

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

TWO SUNSETS.

BY MARGARET DALLAS.

A rift of crimson sunset in the West,
A sky of azure 'gainst a bank of gold—
A restless moaning sea, with rainbow hues
Crowning each wild wave's foamy crest.

Two youthful faces, touched by sunset glow,
One, fair and tender as a fragile flower,
One, dark and fiery as a tropic night,
With burning eyes beneath a manly brow.

A rift of purple sunset in the West,
A sombre sky against a sombre bank,
A fair, dead face upturned, so pale and still,
The white hands crossed upon the pulseless breast.

Above, a dark face bending down to press
The dead cold lips, that once were wreathed in smiles,
That once grew white at bitter words of his,
That warm, nor part not, in this last caress.

Poor heart below, at rest for evermore—
Poor heart above, so filled with vain regrets—
The wild sea moans a dreary requiem,
And breaks in sobs along the rocky shore.

For Everybody.

A Royal Jest.

All England is in a rave over a witticism of the Queen. Some one at the court had spoken disparagingly of the criticisms pronounced by Sir Charles Dilke on the civil list. "It is strange," Queen Victoria is said to have replied, "for I remember having him as a boy on my knee and stroking his hair. I suppose," continued Her Majesty, "I must have stroked it the wrong way."

"Sharps" and "Flats."

The following story of Lisst comes from Vienna: It is said that the great pianist found himself recently in the company of a number of ladies, who begged him in hyperbolic terms to procure for them "the ecstasies, the artistic raptures, which his magnificent talent inevitably produces." He obligingly seated himself at the piano and played. When he had finished, some of his admirers had fainted. "Well," said Lisst, "I played wrong notes all through intentionally; so badly, indeed, that I should have been turned out of doors at any elementary school of music."

Cure for Diphtheria.

The Australian newspapers have had much to say about a cure for diphtheria, as discovered by Mr. Gresham, the secret of which was offered to the government at a large price, and which was subsequently found to consist in the administration of four drops of sulphuric acid in half a glass of water. This causes vomiting, accompanied by the breaking away of the diphtheritic matter which produces the suffocation. As the disease is very prevalent in Australia, the government offered a reward of £5,000 for an absolute cure, and Mr. Gresham is quite confident of securing this, since he claims that in nearly every instance he has been successful in the application of his remedy.

Singular Epitaph.

The wise, the witty, and the nonsensical literature of epitaphs must be nearly used up; but we fancy the following singular felicitous one will be new to our readers. It is a gem. It is said to exist in Herefordshire, upon the tomb of a churchwarden of Llandinabo:

"Templum, bellum, spelunca,
De terra in aro."

Thus translated:

"Church-war-den
Of land-in-a-bo."

The power of compound punning could no further go.

Newspaper Statistics.

"The Newspaper Press Directory for 1874" tells us that 1,585 newspapers are published in the United Kingdom, as follows:—314 in London; 915 in the British Provinces; 58 in Wales; 149 in Scotland; 131 in Ireland; and 18 in the British Isles. England has 95 daily papers; Wales 2; Scotland 14; Ireland 17; and British Isles 2. Twenty years ago there were only 624 journals in the United Kingdom, and of these 20 were issued daily—16 in England; 3 in Ireland; and 1 in Scotland. The magazines now in course of publication, including the quarterly reviews, number 639, of which 242 are of a decidedly religious character, representing the Church of England, Wesleyans, Methodists, Baptists, Independents, and other Christian communities.

The Odor-Giving Chinese.

A San Francisco paper says that "a Miss Hemme, a few evenings since, had occasion to enter the kitchen of her father's house, and in a few moments returned to the room where her father was with the startling information that she smelt a Chinaman in the kitchen. Mr. Hemme laughed at his daughter, but she insisted that she was sure that there was a Chinaman in the house; so the gentleman went down stairs with her, and to his astonishment saw a washtub turned bottom up on the floor, and beyond the edge something which looked very much like a queue. He raised the tub and found underneath it, crouched all in a heap, the owner of the queue, who had burglariously effected an entrance into the house. The individual, whose name is Ah Chen, was duly held by the Police Judge to answer to a charge of burglary."

A Dangerous Paper-Weight.

A writer in the Boston Transcript says: "A young lady in a house on Louisburg Square the other day in passing through an entry perceived a suggestion of fire, a smell of something burning, sufficiently out of the common course to arrest her attention. Finding the furnace fire and soft-coal sitting-room fire with nothing unusual to account for this smell of fire, she continued to the front drawing-room. Now the forenoon was bright, the curtain and shades withdrawn, so that the rays of the sun were hotly streaming in at the windows in full blaze

upon the centre-table, where rested a common round-top glass paper-weight, under which a mass of papers lay. Here was the fire. The papers were burning smartly. She disposed of them in the grate, and taking up the glass found it burning hot; acting as a burning glass, it had concentrated the rays of the sun sufficiently to cause combustion. It should be told that the paper bottom of this glass was for some reason gone—either worn off or torn off."

"His Majesty."

Nicholas I. of Russia was very fond of masquerade balls, and one night appeared at one in the character of the devil, with grinning face, horns and tail, and seemed to enjoy his character very much. About three o'clock in the morning he went out, and throwing over him some furs, called a coachman, and ordered him to take him to the Quai Anglais. As it was very cold he fell asleep, and when he awoke he found the man had taken him in a wrong direction, for the Quai Anglais is one of the most elegant portions of St. Petersburg, while before him were some miserable houses. Nicholas began to remonstrate, but the coachman paid no heed to him, and presently, passing through a stone gateway, brought him into a cemetery, and taking a large knife from his girdle, and pointing it at his employer's throat, said, "Give me your money and your furs, or I will kill you!" "And do you give me your soul!" exclaimed Nicholas, as he threw off the furs and disclosed his personification of the devil. The Russians are very superstitious, and the coachman was so terrified that he fell senseless on the ground, and the Emperor drove himself back to his palace.

The Good Humoured Pope.

Describing the Papal Senate as it now exists, a correspondent of the Times says it is a circle of old gentlemen, half of whom have passed the age of sixty-five. The Pope is as much disposed to joke as was President Lincoln, and a story is told of one of his recent sallies of good humour. "The death of Cardinal Tarquini so soon after he was created," said the Pope, "is a proof that the Romans will have nothing more to do with the Tarquins; and here is Cardinal de Angella, who is most of the time in Fermo (inferno), and holds out to the last." The cardinals standing by, as they were bound to do, laughed at the Pope's lively humour, which he will frequently indulge, no matter who is hit. Pius IX. is in good health, and on the 13th of the coming May he will have completed his eighty-first year, for he was born in 1792. His long reign as pontiff is frequently spoken of as something remarkable, and by some is accounted nothing less than as a sign of the special providence of God. But if the Pope lives ten years longer, we shall find nothing in the fact except what is perfectly in the order of nature. If most of the other members of the Mastai-Ferretti family live to the age of eighty or ninety, there is no reason why this brother Giovanni, with his regular mode of living, should not have allotted to him an equal number of years.

Artistic Filching.

It rained—hopelessly. The clouds came down in sheets and sluices. Monsieur De H—, an elegant "of the first water," found this second water too wet for him. He was islanded under another man's portico, and not a hackney-coach or an umbrella within screaming at. Suddenly around the corner comes a plain citizen, housed under a protecting canopy of blue cotton and whalebone, but, under this enviable umbrella, walking alone. A thought seizes Monsieur De H—. He rushes to the citizen's side, and seizing him affectionately by the arm, commences eager narration of a touching train of events. Not giving his astonished listener time to respond, he hurries him along, sharing his umbrella, of course, as he goes, and clinging closely to his side, and vociferating the confidential communications till they arrive at the Boulevard. He stops at a café, and then, for the first time apparently, takes a surprised look at the face of his umbrella-tender. Overwhelming apologies—had wholly mistaken the person—thought it was his intimate friend—bears ten thousand pardons—and dodges into the safe inside of the coffee-house. But the fun was to be in the telling of the story. To a convulsed circle of delighted fellow-dandies Monsieur De H— was telling his adventure, when, by chance, placing his hand upon his heart, he missed the usual protuberance in his vest pocket. The valuable gold watch was gone! In his close clinging to the apparently plain citizen the gay joker had hugged a pick-pocket, and—"consequence was!" But he was subsequently fonder of "a dry joke" than a wet one!

The Romance of a Restaurant.

A Chicago correspondent of the Troy Times says: "A bit of romance recently came to my notice which has not before appeared in print. Some time in December last a girl about seventeen years of age, who at that time was serving as table-waiter in a large dining restaurant, was arrested for stealing a package of money from the pocket of a gentleman's overcoat which was hanging in the room while he was eating his dinner. At the preliminary examination a party swore to having seen her take the coat down and hang it up quickly again; that she soon left the room for a short time; and, as the money was not to be found, she was held for trial. In vain she protested that she merely moved the coat to avoid its getting soiled; in vain with tearful eyes she offered to be searched. The circumstances were suspicious, and the officers inexorable. In the meantime the gentleman who had lost the money became interested in her history, found she was an orphan girl, and though comparatively friendless, bearing an excellent character. Further than this, he ascertained she was of English parentage, that her name was the same as his own, and, to make the story short, from evidence which he could not disbelieve, that she was the daughter of his own brother, whom he supposed to have died childless in Australia several years ago. Of course he declined prosecuting her, and, as he is wealthy and without near kin, he at once arranged to take her home with him, on his return from the West, whither he was then en route. The other day he, with his newly adopted child so strangely brought to him, started for New York, whence they will soon sail for England."

The Great Clerical Beggar.

Alluding to the recent dedication of the Rev. Mr. Talmage's new Tabernacle in Brooklyn, and to the raising of money to pay off church indebtedness, "Burleigh" writes to the Boston Journal that "the great beggar of the continent, as he is called, is Rev. L. F. Ives, of Auburn, New York. He has attended the dedication of 800 churches, most of which he has freed from debt. He usually takes several days in the preparation.

Meetings are held, plans are drawn, leading men consulted and the sum agreed upon placed on a list. The audience see the smooth operation of the work; the machinery, the pulleys, and the wires are out of sight. The time devoted to the collection is given up exclusively to Mr. Ives. He clears the deck like a commodore preparing for action. During the two hours and a-half of his work he makes things lively. He is full of racy anecdotes, humorous story, illustration, and incident. As if in doubt how to proceed, he suggests that they begin with \$1,000 subscriptions, or \$500. The men who have agreed to subscribe those sums are in different parts of the house, and ring out the amounts sonorously. The good work goes on until the smaller sums are reached. All the while the getting of money is interspersed with story and song, and the mirthfulness of the audience is kept up to a fervid range. All this machinery was introduced at the Tabernacle dedication to lift a subscription of \$35,000. Mr. Ives was in his glory. His sallies brought peals of laughter from the mouth as well as money from the pocket. He gets well paid for this work; he receives from \$250 to \$1,000 a Sunday, according to the amount raised. In his sphere he is supreme. He is in constant demand, and is quite at home wherever called."

Curiosities of the Law Courts.

Many of the queerest proceedings, says Iron, before courts of law do not get into the papers. Recently, however, most likely on account of its being the silly season, several eccentricities have cropped up in that usually barren and uninteresting portion of our best possible instructor, the legal column. A monumental sculptor, who cultivates high art somewhere in the vicinity of Highgate, sought lately to recover in the Court of Common Pleas, from the widow of a poulterer, the price of a monument erected by that lady to her husband's memory. The principal figure of the sculpture seems to have been an angel, which the forlorn lady had ordered to be carved after a figure in a book, and be made to stand on the top of the tomb. But, the angel, as he was turned out of the studio, was neither like the angel in the book, nor like angels in general. The lady's first criticism was in some sense professional; she noticed that the feathers on the wings were not cut deep enough. The figure was also, she thought, too slim and thin—a defect certainly in a fowl, probably also in an angel; and it was also a natural objection. The jury agreed with the defendant, and gave a verdict against the sculptor. Another curious plea was decided the other day in the Edinburgh Small Debts Court. A lady had in her conservatory a sprig of myrtle from her mother's marriage bouquet, which had grown to a good-sized tree; and on letting the house to a clergyman she had specially warned him to "spare that tree." The parson, however, pruned it overmuch, for which he had to pay to the lady £2 10s. as the value of the tree, and £1 15s. as a solatium to her wounded feelings. In the same northern county a young lady obtained, the other day, substantial damages from a barber who had cut ten inches too much from her long and beautiful hair.

Descent of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh.

It does not seem to be generally known that the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duchess of Edinburgh are both the descendants of Mary Stuart. Ernest Augustus, Duke of Brunswick-Lüneburg, and afterwards Elector of Hanover, married Sophia, the daughter of the unfortunate Frederick, Elector of the Palatinate, and of Elizabeth, James the First of England's daughter. Of Sophia's children, one was he who, as George First, ascended the throne of England, and another was Sophia Charlotte, that became the wife of Frederick First, who, after being Elector of Brandenburg, assumed, in the first month of the first year of the eighteenth century, the title of King. Frederick First's son Frederick William First, married his cousin, Sophia Dorothea, the sister of George Second of England, and had by her, besides Frederick the Great, and other children, Augustus William, the father of Frederick William Second, Frederick the Great's successor. Frederick William Second was succeeded by his son, Frederick William Third, who, in his turn, was succeeded by his son Frederick William Fourth, whose successor was his brother, the present Emperor of Germany. Nicholas, the brother of the Russian Emperor, Alexander First, and ultimately himself Emperor, married in 1817, Charlotte, the eldest daughter of the Prussian King, Frederick William the Third. In the children of Nicholas, through this marriage, the (Hanoverianised) blood of the Stuarts blends with the blood of the Hohenzollerns and the Romanoffs (female line). The Duchess Marie is the daughter of one of those children, the Czar Alexander Second. As there is what may be called a Stuart kinship between the Duke and the Duchess of Edinburgh, it is unnecessary to say that exactly the same kinship exists between the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess of Germany.

A Racy Sketch of Bismarck.

Certainly one of the most graphic and probably one of the most accurate descriptions of the personal manners and habits of Prince Bismarck is the following, by a gentleman who has recently taken stock of the man: "The mightiest statesman in the world is a tall, bald man, with some white hair. He wears a military uniform to please old William, but he best likes looser drapery. The man is very upright, very strong, very affable, and so wonderfully elastic in his movements that he might be an India rubber man. He looks in robust health till examined closely, and then an observer begins to notice painful spasms and contractions of the face, which reveal over-excited nerves. In manner he is a rollicking, overbearing man. Wife, children, and friends stand in awe of him. He will not even listen to remonstrance, still less to contradiction. He strides over his enemies and acquaintances, nodding to the latter as he puts his foot upon the former. The man is of a giant appetite for work and food. He eats old sausages and black bread, served without a table-cloth, for breakfast. His dinner is of mighty meats in plentiness, washed down or floated in large goblets of strong Burgundy. He smokes and works and talks perpetually. His home is like a volcano in constant eruption. His secretaries cannot stand his work long; they are obliged to give in from sheer exhaustion. Prince Bismarck is very funny when pleased, very formidable, very rash, very impudent at all times. He is not a far-sighted man, or he would not have rushed into a religious war so abruptly. He is rather an astonished man, who has become mighty in spite of errors, often because of errors, and who believes that every thing may be done by courage and opportunity. He is, so to say, a man who has stunned himself with his own noise, and who keeps on bawling because it seems to bewilder other people and to make everybody shut his ears and give in to him."