

FOOT NOTES.

An old poet, in introducing Winter, one of his characters, made a good pun when he said:—"Lastly came Winter, clothed all in *frieze*."

It is stated that three millions of copies of Mooky and Sankey's Hymnal are being printed for their London mission.

It is said that France intends to buy up Monaco and abolish the gaming tables. The world's eulogy would endorse the deed.

It is stated that the advocates of cremation have bought a site in the neighbourhood of London, and intend to erect a furnace and a mortuary chapel.

A photographer promises to revolutionise the business by the introduction of a gas which renders the sitter unconscious during the taking of the picture. He has already issued cards announcing "Photographs in all styles taken without pain."

The three richest men in the British Commons are Conservatives, but they are three self-made men, with no family arms. They are Sir George Elliott, who made £750,000 last year, Mr. Fielden and Mr. Hermon, the two latter being worth about £300,000 a year apiece.

The price of ladies' chignons is looking up. Sometimes blonde maidens receive as much as 1,500 francs or 2,000 francs for their tresses. Since the war, however, the ladies have moderated their demands, and regarded with less favour this hateful fashion, to which the physicians attribute so many nervous disorders and brain fevers.

Madame Patti is the rage in Russia. The *Huguenots* was produced on a Sunday night at St. Petersburg with enormous success, Adelina Patti appearing in the principal rôle. At the end of the fourth act there was a great ovation, which lasted nearly a quarter of an hour. Her Valentine is considered the greatest success yet made by the accomplished *prima donna*.

The longevity of the Russians is extraordinary. One man, born in 1760, has just died. He was six feet five inches in height, and possessed of colossal strength, which he retained until his death, occasioned by a fall. Another man, born in the same year, still enjoys his full faculties and strength; and amongst the notabilities of the Court are to be found many octogenarians, and one lady, a nonagenarian, who reads without spectacles, and walks without a stick.

An aspiring young author sent a very bulky MS., containing the making of four or five ordinary novel volumes, to an editor a short time since, with the modest request that he would read it and make his comments thereon—in all, about a fortnight's hard work. He was afterwards to send word to the said young author what he thought the MS. to be worth, and whether he would use it. The editor's reply as to the worth of the MS. was three-halfpence per pound.

The Parisians say they have had enough of the high heel boot fashion for ladies. They assert that it flings them too much forward, hurts the spine, and reduces the size of the calf. The doctors have recommended the reverse fashion, very low heels indeed, and high soles, for a time, so as to fling the body backwards from the hips upwards. This will counteract the effects of the late folly they think. When will the ladies be permitted to be perfectly upright and straight down?

The drama of *Rose Michel*, playing at the Ambigu, is very trying to the nerves of the audience. The other evening, at the moment when Rose Michel seizes Pierre Michel by the throat and accuses him of assassination, the audience was electrified by the screams of a lady in the stalls, who rose up and then fainted away, upon which the heroine, Rose, fainted away, and there was for a time great vivacity in the house. Eventually the lady and the actress recovered, and things went on pleasantly.

Alphonse Karr asserts that, had Othello been an angler, he would never have killed the gentle lady because one passion extinguished another. Parisian anglers are in desolation; not a gudgeon or whiting will bite, since steamboats have commenced to ply on the river; they have hence petitioned the authorities to be allowed to fish during the night, when all is still. It is rumoured that a counter-petition is in course of being signed by the ladies, who do not like desertion of the conjugal roof for the pursuit of gudgeon and carp.

There is a growing conviction in certain quarters that the advanced section of the English Liberal party is being quietly reconstructed under the leadership of Mr. Bright, and that the other section will be allowed to go on just as its own peculiar views lead it. The programme of the new party will, it is predicted, be very small and very definite—disestablishment and repeal of the 25th clause. All other questions are to be either ignored or postponed, and the clamours of the London democrats are to be especially disregarded.

Bergamo, the city in which Donizetti was born and died, has resolved to remove the bones of the great composer from their extramural place of interment to the Church of St. Maria Maggiore, and deposit them at the base of the magnificent marble monument executed some years ago in his honour by the sculptor Vela. The ceremony will take place next autumn, and many of the most distinguished artists of Italy and other countries will assist at the solemn funeral mass and the succeeding musical festival to be celebrated at Bergamo.

HOUSEHOLD THOUGHTS.

SPEECH.—Think before you speak what you shall speak, why you shall speak, to whom you shall speak, about whom you are to speak, what will come from what you may speak, what may be the benefit from what you may speak, and, lastly, who may be listening to what you may speak. Turn your speech seven ways, and there will never come any harm from what you have spoken.

CASH INSTEAD OF CREDIT.—Purchases which are paid for when they are made are limited to the purchaser's wants. There is nothing like having to count the money out when the article is bought to make people economical. The amount of indebtedness incurred is not much considered when the pay-day is far off. Persons who do all their business on a cash basis know just where they stand and what they can afford. Real wants are few, and can be gratified for cash; at all events they should be limited to what can be paid for in cash. How much of anxiety, how many sleepless hours, how many heart burnings, disappointments and regrets would be avoided if this rule were always strictly adhered to!

LOVE.—The love that survives the tomb (says Irving) is the noblest tribute of the soul. If it has woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is lulled into the gentle tear of recollection, then the sudden anguish and convulsive agony over the present ruins of all we most loved are softened away into pensive meditations of all that it was in the days of its loveliness. Who would root such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hours of gloom, yet who would exchange it for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No; there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charm of the living.

DON'T SCOLD.—For the sake of your children, don't do it. It is a great misfortune to have children reared in the presence and under the influence of a scold. The effect of the continuous fault-finding of such persons is to make the young who hear it unamiable, malicious, callous-hearted; and they often learn to take pleasure in doing the very things for which they receive such tongue-lashings. As they are always getting the blame of wrong-doing, whether they deserve it or not, they think they might as well do wrong as right. They lose all ambition to strive for the favourable opinion of the fault-finder, since they see they always strive in vain. Thus a scold is not only a nuisance, but a destroyer of the morals of children. If these unloved, dreaded people could only see them, they would flee to the mountains in very shame.

DULL HOMES.—It is said that home is the cradle of the nobler virtues, of gentleness, self-sacrifice, obedience, truth, affection, patience. And yet, at nine or ten, boys are sent to school never to return as permanent settlers round the family hearth. At about eighteen they go up to college, and thence pass away into the legal, military, or clerical professions, or into trades, marry, and make new homes elsewhere. With girls, the most part of whom stay at home, the case is different, and what do we find? We are not acquainted with a single family in which the young ladies do not, without hesitation, confess that the neighbourhood in which they reside is the dullest, without exception, in the country. There is never "anything going on" there. While everywhere else people seem to be enjoying life, with them all is petrification and monotony. They are sick of the same old walks and rides; their studies, commonly under compulsion, are a bore to them; they are not even a source of entertainment to one another.

MATRIMONIAL CLUB.—A society has been started in Vienna entitled the *Mariahilf Matrimonial Club*. The club is named after one of the most fashionable suburbs of the Austrian capital. It was started by three gentlemen, sons of rich proprietors; and none can join it who are not wealthy. Each member binds himself to marry a poor girl who has no prospect of inheriting any property whatsoever. Should he, however, fail to resist the charms of some one who is gifted with wealth, he is then bound to pay a forfeit of four hundred pounds sterling to the society. On this condition only is he released from his bond, and his sins are forgiven him in consequence of the happiness which the money thus obtained will confer on others; for the society undertakes to discover some poor but worthy couple, and start them in life with the fine paid by the faithless member.

MAKING FRIENDS.—Friendship is a combination of affection and confidence. It extends from the common attachments of master and servant to the highest order of human reverence. The secret of making friends is a gift of nature. With some, it requires months and years to become acquainted, while others are bound by a bond of sympathy that often lasts a lifetime.

It has been urged by many that, to some, the marriage relation is less sacred than the finer feelings of pure friendship, and that the latter reaches even higher than happy marriage. Be this as it may, there is always room for each in connection with the other, and few are so selfish as to hope for a monopoly of all that is pure and lovable.

Kindred experiences of people thrown together under peculiar circumstances often lead to enduring friendship. At such times, it only needs confidence to cement the affections of a whole company together. "For," says Chesterfield, "they who tell *all*, and they who tell *nothing*, will alike never be trusted."

THE GLEANER.

The corporation of Stratford-on-Avon have declined the proposed transfer to them by Mr. Halliwell of the site and grounds of New Place, Shakespeare's house, because its keeping up might lead to the loss of a few pounds a year.

At Florence, the committee for arranging the programme of the great "Michael Angelo's Festival"—to take place this year, the centenary of his birth—has nearly completed its labours. Deputations will represent, on the occasion, all the chief towns of Italy. The inscription to be placed over Michael Angelo's house, in the Via Ghibellina has been approved by the committee. It is from the pen of the Cavaliere Guasti.

A renewed attempt will be made to bring to England the famous Cleopatra's Needle, the companion obelisk to that of Luxor, which makes so fine a show upon the Place de la Concorde, in Paris. Mahomed Ali gave these two obelisks to the French and British Governments. The French brought away their gift; but ours lies prone in the sand, and we have never found either time, money, or inclination to bring it away. Estimates of the expense of removing it have been made, but Mr. Lowe would not give the money. Perhaps the present Government will be less niggardly. It is 65 feet long, beautifully proportioned, and covered with hieroglyphics; and would certainly be a most conspicuous and novel monument upon the Thames Embankment, where a site is ready for it.

ONE often reads in the newspapers and elsewhere of the discovery of live toads in the centre of trees or inside of apparently solid stone. A French naturalist, M. Margelidet, has just published the results of an experiment of that nature. On the 15th of January, in the year 1870, he caused a cavity to be hollowed in a large stone, put a toad into the cavity, and then sealed up the mouth of the cavity with impermeable cement. The other day, on the 15th of last January, five years, day for day, since he had put the poor creature into durance vile, he broke open the cavity, at the Paris Museum of Natural History, and found the toad within alive and well, though in a torpid condition. Nor has it since its release taken any nourishment whatever.

An erroneous idea seems to prevail in regard to the healthfulness of our sleeping apartments. It is often asserted that they should be cold in order to be healthy. In alluding to this a medical journal states that "A moderate amount of heat is needed in a bedroom, but that moderate amount is needed in the winter time. There is no advantage in going to bed in a cold room, nor in sleeping in a cold room, nor in getting up and dressing in a cold room. Persons may survive it; many have lost health by it. To have the chill taken off the air on going to bed, and when dressing, is comfortable and healthful. A room under forty-five degrees is a cold room for a sleeping apartment, and sleeping in an indoor atmosphere lower than that is always hurtful and positively pernicious, for the simple reason that such a temperature causes the carbonic acid gas of a sleeping apartment to condense and settle in the lower part of the room, where it is breathed into the lungs with all its pernicious results."

The *Chronique des Arts* informs us that the thieves of Spain are gaily pursuing their mad career amongst pictures and statues. The celebrated cartoons of Goya at Madrid have gone after the Seville Murillo—which latter, indeed, has been recovered. The Virgin's Crown in St. Ferdinand's Chapel at Seville has vanished. So has the Mater Dolorosa of Alonzo Gano at Granada. The latest exploit of these enterprising fellows has been triumphantly carried out in Madrid. Their booty is a small statue of the Virgin Mary, most excellent of workmanship, and dating from the end of the sixteenth century. Its material is wood, gilt and painted. The thieves got it safely into Paris, where they borrowed a round sum upon it from André and Mercuier, bankers. The Spanish legation has claimed the statue. Not the least curious amongst "things of Spain" is this spirited association of burglars. Nowhere else, probably, would your picker-up of unconsidered trifles think of unhooking a Virgin twice the size of life, and walking off with it under his arm. Spain cannot be "played out" whilst such enterprise exists amongst her children.

Now that the new Venus, which was found on Christmas Eve, has been placed on a pedestal in the gallery of the Capitoline Museum, it is easier to arrive at a sound conclusion as to her rank as a statue, than when lying on her back in a Tabularium. The statue is only four feet eight in height, and represents a young girl of the Roman type, of not more than thirteen years old. The fragment of the hand on the top of the head is not tying up the hair as has been stated, but is simply resting there. The modelling is extremely fine and beautiful, but yet it lacks those qualities which would stamp the statue as a work of the highest Greek art. In its nature has been closely adhered to rather than idealised. As compared with the celebrated Capitoline Venus in the same museum, it is far behind in point of merit, neither can it be ranked as a work of art with the unrivalled Venus de Medici at Florence. Nevertheless, it is a most lovely specimen of the sculpture executed by Greek artists in Rome. The silver statue which was reported to have been found in the excavations at the Esquiline is reduced to the legs and base of a small male figure not more than twelve inches high. Many bronze utensils, have been unearthed lately, all of exquisite shape, though of course very much worn by the action of time.

A PRETTY DISH.

A Paris correspondent writes: "Here is a recipe for 'dressing' a fashionable lady: Take a young woman and turn her once in a breadth of satin, twice in a gauze scarf, and three times in a puff of tulle; add twenty yards of flowery garlands wherewith to season the whole. The dish is then trussed up, but has not yet sufficient dressing. Something heavy in the shape of a train is needed. It may be made of matelasse, with raised flowers, or of brocade. Skewer it on well behind, and garnish with gauze butterflies, lace birds, or gilt beetles. Keep very warm at the base and very cool at the top. Remove the dressing as much as possible from the upper part and pile it on below. Season with diamonds and serve up warm."

VARIETIES.

THE Maharajah of Travancore was recently allowed to make his appearance at Jubbulpore entirely unattended and unannounced, while his secretary, described as a consequential-looking personage in a long toga, with a smoking-cap, slipshod, without socks, was received with all honour by the officials, who mistook him for his master.

THE Crown Princess of Germany, at the recent masquerade which she gave in representation of the Medicean Court in the fifteenth century, was dressed in the well-known costume of "La Bella," in Titian's picture in the Pitti Palace, Florence. The colours of her velvet dress were reddish brown and blue, and she wore a broad silver girdle and a cap of pearls.

THE *Detroit Post*, in commenting on the refusal of President Grant to see the labouring men who came in procession to the White House the other evening, says that the President deserves credit for being manly enough to set a good example. Business is not done with a procession and a brass band, and the President was right in refusing to be used simply to give *celat* to their proceeding.

THE *Cincinnati Gazette* advocates the admission of the various secretaries of departments to the floor in Congress, arguing that it might be expected that out of this would grow a rational order and a recognized leadership which, without impairing the independence of any member, would have a wholesome effect in legislation, and guard against the disorder which now makes the last part of a session a positive danger.

It must have been a woman who compiled the table of figures to show that the average man who patronizes the barber spends for shaving in 40 years the sum of \$4,600 67. For how can it be possible for a man, recognizing this fact, to lounge in the blissful oblivion which comes of the gentle strokes of the razor, and not have a pang of regret when he thinks of the money he is spending for this, while his wife is wanting a new dress.

DEMOCRATIC principles are advancing in Japan. But a few years ago the Mikado was deemed too sacred to touch the ground with his feet or to be looked upon by mortals. Now he drives about the streets in an open carriage and is hardly noticed except by foreigners. The utmost respect offered him, or expected, is that persons in European costume who meet him must hold their hats under their left arms, or, if they have no hats, must put their hands on their knees. The Mikado is no longer divine.

It is surprising how useful a man can be if he tries, and that too in a small, obscure way. The Rev. Hosea F. Ballou, of Wilmington, Vt., is 76 years old. He has been 43 years in the ministry. He has attended 1,350 funerals, preaching sermons at most of them. Aside from his religious duties, Mr. Ballou has been for 17 years town clerk, for 14 years a justice of the peace, for two terms a member of the Vermont Legislature, once a delegate to a Constitutional convention, and for 21 years a superintendent of schools.

CAPTAIN LORD GIFFORD, a member of Sir Garnet Wolseley's staff, who greatly distinguished himself in the Ashantee war, happened to mention to his brother officers recently that he lost in Coomasse a valuable and highly prized locket, whereupon Major Butler, also of the staff, remarked that he had bought a locket of a black man. It was recognized by Lord Gifford as the one he had lost, for the recovery of which he had offered a large reward, and was of course immediately returned.

MME. RISTORI is given the following extraordinary description by a writer in an out-of-town paper: "Ristori is large in figure and feature, with reddish hair, and few superficial charms. Her eyes are quite light in colour, and when rolling in fine frenzy, as they do rather frequently, there is often in their appearance but a step, if as much, from the tragic to the comical." The "fine frenzy" produced by the reading of these lines by one who knows that the tragedienne's hair is no more reddish than her eyes are light, renders a step "if as much," from the tragic to the comical a matter of impossibility.

LITERARY.

A LIBRARY has been established at Jerusalem bearing the name of Sir Moses Montefiore.

A MOVEMENT has been set on foot to place some suitable memorial over the grave of Charles Lamb, which it seems is in rather a neglected state.

THE unpublished manuscripts of Peter Sterry, one of Cromwell's chaplains, mentioned in the second volume of his works, has been found in the hands of some of his descendants, together with several of his letters.

THE poems of Laman Blanchard will shortly be published. Mr. Blanchard was an intimate friend of Ainsworth, Letitia Landon, Lord Lytton, Douglas Jerrold, Browning, Dudley Costello, Marryat, and other of his famous contemporaries. His life was written by Bulwer Lytton many years ago.

WE may look for the publication in a few months of some models of light epigram and graceful fancy. They are the poems, early and recent, of the late Mr. Shirley Brooks. It is known that the late editor of *Punch* was a prolific master of easy and elegant *vers de société*. Many of his humorous parodies have been very famous in their day.

WE understand that Mr. Browning's new poem is not, as has been stated, a translation of any work of Aristophanes, but an Aristophanic poem, in which the Greek poet—or the English one in his person—says some things about himself that Mr. Browning thinks have not been said, though they want saying. The book is more than half through the press, and is expected within a fortnight.

THE Prime Minister of England has granted a pension of £200 a year to Mr. Wood, in recognition of his labours at Ephesus, and the distinguished service rendered by him to science and history by the discovery of the site of the Temple of Diana, and by the acquisition for the British Museum of a most valuable collection of sculptures, architectural marbles, and Greek and Roman inscriptions, in obtaining which results his health has suffered permanent injury.