

the neck. A fashionable girl would say it should not be so thick, but should be drawn in as tightly as strong cord will draw. Speaking from my own experience, I must confess that the finest figures I have ever seen, were those which never had a corset round them. There was the small, round, elastic waist, bending itself to every movement of the body, and the full bust, unconfined by steel and whalebone—but firm; though pliable within its bodice. It is my opinion, that if corsets were never begun they would never be required, and our women would have better figures. Italian models, who sit for painters in Italy, are not allowed to wear corsets during any portion of the day, for fear of spoiling their figures—*ergo*, corsets cannot be improvers. However, as the age requires such things, let them be of the very best description. They are necessary evils at the best, then let the evil be as small as possible. All that is absolutely required is to give a firmness to the waist, which, it appears, is now deemed essential to a well-fitting dress, and the short French corset is the best adapted for that purpose. It is scarcely more than a wide belt, but it braces the waist, since the waist must be braced, while it leaves the rest of the figure comparatively easy and free for action. I am sorry to say that the stiffest-looking figures are the English. Why? Because they have too much corset. English ladies, as a rule, like their corsets to be very high and very long—they also like them well boned and tightened in an equal degree from top to bottom; consequently, they often look straight, stiff, and unshapely, whereas I do not believe that there are in reality better made women anywhere than in England, only they spoil themselves with iron cases. But, now that France is shut for fashion, and that London is looked to for new models (as it was in the early years of the present century), why not break through the trammels which have so long disguised our women—why not discard the corset altogether? Comfort and beauty would be the reward. But as not all the preachers in England could once prevail on Englishmen to curtail the length of their shoes, I cannot hope that my poor feeble words will be noticed otherwise than by a derisive smile. And yet, if a celebrated beauty *anywhere* were but to inaugurate the fashion, how soon every other beauty of *everywhere* would follow in the wake. But time is flying and space is filling, and yet I find I owe you still a word before concluding. What is the one thing that can beautify the eyes—say, can beautify the whole person and render the plainest woman pleasant to look upon? Without it, every other beauty is spoiled—with it, ugliness is lost. What was the belt which rendered Venus without her peer in Olympus? What was, what is, and what will ever be the greatest of all "Secrets of Beauty?" *Good Temper and Amiability.*

THE FIRST TELEGRAPHIC INSTRUMENT.

(From the "Scientific American.")

An interesting relic of the early days of telegraphy has, it is said, been discovered at Morristown, N. J. It is the first instrument by which messages were received and sent by the aid of the electric current. When Professor Morse was experimenting on the power and capability of electricity as adapted to the transmission of words, he spent a large portion of his time at Morristown, where he was assisted by Alfred Vail, Esq., a practical machinist and inventor. At the Speedwell iron works of that town, then owned by the father of Mr. Vail, the experiment on the wires and on the construction of suitable instruments took place. On the completion of the experiments and the removal of Mr. Morse to Washington to bring his invention before Congress, Mr. Vail accompanied him, and, receiving the appointment of Assistant-Superintendent of telegraphs, was stationed at Baltimore at that end of the experimental line. The instrument now at Morristown was one of two taken from Morristown by Morse and Vail—Morse using one at Washington, and Vail the other at Baltimore. The first message sent was the now well-known "What hath God wrought," which Morse transmitted to Vail; but the first public message was the news of the nomination of Polk to the Presidency, by the Baltimore convention of 1844, sent by Vail to Morse. These instruments were in constant use for six years, when Mr. Vail, returning to Morristown, brought his with him, and where it has since remained in the possession of his family. Mr. Vail dying soon after, his instrument was specially left, by a clause in his will, to his eldest son as an heir-loom, while parts of instruments made during the experimental trials were left to Professor Morse, with a request that he would give them, at some future day, to the New Jersey Historical Society. The old instrument works as well as when first made, and on Saturday a message was sent to New York, and a reply received at Morristown. An excellent photograph of the instrument was also taken, and with it a visit was made to Professor Morse in New York. The professor was delighted to see the representation of the first instrument, having destroyed, as he said, the fellow instrument which he had used in 1844. He readily recognized it, and wrote a certificate across the picture as to its being a true photograph of the first instrument ever used to transmit public messages. He also expressed a wish that the photographs might be generally distributed, that it might be seen how little, in essential points, it differed with those now in use. With the exception of size and clumsiness, the instruments are almost exactly similar. The dimensions of the instrument are sixteen inches in length, seven inches in height, six inches wide, with two magnets of three inch diameter. The paper used was two and a half inches in width, three pens being proposed to be used. The weight of the instrument is twenty pounds.

There is a report that Prince Arthur will be immediately created a duke, and there are rumours that his title will be Duke of Ulster. When the Marquis of Abercorn was raised to the dukedom, it is said his lordship wished to have the title, but it was specially reserved by the Queen through an intention of conferring it on her own family.

MARONIC PRESENTATION.—At the last regular communication of St. Paul's Lodge, the W. M., Dr. Girdwood, presented Mr. Powell, organist, with a handsome silver salver bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to Brother William Powell, by the Brethren of St. Paul's Lodge, No. 374, E. R., 9th May, 1871," to which Mr. Powell replied in an appropriate manner. —*Montreal Witness.*

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—When it is considered necessary to keep telegraphing for quantity from Paris, the quality of the news naturally suffers occasionally. Thus we find in the columns of a contemporary the following singular item of intelligence—"Roscel is very active. His mother is a Scotch-woman!"

An ingenious mechanic in New Orleans constructed a safe which he declared to be absolutely burglar-proof. To convince the incredulous of the fact, he placed a one thousand dollar bill in his pocket, had himself locked in the safe, with a liberal supply of provisions, and the key cast into the river, declaring that he would give the money to the man who unfashioned the door. All the blacksmiths, and carpenters, and burglars in the State of Louisiana have been boring, and blasting, and beating at that safe for a week with every kind of tool and explosive mixture known to science, and the man is in there yet! He has whispered through the keyhole that he will make the reward ten thousand dollars if somebody will only let him out. He has convinced everybody that it is the safest safe ever invented. Fears are entertained that the whole concern will have to be melted down in the blast furnace before he is released, and efforts are to be made to pass through the keyhole a fire-proof jacket, to protect the inventor while the iron is melting.

Here are some of the conundrums sent in for the prize offered at the Bath Circus entertainment lately. The one that carried off the prize was as follows:—Why may St. John's Church, Bathwick, be missing? Because they have added a new wing, and it may fly over to Rome. Amongst those loudly applauded were the following:—Why was the late outrage in the Park like a badly written play? Because, though its principal characters were well painted, the plot could not be discovered. Why is the watch won at the last competition like a person suffering from lumbago? Because it has a *pain* in its back. Why is the revised Budget like the Koh-i-noor? Because it is matchless. Why was the proposed duty on matches like a revival of the window tax? Because it was a tax on the lights. Why does Cater sell the most wholesome drinks in Bath? Because, like a careful mother, he gives you Allsopp's. What is the difference between Hobbs's gas stoves and a militiaman? Because one cooks the meat and the other meets the cook.

THE DANGER OF HOOP-SKIRTS AT SEA.—A commander in the Royal mail service found his steamer some thirty miles out of her course. He was sorely troubled, and could not account for the local attraction that had sent him so far out of the way. Instruments and calculations appeared equally faultless. Sorely troubled, from having passed a sleepless, watchful night, the captain went on deck after breakfast. Seeing a lady sitting (as was her custom) and working near the binnacle, it occurred to him that probably the scissors were resting on the ledge of it. Detecting nothing of the sort, and bent on closer investigation, he discovered that her chair had an iron frame. It also, quite reasonably flashed across him that the lady's ample crinoline was extended by steel hoops. So, mustering all his faculties, he exclaimed, with as much forgiveness and as little reproach in his tones as possible, "Madam, you have, by your local attraction, drawn my ship some forty miles from her course!"

Among the grievous losses sustained by the fine arts during the late war, none are more regretted by the amateurs of curiosities than the famous cherry-stone which once formed the greatest attraction of the Carpentier Museum, and sold for £2,000 at the Hotel Drouot. Upon the surface of this wondrous cherry-stone was carved in bold relief a cavalry charge of ancient Rome. With the aid of the microscope might be distinctly seen, not only the movement, full of life and vivacity, of the combatants, but even the Roman eagles and the S.P.Q.R., were clearly traced. The initials of the workman, F. R., had given rise to more than one controversy as to the origin of the work. The cherry-stone had evidently been highly prized, as it had formed one of the gems of the Villardi collection at Milan. The catastrophe which has deprived the world of this singular specimen of the powerful eyesight and all-enduring patience of the artist, was owing to the eagerness with which its owner rushed to the drawer which contained the treasure after the occupation of his house by the Prussians. Everything was found untouched; but the jerk given to the lock through the unbridled impatience of the owner to behold the *chef d'œuvre*, threw it on to the floor, and a bystander treading upon it, crumbled it to a thousand fragments beneath his boot! The usual insult to injury was contained in the explanation, "Oh, nothing at all, only a cherry-stone!" as the offender's eye met the pallid countenance and look of horror which greeted him.

The following riddle is said to be by one of the most learned and eloquent divines of the day:—All persons pronounce me a wonderful piece of mechanism, yet few have numbered up the strange medley of things which make up my whole. I have a large box and two lids, two caps, two musical instruments, three established measures, and a great many little articles which a carpenter cannot do without. Then I always carry about with me a couple of esteemed fishes, and a great many of a smaller tribe, two lofty trees, two fine flowers, and the fruit of an indigenous plant, a handsome stag, two playful animals, a great number of a smaller and less tame kind, two halls, or places of worship, some weapons of warfare, a number of weather-cocks, the steps of an hotel, two students, or rather scholars, and ten Spanish grandees to attend upon me.

THE ANSWER.

A wonderful structure, surpassing all art
That mortal could mould or science impart.
The last work of creation, in the perfected plan
Of Almighty direction, was given to man.
With a chest and two *coffins* and a cap to each knee.
For the musical instruments next we must see
The pipe and the organ; if these will not do,
I will throw in the bones to make a melody too.
Next, I think that a *foot* and a *hand* and a *pole*
Of the three well-known measures will make up the whole.
The carpenter's need, I think you'll agree,
Is met when the *naile* in the basket you see.
Two *soles*, I suppose, are the two esteemed fishes.
The smaller tribe, *mussels*, will make up the dishes.
Two lofty trees in *palms* we must meet.
The fine flowers are *two lilies*, whose breath is so sweet;
And by fruit of the plant I think *marrow* is meant.
The handsome young stag is a *hart* of content;
And *colures* are the skittish young animals. Now
To answer the next I really don't know how;
For the wild little *hares* which in love-locks we see,
Make me wish that our love-locks, at least, might be for me.
The sweet little *temples* of worship, I know,
Will ever be found on woman's fair brow.
For the weapons of warfare I'm told, "*tooth and nail*;"
In my humble belief, loving *arms* will prevail.
A number of weather-cocks, truly, are *colures*;
And the *steps*, with bounties, we all see when it rains.
The students of scholars, bright pupils, I ween,
In the eyes that we love, may always be seen.
My task is now done with the *ten-don* grandees—
I must now take my task to attend on the bees.

THE DESCENT OF MAN.

A CONTINUATION OF AN OLD SONG.

Air—"Greensleeves." (Darwin laquitor.)

"Man comes from a mammal that lived up a tree.
And a great coat of hair on his outside had he.
Very much like the dreadnoughts we frequently see—
Which nobody can deny.

He had points to his ears, and a tail to his rump.
To assist him with ease through the branches to jump—
In some cases quite long, and in some a mere stump—
Which nobody can deny.

"This mammal, abstaining from mischievous pranks,
Was thought worthy in time to be raised from the ranks,
And with some small aids came to stand on two shanks—
Which nobody can deny.

"Thus planted, his course he so prudently steered,
That his hand soon improved and his intellect cleared:
Then his forehead enlarged and his tail disappeared—
Which nobody can deny.

"Tisn't easy to settle when Man became Man;
When the Monkey type stopped and the Human began:
But some very queer things were involved in the plan—
Which nobody can deny.

"Women plainly had beards and big whiskers at first:
While the man supplied milk when the baby was nursed:
And some other strong facts I could tell—if I durst—
Which nobody can deny.

"Our arboreal sire had a pedigree too:
The Marsupial system comes here into view;
So we'll trace him, I think, to a Great Kangaroo—
Which nobody can deny.

"The Kangaroo's parent, perhaps, was a bird:
But an Ornithorynx would not be absurd:
Then to frogs and strange fishes we back are referred—
Which nobody can deny."

Thus far Darwin has said: But the root of the Tree,
Its nature, its name, and what caused it to be,
Seem a secret to him, just as much as to me,
Which nobody can deny.

Did it always exist as a great institution?
And what made it start on its first evolution?
As to this our good friend offers no contribution—
Which nobody can deny.

Yet I think that if Darwin would make a clean breast,
Some botanical views would be frankly confessed,
And that all flesh is grass would stand boldly expressed—
Which nobody can deny. —*Blackwood.*

CHESS.

Solutions to problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

A skirmish between two Quebec amateurs.
SICILIAN OPENING.

White.	Black.
Mr. C. Piper.	Mr. Walker.
1. P. to K. 4th.	P. to Q. B. 4th.
2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd.	Q. Kt. to B. 3rd.
3. K. B. to Q. B. 4th.	P. to K. 3rd.
4. Castles.	P. to Q. 4th.
5. P. takes P.	P. takes P.
6. Q. to K. 2nd. ch.	Q. B. to K. 3rd.
7. B. to Kt. 3rd.	K. B. to Q. 3rd.
8. P. to Q. 3rd.	P. to K. R. 3rd.
9. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd.	K. Kt. to K. 2nd.
10. P. to Q. R. 4th. (a)	P. to Q. R. 3rd.
11. K. Kt. to K. 4th.	Castles.
12. P. to K. B. 4th.	Kt. to Q. 5th.
13. Q. to K. R. 5th.	Q. to Q. 2nd. (b)
14. Kt. takes Q. P.	Kt. takes Kt.
15. B. takes Kt.	B. to K. Kt. 5th.
16. Q. to Kt. 5th. (c)	K. to R. sq.
17. B. takes B. P.	R. takes B.
18. Kt. to K. B. 3rd.	R. takes B. P., wins. (d)

(a) A lost move apparently.
(b) Tempting the attack to win Q. P.
(c) The only move to save Queen.
(d) Black might have won more expeditiously by simply taking off the Kt. ch. and then playing B. to R. 5th.

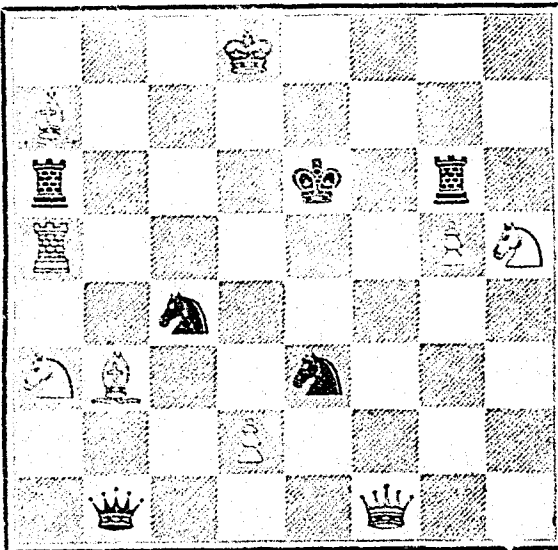
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 25.

White.	Black.
1. P. takes Kt. (becomes Bishop.)	K. to K. 4th.
2. B. to K. 5th.	K. takes Kt.
3. B. to Q. 6th. mate.	

PROBLEM No. 30.

By J. W.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHARADES, &c.

SOLUTION TO CHARADE, No. 19.

Our Canadian Volunteers.
Thus:—Vulture. Sand. Con. Rain. Tea.

SOLUTION TO CHARADE, No. 20.

"A dying man can do nothing easy."

Thus:—Yam. India. Cage. Gnomon. Sand. Thyme. Rev. xviii. 12.
ANSWER TO REBUS.
Benjamin Franklin.
Thus:—Beef. Ecuador. Naphtha. Japan. Ark. Morrell. Imri. Nelson.