

A STORY TOLD OFF NANTUCKET.

"There are no heroes now," said she,
And turned with scornful, wearied air,
And looked across the waves to where
A dim gray island met the sea.

"I wish there'd be a ninth Crusade,
Or Arthur's knights would come once more,
Or of Nantucket's proxy shore
A second Ilum might be made.

"No flame of genius lights our page;
Our muse is dumb. No martyr wakes
Our hearts from sleep. No hero breaks
The level of our stupid age."

He looked at her in sad surprise;
Was she so heartless and blasé?
Was there no bravery to-day
Could make a hero in her eyes?

"And yet on that prosaic shore
A hero may have been," said he;
"A knight or martyr here might be
Who never cross or armor wore.

"Just off Nantucket's rugged coast
One day last week a boat went down
In sight of dwellers in the town,
And all on board but one were lost.

"For there were two who caught an oar
And floated for a moment; they
Had comrades been for many a day,
Had danger shared on many a shore.

"One felt the oar begin to sink
Beneath the double weight; he knew
It surely could not float the two,
And one must go. He did not shrink.

"His sacrifice his friend might save,
And pausing not to give him choice,
He shouted, with a ringing voice
That never faltered, strong and brave,

"As when they scaled an Alpine height
And shouted to the arching sky
In triumph, 'One must go—good-by—
God bless you!' and was lost from sight.

"His friend was saved: but now alone
He ever hears that voice repeat
"Good-by—God bless you!" clear and sweet,
In tides that roar and winds that moan!"

The red lips lost their scornful curl,
And quivered now with tender pain,
And tears fell like a summer rain
From the dark lashes of the girl.

"That was a hero! 'greater love
Hath no man!' passionately thrilled
The vibrant tones: her face was filled
With reverence all words above.

He murmured to himself apart—
Watching the languid cynic's face
Transformed with radiant tender grace—
"Ah! now I know she has a heart!"

PARSONS.

BRAINS IN DRESS.

In dress as in so many other things of which the forms are various and mutable the tendency is always towards caricature, because liberty is always degenerating into license and fashions run naturally to extremes. Something entirely novel becomes necessary for the preservation of gravity. The descent of a mode is from Paris to the Fifth avenue, and so down to Baxter street and the kitchen. Fashion never lets well enough alone, and of course the comic newspapers do not miss their opportunity, and caricature would in time make the singing garments of a saint laughable.

It is a paradox that fine feathers make fine birds, or that beauty unadorned is adorned the most. Only the fairest can afford to be rigidly simple. All dress is outside of nature, and, in a sense, artificial. Its real value is shown by the terrible mistakes of which vulgarity is capable. The coarse British nature shows itself in British costume. In Paris American young women are taxed with an extravagance of dress almost barbaric. In Germany the servility to French fashion books and English advertisements results in a hybrid costume little short of atrocious. Here, at home, we hear constantly of the necessity of dress reform, and of apparel for women consistent with the rules of art and the laws of health. The controversy has become confused and unmethodical. Those who really desire a sensible and quiet improvement are entitled to a sympathetic hearing. Of those who go about masquerading in a hybrid costume, merely or mostly for the sake of being talked of, there is nothing to say, except that they are quite as extravagant in their notions as any belle ever was in a ball-room. There certainly must be a happy medium between Crazy Jane and Miss Flora McFlimsey.

Where are we to find this? Not in the workshops of the dressmakers. There is nothing ugly, nothing indecorous, which they will not accept, and sell if possible! Their first idea is to make costumes as expensive as possible, with the buttons, beads, fringes, flowers, which they fix everywhere in lavish profusion. Their second idea is to correct the human figure as it came from the hand of God. You are to be dressed so that you cannot walk, or run, or dance, or go up stairs, or come down, or get into a carriage, or talk, or breathe, or sit, or stand upright. No wonder the strong-minded sisters lose patience and declare their independence of modistes, milliners, and magazines. No wonder there are conventions for the general reformation of raiment.

The real difficulty is that so few women know how to dress themselves artistically, being often as helpless as the little girl in the nursery. They wait to be told what is becoming, and being told they seldom dispute the dictum. The

general character of the dress for women has been determined by the peculiarities of her conformation, and has been nearly the same with the refined nations in all ages, confining itself to sweeping and graceful lines, to lengths which suggest heights, to skirts accommodating themselves to the undulating walk, with a corsage adapting itself to the lithe and graceful figure, with young persons permitting a display of the rounded arm and well-shaped shoulders. The rule to be followed is the rule of draped sculpture, developing beauties and hiding, as much possible, deformities. Then there is the point of color and the limit of ornament. Then so much conformity to the prevailing mode as will insure immunity from ridicule. With these reservations why should not every sensible woman be her own Worth or Demorest? Fashion-books are useful for their suggestions. It is a great mistake to get too far away from the mode. When a woman dresses so that little boys in the street run after her she is certainly dressed badly. She has violated the first law, which is not to attract attention. Nor does she want the cheap admiration of the theatre. All character dressing off the boards is hopelessly vulgar. So is all dressing for the sake of singularity. So are all affectations of juvenility. So are all little timid imitations of virility of attire. One shouldn't fear being laughed at in a good cause, but there is no virtue *per se* in being ridiculous. All satirists have sneered at the looking-glass. A sensible woman will need a mirror in dressing, the larger the better, and two glasses are better than one. A study of the toilet does not imply vanity, only a dislike of being disrespectfully gazed at. The current law is to be accepted to a limited extent. But the wise woman always remembers that she is dressing herself and not another person. She acquaints herself somewhat with the laws of contrasting and responsive color. She knows how much ornament she can bear, and whether she can venture upon "barbaric pearls and gold;" whether she needs neutral tints or white, or the gay greens, purples, scarlets, or blues. She knows what a classical head is, and will arrange her hair to suit the shape of her own. She knows that there is expression in the ear and she will not hide it. Jewels and flowers may not be for her. She is careful because carelessness is an insult to others. If she is ugly she makes the best of it. If she is pretty she dresses for the judicious development of her prettiness.

Is this subject of no importance? If it be then so are the esthetics of any class or kind as statuary, pictures, architecture, the flowers, the stars, the landscape; all the graces, the dignity, the general attractiveness of the human form divine—the light of the eye, the bloom of the cheek, the walk of Juno, the loveliness of Aphrodite, the dignity of Athene, the elegance of Hebe, the voice of Polyhymnia—all the fascinations of all the Muses and of all the Graces. All beauty is moral. Good taste is one of the most effective of missionaries. Vice always degenerates into the coarse, the squalid, and at last the disgusting, while virtue tends equally towards finish and cleanliness and propriety. A woman who cares too much for her dress may miss the noblest development of her nature. A woman who thinks too little is ungenerous to others and may be unjust to herself.

MISS SPLICER'S SOLILOQUY.

I believe half the people of Harmony are trying to find out how old I am. As if that was anybody's business but mine. It was very rude in Mrs. Green, yesterday, to come in to see me without knocking at the door.

"Taking a neighbour's privilege," indeed! Then 'twas so provoking, too, that she should find me sewing with my spectacles on. I declare her words are ringing in my ears yet. "I want to know if you are obliged to wear spectacles? Do tell if your eyesight is falling. Why you must be most as old as I am."

She looked as if she didn't believe me when I told her that my eyes were weak.

And as if that wasn't enough, in comes that saucy Kate Parsons, this morning, to show me her birthday presents.

There was a roguish twinkle in her eye when she said, "I was sixteen yesterday, Miss Splicer; how old are you?" And, when I told her I was "just as old again as half," she went tripping away laughing, as if my answer pleased her wonderfully.

I almost hate that girl whenever I think of her calling with me at Mrs. Brown's.

There sat that great fat baby in the cradle, sucking his fist, with his face all plastered over with molasses candy, and that creature caught him up, kissed him, tossed him in her arms, and finally danced up to me with him, exclaiming, "That's Miss Splicer's baby, isn't it Miss Splicer? Why, the dear little fellow wants you to kiss him; don't you?"

At that he clapped his hands, laughed, and jumped towards me. His mother stood looking on so pleased and proud of her baby; and what could I do but kiss him? Pah! the dirty little imp! I sickened at the thought of it. Kate knew how I hated babies, and arranged it for the purpose of plaguing me. I know she did.

Here I have been sitting by the window nearly an hour without seeing anyone pass by. But there are a couple of men over in the graveyard: they must be setting up at a head-stone for old Mrs. Hart. I can't help thinking of what her son's wife said to me the day of the funeral,—"She was sorry to have her die, for she could do almost as much work as any other person in

the village." The only expression of grief that fell from her lips.

Poor Mrs. Hart! she always had to work like an old slave; but she is at rest now. Heaven preserve me from ever having to live with a son's wife! There is no danger of that, however, in my case, thank Providence!

I couldn't help laughing, the other day, when Mrs. Hart told me "the old gray cat was dead; that the cat had the consumption, and lived nearly a week without eating anything, and she felt real bad every time she looked at her, for she couldn't help thinking of poor old Grandmother Hart." What ideas some people do have!

Here comes the grocer's boy down the street with a basketful of parcels. He knocks at the Jones' door. It must be sugar and raisins for the wedding-cake. I do believe Sarah Jones is going to be married. I should think her mother would have more sense than to allow her to take such a step.

Only imagine! young things eighteen and twenty years old marrying. They're no more fit to take charge than so many babies!

Why here am I, thirty-five; well, no matter, just about the right age, but nobody seems to think of it.

I think there ought to be a law made that no girl in Harmony shall be married so long as those so much older, and better qualified for such a life, remain single. Some one ought to petition the House of Commons to have such a Bill passed.

There goes Dr. Hall into the shop opposite. They say he gave Patty Mills a powder of sawdust, and told her to add a teaspoonful of rum and a pint of boiling water to it, and take it to cure the pain in her side.

Well, she is always complaining, and always gadding about, and asking the doctor to prescribe for her whenever she meets him; and I suppose he thought she didn't need any medicine, and that his dose couldn't hurt her. But I can't defend his practising such deceit. It savours too much of quackery. I shall not believe that he is a regularly licensed physician till I have seen his diploma.

Mercy! I had forgotten that my meat-pie was in the oven. I declare it's too bad; it is burned as black as a coal! But one can't always have their thoughts about them; besides, I think seasons of reflection are beneficial to a person's mind.

It's so comforting, in fact, when neighbours are so wicked, to look into one's own heart, and find oneself as kind, and obliging, and good, and charitable as I am. I have no patience with these mischief-makers and busybodies that go about meddling with everybody's business.

If they would only stay at home, and keep their tongues (unruly members that they are) still, and attend to their own affairs, as I do, this world would be a much happier home, I'm thinking.

HOW NEVER TO FORGET DATES.

a	e	i	o	u	ou	oi	ei	ou	y
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0
b	d	t	f	l	s	p	c	n	g
r	z								

"Deary me!" exclaimed an old woman from the country, "I've forgotten that lawyer's name. But he lives in York street; number 857.... or 587, or....875."

"It was number 758 aunty, I think," said her niece, "or 578 for sure."

It was neither. One person in about ten has a vivid recollection of numbers which never gets confused. The remaining nine-tenths of the world will find Grey's famous "memoria technica," which can be learnt in ten minutes by word of mouth, almost

INVALUABLE

to them through life.

We despair of explaining it on paper. We will try.

It consists in letting each of the ten digits be represented both by a vowel and a consonant, and when you have a long number to remember to combine the representative letters into some funny or striking word.

Firstly, as to the vowels. Of course a, e, i, o, u represent 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 respectively, as in the game of Magic Writing.

Now a which means 1, and u which is 5, added together make the diphthong au, which is 6; similarly o and i combine and the diphthong oi means 7; and ou similarly means 9. Eight is represented by its first two letters ei. Y is neither vowel nor consonant, neither fish, fowl, nor good salt herring, and very properly stands for 0.

In consonants, B the first in the alphabet means 1.

D the first letter of deux, is 2.

T of course is 3; and F four; and S six; and N nine.

Big L stands in Roman numerals for 50, and so little l well represents 5.

P the p in septem means seven, and C the c in octo is eight.

G and R stand for nought.

"Z stands for zero

Which is nothing at all."

Now supposing the old lady from the country wished to remember the number of the lawyer's house. It was 785. The equivalents of 7 are p

and oi; of 8 are c and ci; of 5 are l and u. So 785 could be "worked into" peil and oiku. As she would expect to lose a pile of money by going to a lawyer (if she knew anything of law) she would remember the number of the house by the word "peil" very easily.

Take another example. Cartier planted the Lily of France on Canadian soil in 1535. Write down 1535 with its representative vowels and consonants under it, thus:

1	5	3	5
a	u	i	u
b	l	t	l

From these we can make the word alil, aliu, buil &c. Of these we choose alil, and say to ourselves "Cartier planted a lily. We may soon forget the date 1535, but we shall not so easily forget the word alil.

The whole outline of the history of Canada is given with the

EXACT DATES REDUCED TO WORDS

in these three hexameter lines.

Cartialil Champrok, Kirktsen, Peaceasetasil Masod.

Acalou Lavasun, Dollsassy, Phisour, apar Walker.

Wolphun, Montgomerapps, Chatcat, Papinip, Dominiksoi.

Which is to be thus interpreted:—Cartier planted a lily of France in 1535. In 1648 Champlain founded Quebec at the base of a rock. Quebec fell before Kirk in 1629. But the English ownership of Canada was set aside by the peace of 1632 and Maisonneuve turned the first sod of Montreal in 1642. In 1635 occurred the miserable affair of the Acadians taken such full advantage of by Longfellow in his Evangeline. The founding of Laval University in 1659 shewed that the sun of France was not set here, but lasted through the heroism of the model of the hero of Cooper's famous "Last of the Mohicans" in 1660, and the *seu* time Admiral Phipps had at Quebec in 1690, as also the appearance of Walker in 1710. Then Wolfe had the *plum* of taking Quebec in 1759, followed by the *raps* Montgomery got in 1776. In 1813 America thought that England's adversity was her opportunity, which is typified by the defeat of a handful of English troops by overpowering numbers of the enemy. In 1837 came Papineau's rebellion and the rewarding of the rebels. Lastly in 1867 Canada became a Dominion. For as the destruction of Canada, be it called Independence or Annexation, will not come, we hope, before the Greek Calends, and the time for pigeon-milking and ass-shearing, we here end our chronicle.

Enough has been said to show that no teacher should let his pupil leave school or college without taking ten minutes to teach him the Grey system of memoria technica.

The pictorial system of stamping the sequence of events pleasingly and indelibly on the memory, (which is still more striking) may form the subject of a subsequent article.

Belleville, August 1876.

F. C. E.

ARTISTIC.

THE choir of Exeter Cathedral in England has recently been restored at a cost of \$200,000. Nearly 100 tons of marble were used in the restoration of the pillars alone, and \$5,000 was expended upon the Bishop's throne, a magnificent piece of oak carving. The nave is to be restored at a cost of \$40,000.

FROM Vienna the death is announced of the sculptor and engraver, Joseph Cesar, who, for the last thirty years has pursued the self-imposed task of raising, and in many respects creating, the art industry of Austria, and to whose disinterested efforts its present prosperity, especially that of the art industry of Vienna, is chiefly due.

Such a preparation as the Children's Carminative Cordial has long been looked for, that is to say, one that could be administered with perfect safety, of not endangering the child's health and constitution. In the Children's Carminative Cordial you possess this valuable assurance. Its formula has been submitted to several of our leading physicians who have approved of it for all cases of Teething pains, Restlessness, Loss of sleep, Colic, Wind, Gravel, &c.

BEWARE OF QUACKS.—In nursing children, a mother cannot be too careful what she gives her infant, for a mistake, where their delicate little stomachs are concerned, often means death. WINGATE'S INFANTS PRESERVATIVE has been in use in Europe for upwards of 80 years, and contains nothing to injure the most delicate child, it is compounded of the purest drugs, from the prescription of the late Dr. Wingate, of London, England, where it is used by the best physicians in both hospital and private practice.