

THE ELF-KING'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

Down the merry streamlet dancing,
Through the flickering shadows dancing.
Foam about her white feet creaming,
All her wayward hair out-streaming
Laughing on the laughing water.
Dances down the Elf-king's daughter—
Youngest daughter fair.

All the trees bend low toward her,
All the rocks are grones to guard her,
All the little grasses whisper,
And the low-toned breezes hush her
Praises everywhere.

All around the warm air lingers
Lovingly, the while her fingers
With a dainty upward gesture
Seem to draw a shade for venture
Of her loveliness.

Yet meseems she moves so purely,
Gliding on her path demurely,
Looking with clear eye serenely,
She were clad not half so queenly
In a royal dress.

Now she's lightly onward sweeping,—
Now she stays, half-glad, half-fearing.
O'er the ledge of granite peering,
Eyes the headlong torrent leaping—
Eyes far down the sullen boulders,
While the long locks round her shoulders
Gather tenderly.

Now with little laugh a-tremble,
Glad her shrinking to dissemble,
Flashing through the diamond shower
With her white feet launched below her,
And her hair drawn out above her,
Swift as lady to her lover
Down the fall goes she.

Now when quiet night has clouded
All the river broad and stately,
Down the stream she rides solutely,
By her soft hair warmly shrouded,
Lulled by melody.

Down amid the dim trees greeting,
And the drowsy wheat's repeating,
Dreaming on the dreaming water
Floats the Elf-king's youngest daughter
To the dreaming sea.

J. R. S.

CARL ROSA'S SUCCESS.

Kate Field writes to the Louisville Courier Journal from London: In predicting Carl Rosa's success I was not a false prophet. A German has brought English opera back to life. Expecting to lose at least £3,000 in a season of seven weeks Rosa has startled himself by making money from the outset, and has now gone to the provinces with a prestige which is amazing, considering the brief time in which it has been acquired. His greatest artistic as well as pecuniary success was Cherubini's "Water-carrier," brought out the last week of his season. On the second night of its production the Princess's was packed from pit to dome. I never saw a more delighted and attentive audience. Indeed its intelligence was remarkable, for Cherubini never wrote for the purpose of putting tenors and sopranos on exhibition. His effects lie in noble orchestration and exquisite concerted pieces, all of which were enthusiastically applauded. Cherubini was the one composer to whom Beethoven bowed; and well he might, for *The Water-carrier* was the godfather of *Fidelio*, and it is to the great old Italian that Beethoven owed much of his inspiration. Santleyas the *Water-carrier* was admirable. Put him in a domestic drama and his acting is on a par with his singing. He well deserved his call and recall, and when, in answer to prolonged cries, Rosa appeared before the curtain at the close of this opera, he met with an ovation that must have rejoiced his tired mind, for he has worked like a dozen Trojans. Abused for not giving the public the works of English composers—as though opera in English could live a week if it were limited to Balfe and Wallace—Rosa produced the "Siege of Rochelle," whereupon the critics exclaimed, "How is it possible that we could ever have liked such music?" Having shown up the folly of his judges, Rosa brought out "Cherubini" translated, with the success already recorded. When the same opera was sung in Italian by Titiens and Agnesi, two years ago, an appreciative fashionable public went to sleep over it, and it was withdrawn after one night. Was not Rosa brave to face such a verdict, and does he not merit his reward? Would that his wife were alive to share the triumph and delight our ears with a voice and method that have not their peer!

AN ARCHITECT'S FANCY.

A writer in *All the Year Round* says of a well-known architect: One of the freaks of Sir John Soane, considered by most men of artistic taste to be puerile, is a sort of imitative monastery *en petit*. Wishing to produce, with a small space, the various contrasting effects of ecclesiastical architecture, he imagined the life of a monk and provided him with a monastic cell, oratory, and grave. He imagined the monk, "Padre Giovanni," to be refined rather than ascetic: he built for him a parlor lighted with a window of stained glass, through which can be seen the rules of a monastery, together with the padre's cell, oratory, and grave. In the cell is a niche for holy water; in the oratory is a highly wrought carved crucifix, and there are also missals, relics, stained glass pictures of sacred subjects and models of ecclesiastical buildings. The tomb of the supposed monk is made with the fragments of an old monument once placed over a family vault in an Essex churchyard. In short, to use Sir John's own description, throughout the realization of this mediæval conception "attention has been given to every minute circumstance." The oddity of the conception becomes all the more manifest when we associate it with the locality, a back room or two in a dwelling-house in Lincoln's Innfields!

THE GLEANER.

UPWARD of 20,000 letters were posted in England last year without any address, among them one which contained \$10,000 in bank notes.

JOHN BRIGHT says that Queen Victoria is one of the most careful and domestic women he has ever met.

THE Khedive was educated in Paris, speaks French to perfection, is a capital talker on any kind of subject, and takes an especially keen interest in England and anything English.

A scientific expedition is being organized in Holland for the purpose of exploring the interior of the island of Sumatra, some parts of which are quite unknown to Europeans.

A romantic story is told of a Cuban woman who, with her son of fourteen years, commands a detachment of the rebel army. She leads the insurgents in person, dressed in a riding habit and mounted on a fine horse, and is as brave as a lion.

A LONDON correspondent of the Buffalo Commercial reports that Col. Valentine Baker has offered his services to the Emperor of Russia, that the offer has been accepted, and the Colonel will go to Russia as soon as his term of imprisonment expires.

JOHN Frederick Gunter went from Chicago penniless to Australia, twenty-three years ago. He now advertises in the Chicago newspapers that he is able and willing to help his relatives, and invites them to write to him. And won't he hear from them?

IN the reconstruction of the Hotel de Ville, Paris, a machine is used for cutting stone which does in one day the work of 15 men. It is composed of two revolving cylinders furnished with marble hammers, by means of which the stone is separated with great rapidity and precision.

MME. Iturbide, of Mexico, the handsome and intellectual mother of the adopted heir of Maximilian when Emperor of Mexico, is residing permanently in Georgetown. Her son, a youth of uncommon intelligence, is pursuing his studies at the Jesuit College in Georgetown.

LORD HOUGHTON, while in Washington, paid a beautiful tribute to American autumn foliage by giving a high price for some pressed autumn leaves mounted on cardboard ready for framing. He said his English friends would scarcely believe that the leaves were not artificially colored.

PAUL MORPHY, the once famous chess-player, is not insane, according to a New Orleans paper, which positively contradicts the report recently circulated, and states that Mr. Morphy was never in better health, physically and mentally, than now. Mr. Morphy has given up chess-playing, it appears, for the practice of the law.

AN official notice has been issued by the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, by which undergraduates are forbidden to take part in, or be present at, any horse race. Any breach of the statute is punishable by rustication for a term for the first offence, for a year for the second, and by removal from the University altogether for a third.

THERE are now five cables connecting Europe with America, three running from Newfoundland to Ireland, one from Brest (France) to Duxbury (Mass.) by way of St. Pierre, and the direct cable recently laid. The cables from Newfoundland are about 1,900 miles long, the direct cable 3,060 miles, and the French cable 3,330 miles in length.

PASCAL DUPRAT, the celebrated member of the French Assembly, is a handsome man, of middle age, with a luxuriant crop of hair, which he wears long. As he plods in and out of the railway station in Paris he would be taken sooner for a hermit artist unaccountably strayed away from the Latin Quarter than for a brilliant and dangerous political antagonist.

IN its sitting of the 25th of October, the Paris Academy of Sciences heard a paper on an electromotor, invented by M. Cherill of Havre, designed to replace steam power in most of its applications. The expense will be much less than in the previous system, the inventor stating that the maximum cost will be two-fifths of a cent per horse power of fifty-four foot pounds per hour of work.

THERE is now being built at the Imperial Russian Arsenal, at Nicolaïen, a steam ram, of a novel design, which will be cased with armor plates of a thickness far greater than have hitherto been employed. This vessel, which will have a speed of fifteen knots per hour, will be fitted with torpedo apparatus. She will carry no guns, and will depend entirely upon a formidable ram for offensive purposes.

A SPECIMEN of the *ophiophagus claps*, or snake-eating snake, is one of the recent accessions to the London Zoological Garden. He is over seven feet in length, and his circumference is about equal to the thickness of a man's wrist. His virus is as deadly as that of the cobra, and he is a regular athlete among snakes. His head is very lizard-like and harmless looking, and has an intelligent looking eye. Like a cobra, he has a hood which he can expand when angry, and his body is ornamented with very pretty stripes. His mode of attack is peculiar. He glides after you with the swiftness of a hawk after a bird, and when he gets up to his enemy bites him and retires. On his arrival at the gardens the *ophiophagus* was treated to a live English snake, which he instantly seized and swallowed head foremost. He is also said to eat rats, mice, and small birds.

FOOT NOTES.

FATHER HYACINTHE is to visit this country in 1876.

SUBTERRANEAN cables are to be laid in Chicago and the telegraph poles removed.

COLONEL FORNEY says it is on the cards that the Prince of Wales may come over to Philadelphia next year.

THE Marquis of Bute has planted 3,500 grape vines on his Cardiff estate, to see if good wines cannot be made in Wales.

ONE of the Cincinnati breweries has received an order for 10,000 barrels of lager beer, to be used at the Centennial.

OUT of 400 religious publications in the United States, the Methodists claim 47, the Roman Catholics 41, the Baptists 35, the Presbyterians 29, and the Jews 9.

A WOMAN in Virginia City, Nevada, who had been bedridden for months, had to be carried out of the house during the last fire, and within half an hour from that her great fright had effected a complete cure of her infirmity.

WILLIAM G. MAXFIELD of New Bedford committed suicide. On the table was found, in his hand writing, a verse in the following stage of construction:

This life-----tears that flow
-----woe.

"GINGER-bread Germans" are the newest and most reasonable entertainments in and about Boston for young ladies who have not come out. No gentlemen are invited, ginger bread and lemonade are the viands, and the girls go home to their mothers before midnight.

THE largest private residence in London is Hertford House, Manchester square; one of the finest residences in Paris is the home of a Rothschild; the largest and most richly furnished private house in New York (and, therefore, in America) is the marble palace of A. T. Stewart, corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth street.

PARIS has experienced a great loss this month in Mme. Boutoux, who lived in the Rue l'Echelle. She was the delight of the gourmand world of Paris; her dishes and trifles were the perfection of gastronomic art, and the various dainties of her establishment brought her a clientèle refined in taste and varied in character. Sixty years ago the old lady came to Paris and opened a shop in the passage Véro-Dodat, where her wonderful beauty attracted many customers and the fame of her cooking brought more. Rossini patronized her *salon* and Rachel would go there night after night. Eugene Sue, in his romance "Seven Capital Sins," devotes a chapter to this ancient dame, who was also distinguished by her eccentric manner and quaint, dry humor. One of her peculiarities was not serving any customer with viands unless she fancied his appearance. A minister of State, anxious to taste one of her famous *patés*, presented himself no less than twenty times at her counter in vain. On his twenty-first visit, with a letter of introduction in his hand from Marshal Niel, she said: "It is no use, your face does not please me."

HEARTH AND HOME.

FINDING FAULT WITH THE WORLD.—There is a class of people in the world who make it the chief business of their lives to depreciate existence and its blessings; who speak of this world as a "vale of tears," an "abode of sin and sorrow," a "daily cross," a "realm of blighted hopes," and so on through the entire category of such expressions. In nine cases out of ten, our world is just what we make it. If we resolve to see only the dark side, we shall of course see no sunshine. If we choose to live in a cellar, the sun will not be likely to come down out of the heavens, and seek us out in our obscurity.

WAIT AND HOPE.—This is a world full of trouble, full of disappointment, as we all know; but there is, after all, no folly so great as that of ceasing to invite the smiles of Hope, not only because her smiles are so sweet; but also because while we live, there must always be some good, as well as some sorrow, awaiting us.

WE can no more stand in life than we can turn back. When we have no desire to go on, invisible forces are at work to compel us to do so. There are things we must do; people we must meet; events that will accrue to us. We cannot believe that the deeds will all be such as we must regret, the events all sorrowful ones, the new acquaintances all enemies.

AND since we may do good, and have good done to us—since true hearts may meet ours, though we to-day do not so much as know that they beat—what may we not hope?

YOUR home may be cold and dark, but it is not because the sun does not shine. It only needs a hand to open the door, and put aside the curtain, to let in warmth and light. So, any moment the shut doors of your life may open, and earth's sunshine fall across your heart. Wait, and hope; it is only that the angel whose mission it is to do this deed tarries for a little on the road.

TO THE LADIES.—The New WILCOX & GIBBS Sewing Machine is the only Machine in the World that is positively silent and the only one that requires no change of tension. Agency for the Dominion. Royal Sewing Machine Rooms, 754 Craig St. Call and see it.

ARTISTIC.

HOLMAN HUNT, the eminent English artist, is about to be married.

THE Russian Government has just purchased for \$125,000 the celebrated painting of "Danae," by Titian.

A MARBLE gateway has been secured for the Louvre, Paris, at a cost of \$16,000. It will be placed in the Italian sculpture room on the ground floor.

American sculptors in Italy are still tossed upon that tempest in a teapot, agitated by the question which palms off as original the best work of native artists.

CAPTAIN WARREN, R. E., has presented to the University of Oxford the large collection of Jewish, Roman, Byzantine, and Saracenic coins obtained by him while he was conducting the survey of Palestine.

EIGHTEEN Phœnician inscriptions recently discovered, and on their way to the museum of the Louvre, were lost in the explosion of the French iron-clad Magenta.

HOLMAN HUNT has left England, proposing to remain in Jerusalem about three years, or long enough for the completion of a large picture, having an important subject and comprising many figures.

It has been proposed to the Académie des Inscriptions, Paris, to form a collection of casts from all famous authentic ancient sculptures, the restored portions of the monuments excluded.

A BOSTON professor bought in Dresden a fine copy of Correggio's "Reading Magdalen," for which he paid only seven dollars. On his arrival home he sent it to be framed, when it turned out to be one of Prang's chromos, worth four dollars.

"THE Siege of Paris" remains on exhibition at the Colosseum, N. Y., and public interest is evidently increasing in this excellent and realistic work. As a pictorial representation of the exciting events which it is designed to portray it could not be surpassed.

JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co., are about to publish a new art quarterly called the "Fac-Similist." Each number will contain from twelve to sixteen heliotype reproductions of rare engravings, with twenty pages of letterpress. It will be edited by Mr. Justin Winsor.

THE entries at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts this year are more numerous than they have ever been known to be before. They are divided as follows:—One hundred and seventy-two for architecture, forty for sculpture, eighty for painting, and as many as two hundred and fifty for the section of engraving.

THE French art journal, "L'Art," will be republished in New York, in tri-annual numbers. This work contains reproductions of the more prominent new works by the French artists, and will not fail to be appreciated. This publication and the Portfolio of London, also issued in New York, give the amateur and artist a valuable survey of art movements and interests in the foreign studios.

A French antiquary has found the most ancient bronze statue known, in the collection of Egyptian antiquities recently gathered by M. Gustave Posner. It is almost identical in feature and workmanship with the famous sycamore wood statue in the museum of Boulae, the port of Cairo, and which is contemporary with the fourth Egyptian dynasty—a period some 3,000 years before the Christian era.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

OFFENBACH takes an interest in the Centennial and was present at the recent banquet at the Hotel du Louvre.

THE Edwin Forrest "Home for Aged Actors," near Philadelphia, will be ready to receive beneficiaries in a few months.

THERE is talk of building an opera house in Paris with a seating capacity of 15,000, admission to which is to be only two francs.

VISCOUNT CASTILHO, of Rio Janeiro, has made a translation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" into Portuguese, and read it recently before the Emperor of Brazil.

ROSSI has announced in the Paris papers that, for his part, he has entirely filled his American contract by sending over the stipulated forfeit of \$10,000 to the New World manager. The latter protests that he neither received the money nor replies to his despatches.

WAGNER has obtained for his new work, which is to be brought out at the opera house of Bayreuth, the assistance of the greatest mechanist of Berlin to produce uncommon automatic effects, as several wild animals, including a dragon, are to appear moving on the stage.

So great a sensation has the Italian Rossi made in the character of Hamlet that a party of actors have come from London expressly to see him in that rôle. This flattering compliment has, it is said, much affected the great tragedian, and he has expressed his intention of shortly proceeding to London to give them a series of representations.

MR. JOHN OXENFORD has retired from the post of dramatic critic of the Times, and has been succeeded, it is said, by Mr. F. W. Hawkins. The notices of new plays that have appeared in the Times for many years past have, with few exceptions, been contributed by Mr. John Oxenford, who has also, during the same period, furnished dramas, comedies, and farces, original and translated, to nearly every London theatre of importance.

AN Irish melody transplanted. German tenor warbles:

"I'll not leaf zee, sow lön von
To bine on ze schtem!
Zins ze löffy are szchleebingk,
Cöh! szchleeb sow fiz dem!
Zos ghynly I schgadder
Zy leafs on the bet,
Vair zy maids of ze kárren
Lie schentless and tet!"

THE directors of the Porte St. Martin Theatre and the authors of *Le Tour du Monde en 80 Jours*, gave a grand breakfast at the Grand Hôtel lately to the artists to celebrate the 365th performance of that piece. Even the elephant was not forgotten, as he made his entry with Mlle. Dia-Petit on his back at the dessert, and walked round the table, appearing to relish immensely the sweetmeats with which he was regaled; after being well fed and caressed he made his exit, leaving, however, the actress behind.

HON. OAKLEY HALL, who is about to adopt the stage as a profession, has one of the largest and most valuable dramatic private libraries extant. Everything that is obtainable and worth having in relation to the drama and its exponents he has. He possesses also a copy of every notable play-bill that has appeared in New York for thirty years, and of many theatres he has a copy of each play-bill they have issued since their opening. More than a mere taste for the stage does he bring to it; with the ex-Mayor it amounts to a positive passion.