

A NEW PROPHECY.

When lawyers fall to take a fee,
And juries never disagree;
When politicians are content,
And landlords don't collect their rent;
When naughty children a' die young,
And girls are born without a tongue;
When preachers out their sermons short,
And all folks to the church resort;
When back subscribers all have paid,
And editors have fortunes made;
Such happiness will sure portend
This world must soon come to an end.

THE POPULAR INDIVIDUAL.

BY NED P. MAH.

Having made choice of a subject I was going to head this paper, "The Popular Man." But a man, who is deserving of the appellation, has about him something decided and angular which does not permit him to be a humbug which the popular individual necessarily to some extent is.

There once existed a rumor, fabulous, I dare say, yet one of those fables which has found its way into print, to the effect that the *Times* was wont to employ an intelligent elderly man to prow around public places of every kind—clubs, dining rooms, markets and exchanges—and to keep his ears open to the remarks on the topics of the day, returning at night to his employers with a report of the leaning of public opinion on each subject of interest, from which report the leading articles of the following morning took their tone.

Now this is more or less similar to the proceeding of the popular individual, the student of the art of pleasing. He first ascertains the tone of feelings of others, and then rather holds the mirror up to their minds than gives expression to his own sentiments, although, when he has won the confidence of his admirers by the exposition of views which he knows they will endorse, he may lead and sway them to his own ends while apparently actuated by the same motives as themselves. The popular individual is, in fact, all things to all men, and not always in the best sense of the phrase.

So, too often, with the popular preacher. I do not mean the preacher who attracts large crowds by an affectation of eccentricity, and whom people go to hear rather out of curiosity, or a desire to be amused, or because it is "the thing" than because his views are really popular with them. But I mean the preacher who prophesies soft things; who lays great stress on the scarlet sins becoming white as snow and whose congregation leave him in a happy and complacent state of mind, having a sleepy kind of conviction that they may do pretty much as they like, if only they have faith as a grain of mustard seed.

Rowland Hill once began a sermon something in the following manner:

"I have a dog at home, who is a very good dog, but he has a remarkable partiality for a bone; and when you touch that bone, he growls. Now the ladies of this congregation have a bone, which is an unreasonable extravagance in dress; and I am going to meddle with that bone in spite of your growling."

And when, as I walk the streets, I overhear such remarks, in reference to a pulpit orator, as "My daughter came home furious," or "Smith declares he will never enter the place again, and has sold his pew to Brown," then I know that man is a faithful and a fearless monitor, who is not afraid to touch the bones of his congregation.

Of course the popular individual is generally a clever fellow; because every fool can write or say what he thinks, but it is not every fool who can please his fellow mortals and become a popular individual. But though mere popularity may be a mark of intellect, it is not always a certificate of goodness, and rarely of a manly straightforwardness of character. Every man who is worth his salt will make enemies, but his enemies will be those whom he is not whereas the popular individual is—eager to reckon among his friends.

FASHIONS IN POETRY.

With every new generation there begins a war against the poetic common-places of the preceding period and the introduction of new coinages to take their place. This is particularly true of the incoming of the school of Swinburne, Morris and Rossetti. It is notable that their new coinages begin almost at once to lapse into the categories of the conventionalisms which they displaced. With Mr. Swinburne's "Atalanta" came in the constant use of "iron," the eternal reference to "fire," and "blood," and a certain meteoric way of writing about the great blind forces of the world, stars, winds, foam and so forth—if foam can be called a "force," except when used to fashion the deadly bolt with which Indra slew Ahti. Before Mr. Swinburne we almost doubt whether girls were called "white," or necks and other portions of the human frame "warm"; certainly kisses did not "sting," nor were things in general so apt to be "wet." William Morris presented the poetaster with "wan" as an epithet of water. "Wan" had been a formula in the Border ballads from time immemorial, but Mr. Morris first thought of reintroducing this inseparable epithet of water. It was very pleasant in "Jason," but now it meets one everywhere. Mr. Morris' girls were "slim," as those of Mr. Swinburne were white. Both he and Mr. Rossetti added another to the sonnet rhymes to "love" by employing

"thereof," and now we never meet "love in a poem without an anxious feeling that "thereof" is lurking in the neighborhood. Who endowed the common poetaster with "utter" we do not know. Mr. Barlow—an author rather sensitive, we fear, to criticism—has ridden "utter" very hard, also "wonderful." Almost everything which is not "utter" with this songster is "wonderful," and anything that escapes these epithets is apt to fall a victim to "warm." The habit of laying stress on the last syllable, when the penultimate is accented in speaking, is probably derived by Mr. Rossetti and his admirers from old English verse. "Di-al," "wa-ter," "flo-uer," "bo-dee," for "dial," "water," "flower," and "body," are now among the most ordinary conventionalities of the modern muse. They have ceased to attract by their strangeness. We know that water is more likely to rhyme now to "beer" than to "daughter" and that Byron was in error when he said

They caught two boobies and a noddy,
And they left off eating the dead body.

He should have written, and, if he were a minor poet now, he would write—

They caught two herring, and of whitebait three,
And now no more must eat the dead bo-dee,

This may seem a queerly way of writing (for if we should say "grimly" for "grim" we must say "queerly" for "queer"), but it is "right," it is "the thing."

If we might offer a word of advice to a young poet, it would be somewhat in this manner. Do not be fashionable. If you find you have spoken of a slim maiden or a white girl, cut out the adjective. If you must have an adjective, find a new or disinter an old one. But beware of "brown," for that is Mr. Rossetti's private property. Make as little use as possible of "withal," and in other words do not displace the usual accent, so as to make it rest heavily on the ultimate syllable. Forswear "utter," "white," "wet," "warm," "sweet," "wonderful," and generally keep a keen eye on "foam," especially if it shows a tendency to be "blown." Distrust "ah" especially if conscience whispers that Mr. Matthew Arnold would have sighed "ah" in this very place if he had been working at the same subject. Avoid meters invented or revived by Mr. Swinburne; they are many and meritorious, but you cannot well write in them with originality. As you value your reputation, do not call the waters "wan," and, if tempted to use a violet or orange sunset, try if a tomato sunset will not do just as well or better. The color of the tomato is beautiful, and only its association with chops prevents this vegetable from being as poetical as oranges. Try something like this:—

Tomato-red the sunset glowed
On verdant waves cucumberine,
Till night, descending indigo'd
With blue the mournful deep divin.

If you are successful, you will soon have followers enough; and indigo, cucumbers and tomatoes will be as common in song as roses, oranges and daffodils.—*Home Journal*.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

The Lord Mayor intends to give a grand ball in honor of the Royal marriage, but the date has not yet been fixed.

PEOPLE have discovered that the hyacinth is Mr. Gladstone's favorite flower—but they have made no proposition to the nation yet about it, and there is no rise in the price.

THE "luncheon" provided by the Corporation of the City of London for the King and Queen of the Netherlands and the Prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont at the Guildhall, on Tuesday next, will cost 2,000 guineas.

PROBABLY the memorial statue to Sir Rowland Hill may be completed in time to admit of the Prince of Wales unveiling it on his way to the Mansion House on the 17th June to attend the banquet to the Mayors and the Provosts of the United Kingdom.

MR. MACKAY, the American millionaire, has ranged to build an hotel in London somewhat on the scale of the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, which is equal in size to about five of our biggest hotels. There will be 1,600 suites of rooms, and the cost of the undertaking will be £2,000,000.

SIR PERCY SHELLEY'S miniature theatre at Chelsea is to be opened to a public audience, though it must necessarily be a small one, for the first time on the evenings of the 30th and 31st of May. On these occasions a company, headed by Lady Moncton and Sir Charles Young, will perform a new comediotta by Mr. C. M. Rae, and a new drama adapted by Lady Moncton from the French.

AN Irish poet meets the English reproaches as to the bad conduct of the Irish by pointing out the condition of England; the disgrace of the ever accumulating divorce cases; the improprieties of life which exist everywhere; the ruffianism, the prize-fighting, the brutal assaults on the helpless, and so on. The list is, alas, too true; but it is surely not to be compared in character and quantity with the wholesale dastardly outrages and the almost all-pervading conspiracy to murder which exist in Ireland.

It is not often that the City authorities have the opportunity of greeting the Queen within their boundaries, but when that happy event does take place they make haste to demonstrate their loyalty. The expenditure of £25,000 has been sanctioned for the purpose of giving Her Majesty a fitting reception on the occasion of her visit to Epping Forest next Saturday. It was expected that the Queen would travel round the north of London to the forest, but we believe that she will travel over the Metropolitan (Underground) Railway, from Bishop's road to Liverpool street, and thence take the train to the Royal Forest of Epping and Hainault.

AN incident illustrating the reverent regard with which Lord Beaconsfield's memory is cherished occurred at one of the great West End houses, in which a large and fashionable company was being entertained on the 18th. As midnight struck, the hostess addressed a few words to her assembled guests, expressive of her hope that what was about to be done would meet with their approval. Servants then entered bearing silver trays covered with bouquets of primroses—"his favorite flower"—each guest being presented with one, and wearing it in some part of his or her dress.

A SINGULAR construction has just been put up on the Embankment, facing the river, and next the St. Stephen's Club. It looks like a colossal case for Jumbo, and it troubled for a few moments the peace of mind of the Speaker. He may be said to live in the midst of alarms, and is quite sufficient of a classical scholar to know the legend of the wooden horse. The policeman who was despatched brought back the reassuring intelligence that it was not a Fenian magazine, but only a statue of Mr. Gladstone. The sculptor is Mr. Bruce Joy, who thus exhibits his work to certainly the most competent critics. The work is in plaster, and is to be executed in bronze for Bow. It is the gift of the great match-maker, Bryant.

A REMARKABLE application of science to the art of reporting is now to be seen nightly in the House of Commons. The *Times* newspaper has there fitted up a number of telephones communicating with the operators seated at type composing machines at the office in Printing House Square, and the reporters may if they like—for the matter is optional—dictate their terms to the type setters without writing their reports at all. A considerable portion of the *Times* parliamentary report is thus set up nightly from dictation through the telephones, with a little gain of time upon the old method, and with much saving of labor on the part of the reporters. The system is still imperfect and tentative, but it promises to revolutionize the art of reporting, so far as Parliament is concerned.

THE HASTINGS MILKMAN.

Jinks, the Hastings milkman, one morning forgot to water his milk. In the hall of the first customer in his round, the sad omission flashed upon Jinks' wounded feelings. A large tub of fine clear water stood on the floor by his side, no eye was upon him, and thrice did Jinks dilute his milk with a large measure filled from the tub, before the maid brought up her jugs. Jinks served her and went on. While he was bellowing down the next area, his first customer's footman beckoned to him from the door. Jinks returned, and was immediately ushered into the library. There sat my lord, who had just tasted the milk.

"Jinks," said his lordship.
"My lord!" replied Jinks.
"Jinks," continued his lordship, "I should feel particularly obliged if you would henceforth bring me the milk and water separately, and allow me the favor of mixing them myself."
"Well, my lord, it's useless to deny the thing, for I suppose your lordship watched me while—"
"No," interrupted the nobleman; "the fact is, that my children bathe at home, Jinks, and the tub in the hall was full of sea water, Jinks."

MISCELLANY.

THE WANTON CALF: A FABLE.—A Calf, full of Wantonness and Play, seeing an Ox at the Plough, could not forbear insulting him. "What a sorry, poor Drudge are you," said he, "to bear that heavy Yoke, and go turning up the Ground for a Master!" "See what a happy life I lead!" he added, when at evening the Ox, unyoked and going to take his rest, saw him, hung with Garlands, being led away by the Flamen, a venerable man with a fondness for Veal Pot-Pie.

MORAL.—This Fable teaches us that Young People had better Stick to the Farm, and not Study for a Learned Profession unless they are fully aware of what it means.

UNEXPECTED CRITICISM.—One of the most eloquent and popular clergymen of Austin, Texas, being about to ascend the steps leading to his church a few Sundays ago, was asked by a partially blind old lady, who did not recognize him, to help her up the steps. With his usual urbanity he complied with her request. Just as they reached the top steps she asked him who was going to preach. "Parson Smith," he replied, that being his own name. "O Lord!"

exclaimed the old lady. "Help me down again. I'd rather listen to a man sawing wood. Please help me down again. I don't care to go in." At first the clergyman was inclined to refuse, but, on reflection, he gently assisted her down the steps again, remarking as they reached the bottom: "You are quite right, madam, about not going into the church. I wouldn't go in either if I was not paid for it."

WHEN the English fleet under Lord Nelson was bearing down upon the French ships anchored in Aboukir Bay, just before the ever-memorable battle of the Nile, the captain of one of the British vessels addressed his crew at considerable length, and, having exhorted them to remember their duty, and what their country required at their hands, he turned to the captain of marines and said, "Now, sir, you have heard what I have said to the ship's company; it may be as well for you to say something to the men more particularly under you." Upon which the marine officer commanded "attention," and addressed them in the following pithy and laconic manner—"My lads, do you see that land?" pointing to the shores which they were rapidly nearing. "That," said he, "is the land of Egypt; and if you don't fight like the deuce you'll soon be in the house of bondage." The effect was electrical.

SUNNY ROOMS MAKE SUNNY LIVES.—Let us take the airiest, choicest and sunniest room in the house for our living room—the work-shop where brain and body are built up and renewed; and there let us have a bay window, no matter how plain in structure, through which the good twin-angels—sunlight and pure air—can freely enter. The window shall be the poem of the house. It shall give freedom and scope to the sunsets, the tender green and changing tints of spring, the glow of summer, the pomp of autumn, the white of winter, storm and sunshine, glimmer and gloom—all these we can enjoy as we sit in our sheltered room, as the changing years roll on. Dark rooms bring depression of spirits, imparting a sense of confinement, of isolation, of powerlessness, which is chilling to energy and vigor; but in light is good cheer. Even in a gloomy house where walls and furniture are a dingy brown, you have but to take down the dingy curtains, open wide the window, hang brackets on either side, set flower pots on the brackets, and ivy in the pots, and let the warm air stream freely in.

SPECIAL VALUES OF BOOKS.—The fact that errata should frequently give a book very great value is as curious as it is true. Pope Sextus' Bible owes its high price to its 1,600 errata. A wealthy man, possessed of humor, might well give some guineas for an "infallible" work with sixteen hundred mistakes, and which, moreover, contains a delicious preface excommunicating all who should henceforth alter the text. Of similar high value is a little work called the Anatomy of the Mass, in which there are 172 pages of matter and fifteen pages of errata. The pious writer, in apologising for this, states that Satan in person interested himself in baulking his devout aim! An erratum of real historical value is indeed rare; but such value may truly be attached to some sixteenth-century works, published at Rome, when *fata* is intentionally printed *facta*, and then corrected. When the Inquisition were in power, they banned the word *fatum* as gagan; but the ingenuity of authors discovered this quaint way of cheating them. Thus a curious historical fact is embalmed in a single book erratum. Early printing may be classed among legitimate reasons for acquiring a book, and I can understand how, at the Sunderland sale, a book of the first English printer's fetched £226, although a page was missing. On the other hand, the payment of £221 for a book printed on vellum when copy precisely similar, save for being printed on paper, can be bought for ten guineas, seems an unjustifiable piece of fantasy. Titles give a special value to some books; thus, Mickle's poem "Sir Martyn" is not very valuable, but a good deal of curiosity attaches to the "Concubine," the most unfortunate title under which the work first appeared. It is not generally remembered that the favorite "Old English Baron" exists in a scarce edition, entitled "The Champion of Virtue." There is a seventeenth-century publication of which the title is "Some fine Baskets Baked in the Oven of Charity Carefully Conserved for Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation." It may safely be said that this is a work to which the title nowadays alone gives any market value.—*St. James's Magazine*.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MAURICE GRAU'S French Opera Company are to appear at the Academy this week.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP is singing again in New York.

THE success of the New York May Festival has been enormous.

MISS FANNY DAVENPORT is about to leave for Europe.

MADAME MATENER will sing in Boston before returning to Europe.

OSCAR WILDE thinks the California miners just too nice for anything, but he don't think much of the Mormons.

MRS. LANGTRY'S photographs have outsold those of Miss Maud Bracombe, who has hitherto led the market.

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