

CHOICE LITERATURE.

NEAT REBUKES.

A rebuke may sometimes be very effectively put into practical form. Thus, at a time when there was a heavy duty upon French gloves, a packet addressed to the French Ambassador having accidentally come undone, the Custom House authorities discovered that it consisted of gloves, whereupon they sent it on as an unpaid post-letter; and though the double postage amounted to more than the single duty, it was paid without comment. Very neat and characteristic, in the way of practical rebukes, was that of Talleyrand to a faithful but too inquisitive confidential servant, whom he saw from the window of his apartment coolly reading a letter entrusted to him to deliver. On the next day a similar commission was confided to the servant, and to the second letter was added a postscript, couched in the following terms:—"You can send a verbal answer by the bearer. He is perfectly well acquainted with the whole affair, having taken the precaution to read this previous to its delivery."

Dean Ramsay, in his "Reminiscences," tells a similar and equally characteristic story of an old Forfarshire lady. She knew the weakness of her man-servant, and when she wished a note to be taken without delay held it open, and read it over to him, saying, "There, noo, Andrew, ye ken a' that's in't; noo dinna stop to open it, but just send it off."

Not bad in its way either was Lord Chesterfield's practically humorous rebuke of the craze for having far-reaching portrait galleries of ancestors. In his own gallery he placed two old heads, inscribed respectively Adam de Stanhope and Eve de Stanhope.

Of the rebuke indirect, one of the finest examples is that attributed to Dr. South. Once, when preaching before Charles the Second, he observed that the monarch and several of his attendants had fallen asleep. Presently one of the latter began to snore, whereupon the bishop broke off his sermon, and exclaimed: "Lord Lauderdale, I am sorry to disturb your repose, but let me entreat you not to snore so loud lest you awaken his Majesty." Less direct, but more severe, was a rebuke said to have been spoken from the pulpit by a Dissenting minister of modern times. While he was preaching he was annoyed by some young people in the congregation whispering and giggling. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said: "I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave themselves, for this reason: Some years since, when I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking, and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service a gentleman said to me: 'Sir, you have made a great mistake. That young man whom you reproved is an idiot.' Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave themselves in chapel, lest I should repeat that mistake and reprove another idiot." During the rest of the service, the story concludes, there was good order.

Incisive and dry, as becomes its nationality, was the rebuke of the Scotch shepherd to Lord Cockburn of Bonaly. That nobleman was sitting on the hillside with the shepherd, and observing the sheep reposing in the coldest situation, he said to him: "John, if I were a sheep, I would lie on the other side of the hill." The shepherd answered: "Aye, my lord, but if ye had been a sheep, ye would hae had mair sense."

Less epigrammatically neat, but more richly deserved, was the following rebuke to an unnamed lord, quoted in Selden's "Table Talk":—"A

great lord and a gentleman talking together, there came a boy by loading a calf with both his hands. Says the lord to the gentleman, 'You shall see me make the boy let go his calf;' with that he came toward him, thinking the boy would have put off his hat, but the boy took no notice of him. The lord seeing that, 'Sirrah,' says he, 'do you not know me, that you use no reverence?' 'Yes,' says the boy, 'if your lordship will hold my calf, I will put off my hat.'—*All the Year Round*.

KATE.

There's something in the name of Kate
Which many will condemn;
But listen now while I relate
The traits of some of them.

There's a deli Kate, a modest dame,
And worthy of your love;
She's nice and beautiful in frame,
As gentle as a dove.

Communi-Kate's intelligent,
As we may well suppose;
Her fruitful mind is ever bent
On telling what she knows.

There's an intri-Kate, she's so obscure,
'Tis hard to find her out;
For she is often very sure
To put your wits to rout.

Prevari-Kate's a stubborn maid,
She's sure to have her way;
The cavilling, contrary jade
Objects to all you say.

There's an alter-Kate, a perfect pest,
Much given to dispute;
Her prattling tongue can never rest,
You cannot her refute.

There's a dislo Kate, in quite a fret,
Who fails to gain her point;
Her case is quite unfortunate,
And sorely out of joint.

Equivoc-Kate no one will woo;
The thing would be absurd,
She is so faithless and untrue,
You cannot take her word.

There's a vindi-Kate, she's good and true,
And strives with all her might
Her duty faithfully to do,
And battles for the right.

There's a rusti Kate, a country lass,
Quite fond of rural scenes;
She likes to ramble through the grass
And through the evergreens.

Of all the maidens you can find,
There's none like edu-Kate;
Because she elevates the mind
And aims at something great.

THE LARD KING.

Mr. Peter McGeoch, the great Chicago speculator in lard, known at the Chicago produce exchange as "the lard king," owing to the vast extent of his transactions, has at last come to grief, and with him, and as a consequence of his failure; a number of other smaller kings. We are glad of it, and only wish that all such kings might come to a like fate.

The business of buying and selling "futures" as it is conducted by stock and produce speculators, is simply downright gambling under the forms of bargain and sale, as much so as betting at a faro table, or betting on a horse-race, or betting on the result of an election. The seller sells what he has not and never expects to have, and the buyer buys what he never expects to receive. The transaction between the two is simply a bet on the future price of the article that is nominally the subject of the contract. The seller, in the language of the speculator, is a "bear," and wants the price to go down as the means of winning the bet. The buyer is a "bull," and wants the price to go up as the means of putting the bet in his favour. Their relations to each other are not those of legitimate traders at all; but simply the relations of gamblers. Their relations to so-

ciety are of the same character. The business in which they are engaged supplies no want of the general public, any more than gambling supplies the wants of the general public. Their contest with each other is practically that of enemies. The "bear" does his best to fleece the "bull" by depressing prices, and the "bull" does his best to fleece the "bear" by raising prices. The upshot of the struggle is, that one loses and the other gains, and that neither has done anything that is of the slightest service to human society.

All this is quite bad enough when stocks and bonds are the subjects of such speculative transactions. But when, as has become the fact at the great produce exchange of the country, the necessities of life, as wheat, flour, pork, beef, lard, butter, etc., enter the arena, and their prices are kicked about in all directions under the manipulations of produce gamblers, the business, so-called, is an intolerable nuisance to those who need to buy and must buy these articles for daily consumption. Produce gamblers, betting with each other and betting against each other, fix the price, and not the natural and healthy law of supply and demand. The general community including all legitimate traders all consumers, must bear the consequence of this gambling. Market prices are taken out of the current of natural laws and forced into the channel of artificial spasms. The result is bad for business and bad for morals.

Some attempts have been made by law to stop such gambling in the necessities of life; but hitherto law has not been very successful in suppressing the evil. It goes on full blast at Chicago, just as if there were no law in the State of Illinois against it. There are, perhaps, difficulties, possibly insurmountable difficulties, in stopping this sort of gambling by the mere agency of law. The essential difficulty consists in enacting a law that will hit the evil, and at the same time not hit other things that ought to be let alone, and then in so executing the law as to make it do this work and do nothing else. Whether this is practicable or not, we are glad when the evil turns its penal agency upon the evil doers and severely punishes them. We have not a tear to shed over the failure of the "Lard King." If it shall make him so absolutely bankrupt that he can never rise again, all the better. If it were a fixed law that every gambler shall in the end lose all that he ever wins, and at last die in squalid poverty, no harm would come to the general interests of the world.—*Independent*.

THE BATTLE OF LUTZEN.

The King sang with his soldiers Luther's grand hymn, "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott," and then his own battle song "Verzage nicht, du Hauslein klein!" He addressed, first to the Swedes, then to the Germans, two of the noblest orations before a battle that history records. In an enthusiasm of heroism he threw off his cuirass and cried, "God is my armour!" Wallenstein was suffering from gout in the feet. Although his stirrups were thickly padded with silk he could not ride, and took his place in a litter. He called his officers together and gave them his orders, which were to fight chiefly on the defensive. Gustave gave out the war cry, "Gott mit uns!" Wallenstein gave to his troops as a battle cry "Jesus Maria!" About eleven the mist cleared a little, and the fiery King himself headed the attack upon the imperialist lines and ditches. Gustavus, riding alone with his cousin, Duke Franz von Lauenburg; the page, Luebeling, and a groom, stumbled upon an imperial ambush. His horse, maddened by a bullet, threw its rider and fled. The King received a bullet in the arm and another shot in the back. This second shot