

CORONATION.

A PARADISE.

Up, my good songs and weapon ye,
And bid the trumpet blare,
And lift me up upon the shield
The youthful maiden there,
Who now within my heart's domain
A queen shall reign!

All hail, thou fair young queen, all hail!
From out the burning sun
I tear the ruddy-beaming gold
To weave the crown thou'st won.
Upon thy consecrated head
I set the diadem.
Thy young imperial shoulders next,
How fitly mantle them?

Lo, heaven's blue-fluttering canopy,
Where the night diamonds blaze!
I cut away a costly piece
Worthy the costly praise.
Behold thy coronation mantle, wrought
As swift as thought.

I give thee a queenly retinue,—
Sonnets full softly arrayed,
And stately-treading triple verse,
And stanzas courtly and staid.
As courier I devote my wit.
As fool my phantasy,
As herald goes my humor forth,
Smiling with tearful eye.

And then myself, O fair young queen,
I kneel before thee humbly.
Behold the offering that I bring—
I stretch it to thee humbly.
I offer thee the scrap of sense—
Say, do not start—
Lift me in pity by the queen,
Who, ere thyself began to reign,
Ruled o'er my heart.

PALMISTRY.

There lives in Paris, and active yet, though his age numbers almost the years of the century, an old professor, himself an interesting study, who has devoted the middle and end of his life to a study more interesting still. It is in the students' quarter, not far from the Odéon, that he has fixed his residence, and there in the upper story of an ambitious house he practises his art and receives his clients. To call him a fortune teller would be unfair to the man, and perhaps to the century. And yet he tells fortunes, has much to say about mystic influences, about phrenology and handwriting, and, lastly, about the hand itself, its shape, its suppleness, the length of the fingers, and the lie of them, with the crosses and creases and the marks and the lines that are to be found more or less developed in the palm of every hand. From these he has constructed a science by which he professes to tell the characters of the persons who apply to him, and he has written a book (now in its fifteenth edition) in which he has communicated his knowledge to his disciples.

In one respect the Professor differs from other tellers of fortune and character. The rules he lays down, the tests he adopts, are clear and unambiguous. Most vaticinators, from the Delphic oracle down to Zerkel's Almanac, are wont to deliver a kind of swivel prophecy to which any subsequent event may be easily attached in the form of fulfilment. Our French Professor does, indeed, say that one part of the hand may contradict or vary another—such complications are inevitable—but in the main he lays down his propositions with laudable clearness and decision, and any one with a fair memory and good powers of observation may judge for himself. It is proposed in this article to state three or four of the leading principles in the science, so that the reader may come to his own conclusions as to its trustworthiness. There may be general propositions which are true, even though the too curious consideration of minute details leads to error. People who reject as fanciful the distinctions of Spurzheim and Lavater still believe that a man with a big brow is likely to be clever and a man with a strong chin to be determined. Ordinary people do not get the same suggestions from the hand; and yet it may be capable of affording them. The French professor says it is. We shall see what are the rules he lays down.

To begin with the fingers. The variations of these are not numerous, and any hand may be referred to one of some three or four types. There are the pointed fingers, where the finger tips are small and conical and the fingers themselves sleek and soft. They are no uncommon possession and admit of no doubt when they are found. It is said that they indicate a dreamy disposition, a tendency to poetize and to speculate. Men with such hands are enthusiasts and orators, have the gift of imagination very prodigally bestowed upon them, but at the expense of common sense and knowledge of the world. Such hands are claimed for Shakespeare, Schiller and Goethe, and certainly possessed by Victor Hugo and George Sand. With the soft fingers and conical tips there is no necessary alliance. The fingers may be sleek and the tips may be square. And this combination gives us another class of character. Here we have the tendency to art and poetry, but better under control. They are instructive rather than imaginative. The fine frenzy gives place to an eye for symmetry and an ear for rhythm, and the types are to be found in Molière, Poussin, Vauban and Turenne. It is a pity that we have no living examples. Portrait painters a century ago had a fashion of taking the face from the sitter and the hands from a favorite model. Vandeyck's warriors, diplomatists and courtiers had all precisely the same kind of fingers. The fingers may be even more than square. They may be spa-

tulous, widened and rounded at the end like a chemist's blender or an artist's palette knife. This is a very practical hand indeed, widely removed from the dreamer and the visionary—the hand of a man fond of movement and of action, the hand of a man fond of horses and dogs and hunting and warfare, or, if he is more peaceable, of commerce and mechanism; a man of order and of contrivance, a merchant, a financier, or, it may be, only a churchwarden. The spatulous hand is generally found supplied with large finger knots, but where the fingers have no predominant joints the artistic character prevails. Men act from impulse rather than from knowledge or reason. It is not laid down, however, that the tendency of rheumatism is to convert poets into politicians, though it painfully develops the knots of the fingers. Lastly, there is a general rule that large hands deal best with detail and short ones with general effect. It would be interesting to test this by examining the hands of the Royal Academicians.

But the art descends into minutest detail. Each of the fingers has its special characteristic, and a system of mythological nomenclature has been adopted based on the attributed distinctions. The fingers known to us as first, second, third and little are called respectively Jupiter, Saturn, Apollo and Mercury, and if it is thought that we are getting into the region of the fantastic, it is only fair to the Professor that his statement be heard and be tested. There is ranged across the palm of the hand a series of little cushions or hills, one at the base of each finger but a little way from the thumb. Character lies in these, and the character may be told by their examination. The first finger indicates ambition. If the mound is large, its owner will have a love of power coupled with a desire to shine, great gaiety, some pride, a tendency to superstition, and a fondness for nature. If the mound be wanting, the life is one without dignity, the tastes are common, and the man is narrow, selfish and interested. The second finger is said to control his life, as it shows the extent of his prudence and the probability of his success. But if the mound be preternatural we are to look for silence and solitariness—a Hamlet-kind of disposition, verging on asceticism. The third finger, however, supplies us with more cheerful reflection. It is the finger of the arts. It shows the presence of genius and probability of fame. The man with a large mound near his third finger will be amiable and hopeful—a delightful companion and an excellent friend. But if the mound be excessive the results are disastrous. A love of notoriety converts the life into vain glorious existence, with a tendency to avarice and a certain direction toward envy. Lastly we come to the little finger. It is the finger of invention, of industry, of quickness, of ingenuity—the finger, probably that makes us a nation of shopkeepers. It is the finance finger, and an excessive mound might even be found among the less attractive types of the British bankrupt, as it indicates sharp practice, disastrous acuteness, dishonorable trickery and a love of embezzlement.

Here this short sketch of the art must end, though its professor pushes it into much further detail, and though our résumé can scarcely be called a fair one. But assuming the detail to be fringe and surplusage, is there any fact or foundation at the root of what is laid down? Let the reader judge for himself. At least the language of the prophet is not ambiguous. He states fairly and clearly the decisions at which he has arrived. He has devoted almost a life to their collection and revision, and he puts them forth to be tested, not veiled in the cloudy language of an empiric, but boldly asserted and logically reasoned out.

MISCELLANY.

GEORGE BANCROFT, the historian, celebrates at Newport this week the eighty-third anniversary of his birth. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft will immediately after go to Washington where they will spend the winter.

HON. JAMES G. BLAINE has leased his new and magnificent Washington residence to Mr. L. Z. Aiter, of Chicago, who will take possession this autumn. Ex-Secretary Blaine and family will probably pass the winter in Washington, however, as he is almost compelled to finish his book there.

The Czarina of Russia is slight and tall, but looks mignonette beside her husband. She has less regular features than the Princess of Wales or the Duchess of Cumberland, but has more expression and animation. Her face is oval, nose slightly retroussé; the mouth pouting, with full, rosy lips. She has beautiful silken hair. The Czarina is imbued with grace and amiability. Her vulnerable point is a horror of what is vulgar, coarse, unrefined or democratic.

The statue of Henri Regnault, just completed for the Hôtel de Ville in Paris, represents the author holding the pencil in his left hand. What seems to strangers a great blunder of the sculptor, to friends of the late M. Regnault is a pleasant reminder of the deft skill which allowed either hand to wield pen or brush with equal facility, though a decided preference was given to the left hand. The artist is represented in the uniform of the National Guard, in which he met with his tragic death at Buzenval.

MADAME MINNIE HARK mentions as one of the most interesting incidents of her European tour a visit to the grave of Wagner, at Bayreuth, which she describes as follows: The grave

is in his garden, back of his house, and is covered by a great flat stone, bearing no inscription whatever—not even his name. I prepared a beautiful wreath, and by the intervention of the Burgomaster of Bayreuth was permitted to see the grave. But I was not allowed to leave the wreath, for Mrs. Wagner has ordered that nothing shall be placed upon the stone. Tributes from monarchs have been rejected, and Mrs. Wagner will see no one, not even her father, Franz Liszt.

THE question of disestablishment continues to be discussed in England, and notices of three distinct motions on the subject have been placed on the notice book of the House of Commons for next session. Mr. Richard will move that the Church of England is injurious to the political and religious interests of the nation, and ought to be no longer maintained. Mr. Dillwyn will move that the Church of England in Wales is an anomaly and an injustice which ought no longer to exist, and Mr. Peddie will move that the maintenance of the Church Establishment in Scotland is indefensible on public grounds, and that a measure for the disestablishment and disendowment of this church should be passed at an early date.

POROUS terra-cotta, a new importation from Italy into England, is worthy the attention of those in search of novelty for table ornaments or other decorative purposes. Vases of classical form are filled with water, and the outside is thickly strewn with small seeds. In about forty-eight hours these begin to sprout, and presently the vase is concealed beneath a coating of delicate green foliage. Low bowls of this ware thus treated, and in which are placed blossoms of single dahlias and fronds of maidenhair fern, are particularly pretty, and quite refreshing to look upon. The vases can, of course, be used over and over again, and I have the great merit of requiring but few flowers and sprays of greenery to ensure an effective display.

THE librarian of the Bibliotheca Laurentiana, of Florence, has made a discovery that he thinks important. He has unearthed a manuscript containing many pen and pencil designs of ornamental and architectural objects, and also an admirably-written text treating of the manner of measuring distant objects, of fortifying towns, preparing artillery, and giving form and proportion to daggers. The finder has little doubt that the author of this work is Benvenuto Cellini, because, beside the nature of the studies, the diction and the designs, the words "Cell. Flor." are to be read in the book, showing that we have to do with the rough sketch of an unknown work by the great Florentine goldsmith.

THE drainage of the Zuyder Zee is one of the projects which has for many years engaged the attention of Netherland engineers. It is now being warmly advocated, and during the International Exhibition at Amsterdam a meeting of the Royal Institution of Engineers will be called to examine and discuss the different plans which have been proposed for closing the various channels which now exist between the several well-known islands. It was formerly a great inland lake, called Flevo. It was, however, turned into a gulf, united with the North Sea, by a series of great inundations, which swept away its outer boundary. The last of these occurred in 1232. The gulf is forty-five miles from north to south, and thirty-five miles in breadth.

REFERRING to the excitement which the contemplated disturbance of Shakespeare's bones caused, a London correspondent of the *Herald* writes as follows: "There is a lonely court close to Fleet street where the body of another poet lies, forgotten and forgotten. No railing protects Goldsmith's tombstone—no barrier keeps it sacred from the indifferent clerks and busy lawyers who hurry over the mouldering graves around it. Dr. Ingley would be doing right good service now if he would agitate for the disinterment of 'poor Noll's' bones. They have lain where they are too long already for the credit of the millions whom his works have delighted. It is time they were better sheltered from the weather, and what fitter shelter could there be for them than the roof of Westminster Abbey?"

PROBABLY the largest private collection of books that ever came to the hammer was that belonging to Mr. Heber, brother of the celebrated Bishop of Calcutta. His mania for collecting was extraordinary. He seriously asserted that it was necessary to his comfort to have three copies of every work—one as a show copy, one for himself and one for his friends. He cared for nothing in the world but books: formed no domestic ties of any kind, but oddly enough, appeared to care nothing at all what became of his collection after his death. He left no direction about it in his will, and his executors looked upon the whole as merely so much property convertible into cash. He had books in so many different places, foreign cities, villages and towns, that it was impossible to ascertain with any exactness how many he really possessed. The auction of those collected from various points in England and sold in London, 1834, 36, occupied two hundred and two days, extending through a period of upward of two years, from April 10, 1834, to July 9, 1836. A copy of the catalogue, which filled more than two thousand printed octavo pages, has been preserved, and from it it appears that the number of books then sold amounted to one hundred and seventeen thousand six hundred and thirteen in fifty-two thousand six hundred and seventy-two lots.

VARIETIES.

THE women of Loreto, Italy, are described as remarkably pretty. They wear a picturesque costume, consisting of sixteen petticoats on weekdays and eighteen on Sundays and holidays. These petticoats are all starched, and some are very richly trimmed with lace and embroidery. A colored skirt is then looped up over these balloon skirts, and a stay-bodice confines the waist to its smallest dimensions, over a spotless white chemise. A handkerchief is next pinned over the head to complete the costume. As for the jewelry worn it is wonderful. Some women wear three ear-rings in one ear, while their neck and fingers glitter with chains, medals and rings. In complexion they are almost as black as the Madonna they worship. But this does not prevent them from being beautiful.

A LITTLE present, in the strictest sense of the phrase, has been lately made to the German Crown Prince and Princess, by Herr Hofmann, a machine manufacturer at Osterfeld, in the shape of a "fairy tea service." The tea tray is thirty-two millimetres long by twenty-four broad, and has been beaten out of an old Prussian, "three" piece, or half-penny. The teapot is made out of a German two-pennig piece (about an English farthing), the cover being made out of a one-pennig piece. The milk jug is made from a pennig piece of the Duchy of Saxa-Meiningen; the sugar basin from a Prussian pennig and a heller. The two cups are made from old pennig pieces of different German principalities. All the pieces are tinned on the inside, and have been so manufactured that one can without difficulty recognize each coin either from the inscription or the arms stamped upon it.

NEARLY fifty years ago, 1837, the *Gazette Musicale* published a letter written by Liszt, in which the great musician prophesied in the following words a remarkable future for the pianoforte. "Its powers of appropriation are enlarged from day to day by the progress already made, and by the persevering labors of the pianist. We make broken chorals like the harp, long-drawn tones like the wind-instruments, staccati, and a thousand kinds of passages which formerly it only appeared possible to bring forth from this or that instrument. Through probable improvements in the construction of the piano we shall of course some time obtain that multiplicity of sounds which are wanting till now. The pianos with bass pedal, the polyplectrum, the spinet and other imperfect attempts are a proof of the generally felt necessity for its extension. The key-board of the organ, with its capabilities of expression, will show the natural way to the invention of pianos with two or three keyboards, and so complete the peaceful victory."

A CURIOUS story is told of the romantic courtship of Mrs. Celia Thaxter, the poetess. Her early life was spent on the Isle of Shoals, where she still goes for the summer. Her father, deceased a few years ago, was known as the Hermit of the Shoals. When quite a young man, disappointment, it is said, in the matter of some political office on which his heart was set, caused him to become a recluse, and purchasing the island of Appledore from New Hampshire for some two hundred and fifty dollars, he erected there a small cabin. The delightful location, quiet, fair scenery and pure air soon attracted the attention of summer tourists, particularly invalids, and requests for board began to be received. Gradually the cabin was enlarged until it became a summer hotel, though conducted in the most indifferent manner, as to whether guests came or went. They were never sought after. When the daughter of Celia reached the age of fifteen, a young lawyer, at the island for his health, fell in love with her. Duly and respectfully he requested her hand of the father, who irritably ordered him off the island. Respecting the rights of proprietorship, the young man removed to an adjacent one, and there erecting a little hut avowed his intention of remaining until the daughter became of age, when he would marry her. Recognizing, probably, the fellow's obstinacy and strong will, her father relented, stipulating only for a few year's delay. That passing, they were married.

DID SHE DIE?

"No!"
"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years."
"The doctors doing her no good."
"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."
"Indeed! Indeed!"
"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A DAUGHTER'S MISERY.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery."
"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and nervous debility."
"Under the care of the best physicians."
"Who gave her disease various names,"
"But no relief."
"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

FATHER IS GETTING WELL.

"My daughters say:
"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."
"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."
"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters." A LADY OF UTICA, N.Y.