

THE MAGICAL ISLE.

There's a magical isle in the River of Time,  
Where softest of echoes are straying;  
And the air is as soft as a musical chime,  
Or the exquisite breath of a tropical clime  
When June with its roses is swaying

'Tis where Memory dwells with her pure golden hue,  
And music forever is flowing;  
While the low-murmured tones that came trembling  
Through  
Sedily trouble the heart, yet sweeten it too.  
As the south-wind o'er water when blowing.

There are shadowy haunts in that fairy-like isle,  
Where pictures of beauty are gleaming;  
Yet the light of their eyes, and their sweet sunny smile,  
Only flash round the heart with a wildering wild  
And leave us to know 'tis but dreaming.

And the name of this isle is the beautiful past,  
And we bury our treasures all there.  
There are beings of beauty too lovely to last:  
There are blossoms of snow, with the dust o'er them cast:  
There are tresses and ringlets of hair.

There are fragments of song that only memory sings,  
And the words of a dear mother's prayer;  
There's a harp long unsought, and a lute without strings—  
Hallowed tokens that love used to wear.

Even the dead—the bright, beautiful dead—there arise,  
With their soft, flowing ringlets of gold:  
Though their voices are hushed and o'er their sweet eyes  
The unbroken siget of silence now lies,  
They are with us again, as of old.

In the stillness of night, hands are beckoning us there;  
And, with joy that is almost a pain,  
We delight to turn back, and in wandering there,  
Through the shadowy haunts of the island so fair,  
We behold our lost treasures again.

Oh! this beautiful isle, with its phantom-like show,  
Is a vista exceedingly bright:  
And the River of Time, in its turbulent flow,  
Is oft soothed by the voices we heard long ago,  
When the years were a dream of delight.

KEEP OUT OF DEBT.

Half the perplexity, annoyance and trouble that men have in the world is in consequence of getting into debt. It seems to be natural for some people to buy, and incur obligations without measure, so long as they can avoid paying ready cash. Give one of this sort a chance to buy on credit, and the questions of payments are matters that he cares but little about. But what a crop of trouble springs up from the seed of debt. How many gray hairs it brings, and how often it shortens life; sometimes leading men to commit suicide or murder. And yet how easy it is to keep clear of this terrible monster. Every young man should form a fixed and unalterable determination, before commencing his active business career, not to incur one penny of indebtedness, under any circumstances. Never buy anything unless you have the money to pay for it at once. Pay no attention to "splendid opportunities," "rare chances," "bargains," and the like. Such are only traps set to catch victims. If you see anything that you would like to accept, look first at your money pile, and make the answer depend upon that. Always pay as you go. If you are short of money, gauge your demands accordingly.

A WIFE'S POWER.

The power of a wife, for good or evil, is irresistible. Without one, home must be forever unknown.

A good wife is to a man wisdom, strength and courage; a bad one is confusion, weakness and despair. No condition is hopeless to a man where the wife possesses firmness, decision and economy. There is no outward propriety which can counteract indolence, extravagance and folly at home. No spirit can long endure bad influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action, but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind; and especially if he is an intelligent man, with a whole head, he needs his moral forces in the conflicts of life. To recover his composure, home must be a place of peace and comfort. There his soul renews its strength, and goes forth with fresh vigor to encounter the labor and troubles of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and is there met with bad-temper, sullenness, jealousy and gloom, or assailed with complaints and censure, hope vanishes, and he sinks into despair. Such is the case with too many who, it might seem, have no conflicts or trials of life; for such is the wife's power.

THE CHILD OF THE ORIENT.

As long as time shall last, the Hebrew—child of the Orient—will be an object of interest and curiosity to his fellow man. Tossed for ages upon the ever changing tide of history, subject to every vicissitude, an exile, a refugee, a wanderer, he has, nevertheless, carried with him the lamp and light of that Divinity of the law of which he is the oracle, through the manifest will of God. Even in the darkest ages of the world he has kept alive the spark of immortal reason, and illumined the gloom of fanaticism, skepticism and tyranny by his unquenchable faith and his exalted conception of the majestic design of the Creator. Time, revolution and change have only wrought out more clearly his claim, and placed him more distinctly as an object of wonder and admiration. Triumphant over every obstacle, he has at length come to be the first citizen of the world in commerce, finance and the fine arts. Rothschild, Tours, Mendelssohn, Heine, and hundreds of others, have proven their claims among the great masters, and lifted the reproach of all nations "from off their people." It can no longer be said: "The wild dove hath his nest, the fox his cave, mankind a country, Israel but the grave!"

For in this land of freedom, as in almost every country of the globe, the Hebrew has the largest liberty, and has built himself a home. He has become identified with our institutions, and shares equally the burthens of the government. But the most remarkable feature about the Hebrew is his charity; he never suffers one of his own people to become an object of care to the State; his benevolent societies are without end.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

In describing the flood which was so disastrous to many sections in Virginia, the Lynchburg papers record the following very sad and touching incident:—

"A mother and several little children were making their escape from a narrow neck of land, which lies between the river and the canal, when they were amazed to find that the bridge was already gone, and their only hope was to cling to the abutment of the bridge until the angry waves should subside. But, as they stood there clinging to the abutment, the waters continued to rise higher and higher, while in the deep darkness they could hear the crashing of trees amid the thunder of bridge timbers that were wildly dashing all around them. They had been in this desperate condition for some time when the little girl felt that her strength was gone, and, with a shriek of terror, she exclaimed,—"Kiss me, mother, for I can't hold on any longer!"

And, with the warm pressure of that mother's lips upon her cheek, she was swept away, and was seen no more."

THE VERY SAME.

An anecdote of Peter Hinds, a well-known stage-driver of New Hampshire, is worth telling. Early one season Peter had his coach overhauled and painted, to look as good as new. Just as he had set his face down a steep hill he heard a shout behind him.

"Hallo, you there! Hold on a spell, will ye?"

Peter drew up his two horses on the s'ant of the hill with great difficulty, and waited until the man came up, who walked leisurely round the coach, and then looking up to Peter, said,—

"I guess, arter all, that that's the same coach you had last year."

Like a flash, Peter smacked his whip across the fellow's face, shouting,—

"Yes, by thunder! and the same whip, too!" and headed for Concord at a two-forty rate.

A MISTAKE.

An old sea-captain, who had been in retirement for a number of years, on a farm, back in the country, one day visited the sea-port, and strolled down to the wharves. He was in his farmer's frock, and his ox-goad in his hand. He soon attracted the attention of the mate of a ship, who stood upon the top-gallant forecastle, superintending the bending of a new jib. The officer thought he would have some fun with the countryman, as he thought him to be, and hailed him accordingly, asking him how he would like to take a sail with them.

"Well," said the old captain, "I should be afraid to."

"Why! what is there to be afraid of?"

"Why, you see, I think you fellows don't know enough about a vessel. I shouldn't want to go with a man that didn't know better than to bend a jib with the tack up, for you would have to send a hand into the fore-top to haul aft the jib sheets, rather a lubberly way of doing business."

The mate said no more, but concluded that the old was not so green as he looked. He ordered the sail to be unbent, and bent in a proper manner.

A BEAUTIFUL FOUNTAIN.

One fountain there is, whose deep vein has only just begun to throw up its silver drops among mankind—a fountain which will allay the thirst of millions, and will give to those who drink from it peace and joy. It is knowledge; the fountain of intellectual cultivation, which gives health to mankind, makes clear the vision, brings joy to his life, and breathes over his soul's destiny a deep repose. Go, and drink therefrom, thou whom fortune has not favored, and thou wilt soon find thyself rich! Thou mayest go forth into the world, and find thyself everywhere at home; thou canst cultivate in thine own little chamber; thy friends are ever around thee, and carry on wise conversations with thee; nature, antiquity and heaven are accessible to thee! The industrious kingdoms of the ant, the works of man, and rainbow, and music records, offer to thy soul hospitality.

ATTEND TO YOUR OWN BUSINESS.—A man who had become rich by his own exertions was asked by a friend the secret of his success. "I have accumulated," replied he, "one-half my property by strictly attending to my own business, and the other half by letting other people's alone."

Keep your head cool by temperance, your feet warm by exercise, rise early and go soon to bed; and if you are inclined to get fleshy, keep your eyes open and your mouth shut.

THE NEWTON-STEWART MURDER.

The long trial of this case, in which Sub-Inspector Montgomery was charged with the murder of Mr. Glass, the banker, of Newton-Stewart, having closed, the London Telegraph discusses the circumstances as follows:—

"In the history of modern crime, the Newton-Stewart murder will occupy a prominent place. The victim was a banker living in a county town in the North of Ireland. The foul deed was accomplished in the bank itself, a few minutes after the close of business—that is, about a quarter past three on a summer afternoon. The bank was situated in the principal street of a rising town, and there were servants in the house at the time. The murderer made assurance doubly sure, for the dead man had no fewer than twelve wounds on his head, and in addition an office file had been driven by force through one of his ears into his brain. It was evident that the assassin knew the ground and the 'situation.' The town was on that day deserted by a large number of its customary police force, drafted off to a neighbouring fair; one of the principal clerks was as usual away for the day; and just after the closing of the bank the chief of the establishment was likely to be alone, and probably engaged in counting money. It appears that it is not the custom for Irish branch banks to have any record of the numbers of their notes—a very strong inducement to robbery or theft, so strong that we cannot understand the absence of the precaution. Some days after the murder a bundle of notes to the value of £1,000 was found in a neighbouring wood; they were stained with blood. We have here all the traces of murder and robbery, and, considering that the scene is laid in Ireland, the first idea of many readers will be that some of the assassins who have hitherto devoted themselves almost exclusively to agrarian crime were tempted by the absence of police and the ungaurded state of the bank to commit this atrocious outrage. But the facts indicate that no stranger did the work, for such a man could hardly have got in or out of the bank without arousing alarm. Again, the ease and silence that accompanied the crime indicate that the victim must have been entirely unprepared. Either the murderer, if a stranger, stole upon his victim without being seen or heard—an unlikely supposition—or a supposed 'friend,' standing by the banker's side, struck him dead. Even the extraordinary completeness of the outrage suggests the work of one who knew that if he only half did the task he might be derounced by the dying man—a precaution which a stranger, who ran no such risk, would hardly take. In the face of these facts, obvious from the first, the local chief of police, Sub-Inspector Montgomery, instead of showing himself 'active and intelligent'—adjectives that almost belong to the force—displayed strange eccentricity. He went to a house to examine and search a suspected person, but refused to knock him up, lest he should disturb him. He suggested that the death might have been caused by suicide, though the corpse had twelve wounds, and a file had been forced through the ear. He wished to send a message by telegraph that there were 'suspicious circumstances,' when the fact of a foul murder was clearly established. It is now asserted by the Crown that this very Sub-Inspector Montgomery was the murderer himself. That is the groundwork of the prosecution, which was concluded on Monday at the Tyrone Assizes, and which has resulted in the discharge of the jury and the remand of the prisoner.

"The evidence against him was purely circumstantial. Nobody saw him strike the blow; no weapon was found on him; there was no blood on his person; and the notes were not traced to his hands. Considering the twelve wounds, and the spots on the walls, the absence of all stains is very singular if Mr. Montgomery were the actual perpetrator of the deed. So much is in his favour. Against him was produced a chain of suggestive evidence formed of links, some certainly small and weak. In the first place, before he had entered the constabulary he had been an accountant in a Belfast bank for over seven years; so that all the rules and customs of such institutions were familiar to him. On one occasion he had remarked to one of his own constables that it was strange no one had attempted to rob a bank, since it could be easily done by knocking the cashier on the head. The prosecution wished to give evidence to show that the prisoner was peculiarly embarrassed, but the Judge properly, we think, rejected it as irrelevant. Guilt ought to be proved without going into the point whether the accused was tempted to the deed by poverty; that is an incentive too common to be dragged into a particular case. A few minutes after the murder must have been committed Mr. Montgomery was seen to come out of the back door without his hat, to look up and down the street, to return for a minute or two, and then go away. When engaged for several hours afterwards in investigating the case he kept complete silence as regards his presence at the bank at or near the very moment of the crime. Next day he went with another sub-inspector to examine the premises, and then put to him the following question: 'If a person were seen coming out of the bank without any stains of blood on him; could he be convicted of the murder?' The other inspector replied, 'I think not.' Then, for the first time, Mr. Montgomery mentioned that he had been at the bank shortly after three o'clock. It was also proved that he had been anxiously asking whether the police had found the notes in Grange Wood, and whether such a discovery would affect him. Evidence was given to show that he had made enquiries as to the best draught for causing insensibility, and as to the readiest means of knocking people on the head with a life-preserver. The theory of the prosecution was that he had meditated the murder for many weeks, and that his former experience and position enabled him to plan it with ease and execute it with fiendish coolness. He was personally known to the victim. He could enter the office after business hours, could be closeted with the banker without being suspected, and could leave without attracting attention. It is only fair to say, however, that as much might be asserted of any other friend or even intimate acquaintance of the murdered man.

"The peculiar interest of this trial arises from the social and official standing of the accused. A sub-inspector of constabulary in Ireland is a gentleman by birth and position. He mixes on terms of equality with the county families; and, though his pay is not large, he is as readily received in society as the ensign or lieutenant of a marching regiment. He wears a smart uniform, is employed in a semi-military force, and must be an educated man. The conception of such a crime by such a person is rare in most countries—very rare in Ireland; and this antecedent improbability must be allowed in favour of the theory of Mr. Montgomery's innocence. There have been so many assassinations for agrarian causes in Ireland that we hardly ever recognise how infrequent are ordinary murders. Comparatively few instances have occurred arising from domestic strife, or from mere lust of gold. It is strange enough that this crime, among the most remarkable known in the country for years, should be attributed to a member of the one force that reflects the greatest credit on the Irish race. There is nothing of which our Celtic countrymen may be so justly proud as the Royal Irish Constabulary, to which Sub-Inspector Montgomery belonged. The private constables are all of the peasant class, but faithful to their salt and superior to the faintest suspicion of mutiny. They are Roman Catholics, and exposed, like others of their creed, to the influence of priests; yet we have never had the least difficulty on that score. Their bravery has been proved, not only at the time of the paltry Fenian revolt, but in many a personal encounter, when at fairs and markets and on lonely hill-sides they faced serious perils and great odds, and came off with success. Everybody must regret the incidental association—even though it does not extend beyond bare suspicion—of such a body of men with one of the foulest crimes in our modern records."

THE FASHIONS.

Fashion allows, this summer, of the most startling contrasts of colour; but ladies of refined taste do not avail themselves of this liberty. They prefer the camellia style, or quiet contrast, softened with black or white lace.

The following is an exquisite toilette, which can serve as an instance of this nice distinction. The materials are soft gray faille, very pale pout de soie, and Mechlin lace.

The skirt is trimmed with four Mechlin lace flounces, about five inches deep, very slightly gathered, with a quilted gray faille heading, lined with pink. The Princess tunic is open in front, and trimmed with the same Mechlin lace and pink-lined heading. The sleeves are half open, with Louis XV. sabots of Mechlin lace, and a gray faille quilted flounce, lined with pink.

Blue or mauve, instead of pink, would make an equally charming toilette.

There is another very pretty toilette. It is of gray mohair. The train-shaped skirt is trimmed in front with five bias of a darker shade of gray. These bias, which are bound with black velvet, are four inches broad; they are put on in the shape of very wide-open V's. Each three-cornered extremity is fastened down by dark gray tassels, depending from a black velvet rosette.

Several narrow bias heading a four-inch deep one, every one of them bound with black velvet, from a trimming all round the train. This trimming comes up on both sides, a little below the knee, where it ends under a large bow, formed of four loops and one lappet of the same material, equally bound with black velvet.

This dress is not made with a tunic, but the bodice had deep basques, from under which falls a sort of demi-puff. Basques and puff are edged with the same dark gray bias and black velvet piping.

The sleeves are tight-drawn to half-way from the elbow to the wrist, where a broad reverse turns them into wide-open sleeves.

The gray train hat is of the shade of the bias. It is trimmed with a long curled feather of the same colour as the dress, and black velvet. The gloves are gray, stitched with black.

I have seen a charming morning-dress, which is a slight modification of the peignoir Princess, but wears another name—the Venetian blouse. The one I saw was of iron-gray Valencia. It had a long train. The cut was the same as the Princess peignoir. The difference was in the trimming, which consisted of a pleating of dark violet ribbon, forming an epaulet upon the shoulder, and coming all down the side-seam, behind, edging the train also. The blouse is buttoned all down the front with large violet buttons, between two rows of pleated ribbon.

This simple trimming is very effective, and looks quite stylish. I hope my readers will try it.

There are a great number of extremely pretty fichus and cravat-bows, which baffle all description. The pencil alone, not the pen, could give an exact idea of those intricate mazes of muslin and lace. Some of those fichus are real bodices with basques; others are only an ornament for dresses open in front. The ribbons which trim them are, of course, matched to the dress which they accompany. The same fichus can thus, by a mere change of bows, be made suitable for a variety of dresses.

Embroidery was never more in favour than now. There is very beautiful under-clothing made, in the trimming of which it takes an important part. I never before saw such elaborate petticoats. They are often trimmed up to the knees with alternate rows of embroidered flounces, narrow tucks, pleatings, embroidered, or lace insertions.

More delicate embroidery and finer lace make most beautiful chemises' fronts and camioles.

I think I have already told my readers, some time ago, but I will repeat it, that our best *cordonniers pour dames* are making much more reasonable heels to our boots. They are called Louis XV. half-heels, and are much preferable to the high-heels, so prejudicial to health and graceful walking. For, indeed, there was no walking with them—hopping, alone, was possible. It is all very well for birds, but ladies need not emulate them in this respect.

A very pretty and graceful novelty is the Peplum drapery. Unfortunately, it can only be worn by young ladies of elegant figure and taper waist. Those who are not so gifted will do wisely by not attempting to don it. It is made of crepe de Chine, and is fringed all round. The colour must harmonize with the skirt worn underneath. In light, delicate shades of pink, mauve and blue, it looks charming over a white muslin dress. The way to put it on consists in folding it round the waist, from which it falls over the skirt like a sort of deep basque.

It is crossed over the bosom in front, and the two ends are thrown back over the shoulders. They are long enough to be negligently tied at the waist behind, and fall upon the skirt in fringed scarf-like sash-ends.

A lady of tall and very elegant and dignified figure wore the Peplum drapery over a rich Indian muslin dress, of which the only skirt had a long train, beautifully trimmed with a deep flounce, edged with Mechlin lace, and headed with bouillonnés into which mauve ribbons were run. These bouillonnés were half veiled with Mechlin lace, gracefully *chiffonnées* by mauve bows. The Peplum was of the palest mauve crepe de Chine. Mechlin lace formed deep, engaged-toe to the sleeves, and filled in the fichu-like opening of the drapery. A white rose fastened it in front; another was placed in the hair. This toilette had the most distinguished appearance, and gave a regal look to the dignified figure of the wearer.

The Peplum is often worn over silk dresses, whatever be the material—faille, taffetas, or foulard; but it cannot itself be made of anything but Crêpe de Chine, that very expensive material, but the only one possessing sufficient softness and suppleness. This will prevent it from becoming common.

I must not omit to mention the increasing success of the Louis XV. mantilla, patronised as it is by the highest authorities of the world of fashion. It is not expensive, as black lace can be had at all prices, and any moderately *adroite* young lady or lady's-maid can make it up very easily. All the making-up consists in quilting it into a diadem upon the head, and plucking at the side a full-blown rose, with a trailing spray of buds and foliage, or a ribbon, bow, and feather matching the colour of the dress. The same mantilla can thus very easily be modified, so as to match ever so many different toilettes.

This is the season for travelling costumes. As usual, the most lady-like are the plainest. It is bad taste to wear rich silks or brilliant colours when travelling. The following is a very nice costume, which can serve as a model of what a travelling dress should be. It is entirely of beige woollen material. The skirt, which quite escapes the ground, is trimmed with three flounces, scalloped at the edges, and bound with dark brown braid. Three rows of brown braid form the heading of the flounces. The Polonaise is buttoned all the way down in front; it is edged with a woollen fringe of the same shade as the material, headed with three rows of brown braid. For the evening, or colder weather, there is a paletot, half-fitting to the figure, and buttoned with brandebourgs all down the front. It is made of the same material, lined with flannel, and trimmed to correspond with the Polonaise. With this costume should be worn a plain linen collar and under-sleeves. The boots will be made of chamois leather, the natural colour or grey. It is an innovation, and a great improvement upon the stiff buff-leather boots.

There are dresses in course of preparation for watering-places and the seaside, for which a novel style of trimming has been invented. This consists in extremely narrow flounces, covering the skirt almost up to the waist. There are at least thirty of them, often more. They are simply hemmed, or, if the material allows it, pinked out.

TENNYSON AND TOBACCO.

Tennyson is a great smoker. He has never, with Lamb, praised "Bauch's black servant, negro fine," nor with Byron hymned with the delights of "sublime tobacco," but he dearly loves the weed for all that. Poet and dweller in the empyrean though he be, he knows nothing of Ruskin's scorn for those who "pollute the pure air of morning with cigar smoke." But he does not affect the mild Havanna in any of its varied forms. His joy is in a pipe of genuine Virginia tobacco. A brother poet who spent a week with him at his country seat, says that Partagas, Regalias and Cabanos have no charm for him. He prefers a pipe; and of all the pipes in the world the common clay pipe is his choice. He is averse to general company. Ever since an enterprising New Yorker, after repeated solicitation, finally gained entrance to his grounds and rewarded himself for the trouble he had in effecting that entrance by cutting down the tree which Garibaldi had planted with his own hand, Tennyson's horror of admitting promiscuous visitors has been extreme. But to those who come properly accredited he proves a charming host. His den is at the top of the house. Thither he repairs after breakfast, and, in the midst of a sea of books on shelves, tables, chairs and floor, toils away until he is fatigued. These hours of labour are as absolutely sacred as were Richter's: no human being, unless upon an errand of life or death, is allowed to intrude upon him then; but when his morning's work is done he is glad to see his friends, sends for them indeed, or announces by a little bell that he is ready to receive them. As soon as they enter, pipes are lighted. Of these pipes he has a great store, mostly presents from admirers and friends. The visitor has his choice, be it a hookah, nargileh, meerschaum, or shudeen. Tennyson is familiar with all grades of smoking tobacco, and the guest may select at will Latakia, Connecticut leaf, Parique, Lone Jack, Michigan, Killikink, Highlander, what not. The poet himself follows the good old plan of his forefathers from Raleigh downward. At his feet is a full box of white clay pipes. Filling one of these, he smokes until it is empty, breaks it in twain, and throws the fragments into another box prepared for their reception. Then he pulls another pipe from its straw or wood enclosure, fills it, lights it, and destroys it as before. He will not smoke a pipe a second time. Meanwhile, high discourse goes on, interrupted not seldom by the poet's reading select passages from the manuscript not yet dry. So the hours are whiled delightfully away, until it is time to stroll on the cliffs or dress for dinner. Smoking ceases when the den is left—rarely, if ever, before.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Mrs. Jennie Holdridge, of Le Roy, New York, was struck by lightning a few days ago. She was insensible for some minutes, but gradually returned to consciousness. She was blistered in places from her head to her feet by the electricity, but is at this time doing well.

Three cases of Asiatic cholera have occurred in Berlin.