

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

SWEET LITTLE FLOWERS.

Sweet little flowers you came afar
To cheer my weary solitude;
And though your bloom be unrenewed,
I hold you dearer as you are.

I hold you dear as loving hands—
For loving hands arranged each leaf;
And trembled with unconscious grief,
For one away in other lands.

I hold you dear as mother's kiss—
For mother's lips have touched each flower;
And in the present silent hour,
You half replace the touch I miss.

I hold you dear as gentle eyes—
Because of those that looked on you;
Eyes ever tender, ever true,
With depth of stars in summer skies.

Sweet little flowers I hold you dear.
But all your sweetest fades and dies;
While loving hands and lips and eyes
Remain to bless me year by year.

BARRY DANE.

THE LADIES' DARLING.

A writer says of "ladies' darlings:" The creature is delighted if he can persuade himself that he has reason to think that a score or so of girls are over head and ears in love with him, and there is ground for believing that he would become exhilarated to the last degree if he were informed that some foolish damsel has pined away and died of a broken heart on his account. The fact that so long as his vanity is ministered to he is indifferent as to what unhappiness devolves upon others, affords a not altogether agreeable but thoroughly reliable index as to his character. If he had any conscience deserving of mention he would not systematically make love—directly or indirectly—with every girl with whom he is brought in contact, but being as he is utterly reckless of the feelings of his neighbors, he does his best to enslave the fancy of nine-tenths of the attractive women whom he meets under circumstances favorable to flirtation. It would be injudicious to deny that he achieves success—it may be that it would be unwise to declare that he does not obtain many triumphs—for some girls are so silly and have such susceptible hearts that they would become fascinated with a mop-stick provided that it was skilfully set up, dressed in male habiliments, and called a man; and others, who are a trifle wiser than to be guilty of such stupidity, are still foolish enough to believe nine-tenths of what every shallow-pated noodle tells them. But though this is so, there is cause to hope that the career of the would-be ladies' darling is not one of uninterrupted success, and that he is not the object of so much admiration as he generally imagines. Occasionally he receives a prompt and decided check from ladies who have no wish to be made fools of, or to suffer in reputation, however slightly, in order that he may be glorified; while not a few females play up to him before his face and pour unmeasured contempt upon him behind his back. Nor is it surprising that they should be so, for he gives them every reason to think that he is a shallow and egotistical fool. His conversation consists of a series of dreary inuities, ridiculous compliments which are as insincere as they are in bad taste, and melancholy jokes which consist for the most part of ill-natured speeches at the expense of some unfortunate victim or other. He seldom assumes that his lady friends have brains enough to understand anything except the most superficial matters, and when he does venture to touch on the last new book, new picture, new play, new parson, or new sensation, he merely repeats the cant jargon which is current in the set in which he moves, and which frequently condemns what is good and praises what is bad. Besides his manner is affected, he wears on his face an everlasting grin, and he is dressed up in such a fashion and has such a slinking way about him that he appears altogether as much unlike a genuine man as he could well do. For the rest, he lowers the moral tone of those with whom he associates, and scoffs at everything in which people of correct feeling take an interest.

QUEENS OF THE STAGE.

Lucy Hooper writes from Paris to the Philadelphia Telegraph of the Actresses' Fete for the benefit of the victims of the inundation. The fete took place in the lovely garden of the Concert Musard, which was brilliantly illuminated, and still further decorated with Chinese lanterns of all hues, which, hung grouped against the dark foliage of the trees or clustered around their trunks, produced an exquisite effect. From time to time in the more distant thickets blue lights were burned, which threw a weird yet dazzling lustre over the scene. There was an orchestra which discoursed very indifferent music, and booths at which there was nothing particular for sale. The brisk trade was driven in tickets for the lottery, which lottery was to be drawn somewhere by somebody and with some kind of lots. Some of the actresses were in costume, one appearing as a Merveilleuse, another as a Spanish girl, two pretty creatures as Alsatian peasants, &c. Pretty Aimée, exquisitely dressed in rich embroidered muslin trimmed with Valenciennes lace and looped up with pale blue ribbons, circulated among the groups selling lottery tickets. She was covered with diamonds, and wore a bewitching little hat shaded with a long ostrich plume of palest blue. Her smile and her graceful solicitations were generally found to be irre-

sistible, and her tickets went off like wildfire. Céline Montoland, Dartaux, of the Gaieté, and Schneider, the irrepressible, presided over the Tombola, and dispensed photographs of themselves as well as fruits and cigars. An immense crowd gathered around them, and each purchaser of a photograph had the pleasure of having it signed by the fair original. Montoland looked extremely lovely with her shining, blue-black hair, shining like folds of satin under a pale pink bonnet, the front of which was filled with pale pink rosebuds. The irrepressible Schneider was, of course, the centre of attraction. Flying from side to side, exhorting one, scolding another, coaxing a third, the jovial Grande Duchesse filled a large space in the consideration of the audience. Seen near at hand, traces of her age may be detected (she is well on the shady side of forty), but her laughing blue eyes, her dimples, her lovely little hands and feet, and the magnificent mirthfulness of her smile are all charms that defy the ravages of time. The third in the coterie was the quiet, ladylike Dartaux, who contented herself with dispensing her wares in more modest fashion. Schneider's dress was thoroughly characteristic of the woman. It was composed of the finest white muslin and superb Valenciennes lace, but was rumpled and crushed out of all freshness and elegance; and no wonder, for the way that she whisked her by no means small self about was wonderful to behold. The fete continued till long past midnight, and the pecuniary results must have been of the most satisfactory nature.

ANDERSEN.

The following fine lines, appearing recently in the London Examiner, are from the pen of a son of Justin McCarthy, the same who was with the novelist during the latter's sojourn in the United States, and seemed then to be a handsome, blue-eyed lad in his teens:

"Death is the most certain messenger after all, in spite of his various occupations."—Hans Christian Andersen.

I.

Another of the torch-bearers
Has flung his flame back to the sky.
And with his own sad wayfarers
Has turned unto the coming night
Of that which teaches men to die;
And we, who were the life sharers
Of all he had, a laugh, a sigh,
Have naught to give except good-bye.
Lay flowers upon his hollow bed,
For he is dead, the master, dead.

II.

Good-bye, then, kindly-hearted one;
Farewell for all the various years
Wherein thy worthy work was done,
That bringeth unto listening ears
Music for days yet unbegun.
In life's long torch race, where we run,
Thy hand held till the end was won,
And yet—our eyes are wet with tears.
Lay flowers upon his hollow bed,
For he is dead, the master, dead.

III.

The little town of Odense
Will weep his death awhile to-day
And all who loved his kindness
Will lack the word wherewith to say
How much they feel their lives are less.
The children, whom his voice would bless,
Will miss the gentle head grown gray,
And the sweet life that's past away.
Lay flowers upon his hollow bed,
For he is dead, the master, dead.

IV.

No more across the Danish seas
Shall men go forth with white sails set,
And hearts that beat right eagerly,
To tell in Zealand how they met
Him mighty, who taught to be
Ideal in reality;
Now must they fare, with eyes grown wet,
A story-teller's grave to see.
Lay flowers upon his hollow bed,
For he is dead, the master, dead.

V.

Unto the land of memory,
Where all fair things have gone and go,
Hast thou gone. Where is now the snow
Of last year's winter? where must we
Look for the dreams of night-time? So
Thy life is gone; thy work shall be
A gift, a goodly treasury
Unto the years men yet shall see.
Lay flowers upon his hollow bed,
For he is dead, the master, dead.

J. H. MCC.

A FEUDAL CITY'S CHURCHES.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette writes from Nuremberg: The most interesting old buildings in Nuremberg are the churches, and they are worth days of study. The St. Lawrence, built in 1278, is the finest. It is 332 feet long, the arched roof being supported by twenty-six large columns. The eleven large painted windows are filled with incidents in sacred and secular history, and exhibit the skill and perfection to which painting on glass was brought at least four centuries ago. The ciborium or sacrament house is beautifully wrought in stone, and rises to the height of sixty-four feet. The base is supported by three kneeling figures, which are said to represent Adam Kraft, the sculptor, and his two assistants. Each story, with its delicate carvings, grows smaller until it terminates in a bent shaft. The delicate wood carvings of Viet Stoss are very wonderful—one, particularly fine, is the Angel's Salutation. This, after hanging four centuries, fell on the hard stone beneath in 1817, and was considerably injured. It has been restored and rehung. Paintings by Wohlgemute, the master of Durer; by Durer himself, and other artists, adorn the walls and columns. These old churches are not

capable of description, for, after all one says, those who never have experienced their charm can only imagine a church of the New World. Here the stone floors covering tombs, whose entrance is marked by strangely engraved iron plates, the nave, the side aisles, the smaller chapels, the fantastic shrines, the statuary with quaint inscriptions, the queer old pulpits, the shadow of past ages, all combine to make them reverent and beautiful but indescribable. I remember passing through the church until I came to one stained glass window by Nirschoegel. Here I sat me down in awe and admiration, until the party had wandered round and round several times and were entreating me to make the usual tour and leave. But it was impossible; there was a species of fascination in the deep, rich coloring, the glossy satins, the soft velvets, and the spotless linsens that all lay in rich folds and fell in harmony with the movements of the wearers who must be living, breathing human creatures. Such flesh tints, such gorgeous coloring could not be lying cold and still on the flat surface of glass. We went to St. Sebald's Church, not so large, but full of glory and grandeur. The most beautiful work of art is the tomb of St. Schaldus in the centre aisle. This is the masterpiece of Peter Vischer, who, with his five sons, were employed on it thirteen years. The coffin containing the bones of the saint is covered with gold and silver. Around it the exquisite brass monument, on which are the figures of the twelve apostles, twelve fathers of the church, and numerous fantastic representations of genii and mermaids, intermingled with flowers and foliage. The monument weighs eight tons, and is said to be the gem of German art.

BOSTON PHILHARMONIC CLUB.

Montreal is shortly to receive the visit of its favourite Club and, we may add the best of those which from time to time interpret correctly classical music. The Philharmonics have, since their last appearance here, travelled over an extensive area, visiting all the principal cities in Ontario and in the United States between this and San Francisco. Everywhere they have met with the same enthusiastic reception, if we are to judge by the more than ordinary encomiums lavished upon them by musical critics and writers.

The name of Listemann, E. Gramm, E. Weiner, A. Belz, A. Hartdegen have become as familiar on this side of the Atlantic as those of Ries, Piatti and others on the other side. The Club will this time be accompanied by Mrs. Anna Granger Dow so favourably known to a Montreal audience that we need not recommend her by word of praise. The programme will, as usual, be a select and varied one, Mr. Weiner introducing among us an instrument which is again becoming fashionable, the zither.

AT THE ZOO.

A zoological collection of remarkable interest, more especially to Londoners, has been added during the present year to the British Museum. It consists of the Thames Valley series of remains of British elephants, rhinoceroses, deer, oxen, &c., which have been discovered in the Ilford Marshes, near Stratford, during the last thirty years, and has hitherto formed the unique private collection of Sir Antonio Brady of Stratford-le-Point. The collection contains remains of 100 elephants, all of which have been obtained from Ilford.

DURER'S HOUSE

A Nuremberg correspondent writes: With what a strange feeling of wonder and awe we stood in the old house of Albrecht Durer, Germany's greatest master of painting. There he lived until 1528, "toiling still with busy hand." "Dead he is not, but departed, for the artist never dies." It is true his presence still lingered in the low rooms, whose fantastic ceiling one could almost reach with outstretched hand—naught else could so suddenly have checked the gay laughter with which we threaded our way through the narrow pathway, for it is too absurd to call them streets, that led to the house. Our kind landlord said to us, "Durer's house stands on the upper corner of the street named from him." We crept along the queer winding "gassen," where each house is set a little further back than its neighbor, so that each occupant may have an unobstructed view down the street—doubtless an amiable concession the old builders made to the curiosity of their wives—until we found a path dignified by the title of Durer street. At a corner house we touched a modest bell, a sprightly little woman opened the door, and in answer to our inquiry, "Is this the house of Albrecht Durer?" kindly bade us enter. Our laughter ceased as we wandered through the still, silent chambers, and realized that we trod the same ground, gazed upon the same objects, and sat upon the same benches that the old master used so many centuries ago. Our sadness changed into indignation when, looking up in the studio, we saw the self-same hole through which the shrewish Mme. Durer used to watch the labors of her husband, and rate him soundly if his capable hand were a moment idle. Poor man; how sad to toil unwearyingly on without a word of encouragement. But I wonder if in him were not united the disilluminated essence of a hundred other cruel and tyrannizing husbands, and it was a sort of equalizing justice Mme. Durer exercised in pouring out her

vials of wrath on his innocent head. The just suffer for the unjust. It must have been for this reason this amiable, genial, loving nature was subjected to the lashings of that unbridled tongue. Oh, foolish woman! But the cobbler bard was scarce better off. His spouse, if the chronicles be true, led him too a life of tribulation. But there is an expression on his face, if Nuremberg portraits are faithful, so unlike the meek, gentle face of Durer, that makes one think Mme. Hans Sachs sometimes found her master.

LITERARY.

BAYARD TAYLOR is to edit Appleton's "Picturesque Europe."

Mr. W. W. STOREY's new book will appear in the autumn: "Nero, an Historical Play."

MADAME CESARIE FARRENT, a charming writer of children's tales, has just died at Nice.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, although sixty-seven years of age, is still as lithe and erect as an Arab chieftain.

MR. HEPWORTH DIXON's new book will be out in the autumn. It is entitled "White Contest: America in 1875."

MISS WARNER, the author of "Wide, Wide World," recently lost her father by death at her home on the Hudson, near West Point.

MR. NORMAN LOCKYER, the English astronomer, has arrived in Paris with Tennyson, whom he is initiating in the mysteries of astronomy.

MR. ROBERT DALE OWEN's health, according to an Indianapolis newspaper, is greatly improved, and his physician anticipates his entire recovery at an early day.

MISTREL, the celebrated poet of Avignon, whose Oriental poems have won him universal repute in the South, has just completed a new work under the title of *Les Sabots d'Or*.

THE late poet Andersen has left all his property, amounting to about 20,000 thalers, to the Council of State Collin, whose family behaved very kindly to him in his early days.

M. LAURENTIE, the doyen of French journalists—he is eighty-two years old—has retired from the editorship of the clerical *Union*. His successor is the Vicomte Mayol de Lupé.

THE whole of the translation of the Old Testament into modern Russian has been published, so that Russia now possesses a complete translation of the Bible, approved by the orthodox Church.

JAMES T. FIELDS has a little *sanctum sanctorum* at Manchester, Mass., from which there is a charming sea view. On the walls are portraits of the dead that yet live—Thackeray, Dickens, Starr King, and Hawthorne.

M. HERVIEUX of Paris has been collecting most of the MSS. of English libraries containing the Fables of Æsop according to the translation of Romulus. He has done the same in German, Austrian, and Italian libraries.

DR. HORSTMANN, of Madgeburg, editor of "Old English Legends," has lately been for some weeks working in the Bodleian Library for the continuation of his publications. The legends are chiefly extracted from the famous Vernon MS.

THE Byron memorial still hangs fire. In spite of the recent speeches at Willis's Rooms, and although a Prime Minister came to the assistance of the promoters, less than £1,600 has been raised, though it is said that £10,000, at least, will be required.

MR. JULIUS KOSTLIN, a professor at the University of Halle, has just published what is said to be the best life of Luther yet written. In it many of the legends which have gathered round the early life of the great German reformer are shown to be untrue.

THE Marquis of Lorne has in the press a narrative poem of above 3,000 lines, called "Guido and Lita: a Tale of the Riviera," founded on an incident in one of the many Saracen invasions which troubled the coast of Provence during the tenth century.

LONGFELLOW has collected some of his recent productions and will shortly put them forth in a volume. The book will comprise "Morituri Salutamus," the "Hanging of the Crane," a new composition entitled "The Masque of Pandora," and a "Book of Sonnets."

MR. W. FRASER RAE is engaged upon a work to be entitled *George Washington: the American Opposition to George the Third*, which will contain the results of research among official and other documents which have not been examined by any writer on the Revolutionary War.

A document has been served on the proprietors of the *Traveller Chronicle*, at the instance of The O'Donoghue, requiring them to give up the name of the writer of some comic verses, entitled "Parody on the Minstrel Boy," reflecting on The O'Donoghue's absence from the O'Connell centenary.

OF all he has done, Swinburne rates "Hertha" highest as a single piece. There certainly is a good deal compressed and concentrated into that fine lyrical poem. He is now writing in the form of an essay a sort of history of the style of Shakespeare, and its progress through various stages of growth. This he will undoubtedly do well, as he has been studying Shakespeare ever since he was six years old.

IT is stated that some valuable autographs of Galileo have been found at Milan among the State archives. These autographs are not included in the Palatine collection, but refer to his negotiations with the Spanish Government relative to ceding the application of his method for applying longitude to navigation. The letters also relate to Galileo's journey to Rome in 1624 to pay homage to Pope Urban VIII.

WITH a view to the better protection of copyright in dramatic works, a declaration has been signed by Lord Derby and the Marquis d'Harcourt cancelling the paragraph in the Convention of 1851, by which it was understood that the protection stipulated for by the Convention was not intended to prohibit fair imitations or adaptations of dramatic works to the stage in England and France respectively, but were only meant to prevent piratical translation.

APPROPOS of the habit of coining words, and of the sin Mr. Disraeli committed this session in that respect, an authority remarks that "Lady Morgan was the first to write the word 'talented,' which soon got into use in the newspapers." Coleridge said—"I regret to see that vile and barbarous vocable, 'talented,' stealing out of the newspapers into the leading reviews and respectable publications of the day. Why not 'shillinged,' 'farthinged,' 'penniced' &c. What Englishman would believe—at least until he had laid and lost a wager on the point—that the words 'selfish' and 'selfishness' are not to be found in Shakespeare, and were, indeed, totally unknown to all his contemporaries? Yet such is the fact. When Henry Dundas used the word 'arvation'—a new word for hunger and famine imported from Scotland—the House of Commons burst out into a roar of laughter often repeated."