Camille.

Written after seeing Modjeska play "Camille.

Stay by me Armand, I shall need you only
To-night; to-morrow I shall not be here;
Ah me, the place had been so sad and lonely,
But that I knew you, Armand, were so near!

I dreamed this morning of the summer pleasant
We passed together in the sweet last year,
And how the village dame and kindly peasant
Came to our cottage with their homely cheer.

Gaston and I were running down the valley,
And you were dancing, Armand, with Nichette,
And then you all sang out so musically—
"Camille, Camille, we shall be happy yet!"

And so I thought, and smiled and laughed as ever,
But then the dream changed, Armand, and you said—
"Camille, Camille, we shall be happy never!"
And I awoke with dreaming you were dead.

And I am dying, Armand, I am dying,
And have no fears, but even wish to die,
If you will sometimes come where I am lying,
And promise sometime by my side to lie.

Stay by me, Armand, I shall need you only
To-night; to-morrow I shall not be here:
Ah me, the place had been so sad and lonely,
But that I knew you, Armand, were so near.

BY HENRY AMES BLOOD.

LEITH HILL.

BY M.

["Hereabouts is a thing remarkable, though but little taken notice of,—I mean that goodly prospect from the top of Leith Hill. . . . The like, I think, is not to be found in any part of England, or perhaps *Europe* besides: and the reason why it is not more observed is partly its lying quite out of any road, and partly its rising so gently, and making so little show till one is got to the very top of it."—*Camden's Britannia.*]

Yes,—thirty years ago
Last Easter Day, two striplings topped thy height
Leaping and singing, turned, in hushed delight
Gazed on the marvellous landscape spread below.

Twenty-four years ago
Three sauntering friends slowly strolled up; there sat
Long summer hours of jest and tale and chat,—
The simmering view in sunshine all aglow!

A dozen years ago,
Again I climbed thy side; this time, alack!
With wife and eldest-born apickaback,—
How the young rascal made me sweat and blow!

I, a few weeks ago
Toilsomely scale thy steep one autumn day,
And land and sky look misty, sad, and grey,—
Or is the mist in me? Am I changed so?

Old friends of long ago,
Buffeted, scattered, world-worn and way-sore;
Or, won that hill where Moses stood of yore,—
A goodlier prospect than this world can show!

But the great view below,
These counties stretching to the far-off sea,
With cheskboard field, toy farm, and pigmy tree,
Are what old Camden saw, three hundred years ago.

THE SPIDER.

BY H. S. CORVWELL.

Spinner of the silken snare,
Fell Arachne in your lair,
Tell me, if your powers can tell,
How you do your work so well?

Weaving on, in light and dark,
Segment and concentric arc,
Lace-like gossamer designs,
Strict to geometric lines,

Perfect to the utmost part,
Occult, exquisite of art,
How are all these wonders bred,
In your atom of a head?

Propositions here involved
Wit of man has never solved;
Demonstrations hard to find
Are as crystal to your mind.

How, in deepest dungeon glooms,
Do your Lilliputian looms
Work such miracles as these,—
Faultless, fairy filagrees?

Careless flies that hither flit
Come to die; but there you sit,
Feeling with your fingers fine
Each vibrating, pulse-like line;

Eager to anticipate
Hourly messages of fate,—
Funeral telegrams that say,
Here is feasting one more day!

Spider, only he can tell
How you do your work so well,
Who in life's mysterious ways
Knows the method of the maze.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

The Princess at a Private Concert—Manner of Receiving Royalty—Some Points of Etiquette Observed—The Manner and Opinions of the Princess—Her Early Days and Education—System of the Royal School-Room; a Pretty Picture—Early Charitable and Art Enterprises of the Princess Louise—Her Betrothal—The Antecedents and Character of the Marquis of Lorne—The Queen's Ideas about Trousseaux—Home Life of the Princess in Town and Country—Victoria Hospital—A Royal House-Maid—The Princess as an Artist—Preparations for the Sojourn in Canada.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

Not long ago we chanced to attend a musical party given in one of the London studios, noted for its warmth of colour and decorations. A company of fifty had assembled, the object being a charitable one, and although no special preparations for royalty seemed to have been made, there was a small crimson sofa and two high-backed chairs set somewhat apart. About them every one clustered at will, no other chairs being apparently watched over. Every one was laughing and talking eagerly, for nine-tenths of the little audience were acquainted. Everything was sociable, good-humoured, and merry, as it generally is at these London musicales, when suddenly there was just a slight stir. Host and hostess went to the door, beyond two half-drawn portieres, and presently returned following two ladies and a gentleman. The younger lady needed no demonstrative indication, for her face is well known and beloved in England, as it soon will be in America—that of the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne. She is rather above than below the medium height, carries herself gracefully, is fair, like all the Queen's daughters, with very soft pale brown hair, gentle, intelligent eyes, and a thoughtful expression. If not beautiful, there is something peculiarly attractive in her expression, and both her manner and character bear this out.

The host and hostess having followed Princess Louise and her party in the music-room, escorted her to the small sofa, where, without further ceremony, she seated herself. Her "lady and gentleman in waiting," by whom every member of the royal family is accompanied on going into society or public places, occupied the chairs near by. According to etiquette, every one had risen when the special guests entered, and remained standing until they were seated. As modes of etiquette in foreign countries are always more or less entertaining, I may as well mention certain trifles we observed on this occasion. During the intervals between the music sung and played the Princess glanced about the room, and recognizing people she knew, desired her companion to invite them to join her. The young ladies thus called upon came over, and, instead of shaking hands, made a pretty little courtesy—too short to look servile, and quite graceful enough to do honour to a ball-room. They then sat down near Princess Louise, and conversation was animated on both sides, the royal lady having much to say about the music performed. Having lost her programme, she leaned back and borrowed one of somebody near her, evidently a stranger, but who seemed ready enough to respond to the pleasantly-uttered request. H—— is her music-master, and all his songs received liberal applause and expressions of delight. When the musical part of the day was over, H—— joined the Princess's party, and they moved about, looking at the pictures which were here and there on easels, the Princess talking earnestly about the work, in German, which is, of course, like her mother tongue. Those who approached to speak to her bowed or courtesied, doing the same on leaving her; but beyond this there was no further formality, unless the recurrence of "Your Highness," or "Princess Louise" be considered such. In manner she is frank, unaffected, and cheerful, having plenty to say, and on every variety of subjects; indeed, no member of the royal family is so constantly accused of "opinions;" one is perpetually hearing that the Princess Louise is going to do this, that, or the other, because she "thinks" this and that. In sober fact, the new Lady of Canada has straightforward, independent notions, dislikes anything like concealment or intrigue, and, with great executive ability, is willing to express her views on the subjects in which she is interested. People say that her inclination, were she of "lesser mould," would be for the ballet; but all this may be a bit of Mrs. Grundy's talkativeness. To go back to the studio; when the entertainment was ended, and the pictures duly admired, the Princess and her suite left with very little ceremony, those nearest her courtesying as she passed down the room, and receiving a pleasant, smiling salutation in return.

"How easy and graceful the Marchioness of Lorne is!" said somebody.

"But remember," rejoined some one else, "royal people are brought up to it from infancy; they would be ignorant and stupid indeed were they otherwise."

Biographies of living princesses are difficult to construct on authentic foundations; outlines are, of course, public property, and from the winter of 1849, when the London journals daily recorded, "Her Royal Highness Princess Louise was taken for an airing," down to the present hour, when she is setting sail for a new home, the outward part of the Princess's life can easily be known; but we hope to give some glimpses of the character and private life of the lady so soon to preside over a palace in Canada.

The Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, was born on the 18th of March, 1848, at Buckingham Palace, then, as now, the Queen's town residence. Her early life, like that of all the Queen's children, was spent simply, with the mingling of study and recreation, early hours, careful training, and religious instruction which belong to all the better class of English households. The royal children were surrounded with very little useless luxury. There were large nurseries and a cheerful school-room; every possible advantage in moral and mental training was theirs, and at no time were they without a mother's personal attention. The Queen gave the masters and mistresses instructing her children ample authority, but she visited the school-room daily, inspected their studies, and desired that all misconduct or good behaviour should be reported to her in person. School-room discipline in the royal family is said to have been very severe, yet we have been given pleasant pictures of the harmony and simplicity of the Princess's young days. There was always a cheerful sitting-room in the apartments belonging to the children, and there, a friend has told us, might be seen various indications of the tastes and talents of the young people. A prominent object was always Princess Louise's portfolio and the writing-table of the Princess Royal. On one occasion a lady visiting Windsor recalls a pretty picture in this room on which she came: Princess Helena practising at the piano, the Princess Royal writing letters, and the then youthful Louise examining critically some prints and drawings which had been given her on a recent birthday. The guest was received with informality, and all the kindness of manner for which the Queen's family are noted; indeed, on visits like these, there is only that touch of deference always shown to rank in England to mark the inequality between hostess and guest. The young princesses were always talkative and good-humoured with those who visited them, and the lady in question described how pleasantly an afternoon among them was spent. The Queen coming in unexpectedly caused the only formality, every one rising, and, as she remained but a short time, standing until she had withdrawn, the guest as well as the young princesses courtesying as the Queen departed.

Thus happily and affectionately the sisters were educated together, the first break being the Princess Royal's marriage at seventeen with the Crown Prince of Germany. Princess Alice married soon after her her father's death, and, as befitted the dreary period, quietly and without ostentation. Princess Helena's marriage occurring soon after, it came about that when quite young, and for a longer period than any of her sisters, the Princess Louise was known as the "young lady" of the royal family.

It was during this period that she first endeared herself to the hearts of the English people by entering so cordially into all the art and charitable enterprises of the day; her own work in sculpture and pencil was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and the name of "Louise" was speedily known in connection with the since famous Art Needle-work Schools which she established at South Kensington, thereby giving congenial means of employment to hundreds of intelligent women thrown upon their own resources, as well as developing a high standard of art in home decoration.

Entering so thoroughly into charitable life, and being also inclined to ritualism, it is not surprising that at one time the young Princess thought seriously of taking the veil at the Protestant convent at Clewer. This gave rise to various rumours, some of which have proved to be utterly without foundation; but it was generally understood that her inclination would have led her into the Anglican convent. She visited it constantly, and while conjectures were busiest the Queen drove out to Clewer and desired to be shown through the convent. Of course, every facility was given; her Majesty inquired into the most minute particulars concerning the religious and active life, but made no special comment, beyond expressing, in a general way, her approbation; but very soon afterwards it was known abroad that whatever the Princess Louise's idea might have been for a religious life, it was such no longer. Conjecture was now rife as to her marriage; and when her betrothal to John Campbell, Marquis of Lorne, was publicly announced, great satisfaction was expressed by all who knew the young Princess and her future husband.

Lord Lorne, all the world knows, is the eldest son of the eighth Duke of Argyll. There exists no more sensible nobleman in England than the Duke, for he has seen the advantage of uniting an active and useful life with that of high rank and power. His sons have been educated with a view even to their own personal maintenance, and though the elder, the Marquis of Lorne, was betrothed to a princess, the younger was sent out to a banking-house in America, and the third son was entered in a commercial house in London. Lord Lorne's home had been as luxurious, almost as stately, as that of the Princess, for Inverary Castle and Roseneath are palaces in their way, and the position of a Duke in Great Britain who combines seven titles is, in fact, almost regal; but of course there was felt to be a certain inequality in the rank of the two young people. The Queen had long known the Argylls intimately. In her *Journal in the Highlands* she has recorded her visit to Inverary Castle, with a well-known reference to the baby Marquis. The Duchess of Argyll had been on terms of close friendliness at Windsor, and Lord Lorne received as a constant and honoured guest; but even a Duke's son in England is a "subject," and so many chose to wonder and some foolishly to sneer at the alliance. But her Majesty from the outset made it clear that the match met with her highest favour.

A liberal allowance was granted the Princess Louise on her marriage being accepted by the Houses of Parliament, and preparations were made for the wedding, which was arranged for the 21st of March, 1871. The Queen's simple taste in regard to trousseaux is well known. When the Princess Royal was married two leading establishments in London received the orders for the lingerie; being for a Queen's daughter, these were naturally executed in the daintiest manner possible, laces and embroidery of the finest kind being introduced. Some time in advance of the wedding the outfit was sent to Windsor; but on examining it, the Queen declared that not any of it should be used by the young bride-elect, and Mesdames Y—— and Z—— had to remodel the entire trousseau. The result of this was the most Quaker-like simplicity, the models used being certain antique garments which the Queen had received from her mother, the Duchess of Kent. Judging from certain articles we have seen, this story seems perfectly credible; indeed, it was well-known at the time, many of the clothes being "privately" exhibited. But in the case of the future Marchioness of Lorne her own taste and ingenuity were employed; the laces used in her bridal raiment were designed by herself, and seldom has even a royal bride gone forth more sumptuously attired.

The marriage preparations seemed in a way to affect all England, for there was a sense that the bond united the Princess more closely with the people. Eight young ladies of rank were chosen as bridesmaids, and they represented much of the youth and beauty of England. We have been told by those who participated very nearly in this notable event that few weddings were more home-like than that of the Lornes.

A lady who visited Inverary with the Lornes has told us of the unaffected and agreeable routine of the life there. After breakfast, if the weather permitted, the two special guests generally went off unattended to sketch in some part of the park or neighbourhood; in the afternoon they usually rode or drove, returning at five or six for the drawing-room tea party which is part of the routine of every country house in Great Britain. Occasionally the Princess with some lady in attendance walked out and visited the cottages of the peasantry, talking to the people good-humoredly, and forgetting herself in remembering their wants and miseries. In London, of course, the Princess's life has been more stately, so far at least as externals go. Of late she has resided at Kensington Palace, once the favourite home of Queen Anne, where also the Prince and Princess Teck have spent some years. Here she has continued to carry out her charitable and artistic projects, and to entertain her friends.

Music has long been one of her favourite studies, and she recently sent word to a new singing-master that she would like to engage his services. He was a true artist, and would sacrifice nothing to formality. On arriving at the palace, before beginning the lesson, he gravely told his new pupil that he could only consent to teach her on one condition, viz., that the *restraints* of rank should be laid aside. "If I have to scold," said he, good-humouredly, "I would like to forget that it is her Royal Highness. The Princess Louise laughed heartily at this, and assured her new teacher that he should use his authority with her as he would with any of his pupils. The lessons have gone on admirably since then, and as the Princess's voice is sweet and accurate, her master cannot but make something creditable of it.

For some years the various art galleries have exhibited works, both in pencil and sculpture, done by the Princess Louise, and at the "Grosvenor" last year her bass-relief of "Enid" created quite a sensation among critics, who viewed it apart from the favour likely to be shown a royal artist. Patronizing artists liberally, she has often given presents of her own work to her friends. Not long ago a portrait of herself, beneath which was written, "From Louise to her dear old master," was one of such gifts.

The charity which will always be specially associated with the name of the Marchioness of Lorne is the Victoria Hospital for Sick Children, established some few years since, the "Louise Ward" being opened in 1874. At this beautiful hospital for the sick children of London otherwise homeless and unfriended, Princess Louise has been constantly seen, working heartily, and not content with the merely nominal patronage which is itself a benefit. Not long ago a lady well known in literary circles, and a friend of the Princess, met her at the hospital for some special purpose. It so chanced that they were in a room alone together, when the royal lady's critical eye fell upon some dust on the floor. "This room ought to be swept more carefully," she exclaimed; then seeing a broom in the corner, evidently left there by the housemaid who vanished on their entrance, she took it up and began playfully to sweep. Her companion remonstrated, when the Princess said, laughing, "Now, do you suppose my mother left my education so unfinished that I can't sweep?" and accordingly, half in jest, but with a skill many housekeepers sigh for, the little lady vigorously swept the apartment, having taken the homely precaution of pinning back her gown before she commenced the operation.

The preparations for the voyage to Canada have been made on a most liberal scale. Minton, Mortlock, & Co., and others have been executing immense orders in China for the Marquis of Lorne's new household, while upholsterers and furniture-dealers have received various commands. This will be the second visit of the Marquis of Lorne, but under more brilliant auspices than the last, in 1867, when he travelled simply as an English gentleman, but making many friends, and writing a pleasant account of his journeyings. Emerson, Longfellow, Sumner, and many others were his entertainers on that occasion, and received a tribute of appreciation and thanks in his book. This time he goes out to make a whole country his friends, let us hope, and the Princess Louise cannot fail to do her part.

"How will the Marchioness of Lorne contrive to live without all her dear charities and exhibitions?" a friend of hers said the other day in our hearing.

"Oh!" rejoined some one else, "Princess Louise will not be long in Canada without creating *new* ones, and depend upon it, she will advance things out there in a surprising fashion."

These were echoes from "the household," and let us hope the prophecy will be fulfilled.

Marie del Occidente.

In Cuba, near Limonal, on the San Patricio coffee estate, Cafetal Hermit, stand, now crumbling in picturesque decay, the ruins of a small Grecian temple, where, some thirty years ago, the very passion-flower of womanly genius exhaled itself away. The flight of steps leading to this little temple is overgrown with clambering vines that mingle their dark leaves and gay flowers across the deserted entrance. The path leading to it is an avenue of stately palms, whose matted leafage completely shelters the way from the sun, while the straight shafts of the palms, wound about with impomœa and convolvulus, have the appearance of themselves putting forth the rich blossoms of these vines.

The little temple is bowered in a labyrinth of orange-trees, cocoas, and palms, the naranjo and rose-apple, the ruddy pomegranate and shady tamarind, while the coffee-fields spread away in alternate tessellation of white flowers and scarlet berries.

A traveller thus alludes to this fair retreat: "I have often passed it in the still night, when the moon was shining brightly, and the leaves of the cocoa and palm threw fringe-like shadows on the walls and floor, and the elfin lamps of the cocullos swept through the windows and the door, casting their lurid and mysterious light on every object, while the air was laden with the mingled perfumes of the coffee wreaths and orange flowers, the tube-rose and night-blooming cereus, and have thought no fitter birthplace could be found for the images she created."

Here, in the retirement of the rarely disturbed repose and beauty of Hermita, lived and passed away, almost unheard and unnoticed, "Maria del Occidente," one of earth's great singers, whose numbers, having all way grace and sweetness, but often also the majesty and the rapt pathos wrung in a narrower tide from Mrs. Caroline Norton by her passionate sense of her own wrongs, and from Mrs. Browning by her yearning compassion over other's woes.

And to crown these gifts Maria del Occidente had a pure recognition of the Infinite design as manifested through the mysterious passions of love, which in its full, simple, unabashed expression makes her "Zophiel" among the bravest and the most modest of the creations of genius.

Eighty-two years ago, in the town of Medford, Massachusetts, she was little Maria Gowan, a baby girl around whom no special hopes were clustered, and whose baby brows foreshadowed neither the glory nor the sorrows of the poet's purple-fruited laurel.

She was born and bred American; but it is not unlikely that the blood of the Welsh bards, from whom she claimed lineage, may have tinctured the fine current of her veins. Her short life of only fifty years was one of comparatively little outward incident, yet these, mostly of her own shaping, indicate the dignity and strength of her character, and mark her stainless girlhood and her devoted motherhood. But her poems, especially her great work "Zophiel," shows that her mental and spiritual life was a passionately vivid one of intense experiences, and beneath the strong music of her verse breathes ever the cry of the conscious isolation of great gifts, the supreme longing for complete human sympathy.

Serenity in Death.

Perfect serenity in regard to death is not to be attained by any effort of the will, nor by any mere process of reasoning; it is rather the result of a happy combination of bodily and mental conditions. The chief of these conditions, the assured hope of a future beyond the grave, in comparison of which the brightest early visions fade like a candle before the dawn, is not given to all; and in these days especially, it is for many overshadowed, if not altogether blotted out, by doubts and questionings which can no longer be kidden from the multitude. Even to those who most earnestly cling to the hope of immortality, it would seem that our troublous inheritance of sympathy may cast many a distressing side-light upon prospects in which of old the faithful were able to take undisturbed delight. However this may be, the mere prospect of prolonged existence beyond the grave, apart from other reasons for joyful confidence, must be taken rather as enlarging the scope of our hopes and of our fears than of necessarily altering the balance between them. Habitual hopefulness may colour the prospect beyond the grave with the same glowing tint which it throws over this world, so that in some cases the same cause which makes life delightful makes death not unwelcome. Such a state of mind, though rare, is not unknown. But perhaps a perfect balance of feeling is more readily to be found at a lower level of expectation.—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

"DOT'S ME."—An agent who had sold a Dutchman some goods, was to deliver them in the afternoon at the residence of the purchaser. The Dutchman gave him the following directions:—"You shoost goes behind the church; den you turns up to de right for a while till you sees a house mit a big hog in the yard. Dot's me."

MATERNAL LOGIC.—"Ma," said a little girl, "if you'll let me buy some sugar candy I'll be real good." "My child," solemnly responded the mother, "you should not be good for pay. You should be good for nothing."

The Duke of Roxburghe.

(From Chambers's Journal.

His Grace appears to have spent most of his time in London and in foreign travel. With a handsome figure, and varied mental accomplishments, he was a general favourite among persons of refined tastes. A bent was given to his pursuits, as the result of an attachment that had been formed between him, when on his travels, and Christiana-Sophia-Albertina, eldest daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. There were no solid objections to the match; and the nuptials would have taken place, but for the circumstance that Charlotte, a younger sister of Christiana, had just at that time been espoused to George III. Etiquette then interfered, it being deemed not proper that the elder sister, as Duchess of Roxburghe, should be inferior in station to her younger sister, as Queen Charlotte. It was an absurd objection. In the present day, no such punctilio would have been suffered to interfere with the intended marriage of the Duke of Roxburghe with his bride-elect. At that time, etiquette was inexorable. The Duke and Christiana yielded to their unhappy fate. But both evinced the strength of their attachment by devoting their after-lives to celibacy. With feelings driven in upon himself, John, third Duke of Roxburghe, became a great collector of curious old books noted for their extreme scarcity. The pursuit became a kind of mania. No cost, however enormous, prevented him from purchasing works that struck his fancy, and which rival book-hunters desired to possess. His house was in St. James' square, London, and here he collected his numerous literary treasures. Some amusing anecdotes of his bibliomania are given in the works of Dr. T. F. Dibdin. The Duke died in 1804. Shortly afterwards his valuable library, rich in old romances of chivalry and early English poetry, was disposed of by auction, the sale producing an extraordinary commotion among noblemen and gentlemen with antiquarian tastes. As a specimen of the prices that were run up by competition, it may be stated that a copy of the first work printed by Caxton, in 1471, sold for £1,050 10 shillings. The largest sum, however, (and perhaps the greatest ever paid for a single printed volume up till that time,) was given by the Marquis of Blandford, afterward Duke of Marlborough, for the first of Boccaccio's *Decameron*, which fetched £2,260. In commemoration of the interest which the sale of this collection occasioned among literary antiquaries, the Roxburghe Club was instituted, for the purpose of printing a limited number of copies from scarce manuscripts found in public and private libraries. That fatal celibacy of John, third Duke of Roxburghe, by leaving him without issue, had a serious dislocating effect on the lineage and dignities of the family. The Duke's British honours expired, and his Scottish honours devolved on a distant relation, at whose decease there was a protracted legal contest concerning the heritage. It was at length settled in favour of Sir James Innes Northcliffe, Baronet. The recent Dukes of Roxburghe can only in a remote degree claim affinity with the heroic bold Kers of Cessford.

American Arms and Ammunition for Russia.

Ever since Hamburg's iron steamship Cimbria made Ellsworth, Maine, known to the rest of the world by arriving in Southwest Harbour with nearly a thousand mysterious, close-mouthed Russians, there has not been absent from the minds of cartridge and gunmakers that they might live to reap some benefit from this event, and though there was a great rush by over-zealous people for authorities in the way of international law and constitutional provisions in relation to the army of nations, the gunmaker and cartridge maker kept their own counsel, secure in the conviction that "what is to be must be." The belief held for months past, that the Russian vessels fitting out at Cramp's yard would not sail for the Old World without including in their cargoes American arms and ammunition, has proved to have been well founded. That New England cartridge-makers have shipped tens of thousands of rounds of cartridges to this city, consigned to Russian officers at Cramp's yard is a fact, and that New England gunmakers have shipped a number of the latest improved Gatlin guns is equally true. The shipments began in September, and have been going on at intervals ever since. Nothing could exceed the caution with which the whole business has been conducted. So well have the Russians at Cramp's yard, and those interested with them, kept the secret that out nearly two thousand men employed there probably not ten knew that for weeks past the large warehouse at the head of Nyce's lumber wharf has held guns and ammunition enough to stock a fort.

Aside from the large quantity of coal each Russian vessel is taking, and the guns and cartridges which contribute heavily to the cargo, their third decks are full of hardware of almost every sort, manufactured in America. There are chisels and augers, and axes and pickaxes, and drawing-knives and gimlets, and shears and shovels, and hatchets and hammers, and spikes and nails, and tools of almost every known kind. Of each there are two or three varieties. One thing is apparent—they go to Russia well stocked with the products of American industry. There will be sadness up in Richmond when they leave. Thousands of dollars have been spent among butchers, bakers, grocers and other dealers. Tens of thousands of dollars have gone from the Russian wallet into the pockets of workingmen during the past summer. It is conceded by all that there never has been a time since the war, when Richmond's shipyards furnished such a constant scene of activity, as they have furnished through the summer and fall of 1878.

"Les Plaideurs."

It is an imitation of the "Wasps" of Aristophanes, and ridicules a class which Moliere, seemingly, never dared to touch, the lawyers. The action and characters of the play are too extravagant to bring it within the bounds of comedy; it is rather a three-act farce. We have a judge who has such an enthusiasm for his vocation that he will not spare time for eating and sleeping, and even goes to bed with his robes on; we have two irrepressible litigants, a *bourgeois* and a Countess, who can find no happiness out of the embroilments of the law; we have a trial of a dog for stealing a capon, in which the proceedings of the French law courts of the day are humorously burlesqued, and the rhodomontade of the advocates severely caricatured. Two servants represent the counsel. "You will, I believe, make excellent advocates of them, they are very ignorant," says Leandre. Boileau had a brother in the law; he supplied Racine with the techincal phrases, and suggested the quarrel scene between Chicaneau and the Countess from his experience of a certain Comtesse de Criste—indeed the three principal personages were all drawn from living originals. The comedy, however, was a failure; somehow the Parisians could not take its humour, and it was withdrawn on its second representation. Moliere, always just and generous, although on ill terms with the author, alone praised it, and said openly in the theatre that the comedy was excellent, and that those who ridiculed it deserved themselves to be ridiculed. A month afterwards it was performed as an afterpiece before the King at Versailles, and enjoyed by him with so much gusto that his bursts of immoderate laughter quite astonished the court. Although it was the small hours of the morning when the actors returned to Paris, they proceeded to the poet's lodging to inform him of his success. It was a quiet, retired street in which he lived, and the clatter of the carriages and horses awoke all the neighbours, who seldom heard such sounds even at midday. What could it mean? Nothing less than the arrest of the profane writer who had dared to mock at the majesty of the law. Next day it was rumoured all over Paris that Racine had been arrested in the night and thrown into prison.

"Who Art Thou?"

When Dr. Beadon was rector of Eltham, in Kent, England, the text he one day undertook to preach from was, "Who Art Thou?" After reading the text he made (as was his custom) a pause, for the congregation to reflect upon the words: when a gentleman, in a military dress, who at the instant was marching very sedately up the middle aisle of the church, supposing it a question addressed to him, to the surprise of all present, replied, "I am, sir, an officer of the sixteenth regiment of foot, on a recruiting party here; and having brought my wife and family with me, I wish to be acquainted with the neighbouring clergy and gentry." This so deranged the divine, and astonished the congregation, that though they attempted to listen with decorum, the discourse was not proceeded with without considerable difficulty.

THE Australian dog and the shepherd dog of Egypt never bark.

Sketches in Swabia.

(From the London Graphic.)

Although Swabia is now reduced to a name, and its boundaries have for centuries ceased to be marked upon the map, yet what a host of romantic, poetical, and art recollections present themselves to the mind when we hear this almost indefinite region mentioned! Parcelled out between the two modern kingdoms of Bavaria and Wurtemburg, with little political importance and no great wealth to boast of, yet in the olden time it was the cradle of the mighty Ghibeline family, and its capital was the "Lombard Street" of Europe. Its artists were in request all over the world; and what crowned head in the sixteenth century was not anxious to be pourtrayed by Hans Holbein? Its architects not only covered Germany with stately and magnificent buildings, of which the Cathedrals of Strasbourg and Ulm alone would serve to immortalize them, but were sent for to erect the distant Cathedrals of Milan and Prague, and even portions of the great Monastery of Subiaco. Its national poetry and songs (*Volkslieder*) are still popular all over Europe, and their sad and plaintive melodies still soothe many an aching heart.

Although Swabia is regarded as the early home of the Reformation, and has become memorable for the "Augsburg Confession," yet it is curious how little change has taken place in the religious views of the people since the sixteenth century. The same towns and villages which then declared for the Augsburg Confession are still Protestant, and those which have upheld the ancient religion do so to this day; thus Ulm, Stutgard, and Esslingen are for the most part Protestant, while Augsburg, Rottenburg, and Gmund are for the most part Roman Catholic.

There is, however, a curious feature about the Catholics of Swabia, and that is the absence of ritual and ceremonial from their church service. After being present at a High Mass in Belgium, and witnessing the elaborate and very dramatic style of music there in vogue, or attending the same service in Cologne Cathedral, Aix-la-Chapelle, or, above all, Ratisbon, with their more simple and dignified ritual and noble ecclesiastical music, one is quite startled at the contrast here presented. It is true, the church is full of altars, statues, and pictures, and candles are lighted upon the altars; but all these will be found in the Protestant churches of Swabia as well. But what most astonishes one is to hear the whole congregation bawling endless hymns, in the German language, to the very same tunes as those used in the Methodist chapels in England, while sometimes a member of the congregation will read out each verse of the hymn before it is sung, as was the custom many years ago in very primitive village churches in England. In many towns in Swabia the Protestants and Catholics use the same churches at different hours of the day.

The Swabians have the reputation of being good musicians; but, to judge from what one hears of their performances, they are not good executants—their bands, for instance, are greatly inferior to those of Bavaria Proper, or Austria.

There can be little doubt that the Swabians, as a race, have greatly degenerated since the Middle Ages, as they do not at the present day produce either distinguished artists or great men. Yet they are a good, honest, and industrious people, and rather serious. Like most Germans, they are quite incapable of either "making" or "taking" a joke. They are certainly not a handsome people. "Meine liebe Schwabele" is really a very uninteresting maiden, very inferior to her graceful Franconian or her lively Bavarian sister. She is swarthy and square-built, but very serious and romantic, and does not in the least understand anything like a flirtation; she will believe all the flattering speeches which may be addressed to her, and take them all as positive declarations. We should advise all young Englishmen who got introduced into Swabian households, to be very careful not to be too attentive to the young ladies without they really have "serious intentions," as "Herr Papa" will certainly be asking questions, and "Bruder Karl" is very ready with his broadsword. However, a man, especially if he has a limited income, might do worse than marry a Swabian girl, as she makes a most careful and attentive wife, brings up her children well, and is an excellent manager of a household. Domestic debt seems to be almost unknown in this part of Germany. Those nice little quarterly reminders of the existence of the butcher and the baker seem to have no place in the economy of a Swabian household. And as everything is paid for in ready money, dinner parties entirely unknown, and ladies do not indulge in extravagant toilets, living is cheap. The detestable practice of making ceremonial visits obtains here, as elsewhere in Germany. Fancy having to call upon people about four times a year at twelve o'clock in the morning dressed in black, with a tail coat and white cravat! But the Germans seem to be unable to live without perpetually going about in this hideous costume; it has been doubted whether a German does not make his first appearance in this world in a dress suit.

The dinner hour in Swabia is half-past twelve, and woe betide the poor wretch who is not in time for that meal, as he is like to fare badly till supper time. As an example of this, the writer was once walking through a part of Swabia, when he arrived at a large village at about half-past two o'clock in the afternoon terribly hungry. Of course the first thing to be done was to find out an inn, which is not generally difficult in this part of the world. Having discovered the required establishment, the following dialogue took place between the writer and the intelligent host:

THE WRITER: "I am very hungry. Can I have some dinner?"

THE INTELLIGENT HOST: "Dinner!!!! Dinner!!!! Why, it's half-past two!!"

THE WRITER: "Yes, I know, but I have had nothing to eat all day. Can you not give me something to eat?"

THE I. H.: "Quite impossible. One *never* eats at half-past two, because one has dined at twelve! One can take a cup of coffee at such an hour, or a glass of beer, but it is *not possible that one can be hungry at half-past two in the afternoon!* One is not an ostrich, and cannot, therefore, be eating all day long. One dines at twelve and one takes supper at eight. Good afternoon."

Much as the Swabians have degenerated as artists and musicians, it is nothing to the way in which they seem to have lost all taste and skill in architecture. It is difficult to conceive that a land which produced Erwin von Steinbach, the architect of the Strasbourg cathedral, and Peter von Arber, could have so fallen away as to delight in such works as the new pulpit and organ in their cathedral of Ulm, the Episcopal Seminary at Gmund, and most of the new buildings in Stutgard. And if St. John of Ulm could again visit his native land, and see the modern stained glass windows made at Stutgard, he would repent that he ever had anything to do with the art of glass-painting.

The scenery in Swabia is for the most part pretty and interesting, but in some places there are great bald tracts of land entirely without trees, very desolate and dreary. The ancient towns are exceedingly interesting. Ulm and Augsburg are the most important. The Cathedral of the former place is justly celebrated, not only for the grandeur of its architecture, but also for its magnificent stained glass and interesting furniture.

Augsburg is, perhaps, the most dignified looking of all the German towns. The Maximilian-Strasse, more than a mile in length, is lined on both sides with lofty ancient houses, decorated with fresco paintings of "Imperial Diets," great battles, and portraits of emperors, electors, bishops, etc. The grand appearance of the town is greatly increased by the number of lofty, dome-capped towers, and vast churches rich in all the decorations of the Renaissance. What Nuremberg is to German Gothic, Augsburg is to German Renaissance. Yet it must not be supposed that Augsburg has no buildings of an earlier date than the Renaissance, for the Cathedral has a nave of the very earliest Romanesque, entered by bronze doors, covered with *bas-reliefs* representing scenes from the Scriptures, executed in the year 1063, while it is lighted by windows retaining their ancient stained glass of the same date, undoubtedly the very earliest examples of this art now in existence. Although not a grand example of architecture the Cathedral of Augsburg contains much that is interesting, and is very rich in pictures of the early Swabian school; fine works are to be seen over the altars by the elder Holbein, Burgkmeyer, Zeitbloom, and Martin Schoen.

H. W. BREWER.

THE saddest time, we think, in a young man's life is when his girl writes to him that she wants her old letters, and that he can have his fifty-cent diamond earrings upon application.

MR. GLADSTONE has found many difficulties with Homer's epithets for colour. William Pole, in the current number of *Nature*, seeks to explain them away, in an article to prove that Homer was colour blind.

ALL SORTS.

What is this rumpus halibut,
That vexes Scotia's sod?
Does England really sucker need,
Or is it all a cod?

So long as herring Johnnie Bull
Forbears to carp and rail,
He'll find dace set a of folks in us
Who're not inclined to whale.

A TICKET of leave—A theatre check.

THE new crime is called cryptomania.

In favour of internal improvements—Invalids.

A SNOW plough is no plough when there is no snow.

WHAT can pass before the sun without making a shadow?—The wind.

A COUNCIL of eminent physicians have decided that there is no permanent cure for a secondary attack of suicide.

FROM all that we can learn by the cable despatches, the geography of Europe and Asia is made up almost wholly of frontiers.

THE DIFFERENCE.—The wolf changes its hair every year. The young lady of the period does better—she changes hers every afternoon.

"THOSE."—Customer (in quest of a particular brand of cigar): "Are those these?" Dealer (affably): "Yes, sir, these are those."

GREAT AND SMALL.—A man's ambition is to be credited with some great feat, while a woman is only happy with small feat. And so we go.

A COURTLY negro recently sent a reply to an invitation, in which he "regretted that circumstances repugnant to the acquiescence would prevent his acceptance to the invite."

A SEWING-MACHINE agent who was very ill, being told that he must prepare to pay the debt of nature, wanted to know if it couldn't be paid on the monthly instalment plan.

SAGEY.—It is the confession of a widower, who has been thrice married, that the first wife cures a man's romance, the second teaches him humility, and the third makes him a philosopher.

COATLESS.—"If Colonel —— goes on drinking as he does, he'll soon not have a coat to his back," said one friend to another. "Nor to his stomach, either," remarked a physician who was standing near.

WELL, after all, colonel, Moses did a great deal better than the most of us. He made such accurate mistakes that it has taken the world several thousand years to discover what they were.

THE perennial stories of Edison's early experience with a telegraph line put up with the assistance of a fellow-workman when he had become a telegraph clerk, and of their attempt to generate a current by vigorously rubbing cats at each end of the wire, will furnish some amusing chapters for his biographer whenever that worthy takes up his pen.

GIVING AND TAKING.—Having been presented with Bosnia, Austria is now fighting for it. "To you, John," said a dying man, "I will give ten thousand pounds. "Why, father," said the son, "you know you haven't a penny in the world." "Of course I haven't!" exclaimed the indulgent father. "You must work for it, John—you must work for it!"

Cut this Out—It May Save Your Life.

There is no person living but what suffers more or less with Lung Disease, Coughs, Colds or Consumption, yet some would die rather than pay 75 cents for a bottle of medicine that would cure them. Dr. A. Rosehoe's German Syrup has lately been introduced in this country from Germany, and its wondrous cures astonish every one that try it. If you doubt what we say in print, cut this out and take it to your Druggist, and get a sample bottle for 10 cents and try it, or a regular size for 75 cents.

Business Items.

THE man who hasn't any wife to knit him pulse-warmers and tie a scarf under his chin, must be excused from swearing when he sits down on the flag-stones.

THE ladies unanimously vote Cooper's Shirts the best made. The buttons remain, button-holes perfect. Altering unnecessary. Order them at once at 109 Yonge St., Toronto.

IT is now all the style at fashionable dinners to have about $5 worth of bouquets to six shillings worth of eatables. In this way a taste for fine arts is to be cultivated.

ONE of the most signal triumphs achieved by any exhibitor at the recent Provincial Fair was won by the O