltaire centenary produced one result—the opening of the windows of the room in which he died in Paris, on the quay named after him, which had been hermetically closed since—100 years. The proprietor of the mansion, the Marquis de Villette, so ordered matters in his will, which has been faithfully observed, even by the Bourbon Royalists, who dragged Voltaire's bones from their coffin in the Pantheon, and buried them with quick-lime in 1814, in a rubbish depot outside Paris. Fanaticism paid a similar honour at the same time to the bones of Rousseau. The miscreants were of the same ilk as those who ransacked the vaults of St. Denis of their royal corpses. In profanation, Royalists and Republicans were for once agreed. The admirers of Voltaire ought to be obliged to the Government for compelling the centenary to be held under cover—as a private re-union. The rain fell in torrents. As Victor Hugo announced, Voltaire smiles down from the stars, perhaps poetical astronomy may have induced him also to weep, *in nubibus*, over the quarrels raised around his memory. In 1791, when his glory was also ovated in Paris, citizens were drenched. But Voltaire was ever a *malin*. On the present occasion, the illustrious dead had two centennials, and by enthusiasts, in opposition. One was held in the American Circus, known as the Menier centennial, because organized by the celebrated manufacturer of chocolate of that name; it was political and anti-clerical, confined to partisans of extreme views. The most interesting features about it were, that when the statue of Voltaire had been unveiled, the spectators defiled before it with a bow, and the united bands struck up the *Marseillaise*—the doxology of these gatherings, when the long-winded lecturer paused to draw breath. He explained he had not concluded, but was only at his "firstlies," which decided the spectators to indulge in forty winks. The second centennial came off at the Gaite theatre, under the presidency of Victor Hugo and the Society of Authors. It was a literary *fete*. Deputy Spuller, Gambetta's right-hand man, opened the ball in a correct and lively style, but Hugo was the event—more important even than Voltaire. His discourse, as usual, was full of true genius, marred with flashes of nonsense. He unrolled a bundle of sheets of paper, full of that peculiar poster penmanship, which the students in the upper gallery could almost read. Then he declaimed in the pompous style so peculiar to his writings, and the school of Corneille. His remark about Voltaire residing in the stars and smiling on this vale of tears was ——, and his comparison between the smile of Voltaire—closely related to the grin family—and the tears of Jesus, was not happy. The recital of the judicial injustice towards Calas, and the horrible martyrdom of the Chevalier La Barre in the name of the law formed a powerful piece of eloquence, as also his apostrophe to peace. The comparison between Rousseau and Voltaire was striking: Rousseau was the first who demanded to be called citizen; he had the fibre civic; Voltaire, the fibre universal; Rousseau represented the People, Voltaire, Man, and both in disappearing, left behind their souls—the Revolution. Respecting war, Hugo declares that it is not good to manufacture corpses, and that murder cannot claim "extenuating circumstances," because assumes the name of battles.

The Ultramontane-Monarchists made a mistake in hawking about a tissue of unconnected extracts from Voltaire's writings, under the title of "Enconiums." The mass of the people take no interest in the blows exchanged between Voltaire and the clergy; they only wish to remember him as the apostle of toleration and the reformer of secular iniquities. It is thus that the attempt on the part of the Reactionists to play Jeanne d'Arc against Voltaire, has proved a fiasco, and the joint committee of duchesses and fishwomen, charged with the crusade, has proved a screaming farce. For every battle it is necessary that there be two combatants and the idea has never entered the heads of the Republicans to disavow the Maid of Orleans, who having been a great *patriote*, is accepted as one of themselves. Gambetta makes no difference in his admiration for Joan and Voltaire, and his journal publishes their portraits as companion pictures, with the note beneath the former: "Burned alive by the Catholic clergy, January 6, 1411," and, "Bishop, I die by your hands" —her last words, reproaching Bishop Cauchon who delivered her to the English, and prosecuted her at the bidding of the University of Paris, for heresy. This rosemary for remembrance, resembles very much wormwood, for that Lion of the fold of Judah—the Bishop of Orleans, and his Ladies' Committee selected from the Upper—and the Lower—Ten Thousand.

The total cash cost of the Exhibition is put down at 45,000 000fr., contributed by the State and the Municipality of Paris. Exhibition tickets for half a million francs have been sold, and up to the present the receipts have been over one million; the general revenue has increased, and so have the city *octrois*, so that it is anticipated that by August next the Palace will have paid its way by direct and indirect—the augmented taxes—revenue. Were it not for the rain the Exhibition would look very splendid; it registers over 100,000 daily visitors already, and the popular pilgrimages have not yet commenced. The musicians have been tuning their fiddles and rosining their bows, preparatory to taking possession of the grand concert hall in the Trocadero. The buildings still smell of plaster and paint, but possess "all the wild freshness of morning," being neither tarnished by the sun nor soiled by the dust. The ventilation is not yet in working order; after gusts from the floor the visitor experiences blasts from the roof. Seats are being plentifully provided, and so are cheap refreshment stalls; but is it in the fitness of things to place the pastry kiosques alongside the water-closets? The *bureaulistes* of the former, as any passer-by can observe, have to partake of their meals under peculiar difficulties. Custom breeds habit in us, however; but this is no reason why less robust minds should be tested. The "pilots" are an excellent institution; the only rocks they do not dread are the *buffets* and the *trinkhalles*. The Americans complain of the want of soda water fountains, and the Germans of facilities for *schnapps*. However, if they wander into class 75, they will readily find the Museum of the wines of France, and be allowed to "smile around" with hundreds of proprietors of vineyards—the wealthiest possessing the most esteemed vintages. If in a political state of mind, the visitors ought to note the Bacchian fact that the most productive seasons have been during the reign of the Republic.

In the Egyptian pavilion a marvellous specimen of the old folks at home can be viewed. It is the model of a dwelling-house in the time of Abraham; it is said to be so real that were Isaac ever to visit the Promised Land of the Trocadero, and provided with a franc ticket, he might enter the house in question, and find it just as if he had only left it. Cuvier from a bit of a bone could construct monster fossil animals; Mariette-Bey, the celebrated Egyptian archeologist, has similarly set up this tabernacle from finds of ancient architecture. Diamonds and pictures are catalogued as carefully as Durham oxen and Dishley rams; so with Mariette-Bey, he has the pedigree of all building stones discovered in the land of the Pharaohs, and he concludes that Egyptian architecture was in its *decline* in the time of Father Abraham! In a like manner Mariette-Bey supplies sketches of the agriculture, trade, commerce, and fine arts of the ancient Egyptians; nor are their pastimes neglected; bobbing, not for eels, but for crocodiles and hippopotami, was a plucky and common amusement, and often the linesman was taken when he failed to take. A "bite" was then a serious matter. Isaak Walton makes no allusion to this manly sport.

The Syndicate of the Paris Press has opened its cosmopolitan salons, built by the Exhibition Commissioners, and apparently fitted up by means of "loan collections" from the exhibitors; some of the objects cannot be returned in a complete state, such as specimen boxes of cigars, wines that would seduce Mahomet, and brandies that would convert tribes of Indians to any or all forms of Christianity. The salons are well furnished with journals, and the conversation rooms are most agreeable lounges. It is here that most pressmen add the postscripts to their correspondence. Only Bohemians can be admitted; this explains why the Tziganes made good their claims, and had their claims allowed, to serenade their brethren. Standing by the order still, last week, when a band of gipsies was refused admission to Paris, a celebrated editor interfered on their behalf with the police, and, failing, the band nearly subjected him to the fate of St. Stephen, plus some boiled potatoes and stew-pans.

The rue des Nations will be made a veritable street by having asphaltum sideways, and so preserve weak ankles and relieve uncut corns. Covered passages are requisite to enable ladies to cross, and perhaps if the fogs continue, link-boys will become a necessity. Vestiaries are required, and also smoking divans, in the park of course, and close to the state tobacco factory, where lovers of the weed can indulge their passion from a cigar made in their presence at one sous up to 5fr. each. The Cruzot steam hammer, capable of welding England and Russia, could be employed to punish those numerous swindlers, who, at the Rabelesian quarter of an hour, discover they have forgotten their purse, or indulge in fallen sickness; when surprized, it contains only the humblest specimens of some foreign coinage, whose value would puzzle a *changeur*, and drive a numismatist to commit suicide. The collegians have been marched to the Exhibition; like sorrows they come in battalions; it is understood that the young ladies from boarding-schools will be doubly surveyed. There are tract societies that compete with hand-bill distributors of other kinds of wares; the French feel honoured with these tracts, and only complain of the liberties taken with their language. The "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" has a stall, and its Chamber of Horrors, where drawings expose, with a realism that Emile Zola might envy, the fate that awaits wandering dogs and that once was inflicted on bigamists—hanging. The process is akin to what occasionally takes place in Newgate, when a "wonderful piece of work" is placed upon the drop. The writhings of horses when vivisected are true to nature. Why not hang up the amputation of a human leg, the new felling and throttling process at abattoirs, and the poultry slaughtering cellars at the Halles Centrales? A Frenchman once crossed an oyster in love, by minutely detailing its pangs, from the moment of dredging to being opened and swallowed by a beauty as lovely as Mlle. Santos, daughter of the Spanish Commissioner-General, and called "The Helen of Paris."

PARIS, France, June 1, 1878.

Trocadero.

Trocadero was once a desolate windy plateau, across which one did not care about wandering alone late at night. To right and left of it, as one stood fronting the Seine, one saw dull grey masses of tall, old-fashioned houses, some of which looked as if they might contain a mystery. Gardens choked with rank weeds surrounded these melancholy dwellings. Here and there a long flight of stone steps led up to some high balcony, or descended into a subterranean recess. Beyond Trocadero were the peaceful domiciles of Passy, elegant villas, where artists, actors, and literary men made their homes; and from the breeze-swept height one could see away across the plains, over the tops of broad forests, set down between pretty villages and towns, to the line of hills on which the Prussians placed their cannon in the siege of 1871. Many a shell did the Germans land on Trocadero, and in the darker days of the Commune an iron hail fell there night and morn. Who that passed a few days in Paris in those stirring times does not remember the excursions which the careless foreigner made to Trocadero, for the pleasure of being shot at, and of watching the hissing iron globes as they drowned their terrors in the Seine? A massive flight of stone stairs led in those days from the top of Trocadero to the Seine embankment: and down these step shells, which had just arrived from the Versailles batteries, plunged headlong, as if delighted to take a bath after their long and somewhat exciting journey. Through this leaden shower, Silas J. Stebbins and Emilie Maria Brown and Mrs. Jane Arthur Higginbottom tranquilly made their way at all hours, not even shielding themselves with umbrellas and parasols, bent only on saying, on their return to their hotel, that they had dodged three, five, or fifteen shells, as the case might be. I have known people to come all the way from London, entering Paris by the only line of railway which remained open, and spending a few days in dodging the shell and solid shot which Papa Thiers' troops threw into Paris, then going away with an air of radiant content which was most amusing to witness.—From *Appleton's Journal for July.*

The biggest fool on earth is the man who buys a basket of strawberries with the idea of finding the largest at the bottom. The thing has never been done yet.

There should be a column in the census for the registration of those who think. On second thought it would be a mere waste of space. Who, thinks, now-a-days?

A Poet's Home Life.

The declining years of Mr. Bryant's life, says the Brooklyn *Eagle*, have been spent alternately at his country seat at Cummington, Mass., and Roslyn, Long Island, where everything that money and cultivated taste could contribute to his enjoyment is lavishly provided. He felt a peculiar tenderness for his Roslyn villa, and frequently avowed that he would have made it his constant residence if it had not been for his susceptibility to malaria. Nor was his choice a groundless one, for it would be hard to imagine a lovlier or completer home for so sweet and delicate a fancy as that of Mr. Bryant. The estate is some ten or twelve acres in extent, and borders on the edge of North Hempstead harbor. Ceaseless ripples from the sound creep up the little bay and fall in soothing cadence on the beach of yellow sand, thickly carpeted with weeds. A narrow belt of sea grass separates it from the terrace, on which pines and larches and all kinds of northern trees unite with laurels and hollies to make an exquisitely irregular hedge. Within that evergreen boundry are two connecting lakelets, enamelled, these June days, with budding water lillies. Rare shrubberies bush in the dark pools here and there and a pavilion of roots and crooked boughs, situate on a little knoll, is perpetually mirrored in the water. Two rustic bridges span the tiny lagoons, in and out of the shadows of which squadrons of duck and geese, of Indian and Persian varieties, paddle with unceasing volubility. Between the lakelets and the high road are slopes of velvet lawn set in places with beds of bright flowers and dagger-leaved foreign grasses. The imperial beauty of the lawn, however, resides in an enormous oak, which, fabulously girthed as to its trunk, spreads out its Briarean arms to make a canopy thirty or forty feet in width. This gnarled yet leafy monster was especially dear to the poet's heart, and many a careless traveller along the road has observed him, leaning on his cane, his white locks and beard fluttering in the wind, like a druid bowed in contemplation of the divine mysteries. Across the road the poet's domains extended for half a mile or more — tracts of dense woodland growing on cliffs which tower above the seperating highway.

The house—just such a rambling and comfortable place—though extremely picturesque withal—as suited his simple habits, stands on the crown of the hill which upheaves his property. His study is embowered in hanging and climbing roses, through the fragrant lattices of which he loved to watch the shifting sursace os the harbor, the sloping woods of the opposite shore, and, far away, the bright hue of Long Island Sound, always flecked with sails. His great tenderness never permitted the killing of bird or beast on his estate, and those early summer months which he loved to sp nd at Roslyn were delicious with the song of nesting robins and orioles. Wild fowl, flying from the gunners of the bay, found shelter among his larches, and scores of silver squirre s skip from this to that corner of his dominions with a touching consciousness of safety. Here, with such permanent company as his daughter Julia and his beautiful neice Miss Fairchild, to brighten his pleasant hermitage. Mr. Bryant delighted to receive the visits of his simple country neighbors, who, with characteristic Long Island stupidity, could never understand what his fame was particularly founded upon, but who, nevertheless were good enough to regard him as of almost equal celebrity with Harbor hill and "the oldest paper mill in the county." He especially encouraged the friendship of young people, and was never happier than when picking a rosebud for some laughing girl or loading a little pair of hands with garden fruit. Simple and frugal in his taste, he found great pleasure in the developement of his estate. The farm and the flower garden alike obtained his interest early every spring, and within a week of the accident, which quickened his death, he was busy with plans for still further increasing the rural charms of his villa. No man of his age ever took more exercise than Mr. Bryant. His daily walks would have exhausted many a very much younger pair of legs. He fairly reveled in the sounds, the sights, and scents out of doors. With his eyes half closed in tranquil pleasure, and a book or a paper in his hand, he woulr plod unwearingly through tangled meadows or miry roads, every faculty attuned to the thousand voices of nature. His grandchildren would take their carriage from the train, but the white-headed poet usually scorned such indolence, and manfully trudged the mile and a half with a firmer stride than Homer's own.

Three years ago in his immense hostility to the debasing influence of rum, he built a beautiful town hall in tee village, filled its library with books, established a capital news room, and then presented it to the community as an offset to the twenty base grog-shops with which it was cursed. Its beneficial effect was almost immediately felt. Lectures, concerts, and other entertainments constantly brighten and diversify the village life. Dozens of people who never heard of such a thing as a magazine now eagerly compete for the first sight of the various monthlies and a marked impetus has been given to sobriety and decorum.

The personal traits of Mr. Bryant were all of the most amiable kind. Naturally prone to irascibility age mellowed him like wine. His character grew sweeter and stronger, and he acquired a complete mastery over that easy furiousness, which is the heritage of all poets, says Horace. He was as poor found a student of nature as of books. His creed was a most igdulgent one. Unitarian by early education and preference, he lent the hoar dignity of his preference to all the village churches in their turn, listening with the respectful attention of a child to the oratory, now and then, of some very rudimentary preacher. Devotedly attached to his wife, his love and tenderness passed, at her death, to the children of his daughter, Mrs. Goodwin. One or other of them always attended him at home, and his son-in law's beautiful estate confronted his own. Some of the daughters of the former house were constantly crossing to the latter. As he grew older his faculties seemed to suffer no decay. His sight, his hearing, his memory his forethought were as good and healthy in the spring as ever they were. True that he indulged in longer sleeping, and that his head became more bowed. But, under the thickening snow of his many winters, his heart still glowed with all the innocent ardor of his youth.

One of William Cullen Bryant's subordinates in the *Evening Post* office writes of him:

Mr. Bryant has always been a great admirer of the Rev. Dr. Bellows, pastor of All Souls' Unitarian Church on Fourth avenue. But when at Roslyn, L. I., his country home, he has attended the preaching of an old Presbyterian clergyman, in whose church, during several recent years, he has partaken of the communian. In this service he has frequently expressed his deep satisfaction. Lately his personal religious experience was more decided than formerly. Conscious that he could not live long, he has expressed a readiness and resignation in view of death, although anxious to live. Once in a while, especially on the occasion of a loss of an old friend, he seemed to be depressed. I would say: "We can't live forever; you and I have got to die; we must be patient until the Lord chooses to take us. You are not afraid to die?" "No," he would reply, at the same time appearing to think it a little hard that, after toiling so long and so laboriously to acquire knowledge he should be compelled to leave his acquisitions. Yet he was in the possession constantly of a Christian faith, looking forward to a future life which he expected to enjoy.

During the forty years that I have known him, Mr. Bryant has never been ill—never been confined to his bed, except on the occasion of his last accident. His health has always been good.

Mr. Bryant was a great walker. In earlier years he would think nothing of walking to Patterson Falls and back with Alfred Ped and James Lawson, after office hours. He always walked from his home to his place of business, even in his eighty-fourth year. At first he wouldn't ride in the elevator. He would never wait for it, if it was not ready for the ascent immediately on his arrival in the building. Of gymnastic exercises he was very fond. Every morning, for a half hour, he would go through a series of evolutions on the backs of two chairs placed side by side. He would hang on the door of his bedroom, pulling himself up and down an indefinite number of times. He would skirmish around the department after all fashions, and once he told me even "under the table." Breakfast followed and then a walk down town; and then he was in the best of spirits for the writing of his editorial article for that day.

He read or spoke, with more or less ease, six or seven different languages. The German, he once said to me, was the sweetest language of all. When the Hahnemann books on homeopathy first appeared he read them eagerly in the original, and became a convert to that medical faith. He got a lot of medicines, and often, in the country, administered them not only to his own family but also to his neighbors. He was elected to be the first president of the first homœpathic society organized in New York.

He was a constant student. His daily leading editorial consituted, and was, for many years, the *Evening Post*. Sometimes he would not get it written until one o'clock. "Can't I have it earlier?" I asked him one day. "Why not write it the evening before?" "Ah," he replied, "if I should empty out the keg that way it would soon be exhausted." He wanted his evenings for study. "Well, then, can't you get down earlier in the morning?" He said, "Oh, yes." A few months afterward, with reference to the change, he exclaimed: "I like it. I go through my gymnastics, walk all the way down, and when I get here I feel like work. I like it."

One morning many years ago, after reaching his office, and trying in vain to begin work, he turned to me and said, "I can't get on this morning." "Why not?" I asked. "Oh," he replied, "I have done wrong. When on my way here a little boy was flying a kite passed me. The string of the kite having rubbed against my face, I seized it and broke it. The boy lost his kite. But I did not stop to pay him for it. I did wrong. I ought to have paid him."

Extravagence of Funerals.

It was a very sensible clergyman at Piitsburg who recently read a paper upon the excessiveness of funerals; and they were very sensible colleagues who adopted his views as their opinion. Mere fashion is nowhere more hateful than in the burying of the dead, and none the less hateful because it imposes enormous expenses upon those who cannot afford them. The savings of a year are often squandered in the idle ostentation of a funeral. It is a not unnatural feeling among the poor that the last service they can render to a beloved friend shall not fail in any usual distinction, and the result is that a living family is often straitened that a dead member of it may lie in a mahogany coffin and be followed by a long train of carriages to the grave. Reform must come from those who "set the fashion," and a modest simplicity in funerals can be attained only by the example of those who has afford to be extravagant.

The worthy undertaker, who lives by the death of his fellow-creatures, is natnrally desirous that grief shall be lavishly manifested, and he encourages to the utmost this sombre splendor. The young American used to be shocked as he read in English stories of mutes and mourning carriages, of men hired to wear the garb of sorrow, and of grief measured by a train of emptiness. Two or three years ago the movement against this extravagance began in England, and it has the public sympathy of very eminent persons. It has shown itself in this country by the common request with the announcement of a death, that no flowers be sent. A simple and beautiful tribute of affection has grown into an oppressing fashion, and certain flowers have become odious to many persons from their constant association with funerals. When such gifts are in truth the offering of love and sympathy, no symbols can be more touching, but the moment they spring from the mere force of fashionable custom, and are sent to the house of mourning as gifts are sent by formal acquaintances to a bride, with no mere feeling than in the leaving of ceremonious visiting-cards, they are touching and significant no longer. The change in the mere fashion of flowers upon such occasions can be carried by the same good sense into every other funeral extravagance, so that the poor need no longer feel that their dead are slighted if they are not buried with ruinous expense.

There was another suggestion made at Pittsburg which is worthy of consideration. It was proposed that funeral sermonas matters of course should not be preached; and to this suggestion there will probably be a very general amen. They are of necessity eulogies, for no good-hearted preacher would choose such a time to tell unpleasant truths. Yet if a man has been selfish, hard, grasping, self-indulgent, sordid—and there are such men—what is the poor preacher to? The well-meaning reply that every person has something good in him, and the eulogist can speak of that, is conclusive if the preacher is not to give his honest views of the character of the dead. But to say of a man notorious for meanness that he worshipped regularly to church or of a debauchee that he gave regularly to the poor, is not to tell the truth, but to dodge it. A change, however, in this habit, must spring from the good sense of the clergyman and the community in which he lives. And the first step toward the change is calling attention to the subject as the Pittsburg clergyman havedone.—EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR, in *Harper's Magazine for July.*

Consequences of Atheism.

Few men suspect, perhaps no man comprehends, the extent of the support given by religion to every virtue. No man, perhaps, is aware how much our moral and social sentiments are fed from this fountain; how powerless conscience would become, without the belief in a God; how palsied would be human benevolence were there not the sense of a higher benevolence to quicken and sustain it; how suddenly the whole social fabric would quake, and with what a fedrful crash it would sink into hopeless ruin, were the ideas of a Supreme Being, of accountableness, and of a future life, to be utterly erased from every mind. Once let men thoroughly be ieve that they are the work and sport of chance; that no Superior Intelligence concerns itself with human affairs; that all their improvements perish forever after death; that the weak have no guardian, and the injured no avenger; that there is no recompense for sacrifices to virtuous causes and no public good; that an oath is unheard in heaven; that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend; that this brief life is everything to us, and death is total, everlasting extinction—once let men *thoroughly* abandon religion, and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow?

We hope, perhaps, that human laws and natural sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe that, were the sun quenched in the heavens, *our* torches could illuminate, and *our* fires quicken and fertilize the creation. What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness, if man is the unprotected insect of a day? and what is he more, if atheism be true? Erase all thought and fear of God from a community, and selfishness and sensuality would absorb the whole man. Appetite, knowing no restraint, and poverty and suffering, having no solace or hope, would trample in scorn all the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty, principle, would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self-interest would supplant every other feeling, and man would become in fact, what the theory of atheism declares him to be, a companion for brutes!—*Channing.*

Shop-Windows.

It seems open to question, by-the-by, whether the mania for display, which is the religion of modern shop-windows, be wise from a merely politic point of view. Does not curiosity, in other words, yield the shopkeeper a larger profit than wonder and admiration? If he took as much pains to keep his wares out of sight of the passer-by as he does now to obtrude them upon his notice, would not the passer-by be more apt to cease to be such, and to become a passer-in? As things are now, everybody outside of the interior of Africa knows that when he has examined a shop-window he has seen the cream of the shop; but, under the arrangement proposed, every shop would be a mystery, whose reticence would argue all manner of delightful possibilities. But that it sounds cynical, we might say that curiosity would draw more customers than admiration, because the latter is the more generous sentiment, and therefore the less prevalent and influential. But let shopkeepers look to it; their advantage is no business of mine; though I might bid them take a leaf from the novelist's book, who would find but a small market for his novel were he to explain his plot in the introductory chapter, and become less and less interesting thence to the close. A novel is the novelist's shop. Business profits aside, the disappearance of shop-windows would be an architectural gain; for, to say nothing more of it, the upper stories of the most admired and fashionable warehouses have the appearance of resting on air, or, at most, on thin sheets of glass. The only drawback would be the intense stupidity of the business thoroughfares; some notion of the way things would look might be obtained by passing along those streets of a Sunday. But life is compact of compensations and revenges.—JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Fast Type Setting.

In relation to fast type setting under difficulties, the following story is told by an old compositor: "You make talk about setting up type in a rush, and making fast time, but when I was young and my fingers were nimble and my elbows limber, I used to be counted a pretty good compositor. I remember on night in particular when I set three thousand ems an hour out of a bag by moonlight, and had to take every letter to the window to see what it was."

A School Romance.

There is in a rural Kentucky village, a middle-aged, grey-haired school-teacher. He is near-sighted, excessively bashful, and densely ignorant of the nature and habits of girls. Everybody concedes that he is a good man, but he has always been believed to be as impervious to romance as a rhinoceros in a travelling menagerie. And yet into this dry and mathematical person's prosaic life has lately come a unique and charming romance, and he has been led to study girls and their uses with an interest even greater than that which he formerly found in compound fractions and cube roots.

Last winter this remarkable man was engaged to teach the Harlansville district school. He did not know a soul in the village, but the School Trustees, knowing that he had conducted the male department of a Frankfort school with eminent success, engaged him at a large salary. The Harlansville scholars included the youth of both sexes, and were, for the most part, orderly and industrious. There was, however, one girl in the school who was probably the most mischievous and reckless of her sex. There is no doubt that Miss Alice, as she was generally called, was a very pretty girl, and no one claimed that she was guilty of any serious crimes. Still, she was never out of mischief, and would plan and execute enterprises from which the average boy would shrink in terror. When it is added that she was 15 years old, and unusually large for her age, it will be perceived that she was well adapted to render the life of a school-teacher unspeakably wretched.

When Miss Alice first saw the new teacher she at once perceived that he was admirably adapted to be teased. His manifest bashfulness and the innocent, unsophisticated expression of his kindly, but far from handsome, face stimulated her mischievous propensities to the utmost. She began her persecution without delay, and carried it on with immense success. Time and space would fail were it attempted to catalogue the various devices by which she plagued the patient teacher. It was not long, however, before he discovered that the demure Alice was at the bottom of all the mischief in the school, though she was too astute to permit herself to be detected in any overt act. One of her favorite methods of harassing the good teacher was to pretend to an ardent admiration for him. She would constantly go to his desk on the pretext of asking his help in her lessons, and while he was laboriously explaining how this sum should be done, or how that verb should be parsed, she would stand by his side gazing at him with an air of hopeless and passionate attachment which filled the scholars with the wildest delight. Then, too, she would constantly manage to touch, with apparent unconsciousness, the teacher's hand or shoulder, or lean over him so that her breath would fan his upturned and delicate hair. The uneasiness betrayed by the innocent man in these circumstances was excessively ludicrous, and delighted the naughty girl and her fellow-pupils unipeakably.

The day came, however, when Miss Alice grown careless by long impunity, was detected in the act of firing at another girl with a bean-shooter. This was a crime for which the inexorable penalty was the "ruler-ing." The teacher would have given much to avoid the necessity of "rulering" a girl, but if he suffered Miss Alice's offence to pass without punishment he knew that he would be accused of unfairness, and that the discipline of the school would be destroyed. With a heavy heart he called her up for punishment, and ordered her to hold out her hand. She held it out smilingly and unflinchingly, and when the punishment was ended she deliberately threw her arms around the tracher's neck and kissed him. "I always return a kiss for a blow," she explained, as soon as the teacher recovered breath and consciousness; "for mother always taught me to do so." Having said this, she went calmly back to her seat, and the teacher, wishing that the earth would open and hide him, tried to calm his beating heart by studying history from a spelling-book held upside down.

The cup of his misery was by no means full. There was a rule in school that whoever climbed the fence into the next yard, and stole apples from Deacon Watkins' apple tree should be flogged. The teacher, in order to check the growth of this terrible vice, had distinctly announced that this rule would be inexorably enforced, no matter who might be the culprit or what defence might be offered. Of course, it was never for a moment imagined that any girl could climb a fence and an apple-tree, and hence the teacher was horrified to discover, as he approached the school-house one morning, Miss Alice perched on the limb of an apple tree and tossing apples to the rest of the scholars. When he reflected that he was pledged to inflict upon her the severest punishment known to the school code, his knees smote together and he felt that death would be sweet and welcome.

It was the custom to flog culprits at the morning recess, and when the teacher notified Miss Alice that she would remain in the school-room during recess, the other scholars chuckled with glee, and the girl herself was seen to blush. When recess came, and the guilty girl was left alone with the teacher, the excitement in the playground was immense, and the large quantities of tops and slate-pencils in favor of or against the probability that Miss Alice would be—in fact, punished. One enterprising boy climbed the lightning-rod and looked in at the window. It is on his evidence that the remainder of the story rest.

"He never offered to lick her," testified the disappointed boy. "He just called her up and said, says he, 'Allie, I'd a darned sight sooner marry you than lick you.' Then says Allie: 'It is about the same thing.'" — so they married.

Dogmatic Diplomacy.

For a long time Bismarck seemed to take no interest whatever in the Eastern question. He did not interfere when Turkey and Russia were fighting, and he permitted Englaud to make elaborate preparations for war and to use a great deal of strong language, without once suggesting that the noise was disagreeable, and that Beaconsfield and Gortschakoff would oblige him by behaving themselves. Suddenly he invited all Europe to come and spend a week or two with him at Berlin and to talk over any little matters that were in dispute. As it was known that Bismarck was not particularly fond of society, people wondered why he extended such an invitation. Did he intend to take part with either Russia or England, did he mean to put a stop to fighting, or had he made up his mind to fight himself? From so able a diplomatist it was to be expected that the world would hear something startling, but the wildest *Herald* "Ambassador" never dreamed of the surprise which Bismarck had in store for his guests. Recently the German Chancellor bought

A LARGE DOG.

In fact, it was an enormous dog, and was preternaturally ugly and fierce. As he was known to be very fond of dogs, and to move in the very best circles of canine society, Bismarck's new dog attracted no particular attention. We know, however, that the animal was intended for diplomatic purposes and that it was destined to exert a powerful and controlling influence upon the discussions of the congress and the affairs of Europe. Many and various have been the weapons which diplomatists have striven to cajole and coerce, but never before has a large dog been used to impress upon a European congress the policy of

A RUTHLESS AND DETERMINED RULER.

In the light of what has already happened, since the opening of the congress, there is no possible doubt that Bismarck brought the representatives of Europe together with the intention of setting his big dog on them, and thus forcing them to adopt his views. He began with Gortschakoff, by luring him to devour vast quantities of strawberries, knowing full well that strawberries cannot be safely eaten with candles, and that the Russian would be greatly weakened by the inevitable colic which awaited him. Last Sunday, when the strawberries had accomplished their mission, Bismarck sent word to Gortschakoff to come to his room and take a friendly cigar with him. The invitation was accepted, and for a time the two Chancellors talked in a quiet and apparently friendly way. Suddenly

YELLS AFD SHRIEKS

in the Russian language startled the house. The cook, the chamber-maid, and the grocer's young man, who had just brought a quantity of sauerkraut for tea, rushed into the room, and found the big dog in the act of devouring the unfortunate Gortschakoff, while Bismarck was making a pretended effort to pull the animal away. The cook and the chamber-maid with great presence of mind, said, "Ach, Himmel," and the grocer's young man seized the dog by the collar, and succeeded in releasing the partly masticated Russian, who instantly retreated behind the bed, and in trembling tones assured Bismarck that the wishes of Germany would at all times receive the utmost consideration at St. Petersburg. Now

PRECISELY WHAT OCCURRED

during the interview between the two Chancellors we do not know; but it is perfectly clear that Bismarck made certain demands upon Gortschakoff, and enforced them by setting the dog on him. The remark made by Gortschakoff is meaningless unless we assume that it was a reply to a demand made by the German Chancellor. What this demand was we need not inquire. There is scarcely any demand which a diplomatist weakened by recent colic and attacked by a ferocious dog whose thirst for carnage is increased by the scent of candles, would not grant in order to save his life and trousers. We need not suppose that Bismarck actually meant to kill Gortschakoff. Indeed, this is shown by the fact that that the dog seized him, not by the throat, but by the trousers. Nevertheless, it is plain that the dog would never have gone round behind the Russian, and there and then laid hold of him, without an order from his master.

The affair was kept quiet for some time, but owing to the indiscretion of the grocer's young man it finally became public. Suspicion, however, had already became excited by the fact that Gortschakoff's trousers had been sent to the tailor to be repaired, and that the strictest search could not find the cellar-door through which his servant pretended that his master had been in the act of sliding when the injury to the trousers took place. It is needless to say that the revelat on of Bismaack's atrocious purpose, the knowledge that he had brought together the members of the Congress for the express purpose of setting dogs on them, has created intense alarm. Lord Beaconsfield has bought

A TALL STEP LADDER,

on the summit of which he sat during Wednesday's session armed with a club, while the other representatives, with the solitary exception of Count Andrassy, who knows Bismarck's dog well and has no fear of him, are confined to bed with the gout. It is understood that Lord Salisbury is engaged in composing a circular to be sent to the various European courts after the close of the Congaess, repudiating its acts on the ground that the Congress was coerced and over-awed by a large dog. A precedent is found in the case of King Harold, who was coerced by