

Life's Lovely End

AN AMATEUR POEM OF GREAT BRITAIN

The following beautiful poem was written on the deathbed of a young wife and mother and all we shall say in regard to it is that the husband or child (especially those who have lost such an invaluable friend) who can read it with a beating heart, is surely a simple hearted being who is sure to be a true friend to the bereaved one.

Raise my pillow, husband, dearest, And fan me with thy hand, And these shadows stealing slowly, Must I know, be those of Death? Sit down, I beseech thee, darling, Let me clasp your warm, strong hand, Yours that ever has sustained me, To the borders of this land.

Father and mine, our Father, Henceforth, I shall be on, Where, upon a throne of state, Bids the own and only Son. I've had visions and been dreaming Of the past of joy and pain, Year by year, 'ere I wandered backward, Till I was a child again.

Dreams of girlhood, and the moment When I stood your wife and bride, How my heart thrilled with love's triumph In that hour of woman's pride. Dreamed of thee and all the earth-bornia, Firmly twined around my heart— Oh, the bitter burning anguish, When I know that we must part.

It has passed, and God has promised All thy footsteps to attend, He, that's more than friend or brother, Will be with thee to the end. There's no shadow o'er the portal Leading to my heavenly home— Christ has promised life immortal, And 'tis he that bids me come.

When life's trials wail around thee, And its climbing billows swell, Thou'lt thank Heaven that you're spared them, Though'th' thou'rt weary, "Alas, well!" Bring our boys into my bed, My last blessing let them keep— But they're sleeping—do not wake them— They'll learn soon enough to weep.

Tell them often of their mother, Kiss them for me when they wake, Lead them gently in God's pathway, Love them doubly for my sake. Fare thee well, my noble husband, Paint not thine lips with cheating red, Throw your strong arm round our children, Keep them close to thee—and God.

Gentlemen who Lace.

Devices for Securing a Fine Figure— Claims of Benefits to be Derived.

(From Forney's Progress.)

In 1861 and 1862, while many Americans were engaged in a discussion down on the Potomac, there were several serious questions agitating England. They were fought in the newspapers, and have not, it is feared, been satisfactorily settled to this day. Let them be closed in the order of their importance, as shown by the number and length of the printed articles. First, should young ladies over 15 years of age be whipped at home and in school? Second, should gentlemen wear corsets? Third, should ladies on horseback wear spurs? It is to be presumed that the young lady whipping, the male corset, and the female spur-wearing go on as they did before, for while nothing is said about them now, it is only fair to conclude the agitation neither increased nor decreased their practice. Like the Sunday problem and the servant annoyance, these are matters which one could talk about until doomsday without results. In this country a few men wear corsets, and they seem to like them. Gottschalk, the pianist, an equally celebrated as a beau, always had on a corset. The male corset-wearers are those who take their coats to the up-town tailor, whose advertisement may be found almost any morning in The Ledger. This ingenious fellow has an arrangement which he puts into coats, by which one's shoulders are made to look as broad as a prize-fighter's. With one of his inventions, and a perfectly constructed corset, the figure of a man becomes irresistible. It is a secret that the ladies know as well as ourselves that the shoulders of all our coats are more or less peddled, so that with the exception of the hair on our heads, which is usually our own, there is about as much of the full-dressed man almost as much sham as surrounds the full-dressed woman. But our male corset-wearers will not talk. They hide their corsets, figuratively as well as actually, and would deny the whole thing if they were asked about it. A daily newspaper reporter is the authority for saying that the tailor who makes heavy shoulders out of slim ones keeps quiet on the subject. Many attempts have been made, but all in vain, to interview him. One man turns to England to discover how a man feels to be tightly laced. Here is a gentleman who wears ladies' shoes because he thinks them more comfortable, and a pose for his corsets to a store where there are lady attendants, as "I find them much more obliging than male assistants usually are." He is a connoisseur in corsets for gentlemen. Last to him:

I strongly advise to have the corset make to open up the back only, as I find it much more comfortable to wear and lighter than when made to open in front, in the now common mode. I can truly affirm, from my own experience that moderately tight lacing (say three to four inches less waist measure than the natural size) is not only not prejudicial, but, on the contrary, is very beneficial to the health. My occupation is mostly of a sedentary nature, and I used to suffer much from pains in my side and back, and from indigestion; but about a year and a half ago my sister persuaded me to try and wear a corset, and she altered one of her own to suit me. I found it rather irksome for the first few days, but that feeling soon passed, and on my next visit to London I had a corset properly made to my own measurement. Since then I had another one made, smaller in the waist and wider at the chest, which I am wearing. The pains have quite left me, and my health is generally much better than it used to be. Besides this, the feeling of being tolerably well laced, is very comfortable. From my own observation and inquiries, I find the practice of corset-wearing by young gentlemen is becoming much more usual, but we don't make any display of the fact."

In France and Germany very many more gentlemen affect corsets than in England. Here at home it is impossible the custom will ever become what our English friends call "usual." We haven't the time for the intricacies of the corset. Even the suspender is getting beyond the control of the American man, and a fellow-sufferer wrote to The New York Graphic not long ago asking it to request suspender-makers to have pity on poor male humanity and cease adding novel machinery

to this necessary part of our attire. No. A people who are frightened at so simple a thing as a pair of suspenders will never undertake the management of corsets, hedged about, as they are rumoured to be, with whalebones innumerable, strings by the yard, and holes by the dozen. It has not been the purpose, in this paper, to do more than mention—as has been done—about the whipping and the spurs. These are themes at which the pen, that did not falter at outsets for gentlemen, wisely stops.

Young Women in the Fifteenth Century.

Young ladies of the time of Henry IV. says a recent writer, were brought up with greater strictness than these descendants in modern times. Mamma in in those days kept their daughters a greater part of the day at hard work, exacted almost slavish deference from them, and even, as an able antiquarian states, counted upon their earnings.

After they had attained a certain age, it was the custom for the young of both sexes to be sent to houses of powerful nobles to finish their education by learning manners, and thus a noble lady was often surrounded by a bevy of fair faces, from the owners of which she did not scruple to receive payment for their living.

Let us follow a lady of gentle blood through her occupations of a day. She rises early—at seven or half-past—listens to matins, and then dresses; breakfast follows, and this is her costume: A silk gown, richly embroidered with fur, open from the neck to the waist in front, and having a turn over collar of a darker colour; a broad girdle with a rich gold clasp; skirts so long as to oblige the wearer to carry them over the arm; shoes long and pointed; a gold chain round the neck; and, to crown all, the steeple cap, with its pendent gossamer veil.

After regaling herself with boiled beef and beer, she will, possibly, if religiously inclined, go to the chapel, if not, to the garden, and weave garlands. This occupation, enlivened by gossip with her friends, will take her until noon, when dinner is served; after which an hour or so will be spent with the distaff or the spinning-wheel. At six o'clock supper is served; after which, perhaps, follow games at cards or dice, or, possibly, a dance. Of the latter our young lady is extremely fond, and has been known, once or twice, when agreeable company was in the house, to commence dancing after dinner, and to continue until after supper, when, after a short respite, she began again. She has grown tired of the old carol, and now dotes upon those merry jigs imported from France.

Later on, another meal is served, called the re-re-supper or banquet, after which she may drink a glass of warmed ale or a cup of wine, if she be so inclined, and then retire for the night. Another day, in the proper season, she may go hawking, or ride on horseback, or hunt the stag, or shoot rabbits with bow and arrow, or witness bar-baiting, or some other such refined amusement.

Peculiarities of Languages.

The Hindus are said to have no word for "tragedy." The Italians have no equivalent for "humility."

The Russian dictionary gives a word, the definition of which is "not to have enough buttons on your footman's waistcoat; a second means "to kill over again;" a third "to earn by dancing;" while the word "know," which we have all learned to consider as exclusively Russian meaning and application, proves upon investigation to be their word "know," and to mean only a "whip of any kind."

The Germans call a thimble a "fingerbat," which it is not, and a grasshopper a "hay-horse." A glove with them is a "hand-shoe," showing evidently that they wore shoes before gloves. Poultry is "feather outfit;" whilst the names for the well-known substances, "oxygen" and "hydrogen," are in their language "sour stuff" and "water stuff."

The French, strange to say, have no verb "to stand," nor can a Frenchman speak of "kicking" anyone. The nearest approach, in his politeness, he makes to it, is to threaten to "give a blow with his foot;" the same thing probably to the recipient, in either case, but it seems to want the directness, the energy of our "kick." Neither has he any word for "baby," nor for "home," nor "comfort." The terms "upstairs" and "downstairs" are also unknown in French.

In English we "cure" meat and "cure" sick people, and we like our girls to be "quick," but never wish to see them "fast."

Married and Unmarried.

Of these two classes of women, the one who marries respectably is called, by the consent of mankind, fortunate; the one who misses her ideal, or from any cause remains unmarried, is assumed to be the less fortunate of her sex. Nor is the epithet misplaced, as certainly she is endowed with fewer of the gifts of fortune than her wedded sister. But this difference is one apt very sensibly to diminish with years. Whatever the advantages of the bride, the balance of the account may very likely be on the other side at fifty or threescore. Many an old maid blesses her lot as she compares it with that of her married coequals, and sees what the gay husbands of their youth have turned into under the attrition of years—sees them in all the helplessness, peevishness, and exasperating discontent of unwellcome, unlovely old age. She speculates, perhaps, on the short-lived nature of attraction. Two young people meet—bright, youthful, debonair; a sense of fitness strikes not head but fancy. If they are thrown much together, the fancy matures into a liking from little propensity, and so the people, with little really in common, have come to pass their lives together, and are now wearing them out in contact rather than agreement.

In the inscriptions to be placed upon the pedestal of Cleopatra's Needle will be added, at the suggestion of the Queen, the names of the men who lost their lives in the attempt to rescue the crew lost during the storm in the Bay of Riooxy while bringing the obelisk to London.

The Zulu Fights.

The Dooporate Hand-to-Hand Struggle at Rorke's Drift.

The London correspondent of the New York Times gives the following graphic account of the terrible affair at Rorke's Drift, where a battalion of the Twenty-fourth British Infantry was annihilated:

On the 21st January the main body of the British advance, under Lord Chelmsford, penetrated a considerable distance into Zululand, over twenty miles beyond Rorke's Drift, near which a camp had been established, with a convoy, consisting of 102 wagons, 1,400 oxen, two guns, 400 shot and shell, 1,200 rifles, 250,000 rounds of ammunition, and a rocket-rocket, the whole valued at \$300,000. Ten miles beyond Rorke's Drift Lord Chelmsford left the convoy guard and advanced with the remainder of his forces, some ten or twelve miles further into Zululand.

"TO LOOK FOR THE ENEMY."

Who, it afterward turned out, were at the same time 20,000 strong. Lord Chelmsford being well out of the way, they fell upon the convoy. The British fought hard, and retreated gradually upon the camp and its valuable stores, thus getting the support of all their immediate forces. The Zulus fell fast before the deadly rifle, but they carried out their courageous tactics with a bravery which will not be forgotten when the historian comes to tell their story. To hurry an encounter to the death struggle, hand-to-hand, is the Zulu idea. They advance in the gaps made in front by the enemy's fire. Then the men with short knives and shields, sling back their rifles and leap upon the foe. Those who are armed with spears break them off short and convert them into short swords. This is what happened at Isandula and the camp at Rorke's Drift. The overwhelming numbers of the Zulus, taking the troops at a moment when there seems to have been no opportunity of availing themselves of intrenchments or barricades, enabled them to

OVERPOWER THE RED-COATS.

The British officers and men fought and fell where they stood, each of them, however, slaying his two or three to one in the unequal fight. The colours of the regiment and the stores fell to the victors, who thus came in possession of valuable weapons and ammunition, which they could also show to possible allies as inducement to join them. Not less than fifty-one British officers and 570 men lay dead in the sacked camp before the Zulus carried off the spoils. In the meantime Lord Chelmsford was still "looking for the enemy." When it was all over the news reached him and he hastened back to discover that the force he had left in his rear had been annihilated. The Zulus had not held the camp, but had carried off literally everything that made it a camp. It was as awful scene of slaughter. There was

NOT A LIVING SOUL IN IT.

There were no wounded to tend and succor. Quarter had neither been asked nor given. Black and white lay together in the death-grip. Both had fought with equal courage and desperation. The sturdy Englishman had met in the athletic Zulu a foe-man worthy of his steel. The under-rated savage had shown himself a creature upon whom drill may be as effective in the direction of natural courage as on Europeans. Lord Chelmsford encamped among the dead, making dispositions to meet any renewed attack. Some ten miles away, while the flower of his army lay literally massacred, he is also quietly awaiting morning in the ambulance, while further in his rear another desperate fight is going on. In that inquiry which he is instituting touching the above affair, the British public will expect some explanation from him touching the question how it is a British General is found advancing into the heart of an enemy's territory while that enemy's army is allowed to congregate on his rear and destroy his base of operations.

HEROES OF THE VICTORIA CROSS.

Some dozen miles from the camp at Rorke's Drift proper, a small commissariat post had been stationed, near the Tugela River and not from the frontier towns of Helpmakaar and Greytown. Here, without any intrenched system of defense, utterly unprepared to resist anything like a serious attack, and never dreaming of danger, there were a handful of volunteers, some men of the Twenty-fourth, and some civilians, about 80, all told. They were under the command of a couple of young lieutenants, Bromhead, of the Twenty-fourth, and Chard, of the Royal Engineers. They know nothing of the bitter business that had been going on at the camp. Their first intimation of trouble arose from seeing fugitives making for the river, and, in the distance, natives in pursuit. Seeing danger, the young lieutenants called their men to arms and commenced to turn their commissariat stores to account. They had a vast quantity of meal in bags and a large store of biscuits in tins. These, under the young Engineer's direction, they hastily

FORMED INTO A BARRICADE.

With loop-holes for the rifles. Mean while, the outlook saw several of the fugitives fall under the Zulu fire, more particularly, Lieut. Coghill, while crossing the river, the officer's intention being to warn Greytown and Helpmakaar of the danger they were in from a Zulu advance. Coghill and some half dozen or more had got away from the camp, charged with the duty of carrying news of the Zulu attack to the rear. The little post at Rorke's Drift appears to have been altogether forgotten, except by the Zulu army, for the natives who had pursued Coghill turned out to be the vanguard of another portion of the victorious force which had captured the Chelmsford convoy. It was sunset on the 22nd, just as his Lordship was beginning to realize what had happened at the camp, and utterly unconscious of the situation of the post at the Drift, that between 3,000 or 4,000 of the enemy appeared before Chard and Bromhead's breastwork of meal-bags and biscuit-tins. Waiting calmly for their advance, the little garrison poured into them a volley that staggered them. The fire was repeated, and the

ZULUS SWARMING OVER THEIR DEAD.

Charged for the most vulnerable part of the barricade, entered it and were hurled back at the point of the bayonet. Again and again they returned to the breach, which

was closed up with their dead. The garrison fought like devils. They clubbed their rifles, they used their bayonets, the young lieutenants fought with their swords. After each repulse the men returned to their rifle position, keeping up a deadly fire. At the rear of the barricade was a small wooden hospital. There were five patients in it and a servant of Col. Harness. The Zulus fired the hospital and the

INMATE WHO BECAME DEAD TO DEATH.

Except Harness's servant, who crept out and escaped to the bush. The light of the flames helped the garrison to see the foe, and enabled them to avenge over and over again the poor fellows in the hospital. All through the night the unequal contest went on, the Zulus more than once coming up the breastworks and

SEEING THE RIFLE BARRELS.

Which hung among them a constant and deadly hail of bullets. Some of them got inside the impromptu fortress six different times, but they were slaughtered to a man. Assistant Commissary Byrne was conspicuous for his bravery. He was killed. But few of the others fell, sheltered by the bags and tins thus so admirably engineered by Lieut. Chard. Toward dawn Lord Chelmsford continued his retreat and reached Rorke's Drift shortly after the attacking hosts had withdrawn. The Zulus had evidently got information of Lord Chelmsford's movements, for as he came up they retreated; and at first the men at the beleaguered post thought the fresh force appearing against the gray sky-line was a new body of the enemy. The British colours, however, soon made themselves manifest to the outlook, and the garrison set up a ringing cheer, which was answered by their comrades, who, as they advanced, found grim evidence of the contest that has just been finished. The neighbourhood of the Drift was

STREWN WITH ZULU DEAD.

Three hundred and fifty-one bodies lying thick about the barricade, more particularly at the point where they had been repulsed with the bayonet. The bodies further away were estimated at between 600 and 700, so that Bromhead and Chard's company had averaged ten Zulus killed per man. They had not only done something toward wiping out the defeat at the camp, but they had saved Greytown and Helpmakaar, and, possibly, Natal itself; for they had clearly checked the advance of the enemy, who could otherwise have swarmed over the frontier, which he has nevertheless crossed here and there in small parties. It is thought at the Cape that every man at Rorke's Drift should have the Victoria, and nobody in London gainsays their title to the distinction. They had covered themselves with glory, and added another imperishable laurel to the famous but unfortunate Twenty-fourth.

The Beverage of Berlin.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette.)

Two typical institutions of the German capital are its wais beer and wais stuben, both usually to be met with in the quieter streets, and frequented by regular rather than by casual customers. The Berliner of the old type is usually a wais-bier drinker, who regards the beverage as peculiar to the city, and is fond of expatiating upon its merits to strangers. You no sooner become acquainted with a man of this class than he will ask your opinion of the "wais." I remember being sorely puzzled by an inquiry of the kind, and on replying, hesitatingly, "The wais? What is the wais?" my friend said, in a reproachful tone: "What! you have been among us a whole week and not tasted the wais yet?" and then hurried me along until we reached a building with "Waisbier Aueschank" painted in huge black letters on the facade. Here we found ourselves in front of a small counter, behind which three individuals were engaged in uncorking stone bottles and carefully pouring their contents into huge glasses, each holding more than half a gallon; while a fourth was removing hippered lamprays from a barrel. Right and left lay the wais beer stuben, decorated, like all the beer saloons of Berlin, with plaster busts of the Emperor, the Crown Prince, and Fürst von Bismarck. All the little tables crowding both apartments were occupied by guests whose rosy faces and not infrequently a familiarity with the good things of this life. Before every one stood a gigantic tumbler, containing a liquid, pale and clear as Rhine wine, and surmounted by a huge crown of froth. This was the famous "wais." The liquor being ordered and duly brought, we observed that the quart bottle filled not more than one-third of the large glass, the voluminous head of froth not only occupying the remaining space, but foaming over the sides. Hence the necessity for such capacious tumblers, which a novice is only able to raise to his lips by the aid of both hands. No so, however, the experienced wais-bier drinker, who, by long practice, has acquired the knack of balancing, as it were, the bottom of the glass on his outstretched little finger, while he grasps the side with the remaining fingers and thumb of the same hand. A preliminary nip of kummel (anis-seed) is considered de rigueur, and this disposed of, the Berliner will drink his four quarts of kuble blonde—as wais beer is positively termed by its admirers—as readily as his native and suke in a Summer shower, arcing his thirst perhaps once in the course of the operation by some salted delicacy such as a lampry. Berlin is the city where the kuble blonde is obtained in the greatest perfection. It should be drunk when it is of a certain age, be largely impregnated with carbonic acid gas, and should have acquired a peculiar sharp, dry, and by no means disagreeable flavour. To the ordinary unstrung Berliner a moderate quantity of the wais is as soda and brandy to the "soberly" Englishman. After an evening of excess his steps invariably tend to the wais beer stuben, there to quench his thirst with a draught of kuble blonde, and stimulate his palled appetite with knoblauchwurst, a delicacy of the favourite sausage type fried with garlic.

"Sound," said the schoolmaster, "is that you hear. For instance, you cannot feel a sound." "Oh, yes, you can!" said a smart boy. "John Wilkins," retorted the pedagogue, "How do you make that out? What sound can you feel?" "A sound thrashing," quickly replied the smart boy.

To the North Pole in a Balloon.

(From the New York Tribune.)

Commander Cheyne, of the British Royal Navy, is making efforts to get up an expedition to reach the North Pole by means of balloons. He is an experienced Arctic navigator, having served under Sir James Ross, and has secured the services of Capt. Templar, a well-known aeronaut. Commander Cheyne believes that the Gulf Stream sweeps round the polar basin, and returns by the North and east of Greenland as a great body of cold water. He proposes to utilize this current in the following manner: The ship would proceed up Davis Strait and Baffin's Bay, then, turning to the west, would steam up Lancaster Sound and Queen's Channel to the furthest explored point. She would next take a north-north-westerly direction until the set of the current was felt, when her course would be altered to due north. In any case, she would pass on through every available opening in the ice until her advance was definitely arrested by the advent of winter. In addition to the usual equipment of sledges, etc., the vessel would carry several balloons—each one capable of lifting about a ton weight in addition to the men. When the ship became beset in the pack three balloons would be inflated and joined together by means of three light spars six feet long. Thus a triangle would be formed, with a balloon at each angle, the whole together representing a lifting power of about three tons. This power would be employed in carrying the boat-oes, sledges, provisions, tents, ballast, etc. Commander Cheyne proposes during the winter to establish two observatories about thirty miles apart, with the ship at a centre, so that by the end of May the balloons may start upon a curve already ascertained with tolerable accuracy. By this means, the distance of the vessel from the Pole and the course to be followed be known, the travellers would be enabled to drop within ten or twenty miles of their destination. Wire trail-ropes would be used for preserving an equal altitude above the ice. When it was necessary to descend, the gas would be preserved by recompressing it, by mechanical means, into the receivers, there to be held in readiness for future use. If the journey should have been successful and the wind favourable, the return trip would at once be made, the balloon being arrested on the parallel of latitude upon which the ship was left ice-blocked. The commanding officer in charge would send out sledge parties daily to meet the balloons and give whatever assistance might be required. On the breaking up of the ice the ship would leave her winter quarters and round the northern extremity of Greenland. A second winter would be passed, the time being spent in making a survey of the coast and other scientific observations. During the following summer, aided by the natural drift of the ice, the vessel would steam through every opening, and return home between the continent of Greenland and Spitzbergen. Should it be favourable wind arise, however, to carry him back from the Pole to his ship, Commander Cheyne intends continuing his aerial journey, and trusts to good fortune to drop in Russia wherever inhabitants are to be seen.

Chinese Spiritualism.

(From Fraser's Magazine.)

The spirits of the unseen universe are directly invoked by the Chinese, chiefly in cases of illness. In matters which involve merely pecuniary interests, such means as planchette and various other indirect ways of consulting the oracle are preferred, being at once simpler and less costly to the inquirer. A man who wishes to learn the probable result of an enterprise he has in view, will drop into some roadside temple and will lay a small fee upon the altar. The attendant priest lights a fresh candle, or a new stick of incense, and the suppliant, after making the usual series of prostrations, reverently takes with both hands a kidney-shaped piece of wood which has been split into two halves so that each half shall have one flat and one convex side. These are raised above the head and dropped to the ground before the altar; and from the combination which results, namely, (1) two convexes, (2) two flats, or (3) a flat and a convex, a propitious or unpropitious answer is deduced, being (1) negative, (2) indifferent, and (3) affirmative, respectively. The more elaborate method, or that form known in Europe as Spiritualism, is to engage the services of a medium, generally a Taoist priest, whose body is for the time being occupied by the god. This state of divine "possession" is brought about in the following manner: The medium takes a seat while his brother priests or confederates arrange the usual altar, light candles, burn incense, and invoke the presence of the deity required. After a short interval one of them advances toward the medium and performs certain movements apparently mesmeric passes, by which a state of unconsciousness is induced; whereupon the god takes possession of the temporarily unoccupied body. From that moment every word uttered by the medium is held to be divinely inspired, or, more properly, the very words of the god, who simply uses the medium as his mouthpiece.

Pruning and Training Fruit Trees.

Mr. De Bruil has published a book in France on pruning and training fruit trees, which, on fundamental principles, will be found to be interesting. One thing, however, must be borne in mind by those who have orchards to prune. That is, the open system practiced in Europe, must not be closely followed in this country. The heads of trees must be kept as close as possible, a due regard being had that the amount of light and air should be as equally distributed throughout the branches as may be.

The rules as compiled are as follows: 1. The permanency of forms in trained trees is dependent on the equal diffusion of sap.

2. Prune the strong branches short, but allow the weak ones to grow long.

3. Depress the strong parts of the trees, and elevate the weak branches.

The best are the cheapest. This is more especially so in the matter of wives. The man who carries his railroad ticket in his hat-band makes a fine display.