

of whist winds up the first day at sea, and many retire applying the flatteringunction to their souls that, after all, a sea voyage is not so bad as they expected. A brilliant morning welcomes us to the deck on Sunday, the 9th. The "Scandinavian" passes us before breakfast with salutes announcing "all's well;" she has passed through the straits of Bello Isle and "seen but little ice." Next a London screw steamer at a distance; then a whale beset by threshers; then an iceberg, and little else!—a good service, a good plain sermon from the captain, some sacred music, and the day passes tranquilly and serenely.

A head wind and a heavy swell with cold drizzling rain for three days, is not weather to make such a company very lively or entertaining, but the days slip by with a monotonous regularity, till at last the week has passed and Sunday shines upon us again. A sporting lord, a lively belle, a French epicure, a silent American, and a learned western professor, are the most idiosyncratic characters in the cabin. About a dozen "buyers" from various provinces take possession of the smoking cabin and "talk shop and naughtiness" from morning till midnight. On Saturday we sight several vessels outward bound, and the ladies have courage enough to try a little music. The small and select library of the ship has been thoroughly overhauled, and Dickens appears to be in great request. The *C. I. News* is cordially welcomed by the ladies, amongst whom it appears to be well and favourably known.

A fine day on Monday put everybody in good spirits, and the last evening on board is a musical one. At noon on Tuesday the coast of Ireland appears and the distant hills of Donegal touch the clouds. At four we feast our eyes on the green fields and potatoe patches of the Emerald Isle, and put mails and passengers on board the "tender" for Moville. The pilot, stalwart Christie, comes on board with piles of English newspapers, for which all hands are stretched and all eyes ready. The ladies are supplied with Irish nosegays, and the gentlemen sport the English rose. At 5 we are off again—hug the coast of dear old Ireland, enjoy the long shadows of the setting sun as it illumines the "Giant's Causeway," the "Black Skerries," and the bold crag called "Fair Head." All are in tune for a song on this last night at sea, and the ladies preside at the piano. We open our eyes in the morning in St. George's Channel, and lie alongside the dock at 11 a. m. It is after 1 p. m., however, before we "pass" the Custom House officers on the Prince's landing stage, and indulge once more in what Mr. Weller called "two mile o'danger" at eight pence, in a rollicking Hansom Cab—humming through the rattling stone pavements of dirty Liverpool:

"Home again, home again from a foreign shore,  
And oh, it fills my heart with glee  
To pace its streets once more."

J. B. E.

Hon. Mr. Langevin, C. B., has left Ottawa for British Columbia, and is expected to return about the latter end of September.

Hon. Mr. Aikin has gone to Manitoba on public business, probably in connection with the land policy of the Government.

The Grand Duke Alexis, the Russian Prince, who is about to visit the United States, will sail from Cronstadt on the 25th inst., for New York, with, as the American despatches have it, a fleet "by far the largest that ever left European waters."

It is said that Earl Granville, Thiers and Count von Beust are to meet in September to discuss the Eastern Question.

Dr. Dollinger has been elected Rector of the University of Munich.

It is stated that Mr. Gurney, Recorder of London, and Judge Fraser, of Indiana, have been appointed Commissioners, under the Washington Treaty, to meet at Washington, and examine the claims of the United States and Great Britain.

Mr. John Skidell, of "Trent" celebrity, is dead.

#### GLOVES.

In some northern countries there exists a custom for brides, on their wedding day, to present a pair of gloves of their own manufacture to each invited guest; and woe betide the unlucky bride who neglects a single one, for his or her revenge would follow the young wife throughout her whole life, however distant her home might be. To provide, therefore, for the utmost emergency, a girl begins early in life to lay by dozens and dozens of gloves of her own knitting ready for the eventful day. In most countries it is still customary to give white gloves to menials on a wedding-day, but these need not be worked, stitched, or knitted by the bride's own fair fingers. It is also usual to give gloves at a christening; and abroad, especially in Switzerland, it is the godmother who presents them, rather reversing the laws of gallantry. The custom of giving gloves at funerals is also very old, though now it is generally restricted to the mourners. Thus, in almost every age and country, the glove has been linked with love, marriage, birth, and death. It has also formed the theme that once proved a powerful instrument of revenge in the hands of jealousy and hatred; poisoned gloves being at one time but too frequently used as the means whereby to dispose of a hated rival. The Medici knew the fatal secret, alas! too well, and pitilessly employed it to sate their passions. Cosmetic gloves, with a thick lining of paste whereby to soften and whiten the hands, were also very much favoured at one time, and, I believe, may still be had in these days, and are eagerly bought by some ladies, who regularly wear them at night, though where they are to be procured I cannot tell.

But let us return to every-day life, and to gloves as we find them. White kid gloves should be reserved for occasions of the greatest ceremony; on all other occasions they are out of place, common, and vulgar, and white gloves must never be of any material but kid. Next to white gloves, straw-coloured are the most dressy, for they look almost white at night, and may be worn when white may not, for fetes, small evening parties, etc. Straw-coloured gloves have often played considerable parts in fashionable novels, just as gauntlets did in old romances, and since Pelham headed the list, every novelist, for a long period, thought himself compelled to glove his heroes and heroines in straw-coloured kids. But lavender has now usurped the place of straw, especially with gentlemen, who even have occasionally the bad taste to dance in them. I say bad taste, because every custom must be in bad taste, however fashionable it may be, if it be productive of damage or injury to others, and, though gentlemen may not generally know it, lavender kid gloves often spoil their partners' dresses,

who frequently cannot wear a second time a dress body after it has been held by hands encased in lavender.

Black gloves should only be worn in mourning, and never at any other time under any pretext whatever. Ladies who are forced to study economy may select useful dark shades for gloves, but never black, black gloves being exclusively reserved for mourning. It was Count d'Orsay, I think, who used to say that the sight of black gloves made him shudder. *Appropos* of Count d'Orsay, it is also said that he used to regularly wear four pairs of new gloves a day, of different quality and colour, according to different times and places. Indeed it is a popular belief on the continent that every English gentleman wears at least three pairs of new gloves a day. I must here confess my ignorance on this point, therefore can neither affirm nor deny it; should it be correct, however, I should say that it must make a tolerably unpleasant inroad into many a restricted income.

As a rule, gloves should always be a shade lighter than the dress with which they are worn, never darker—dark gloves with light dress are most offensive to the eye.

To return to black gloves for a moment, I must here remark that abroad, where rules respecting mourning are much more strict than in England, black kid gloves are not allowed during the first stage of mourning. Black kid is shining, and deep mourning should avoid all that shines; thus black woolen gloves are alone allowed under these circumstances. At the Burgundian Court, gloves were not allowed at all during mourning. It would appear by that that gloves were considered entirely as objects of vanity, like powder and rouge, which likewise were prohibited during mourning.

For general wear, neutral tints are the best for gloves, and, above all, the Swedish kid glove in its natural tan-colour. There is no glove like it for usefulness, elegance and economy. They may be worn at all hours, and with all dresses, excepting evening dress.

In the event of embroidered gloves or mittens returning into fashion, it will be as well to remark here that embroidery should always correspond with the natural shape of the hand—flowers and symbols, such as two hands united, should be scrupulously avoided. Lines and arabesques are the most appropriate patterns for glove embroidery—lines tend to make the hand look narrow, and therefore are preferred to any other style of working.

The first requisite for a glove is that it should fit well, therefore it ought to be cut according to the hand; in fact, the hands should be measured for gloves as the feet are for boots. In France it has long been customary to measure for gloves, and there are now a few establishments in London which adopt a similar fashion.

The art of cutting out a glove is one especially excelled in by the French, and is most difficult in execution. Indeed there is an old proverb which says that it takes three kingdoms to make one glove: Spain to provide the kid, France to cut it out, and England to sew it. The French have a particular art in economical cutting, and can cut three pairs of gloves out of the same quantity of kid that an Englishman can scarcely cut two. Consequently French gloves ought to be cheaper than English, but they are not. The Germans, though their kid is rapidly rivaling Spanish kid, and though they sew as well as the English, are quite ignorant of the art of cutting, consequently they are as yet unable to make good gloves.

If a glove is not to disfigure the hand, it should be made of the softest and most elastic kid, that will lend itself to every natural movement of the hand; and the best colour, as already stated, is the natural light tan colour of the kid itself. In former romantic days, young ladies wore gloves the colour they wished their hands to be, and tried to imitate the rosy-fingered goddess by wearing rose-coloured gloves. But we are more matter-of-fact in these days, and, I think, more natural. —*Correspondence in Land and Water.*

Dr. Livingstone.—At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Sir R. C. Rawlinson presiding, amongst the papers read was a letter from Sir R. Murchison communicating Dr. Kirk's views on Dr. Livingstone's position and movements. Sir Roderick communicates that he has received a letter from Dr. Kirk, dated the 20th April, 1871, in which he states that although no one at Zanzibar had been to Manawah (the place where Dr. Livingstone was last heard of), he had ascertained that it was about a month's journey, say 200 or 300 miles west of Tanganyika, and is a thriving ivory mart. Dr. Kirk is of opinion that Livingstone had been led thither to examine a western lake he had heard of, and into which the waters from Cazenbe flowed, whither they may go to the west and the Congo, or to the north and Nile basin. He further hopes that if Livingstone should have settled the outflow of the Tanganyika, he will be satisfied, and leave all the rest of the work to future travellers, seeing that he has been out upwards of five years, and must surely want rest.

STRING VIBRATIONS MADE VISIBLE.—In a recent lecture on "Sound," at the Royal Institution, Prof. Tyndall illustrated different rates of vibration by means of different tuning-forks with strings attached. He made the vibrations visible to the audience,—says the *Mechanics' Magazine*,—by darkening the theatre, and illuminating the strings by means of the electric light, so that they threw long shadows on the screen, and when they were made to vibrate, shadowy segments of a gauze-like appearance were seen. In another experiment he showed the segments in an exceedingly beautiful manner. A fine platinum wire, several feet long, was attached to one end of one of the tuning forks, and then made red hot by means of a current of electricity passed through it from a forty-cell Grove's battery. When the fork was then made to vibrate, the red hot wire was thrown into vibrating segments, and whenever it vibrated most it was of course most cooled by the air, so there became dark—lost all its redness. But at the nodal points it remained red hot. Thus by its own vibrations it was divided into red hot and dark sections. While thus vibrating, the red hot nodal points were hotter than while the whole string was at rest, because the cooling of the other portions of the wire increased their electrical conductivity, and thus a more powerful current acted on the points of no motion.

The combined populations of the eight largest cities of the United States: New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Chicago, St. Louis, Baltimore, Boston and Cincinnati, are less than the population of the city of London.

There are only two hundred and fifty-eight Jews in all Ireland.

## POOR MISS FINCH!

### MISCELLANEA.

According to the *Brisbane Courier*, "the orange-tree is now firmly established as one of the fruits of Northern Australia, and nurserymen are endeavouring to supply the demand, which must increase, for trees. Oranges promises a heavy crop this season."

An international exhibition is to be held at Peru in December—the first thing of the kind in South America. The chief prize of honour, to be competed for by both Peruvians and foreigners, consists of a gold medal of £200. The next is a prize of honour for foreigners, consisting of a gold medal and £100.

WHY LADIES ARE SELDOM BALD-HEADED.—The ladies, notwithstanding they wear long hair, (which is more likely to fall out), seldom are bald-headed. Their heads are not kept closely covered. In sleeping, do not cover the head with a night-cap. Keep the head well ventilated; if the hat is close, raise it often and let in the fresh air; never wear the hat indoors.

Cannibalism has not been stamped out of Jamaica, if we may credit the extraordinary story stating that some time ago a boy, eight or nine years of age, went to the hut of two Africans residing in the parish of St. Mary's, Jamaica, to deliver a message. As he did not turn up again within a reasonable time, a search was made, when the poor child was found completely dismembered, and dressed exactly as any animal would be for the pot and spit. Clearly civilization has done something for them, however, as it has taught them to prepare their food according to gastronomic usage in the civilized parts of the world.

The Duke of Brunswick, of whom nothing has been heard of late, is living at Geneva in all the retirement which the possession of so many diamonds imposes. He has hired two stout Swiss porters to keep watch and ward over the treasure. It is rumoured in the place that he has just made his will, and that he has left the whole of his property—diamonds and all—to the Prince Imperial of France.

A sad warning is conveyed by the catastrophe which has befallen the Archduchess Frederica. While lighting a taper for adornment of a Christmas tree at the school treat of the poor children for whom she provides, a drop of the burning wax fell upon her arm. In an ordinary case such a trifling accident would have been productive of no serious consequence, but the taper was of bright green wax, and it appears that the corrosive matter in the colouring entering the blood through the blister occasioned by the burn has poisoned the whole system.

A HEALTHFUL SUBSTITUTE FOR TEA.—As a healthful drink, in place of tea, Dr. Thompson, in a late work of his, recommends the use of the dried leaves of the red raspberry. They cleanse the system of canker, and thus act beneficially to the health. The leaves should be gathered on a warm day, and may be spread in a good airy chamber, on clean boards or papers, to dry. When sufficiently dry, they may be kept in sacks. A small handful is sufficient for several persons. This tea does not require the addition of milk or sugar, and is quit as pleasant as other tea, and much cheaper and healthier.

CURE FOR A COLD IN THE HEAD.—Dr. Pailhon, of France, announces what he considers a new method of curing a cold in the head. It consists in inhaling through the nose the emanations of ammonia contained in a smelling bottle. If the sense of smell is completely obliterated, the bottle should be kept under the nose until the pungency of the volatile alkali is felt. The bottle is then removed, but only to be reapplied after a minute; the second application, however, should be long, that the patient may bear it. This easy operation being repeated seven or eight times in the course of five minutes, but always very rapidly, except the first time, the nostrils become free, the sense of smell is restored, and the secretion of the irritating mucus is stopped. This remedy is said to be peculiarly advantageous to singers.

"NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN."—Whilst the "Two-headed Nightingale," now exhibiting in England, is attracting so much attention, it will not be out of place to give the following account of a Scotch double man, who lived in the reign of James III. of Scotland, and which is taken from the *Peram Scotiearum Historia*:—"During the reign of James III. of Scotland, and at his court, there lived a man, double about the waist, single below that region. The king caused him to be carefully brought up. He rapidly acquired a knowledge of music. The two heads learned several languages; they debated together, and the two upper halves occasionally fought. They lived generally, however, in the greatest harmony. When the lower part of the body was tickled, the two individuals felt it together; but when, on the other hand, one of the upper individuals was touched, he alone felt the effect. He died at the age of 28 years. One of the bodies died several days before the other."

The lovers of art will be delighted to learn that the Venus de Milo has returned uninjured to her crimson pedestal at the Louvre. The secret of her hiding-place has been divulged. The story of her removal is amusing enough. The commission of savans, assembled to dispose of the treasures of the Louvre, had agreed to the concealment of the most precious of the antiquities in the vaults beneath the galleries. But this one, the most precious of all, gave the greatest uneasiness, and there was much perplexity concerning her proper destination. Many plans were suggested, but the poor savans deemed none of them sufficiently safe for this invaluable specimen of antique art. While they still remain undecided, one of the porters standing by waiting for orders, asked of his comrade the reason of the peculiar anxiety with regard to this identical statue. "Who was this Venus they make such a fuss about?" The comrade, who was a sort of *bel esprit* in his way, told the history of the goddess, not without blushing now and then, however. Whereupon the questioner indignantly exclaimed, "What! she to have all this honour! Why, in our day she would have been hauled away to the Préfecture de Police—that's where she ought to be taken." The words caught the ear of one of the embarrassed members of the commission. "Parbleu, une idée!" exclaimed he, jumping with joy, "the cellars at the Préfecture are the safest in Paris. True enough, that is the place for our precious Venus!" And thither was she forthwith conveyed.