

DAWN.

(From the German.)

The stars are waning fast,
All pale their flick'ring gleam
The night will soon be past,
Anew the morning beam.

Deep silence—e'en the breeze
Lies hushed, along the vale
Yet 'mid the dew-tipped trees
Sings sweet, the nightingale.

Full hymns of praise he sings
To God, the Lord above,
Whose hand rich blessing flings
O'er earth in bounteous love.

Swift vanished now the night—
Thou child lay by thy fear.
The Father of all Light
His loved is ever near.

F. J. M.

EDITING NEWSPAPERS.

It is possible that Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, may have spoken on Sunday last from experience in advising his hearers against starting a newspaper. He is endowed with a certain kind of intelligence, utilizing which makes him sufficiently odd, without being otherwise exceptional. We may, therefore, assume that he is among the bulk when he says:—"Almost every intelligent man during his life is smitten with the newspaper mania; start a newspaper, or have stock in one, he must, or die;" although he says it is well-known that newspapers are dying of "cholera infantum" at the rate of one per day.

When merely giving the results of his gleanings from authentic sources his statements may probably be accepted, but rarely any inference Dr. Talmage draws from them. Usually they have as little pertinence as his sermon of Sunday last had to either of his texts. But far less can he be considered an authority regarding the causes of such newspaper mortality. His tribute to the Press in general, and the inestimable boon which he says the newspaper confers on the world, is simply just and fully merited. We wish we could return the compliment as freely and unconditionally to the pulpit. The failures and mortality there are far greater than in the Press. Unfortunately the dead trunks or branches are not so easily uprooted, or lopped off. The minister may have mistaken his calling. Instead of "wagging his head in a pulpit" he ought to be handling a shovel or napping stones. Still he cannot be easily got rid of, if he behaves himself at all decently. He cannot be dismissed like other servants whose incompetence has been discovered on trial. Sustentation funds, and the fetters forged by church procedure around the would-be minister and congregation bind them too firmly together to permit that. Occasionally he is shamed out of the ill-fitting position, but more frequently he is dismissed for just and flagrant causes. Then the plausible deceptive appearance which took in the congregation is plied upon newspaper managers. The man who thought himself qualified to lead and advise the world regarding things eternal and divine considers himself eminently adapted by his collegiate training to guide the world in these and every-day affairs in the columns of the Press. Through charity, and from respect and good wishes towards the calling of a minister, the manager takes pity upon him, and he becomes attached to his newspaper—so firmly attached that the manager finds it difficult to get quit of the incubus he soon proves himself to be. When the manager does free himself of the burden, it is only to bear the everlasting ill-will and venom of the man he tried to help and support.

To be a successful newspaper manager, or editor, is a special gift, for which a collegiate or university training is by no means necessary. Hugh Miller, and many eminent editors and managers, were not university students. The practical business qualification is the great thing toward success. That tact, energy, discrimination, and sound sense, which education may brighten and mature, but never engenders.

The very fact of a man being a broken-down minister is in itself sufficient evidence of his incapacity to be a successful editor, or manager. He may write a passable article, but the market is glutted with these from far more experienced and higher cultivated minds. It is bad enough when he is merely an assistant or contributor, but when suffering from failure in the pulpit, and often from disgrace, he becomes an editor, or manager, the death of the paper is only a question of time.

Considering the profession to which they formally belonged, it might be expected that they would bring into the new one to which they aspire a noble independence, high purpose, and pure dealing, and yet no class in the Press are more addicted to blackmailing, and other meanesses. When a man loses respect for himself he goes to the dogs, and so it is generally with the parson when he descends from the pulpit.

Of course broken-down clergymen are not the only drags upon a newspaper. The other professions, both of law and medicine, contribute their share, though not in the same proportion. His business habits, training, and general experience, however, better fit a lawyer for the Press, and he does not turn out so general a failure.

In a word, however, it is with a newspaper as with everything else. No one can reasonably hope to succeed in anything to which he is not adapted,

MUSHROOM SQUIRES.

It is perfectly well known that, taken in a herald's point of view, ninety per cent. of all the English titled and untitled aristocracy are of mushroom growth. Where is the noble or county family that can claim twelve generations, or even eight, of blood untainted by trade or commerce on both sides? How many peers are there that can go beyond George III. for their nobility? Not 20 per cent.; and, as for the estates of really ancient landed squires, by purchase and by marriage they have been absorbed wholesale by the produce of attorney's bills of costs, steam factories, banking, brewing, and, a hundred years ago, by nabobs, fortunate shakers of the pagoda tree. Take the hunting-field alone. Among its distinguished followers, how few there are that could or can claim a pedigree that would pass muster under the pen of a German herald. Why, when an Esterhazy married a daughter of Lord Jersey it was set down as a *malpractice* in the Hungarian "Book of Nobles." The grandfather of Sir Tatton Sykes was a timber merchant, and Mayor of Hull. Sir Tatton to this generation, was the very model of a country gentleman—Sir Roger de Coverley revived. His contemporary, Squire Farquharson, so long a famous Master of Hounds in Dorsetshire, one of the last to wear boots and leathers at church on Sundays—was the son of an Indian nabob. Sir George Wombwell, than whom there is no better fox-hunter and master of hounds, traces his life as a country gentleman back to his great grandfather, a chairman of the East India Company. The father of Captain Percy Williams, for a quarter of a century famous as a master of hounds, and a good sportsman all round, made his fortune commanding an East India ship in the days when such a command was a certain fortune. His friend and friendly rival in the hunting-field and over the flat in silk, Captain White—"Leicestershire White, with a seat that's so graceful, a hand that's so light"—was the son of a Manchester physician. Not many years ago there was a father and three sons who were all masters of noted packs of fox-hounds. Their name was Arkwright, grandson and great-grandsons of the famous Lancashire barber, who indented the cotton-spinning machinery that enabled Pitt to fight Napoleon and all Europe. Go into every fox-hunting country, and ask what the field would be if you took away all the brewers, bankers, manufacturers and merchants, their sons, grandsons, and great-grandsons. Take the lists of Masters of Hounds for the past year. With the Quorn you find as Master a Manchester man, and its next door, late Tailby's, a baronet, the son of a Canadian merchant. The Master of one of the best Oxfordshire packs is the son of a railway contractor; his elder brother being a Lord of the Admiralty, and another brother, famous in the agricultural world as a breeder of pedigree stock—a model squire, in fact. A very popular Master of Hounds is a nobleman whose title dates from Pitt's time, and whose great-grandfather made stockings for George III.; and another lands his pedigree, after two generations, in a solicitor's office. The fact is that what has made the strength of our landed aristocracy, titled and untitled, has been its disregard of pedigree and readiness to welcome success from every quarter. Hunting on the Continent is a privilege of the "well-born;" in England, few inquire who was the grandfather of a well-mannered land squire—no one asks who was the grandmother. — *English Paper.*

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

LIEZT, who was seventy-one yesterday, was to receive a wonderful ovation at Vienna.

THE ballad says: "Les morts vont vite" (the dead travel fast). A wit adds, "especially if they journey on the Strasbourg railway."

A SQUARE in Paris is to be named La Place des Etats-Unis. This is the least Paris could do considering the American dollars spent there.

PLACE for the ladies! The number of women arrested by the police of Paris is increasing to such an extent that a special prison for their reception is to be made at a cost of over £60,000.

If we are to accept as authentic a letter published by the Paris *Bourse*, the military authorities of England still tremble at the thought of the possible invasion of perfidious Albion by the legions of France. The letter is dated from the Horse Guards, and purports to have been written by Sir Garnet Wolseley, who says, "I have no objection to its being stated in every newspaper that I earnestly trust the Channel tunnel may never be carried out, as I feel its construction would be a lasting source of danger to this country." The notion of France invading England by a submarine passage is "quite too much." We can only suppose that Sir Garnet's alarm is based upon some doubt as to the efficiency of the British Engineer of the future.

Mlle. Grévy is thirty years old; she has a merited reputation for intelligence, and, in the complimentary English sense, originality of mind. She is also very artistic. She has expressive dark eyes, very black and luxuriant hair, and a small delicate figure, which shows agility and expresses decision. Mlle. Grévy's education has been that of an English girl of independent

character, and the only daughter of an intellectual easy-going father, who wished to make her his companion. She has always refused to be married according to the French fashion, which ordains that young girls passively accept suitors offered to them by their families. She and M. Wilson have been well acquainted for thirteen years, during which time M. Grévy has been to him a close friend and something of a mentor.

THE question of what the womanhood of the world is to wear during the coming season is rapidly arriving at a definite decision. Princesses dresses of velvet are much in vogue for demitoylette; they are made with a long train, while in front the corsage is cut so as to give the effect of a Louis XIV. coat, the velvet skirt being plain in front. These elegant and severely simple dresses will be worn at small dinners or to receive calls in, and at very small parties. Costumes of satin and velvet will be much more worn for paying calls than those entirely of velvet. Some costumes are shown with the underskirt of plain velvet, the over-dress of draped cashmere, and the jacket of stamped velvet or in plush, all matching in hue precisely. No trimming at all is employed in the toilettes and costumes of plain velvet, the richness of the material being considered its own sufficient ornament. Shaded goods are entirely out of fashion and have vanished as if by miracle, though some beautiful shaded plushes and velvets were shown at the beginning of the season. A new and very lovely material for opera cloaks is shown in the shape of a heavy watered plush. In peach color it is very beautiful. Matinees are often made of it in pale pink, blue, or peach colour, trimmed with ruffles of white lace and lined with satin in pale contrasting hues. Some beautiful dresses have been prepared for transmission to the United States during the past week. One was a walking costume on terra-cotta hued satin and cashmere, intended for a young Philadelphia belle. The front of the skirt was covered with five-plated flounces of cashmere, each edged with a bias band of the satin. The flounces were met at each side of the skirt by perpendicular draperies of cashmere, joined in a point near the hem and parting below the waist so as to show a pointed piece of satin. These draperies were caught together just above the hem with a satin bow. The back of the skirt was covered with straight draperies of cashmere. With this dress was to be worn a plush tight-fitting jacket, matching precisely in hue that of the cashmere and satin.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THEATRICAL journalism has been enriched by the appearance of the *Play*.

A PROTEST has been made against ladies wearing large fans at theatres. Of course the protesters are little men.

MISS HELEN TAYLOR, daughter-in-law of the late John Stuart Mill, wishes it to be stated that she has not called Mr. Gladstone anything worse than "a dastard and a recreant."

THE Queen was so much pleased with *The Colonel*, as represented at Abergeldie, that she will probably become once more an active patron of the drama. There are rumours current of a forthcoming dramatic performance at Windsor Castle.

LONDON shop assistants intend to apply to Parliament for an Act limiting the number of hours for which it may be lawful to employ them—in other words, to make it illegal for a shopman to stand too long behind a counter.

THE Californian Claimant to the Tichborne titles and estates is announced to be "on his way east from San Diego to London." He ought to be allowed to interview Sir Arthur Orton in prison, and might be left alone with him for half an hour.

A REMARKABLE millinery triumph is called the "winning October hat," and is really artistic, if a trifle pronounced. It is a large poke shape, trimmed with black Spanish lace and peacock feathers laid flat on the brim, and on the left side is a modest bunch of sunflowers.

NEARLY 600 noblemen and gentlemen connected with the various foreign and public services, bankers, merchants, and others, have joined the Empire Club, which is situate in Grafton street, and there is no doubt that the objects of the committee have been fully realized, viz., to found a club for the special use of officers and officials, past and present, of our colonial possessions, as also for gentlemen who are connected by professional and commercial pursuits with the vast foreign empire of Great Britain.

WE all know that Cleopatra's Needle is to be supported by a couple of bronze sphinxes; that the Board determined on. One of them has been cast, and is to be put up in a few days. In the meantime other decorations seem paralyzed. There is plenty of work to be done in the decoration and embellishment and support of the base of the Needle; but nobody seems to be

doing it. There is an ugly boarding round the Needle, as there has been for months past. A boarding round a structure that has no *raison d'être* except ornament, always suggests great activity inside the screened enclosure. But for the last two months the boarding has remained up, and nothing has been done.

THE famous Exhibition of Wax Work, so long the property of Madame Tussaud, and subsequently of members of her family, is about to be removed from Baker street to a new Gallery to be constructed in the Marlybone road, opposite the Workhouse and immediately adjoining the station of the Underground Railway, by which means access can be obtained to it from all parts of the metropolis. The new Gallery will be completed within a couple of years, and will be a very splendid building and a great ornament to the neighbourhood.

A WORK is in the press of an interesting and novel kind. Mr. Serjeant Ballantine, prince among advocates, is publishing his experiences of a barrister's life. The worthy Serjeant has seen many phases of life, legal and otherwise; he has mixed in much metropolitan gaiety, and is looked up to by the young sparks of the bar as the model of the "jolly good fellow" type of a barrister. His name is a household word, and Dickens's "Serjeant Buzfuz" hardly enjoys a wider fame. Who has not heard the racy stories in which the name of the Serjeant figures prominently? and who has ever listened to the great advocate beguiling a jury without admiring the wonderful skill he displays. These reminiscences ought to prove a great success.

THE daughters of the once famous tenor, Mario, are married and live in London, and have been very anxious for some time past to have their father pay them a visit, but the old man is so wedded to his Roman home, his library, piano, and collection of antiquities that he never could be persuaded to quit the Holy City. Finally the young ladies consulted with one of Mario's oldest friends in Rome, Prince Odescalchi, and between them they concocted a little plot. The Prince called one day on Mario and asked him if he would come with him to take an excursion into the country. The old man consented with alacrity, and off the two friends started in a comfortable car, singularly well provided with wraps, luncheon, &c., for a short journey. At first Mario was too much interested in the conversation of his friend to note the length of time he had been travelling, but finally asked him how far they were going. "Oh, a little further," was the sole response, which was repeated from time to time till several hours had passed, and still the terminating point of the excursion was as far off as ever. At last Mario grew restive and insisted upon knowing whither he was being taken. "Well, if you must know," made answer Prince Odescalchi, "to Paris and London." And so the old singer was successfully carried off, and is, perhaps still with his rejoicing children to this day.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MADAME PATTI has arrived in New York. "The Colonel" has had a tremendous success in Boston.

M. SARDON's new comedy to be produced this winter in Paris is *Odette*.

MADAME RISTORI is to appear next July at Drury Lane in English drama.

EMMA WATSON-DOTY is to appear with the Strakosch Opera Company this season.

MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, the producer of "The World" and "Youth" at Drury Lane Theatre, is to be married to Miss Rendle.

M. FRANCOIS COPPEE, the well-known poet and dramatist, is writing a satirical play on the peculiarities of *Estheticism*.

THE contract between Mdle. Sarah Bernhardt and the director of the Imperial Theatres has been signed.

MR. George Grove believes he has come upon the traces of yet another unpublished Schubert symphony.

THE expenses of the Norwich Festival are already covered, and it is hoped a profit may finally show of advantage to the charities of the county.

THE Meinigen actors are to be presented by the Duke with a medal in commemoration of their 1000th performance in foreign theatres.

MDLLE. Sarah Bernhardt's French provincial tour closed last week. Her 38 performances are said to have yielded the gigantic sum of £14,000.

"LA MASCOTTE," by Andran, of "Olivette" celebrity, has been produced, or rather the English version of it, by Reece and Farnie, at Brighton.

MR. MARLESON has concluded a contract with Herr Angelo Neumann, director of the Leipzig State Theatre, for the production in May next at Her Majesty's Theatre of Richard Wagner's "Nibelungen."

M. MASSENET, the composer of "Le Roi de Lahore," is engaged upon a new opera, founded upon the legend of "Don Juan de Marana," as dramatised by the elder Dumas.

SOOTHING SYRUPS SUPERCEDED.—Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the best remedy for infants teething; it is safe, pleasant and reliable, and cures promptly all forms of Bowel Complaints. For Canadian Cholera or Colic and Dysentery of either children or adults there is no better remedy.