

march is accompanied by soft harmonies of trombones, distant peals of bells, and the chant of the knights; and as the religious strains increase in grandeur and intensity, faint at first and swelling as we seem to come nearer, the stage gradually assumes the appearance of a splendid hall, lighted from the lofty dome and filled with parade. Here the opera ends with an act of worship; as the curtain falls the orchestra ceases, and the hymn of the Grail is softly chanted by boys' voices from the invisible height of the dome.—*Century*.

## ANDALUSIAN SONGS.

An English lady, conversing with a Sevillian gentleman, who had been making some rather tall statements, asked him,—

"Are you telling me the truth?"  
"Madam," he replied, gravely, but with a twinkle in his eye, "I am an Andalusian!"  
At which the surrounding listeners, his fellow-countrymen, broke into an appreciative laugh.

No proverbial is the want of veracity, or, to put it more genially, the imagination, of these Southerners. Their imagination will explain also the vogue of their brief, sometimes pathetic, yet never more than half-expressed, scraps of song, which are sung with so much feeling throughout the kingdom to crude barbaric airs, and loved alike by gentle and simple. I mean the *Pescetas* and *Malagueñas*. There are others of the same general kind, sung to a variety of dances; but the ruling tunes are alike—usually pitched in a minor key, and interspersed with passionate trills, long quavers, unexpected ups and downs, which it requires no little skill to render. I have seen gypsy singers grow apoplectic with the long breath and volume of sound which they threw into these eccentric melodies and thunders of applause. It is not a high nor a cultivated order of music, but there lurks in it something consonant with the broad, stimulating shine of the sun, the deep red earth, the thick, strange flavored wine of the Peninsula; its constellated nights, and clear daylight gleamed with flying gold from the winnowing-field. The quirks of the melody are not so unlike those of very old English ballads, and some native composer with originality should be able to expand their deep, bold, primitive vibrations into richer, lasting forms. The fantastic picking of the *manduerra* accompaniment reminds me of Chinese music with which I have been familiar. Endless preludes and interminable windings up inclose the minute kernel of actual song; but to both words and music is lent a repressed touching power and suggestiveness by repeating, as is always done, the opening bars and first words at the end, and then breaking off in mid-strain. For instance:

"All the day I am happy,  
But at evening orison  
Like a millstone grows my heart,  
All the day I am happy."

[*Limless Guitar Solo.*]

It is like the never-ended strain of Schumann's "Warum." The words are always simple and few; often bold. One of the most popular pieces amounts simply to this:

"Both Lagartijo and Frascuelo  
Swordsmen are of quality,  
Since they the bulls are slaying—  
O damsel of my heart!  
They do it with serenity,  
Both Lagartijo and Frascuelo  
Swordsmen are of quality."

But such evident ardor of feeling and such wealth of voice are breathed into these fragments that they become sufficient. The people supply from their imagination what is barely hinted in the lines. Under their impassive exteriors they preserve memories, associations, emotions, of burning intensity, which throng to aid their enjoyment, as soon as the muffled strings begin to vibrate and syllables of love or sorrow are chanted. I recalled to a pretty Spanish girl one line:

"Pajarito, tu que vuelas."

She flushed, fire came to her eyes, and, with clasped hands, she murmured, "Oh, what a beautiful song it is!" Yet it contains only four lines. Here is a translation:

"Bird, little bird that wheelst  
Through God's fair worlds in the sky,  
Say it thou anywhere sweet  
A being more sad than I.  
Bird, little bird that wheelst."

Some of these little compositions are roughly humorous, and others very grotesque, appearing to foreigners empty and ridiculous.

The following one has something of the odd imagery and inconsequence of our negro improvisations:

"As I was gathering pine cones  
In the sweet pine woods of love,  
My heart was cracked by a splinter  
That flew from the tree above,  
I'm dead: pray for me, sweetheart!"

There was one evening in Granada when we sat in a company of some two dozen people, and one after another of the ladies took her turn in singing to the guitar of a little girl, a musical voodigy. But they were all outdone by Cándida, the brisk, naive, handsome serving-girl, who was invited in, but preferred to stand outside the grated window, near the lemon-trees and pomegranates, looking in, with a flower in her hair, and pouring into the room her warm contralto—that voice so common among Spanish peasant-women—which seemed to have absorbed the clear dark of Andalusian nights when

the stars glitter like lance-points aimed at the earth. Through the twanging of the strings we could hear the rush of water that gurgles all about the Alhambra; and just above the trees that stirred in the perfumed air without we knew the unsentinelled walls of the ancient fortress were frowning. The most elaborate piece was one meant to accompany a dance called the *Zapatado*, or "kick-dance." It begins:

"Tie me, with my fiery charger,  
To your window's iron lattice,  
Though he break loose, my fiery charger,  
Me he can not tear away!"

and then passes into rhyme:

"Much I ask of San Francisco,  
Much St. Thomas I implore;  
But of thee, my little brown girl,  
Ah, of thee I ask no more!"

The singing went on:

"In Triana there are rogues,  
And there are stars to heaven,  
Four and one rods away  
There lives, there lives a woman—  
Flowers there are in gardens,  
And beautiful girls in Sevilla."

GEO. P. LATHROP, in *Harper's*.

## JUGGERNAUT.

The Hindu deity Juggernaut—more correctly "Jagannatha," the Lord of the world—has for centuries been subjected to the grossest libel and misrepresentation. Whenever a systematic and cold-blooded smashing up of human life has had to be denounced it has been painted in its most dreadful colours by being labelled Juggernaut. It has been commonly believed that at the Ratha Tatra, or car festival of the deity, hundreds of people were wont in religious ecstasy to immolate themselves by being reduced to a pulp under the wheels of the car of Juggernaut—the chariot in which that delectable image disported himself. More extended research in Hindu mythology has dissipated the gory cloud that shrouded the libelled deity, and disclosed to the view a most impassive and harmless character: at the same time depriving all writers and speakers of a descriptive term calculated to stir up moral indignation and revolt at first sight. The plausibility of the new view will be apparent when it is known that Juggernaut is one of the ten incarnations or manifestations of Vishnu, and that the forms under which Vishnu is worshipped are always connected with love, while it is the manifestations of Siva that are of a crushing and terrible kind. An authority writing on this subject illustrates the nature of these deities by a noted legend:—"Once upon a time," as the children say, "among the innumerable gods of the Hindu Pantheon a discussion had arisen as to the reputation of the principal personages. One of the Devas at last proposed to try a practical test by which the matter might be settled. So he went up and kicked Siva. The result was terrible. That god burst into a wild passion and destroyed some millions of worlds before he calmed down again. The Deva then kicked Brahma. This deity became angry; he grumbled and growled a little, but did nothing in particular. The Deva then approached Vishnu (Juggernaut), who was asleep, but awoke instantly on being kicked. He caught the foot that had given the blow, and stroking it with his hand, said he hoped it was not hurt, at the same time manifesting a warm anxiety as if he had been the cause of pain to the Deva." Now through we do not know what evil design Vishnu may have had in view when he caught the foot of the Deva—for it is at least a violent way of expediting the sitting posture of a friend; also it is hair-splitting to discriminate between his "catching the foot" and the foot catching him—it is contended that Juggernaut was not altogether consumed by his thirst for blood and the pulverizing of the "human form divine." Like other dreadful legends, this one of Juggernaut and his car is open to a very simple explanation. There are thousands of people pulling at the ropes of the cars when the Ratha Tatra takes place. If any one should fall in the surging crowd he is sure to get trampled on, and sometimes crushed beneath the wheels of the car. Out of a few casualties of this kind modern research says that the whole legend of Juggernaut immolation has been hatched. Of Juggernaut himself, it is probable that the image never had an original, but that he, his sister Subhadra, and his brother Balarama, are modifications of a Buddhist symbol—the Trisul. The Trisul was a symbol of Dharma the law or faith of Buddha, but the devotees later on wanted something tangible, and made a wooden object to which they might direct their devotions, calling it Jagannatha, now Juggernaut. The countenance of this influential deity resembles the diabolical arrangement that little boys are wont to sculpture in a pumpkin, while his arms originating in his ears, have stiffened in the position of a man in his most desperate attempts to get inside of a tight shirt on a hot day. This renowned possession, then, is the survival of a Buddhist rite, the legend of the chariot a myth, and Juggernaut never a personality. He still, however, moves in the highest circles in India. Each dawn the temple doors are thrown open while he goes through the interesting ceremony of having his teeth cleaned with a soft stick. He is feted in every possible way, and at one time it was customary even to bring him out with the other images to be treated to a swing. Unfortunately, however, at one time the swing broke down, and Jagannatha broke some of the bark off his arm, so that this part of the ceremony was given up.

## VARIETIES.

A GOOD joke is told of a certain Dublin professor—a stickler for ventilation. Being recently put into a room at an hotel with another guest, he asked the latter to raise the window at night, as the air was so close. "I can't raise it," said the guest, after working at the window for a while. "Then knock a pane of glass out," said the professor, which was done.

After a while the professor got up and broke another, then he was able to sleep; but in the morning he discovered that they had only broken into a bookcase.

A GREAT SOUTHERN INDUSTRY.—Sheep-raising and wool growing would be highly remunerative in Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, and other parts of the South; and this would be one of the easiest industries for people to engage in who have not much capital to begin with. But the South, in common with large portions of New England, is devoted to another industry, which is always incompatible with sheep raising and wool producing. This is the rearing of dogs. I did not find anything else, I think, that can be attributed to the South generally. I found plenty of white republicans and black democrats there; and there is, as in the North, almost every possible variety of opinion on every possible subject. The South is so large, and its life and thought so varied and complex, that a real observer will be slow to impute many things to this part of our country in general. But in regard to this business the South is really "solid." The popular devotion to the rearing of dogs recalls the animal worship of the ancient Egyptians. I was often on the point of asking, "How much do you make a year on your dogs?" They are so numerous, and are increasing so rapidly; they occupy a place of such prominence in the general life of the South, and so dominate public sentiment and influence public morality, that one is constantly inclined to the conviction that their rearing and care must be among the most important and valuable pursuits of the people. I was told there is a dog tax in some of the States, but that when the assessor of taxes goes his rounds scarcely anybody can be found who will confess to owning a dog. A vigorous effort was made in the legislature of one of the chief Southern States, a few years ago, to enact a law to limit or discourage the rearing of dogs, and to stimulate the production of sheep and wool. But a coloured member of the legislature made an eloquent and enthusiastic defence of dog rearing, and talked sentiment, and quoted what the poets have written in praise of dogs (some white wags having assisted him in the preparation of his speech), until one would have thought that the highest interests of civilization depended upon having as many dogs in the country as possible. The obnoxious bill was voted down by a large majority, and the imperilled industry was rescued.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

TEA.—It is estimated that tea is habitually consumed by not less than 500,000,000 people, or about one-half of the human race. Amongst the Chinese and the inhabitants of Japan, Tibet, and Nepal it is drunk by all classes three or four times a day. In Asiatic Russia, in a large portion of Europe, in North America, and in Australasia it is a favourite beverage. In China, tea has been used as an article of diet from a very remote period of antiquity. Curiously enough, they have not record or tradition respecting its first introduction. The Japanese, however, tells us that in the year 519, a holy man named Darma, the son of an Indian monarch, took refuge in China, and publicly taught that the only way to attain happiness was to eat nothing but vegetables and go without sleep. This enthusiastic vegetarian and anti-morpheusian was, however, on a hot summer's day overcome by drowsiness, and fairly nodded before his congregation. When he awoke to a knowledge of his violation of his own precept, great was his self-reproach, and being determined that he would not transgress a second time, he cut off his eyelids and threw them on the ground. In due time they took root, and gradually developed into the plant now known as tea. Tea was probably first introduced into Europe about the middle of the seventeenth century, for in 1661, Pepys writes in his diary, "I sent for a cup of tea (a Chinese drink), of which I had never heard before." At first its use was not very common, as in the same century the East India Company considered it a rare gift to present the King of England with 2 lbs. 2 oz. of tea. The plant which yields the tea leaves is a native of China, and still grows wild on the hills both of that country and Japan. The tea plants are raised from seed, which is sown in March. When a year old, the young bushes are planted out, and when placed in rows three or four feet apart have some resemblance to goose-berry bushes. The season for gathering varies in different districts, but the principal leaf harvest is in May or June. The leaves are plucked by women, and are usually gathered at three successive periods. The youngest and earliest leaves are the most tender and delicate, and give the highest flavoured tea. The second and third gatherings are more bitter and woody, and yield less soluble matter to water. The refuse and decayed leaves and twigs are sold under the name of "brick tea."—*Family Physician*.

LADIES' COLLEGES.—The comparative failure of Girton and Newnham to compete successfully in the university examinations should by no

means be taken to be a proof of inferiority on the part of women. We can only fairly infer that women are not the equals of men when dealing with subjects for which men's minds are especially fitted, or when undergoing examinations which have been especially adapted to male students. Probably a man in a female university, if such a being could be conceived, would labour under at least as great disadvantages as women now suffer at Cambridge. In truth, to employ competition as an instrument to discover whether men are the intellectual superiors of women is as absurd as to attempt to gauge the comparative superiority of Newton and Shakespeare by competitive examination. Such a system as that desired by the advocates of the admission of women to the universities can only lead to unpleasant recriminations, and the results which may be expected from its adoption can be seen in the absurd boasts often put forward by over-zealous partisans, who are continually holding up, as proofs of the capability of women for education, achievements which would hardly be reckoned as success in a school of the second rank. The fact that women are capable of considerable mental effort is sufficiently established by the examples of George Eliot, Mrs. Browning, Mary Somerville, and the like; and the authority of these names does not require to be supplemented by the fact that women can take places in the third class of a Tripos. But the cause of those who advocate competition between the sexes is not much assisted by the fact that two ladies' colleges have in seven years obtained two places in the first class of the principal examinations of the university, while one male college no larger than Girton has had no less than thirty-five firsts during the same period. It should be clearly understood that the objection to the competition of women in the universities has nothing to do with the question as to whether or not women for competition with men should not be confounded with the perfectly legitimate aim of raising women's position by education, and increasing their power of benefiting themselves and the world. As a curious result of the competition mania may be instanced the fact that it has been seriously advocated by some distinguished lady students that Girton should be permitted to enter a boat on the river, to compete in the university bumping races; and that ardent friends express themselves confidently in the belief that the ladies would succeed in overtaking and holding their own against several of the boats at present occupying low positions on the river. Ridiculous as the idea of competition between the sexes in matters relating to physical prowess appears to be, the notion of intellectual contests between them is no less absurd.—*Burlington*.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

CETEWAYO has arrived in England.

YELLOW fever is spreading in Japan.

THE Arrears Bill has passed the House of Lords.

THE Ladies' Land League of Dublin is to be dissolved.

THE rebel camp has been moved five miles nearer Alexandria.

A SERIOUS fire has occurred in St. Petersburg, destroying fifty houses.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY sailed for Egypt on the 2nd in the transport *Calabria*.

THE Malagassy and American authorities at Madagascar have had a disagreement.

FIVE hundred and fifty Christians were murdered at Damahour, Tanteh and Mihalla.

BOTH Houses of Congress have passed the River and Harbour bill over the President's veto.

THE presence of a man-of-war is said to be necessary at Smyrna to prevent an outbreak.

ARABI, it is rumored, intends attacking Alexandria with a large force, under command of Toulba Pasha.

FOUR of Barnum's elephants escaped from their keepers after the circus performance at Troy, N.Y., recently.

BERLIN authorities allege that Russia will shortly assume a position directly hostile to the pretensions of England in Egypt.

LORD DUFFERIN has sent another note declaring that Turkish troops cannot land in Egypt until the Sultan proclaims Arabi a rebel.

ADMIRAL SEYMOUR will be ordered to send the Turkish fleet home, it having sailed without the Sultan having agreed to England's terms.

EVERY day has its new society. The latest has for its object the reform of the dress of waiters. Black livery, knee breeches, and gilettons are to distinguish waiters from guests.

A NEW Siamese mission is about to arrive in Paris, and will be present at the review on the 14th July. The members of the mission wear a costume partaking of the character of the Chinese and Japanese fashions. They are of an olive complexion, and have flat noses with broad nostrils.