

laboured hard toward healing the disruption in the Orange Grand Lodge which took place at the city of Kingston in 1853, when a part of the brethren followed the late George Benjamin as Grand Master, and a part Ogle R. Gowan. In 1860, when the federal principle was established in the Association, he was first elected Grand Treasurer, at a Grand Lodge held in the city of Ottawa. To this office, which he now holds, he has been elected by acclamation every year from that time downward. In addition to these Orange offices, Mr. Anderson has been an active Justice of the Peace for more than twenty years; he has also been twice elected Reeve of his native township, and has been twice elected to Parliament, once at the general election of 1861 to a seat in the Parliament of United Canada, and in 1870 to a seat in the Legislative Assembly of Ontario.

THE MAGAZINES.

In the October number of *Old and New* the Rev. Mr. Tyrwhitt continues his excellent series of "Sketching Club" papers, and the editor, the Rev. E. E. Hale, has a characteristic story entitled "The Lost Palace." "Pilchards" is the title of another capital story by Mary J. Penwyn. The feature of the number is a thoughtful paper on "The Relations of the National and State Governments to Advanced Education," which was read in August last before the National Educational Association at Detroit. There are also sketches of "Logan, the Mingo Chief," and "King Making in the Sandwich Islands."

St. Nicholas, the magazine for girls and boys, is as fresh and bright as ever, beautifully printed and illustrated, and crammed full of entertaining matter. The current number opens with a bright story by Mrs. R. H. Davis, which is followed by a splendidly-illustrated article on Egypt by Mrs. Sara Keables Hunt. "Venus's Flower Basket" is a description of the Glass Sponge, with a picture that is positively wonderful in the delicacy of its execution. Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge has one of her charming little poems called "Coming," and C. P. Cranch contributes some comic verses, illustrated from his own designs, making fun of the comet. There is also a poem by Helen Hunt. Miss Louisa M. Alcott has a story, and Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz tells something more about those funny little "Jemmy Johns." There is an interesting article on "Ice in India," and Wm. H. Rideing has one of his admirable practical articles called "Our Light-houses and Light-ships," which is full of interesting pictures drawn by Moran, Perkins, Runge, and other noted artists. The serials, "Fast Friends," by J. T. Trowbridge, and "What Might Have Been Expected," by Frank R. Stockton, are concluded. We notice that the "Letter Box," and that quaint fellow, "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," are unusually brilliant this month.

The *Galaxy* for October contains the concluding chapters of Mr. McCarthy's novel, "Linley Rochford," also of General Custer's "Life on the Plains." It contains only one love story, a very good one by J. T. McKay. Mr. Richard Grant White has a linguistic article under the odd title of "Popular Pie;" another somewhat bizarre title is "The Loadstone of Love," which Mr. Junius Henri Browne has chosen to place at the head of his very interesting article on magnetic women. "Caught by Kuhlborn" is a spirited sketch, by Rose Terry Cooke, of a trip in New England. "Fig Leaves and French Dresses" is a pleasant, gossiping article on dress and society, enlivened by anecdotes, by Mrs. Hooper. The most prominent articles in the number are the sketch of MacMahon, by General Reclus, and a carefully-written, temperate article upon Communism and the school of Henri Rochefort, which seems to be from the pen of a Spaniard, if we may judge by the signature. We find in the *Galaxy* two poems, "The Piper" and "Armida," which rise far above the level of ordinary magazine poetry. In the Department of Literature and Miscellany the usual variety of books and subjects is discussed.

Scribner's Monthly for October opens with another munificently illustrated "Great South" paper, by Edward King, entitled, "Down the Mississippi—the Labour Question—Arkansas;" it contains much picturesque description and practical information. The important essay of this number is a very careful study of George Eliot's novels, by W. C. Wilkinson. Mr. Nadai, formerly with Mr. Muley in London, and now literary editor of the New York *Evening Post*, has a charming sketch of Oxford. Mr. Cable, the New Orleans story-writer, gives us another characteristic sketch of life in the American Paris; his present story, "Tite Poulette" is highly dramatic and exciting. "Katherine Earle" and "Ordonnau" are concluded; "Katherine Earle" will be published in book form by Lee and Shepard, and Jules Verne's "Mysterious Island" is continued. Then we have "A Royal Hair-Cutting," "San Remo," "The Rose of Carolina," "Old Time Music," &c. In "Topics of the Time" Dr. Holland writes about Mr. Beecher, the present theological outlook, "Remarks of Literary Labour," &c. "The Old Cabinet" is devoted to Good Taste, and the other departments have about their usual variety. In the November *Scribner* a new story by Saxo Holm will begin, to run through three or four numbers.

THE SHAH'S JEWELS.

The Shah of Persia's strong box consists of a small room, twenty feet by fourteen, reached by a steep stair, and entered through a very small door. Here, spread upon carpets, lie jewels valued at seven millions sterling. Chief among the lot is the Kaianian crown shaped like a flower-pot and topped by an uncut ruby as large as a hen's egg, and supposed to have come from Siam. Near the crown are two lambskin caps, adorned with splendid aigrettes of diamonds, and before them lie trays of pearl, ruby, and emerald necklaces, and hundreds of rings. Mr. Eastwick, who examined the whole, states that in addition to these there are gauntlets and belts covered with pearls and diamonds, and conspicuous among them the Kaianian belt, about a foot deep, weighing, perhaps, 18 lbs., and one complete mass of pearls, diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. One or two scabbards of swords are said to be worth a quarter of a million each. There is also the finest turquoise in the world, three or four inches long, and without a flaw, and "I remarked a smaller one of unique beauty, three-quarters of an inch long and three-eighths of an inch broad; the colour was lovely, and almost as refreshing to the eyes as Persian poets pretend. There are also many sapphires as big as warbles, and rubies and pearls the size of nuts; and I am certain that I counted nearly a hundred emeralds from half an inch square to one and three-quarter inches long and an inch broad. In the sword scabbard, which is covered with diamonds there is not, perhaps, a single stone smaller than the nail of a man's little finger." Lastly, there is an emerald as big as a walnut, covered with the names of kings who have possessed it. The ancient Persians prized the emerald above all gems, and particularly those from Egypt. Their goblets, decorated with these stones, were copied by the Romans. The Shah also possesses a pearl worth £60,000. But the most attractive of

all the Persian stones is the turquoise, which is inlaid by the native lapidaries with designs and inscriptions with great effect and expertness. The best come from Nishapoor, in Khorassan, whose mines ornamented the gold armour of the Persians, so much admired by the Greeks. Chardin records that in the Treasury at Ispahan he saw "in each chamber the stones in the rough, piled high on the floor like heaps of grain, filling unnumberable leather bags." As with the King of Burmah and his rubies, the turquoises of Persia are always first inspected by the Shah. They are divided into two classes, according to the positions in which they are found. The first, called sengul, or stony, are incrusts in the matrix, and have to be removed by means of a hammer; the second are taken from the alluvial deposits, and, though larger, are of less value than the former, which are of a deep blue colour. Although the Lord of Lords contented himself with taking the least valuable gems of his incomparable collection on his recent tour in the West, he carried no fewer than 200 talismans, which, while they may be poor in appearance, possess limitless value in the eyes of Persians. Among others there was a fine pointed star, supposed to have been worn by Roostum, and believed to have the power of making conspirators at once confess their crimes. Around his neck the Shah wore a cube of amber, reported to have fallen from heaven in the time of Mohammed, and to confer on its wearer invulnerability. Most precious of all, however, and in Nusseerooddeen's case the most useless, was a little casket of gold studded with emeralds, and said to have the remarkable property of rendering the Royal wearer invisible so long as he remains celibate.

TEN POINTS OF A GOOD WIFE.

Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, speaking of the qualities of a good wife, divided them into ten parts. Four parts he gave to "good temper;" two to "good sense;" one to "wit;" one to "beauty" (such as a sweet face, eloquent eyes, a fine person, a graceful carriage); and the remaining two parts he divided amongst other qualities belonging to or attending on a wife, such as fortune, connections, education or accomplishments, family, and so on; but, he said, "divide those two parts as you please, remember that all these minor proportions must be expressed by fractions, for there is not any one of them that is entitled to the dignity of an integer." Mr. Smiles, in quoting this passage from Burns, in the chapter on marriage in his pleasant and chatty book on "Character," says: "No wise person will marry for beauty mainly. It will exercise a powerful attraction in the first place, but it is found to be of comparative little consequence afterwards. Not that beauty of person is to be under estimated, for, other things being equal, handsomeness of form and beauty of features are the outward manifestations of health. But to marry a handsome figure without character, fine features unbeautiful by sentiment or good nature, is the most deplorable of mistakes." This is the only comment made by Mr. Smiles on the matrimonial scale of Burns, the proportions of which he may therefore be taken to approve. The matter is worth closer criticism, and it will be an amusing and not unpractical or unprofitable employment of some leisure minutes, to try, in some reader's judgment, whether any variation or improvement may not be made in the distribution of the ten points in a good wife. It will be observed at the outset that the moral and religious element is wholly ignored in the estimate of the poet. Physical, intellectual, and social qualities are alone taken into account; for good temper can scarcely be included among moral excellencies. But the problem need not be complicated by bringing into its consideration points of moral or religious worth. Designate these under the title of "good principle," and this would demand a far larger proportion of the ten points than the four which Burns gives to good temper. For without virtue or good principle, we know that good temper, and good looks, and other gifts of person, are too often dangerous and ruinous to their possessor. Rather let us assume good principle and virtuous conduct, founded upon true religion, to be taken for granted in the problem, as it will be certainly deemed essential in the choice of a wife by every man who makes Christian profession. To marry "in the Lord" is a divine precept as well as a prudent resolution for all who seek "to live for both worlds." Two other conditions are to be presupposed—a certain amount of equality of station, as well as no undue disparity of age. There are exceptional cases in both respects, but in discussing general principles we have regard to the common rule, not the rare exception. As a rule, marriages of unequal caste turn out unhappily for all concerned. In the rough bush life of a new colony this may be of less moment, but in the ordinary circumstances of civilized life, some equality of station and of education is expected. In examining the qualities to be sought in a wife, let us therefore regard moral worth, and also suitableness of station, not as among the requisites, but as pre requisites; and then let us see how far we assent to the distribution of the ten points of Burns. The importance of good temper is great, but four out of ten seems rather a large proportion to allot to it. In describing the good qualities of a friend, or a brother or sister, or a master or servant, good temper would be a large ingredient, but in a wife, other points deserve equal if not greater note. Taking the larger view of beauty, as including all personal qualities of a physical or material kind, form and figure as well as feature, and especially a healthy constitution, it certainly should be at least on a level with good temper. A poor invalid or cripple may have the sweetest of tempers. On the other hand, a pretty face may belong to a silly fool; which brings the point of good sense also to the front. The majority of sensible men will thoroughly agree with the poet as to the comparative unimportance of what he calls the "minor proportions," of fortune, family, accomplishments, and other accessories; and, in fact, one instead of two out of the ten might be allotted for their fractional expression. Of course there are exceptional cases and circumstances, where some of these minor qualities assume greater importance. For instance, the heir of an estate, or the representative of a high family, might consider rank, and wealth, and education, of more consequence than to be represented by a decimal fraction. The wise Lord Burleigh, in giving advice to his son on the choice of a wife, said: "Let her not be poor, how generous (well-born) soever, for a man can buy nothing in the market with gentility." The greatness of his house was in his mind more than the happiness of his son, in giving this advice. But taking the average of men who have to consider only their own personal taste, comfort, and advantage, good temper, good sense, and good health are the three primary and essential points.—*Leisure Hour.*

GROTESQUES.

The *Detroit Free Press* says that the young women of that town walk four abreast and carry the left hand as if it were a lame dog's paw.

"See," said a sorrowing wife, "how peaceful that cat and dog are." "Yes," said the petulant husband, "but just tie them together and then see how the fur will fly."

An old Indian who had witnessed the effect of whiskey for many years said, a barrel labelled "whiskey" contains a thousand songs and fifty fights.

Two Rochester men rowed a boat around in a circle for three hours under the idea that they were going down the bay, and yet Rochester is a temperance town.

Bret Harte is said to be constantly hard up. Such, however, is genius.—*Exchange.* If being hard up constitutes genius, we have some spells of remarkable brilliancy.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

The *Detroit Free Press* man has just returned from Saratoga. He says: "The Saratoga belles merely taste food at the table, but fee the waiters to bring a square meal up the back stairs."

It is not an uncommon observation that a man who is continually talking about his "ceaseless yearnings after righteousness," can't get trusted at a grocery store as quick as a man who swears.

"You'd better look out for your hoss's feet above here, mister," said a ragged boy to a traveller, "Why?" said the traveller, nervously pulling up. "Cos there's a fork in the road there," was the candid reply.

One of the old settlers at the Isles of Shoals, seeing the name Psyche on the hull of a yacht the other day, spelled it out slowly and then exclaimed, "Well, if that ain't the darndest way to spell fish!"

"The ladies appeared in their evening toilets," says the editor of the *Racine Journal*, writing of the closing exercises of the Racine high-school, "which habillment was distinguished by its striking resemblance to a man in his shirt-sleeves."

A dying man in Maine requested that the ceremonies at his funeral should be conducted by a certain auctioneer, in whom he had great confidence. Said he: "He's an easy, fluid talker, and I allers liked to hear him. I've had dealins with him, and I allers found he set out things just as they was."

A Chicago reporter went to a party the other day and was good enough to remark the next morning, that a certain young lady had the smallest waist in the room. There is no sense in getting wrathful with the young man; the other girls killed him the next day, and they made him a grave where the sunbeams rest.

A person who represented that he was a clergyman presented himself at the office of a prominent real estate firm in Boston one day this week, and asked if the firm would give him a list of all the farms offered for sale and owned by widows. The query naturally arose whether he wanted to buy a widow or marry a farm.

An exchange, ridiculing the ridiculous county fairs, which make no effort at good shows, says that the Clearfield fair consisted of a calf, a goose, and a pumpkin. It rained so hard the first night that the goose swam off, the calf broke loose and ate the pumpkin, and a thief prowling around stole the calf, and that ended the fair.

A writer deserves the respectful sympathy of all gentlemen who give out their washing. He says: "It is awful annoying to have some other fellow's clothes left in one's room by the washer-woman. Saturday we put on another fellow's shirt, but couldn't wear it. Although it was ruffled around the bottom, the sleeves were too short to button cuffs on, and there was no place for a collar."

A clergyman, who owned a farm, found his ploughman sitting on his plough, resting his horse. Quoth the clergyman: "John, wouldn't it be a good plan for you to have a good stub-secythe here and be cutting a few bushes along the fence while the horse is resting a short time?" "Wouldn't it be well, sir," said John, "for you to have a tub of potatoes in the pulpit, and when they are singing, peel 'em awhile to be ready for the pot?"

The newest style of cheap advertising was produced recently at Terre Haute. A child of nine—rather old for a Yankee child, they are generally merchants at ten—we are informed, began to cry terribly at the corner of a street till the crowd grew larger and larger. Nothing would he say till it became larger still, when at last he said quite loudly, so that all might hear, that they might take him home to 19, Avenue Street, Post-Laureate Smith's, the bootmaker, who had recently received a fresh importation of kid shoes from Paris from ten to fifteen dollars a pair.

Max Adeler, in his Hurly Burly book, dissents from the infallible Richard Grant White's dictum respecting the substitution of "being" for "is being," and "doing" for "is doing." He don't like the innovation. He says: "Suppose you wish to express the idea that our boy Agamemnon is enduring chastisement, you would say, 'Agamemnon is being spanked,' not 'Agamemnon is spanking.' The difference may seem slight to you, but it would be a matter of considerable importance to Agamemnon; and if a choice should be given him, it is probable that he would suddenly select the latter form."

A novel method of avoiding extended discussion in regard to the age of children entitled to travel for half fare was recently put in practice. "You don't think that boy is under ten, hey, and you won't pass him for half fare?" said an indignant passenger on an accommodation train. "Just look at that, will ya?" And from out the old carpet-bag the old lady, with trembling eagerness, brought the well-worn family Bible, and turning to the page reserved for births and deaths held it triumphantly up under the conductor's nose, with, "Does that look as though I was a liar, young man?" With such testimony before his eyes, the conductor could do no less than pass the boy for half fare, amidst subdued applause from the passengers, who had been amused spectators of the scene.

The *Fishkill Standard* publishes this item under the head of "A Ripple from Africa":

Our new Supervisor has a darkey who the other day was attending to some duty on the lawn near the road, and six or eight friends of his own colour were leaning on the fence, evidently to see that the thing was properly done. That witty contraband, Ike Dilly, happened to pass just at this time, and, meeting Dr. Mapes, inquired:

"Dr. Mapes, who's dead at Masser Hustis?"

"No one, I think," replied the doctor.

"Oh, yes," persisted Ike, "there must be somebody dead there, for sartin sure."

"Why, I am positive not," said the doctor, "for I should certainly have heard of it if there had been a death in the family."

"Then," exclaimed Ike, raising his voice, and pointing to the long lazy row of his sabre brethren hanging on the pickets, "what's all dis yer mournin' fer, strung along the fence?"