BALLAD.

BY J. E. W.

My love he took me to the fields,
And through the woods, and o'er the lea,
He said the charms which Nature yields
Were such as those he found in me.

I looked upon the streaming light,
That fell around us everywhere;
He said the sun would not be bright
But that it wished to match my hair.

I stooped to cull a simple flower,
And in its scent he found a sign;
He told me Flora gave that dower
To those whose breath was pure as mine.

I listened to the roving breeze,
That wafted leaves from every tree;
And fondly he declared that these
Were like the vows he sighed to me.

I paused to hear the happy birds
That sang their trusting mates to rest;
He said such songs, too sweet for words,
He sang for me within his breast.

And when the dews came down, he said
A sadder symbol these impart;
For these are tears that angels shed
To see that we again must part.

Thus daily did he me rejoice,
But never now these charms I see;
For I have lost the gentle voice
That made them all so dear to me.

Irish Traits.

OLD JUDY—A TURF TICKET—THE WIDOW'S SON.

We read of

Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

But in our dealings with the Irish poor we find tongues and books and sermons as eloquent and instructive as are to be met in any inanimate objects. 'God is good!' is the saying on their lips in every emergency; and their patience and implicit trust in Providence in all their difficulties are wonderful.

A striking example of this firm faith was an old woman well remembered in the parish, where she had come as a stranger, and lived for many years without any fixed home or apparent means of subsistence. Old Judy had contrived to secure the good-will and respect of all, rich and poor. There was a decency of manner and appearance about her that spoke of better days; she was scrupulously clean in her person; and her clothes, though ever so worn and threadbare, were patched and made the best of. The neighbours gave her "the place of her bed," sometimes in one cabin, sometimes in another; and her little figure trotting along with a stick in her hand, came to be a familiar and well-known object. The magnates of the place patronized her; and whenever blankets were given out or there was a distribution of food or clothing, old Judy's name was sure to be down in some one's list. Every stray shilling or sixpence bestowed on her was forthwith invested in gingerbread and sugar-sticks. An occasional gift of a basket of apples was a welcome addition to her store; and with this stock in trade she took up her stand at the schoolhouse gate and beguiled the scholars of their halfpence by her tempting array of good things.

When not thus employed, Judy's usual seat was a long stone bench at the gable-end of the thatched cottage by the roadside. Here she used to sit basking in the sunshine, her trembling hands resting on a staff—a picture for an artist: with the wrinkled fresh-coloured face like a frost-bitten apple peeping out from the frill of her clean white cap, over which was tied the scarlet kerchief that forms so picturesque a feature of Irish headgear; her tidy little gray cloak, turned-up stuff gown, blue petticoat, well-blacked brogues, and gray stockings. And as she sat on her favourite bench, with generally two or three village children playing about her, her figure harmonized well with the lovely view around.

As fair and pleasant a view it was as could be seen anywhere, and one on which no eye could rest without delight. To the left, Kilkeedy church with its "ivy-mantled tower," the tall spire rising from a clustering mass of glossy verdure; and beyond, the trees and sunny fields of the Rectory, to which a Gothic gateway lad through a cloistered walk of overreaching evergreens, holly and yew, laurel and arbutus. On the right, crowning the green upland, surrounded by a belt of trees, with background of purple mountain, Carrig o' Gunniel Castle, that beautiful old ruin, the cynosure of Clare and Limerick, that looks down so proudly over the broad Shannon. Across the road opposite the cottage was a large field—

The richest land in all the glebe—

bordered on one side by a hawthorn hedge, and on the other by a row of lofty elms; a broad expanse of verdure, with its single fine tree in the centre, a noble beech, underneath whose spreading branches the cattle loved to gather for shade from the sun or shelter from the breeze. Nowhere did the grass seem to grow so luxuriantly or wear so bright and rich a green. And in summer, when the sun was settting and the crimson glory of its rays were flung across this pleasant field, brightening with mellow light the cheerful landscape, and touching with silvery sheen the windings of the far-off river Maigue—fair indeed was the scene. Pleasant then was the mossy walk along the hedge, or the path beneath the tress. The glowing sunshine, the gorgeous western sky, the quiet church, the clover-scented velvet turf, all so glad and beautiful!

Alas for the changes brought by the revolving years! The old familiar church is gone. Ruthless hands have cut down the lordly beech; and the eyes that gloried in the silvan beauties of the place, the master mind that planned and tended all with loving care, are closed for ever.

There were times when Judy, like many others whose means of subsistence were less precarious, was very low in the world; and then she might be seen on a Sunday seated outside the door of the chapel when the country-people were going to mass, with a white plate on her knees to receive the half-pence of the charitable. This was generally an extreme measure, and one which, being rather ashamed of, she felt needed an apology.

"An' what can I do, avourneen! Sure if the good Christians don't give it to me, I must die entirely. An' look at my old cloak, honey, with the daylight coming through it in spite of me; an' 'tis flying 'twill be before winter, in rags and tatters. I don't know what I'll do: but God is good."

"Well, Judy, we must get up a subscription to buy you another. It would be a pity to see you 'flying.'"

And accordingly a petition was drawn up and some names entered; and away started Judy to "gather little or much among the quality." And a proud little woman she was when in due time she came trotting home with a smart gray cloak she had bought in Limerick with the fruits of her collection, "for less than half-price, and it better than new. An' now wouldn't she be warm night an' day; with the fine blanket already, an' the elegant cloak forby."

Judy's comforts were soon needed, for her health failed, and she was unable to do anything to help herself, or to sit out in the open air selling apples and lollipops. This was a great loss to her; for "sure," said the poor old woman, "the pence I got from the scholars were what I put my dependence in to buy the bit of soap an' the sod of turf, an' maybe a grain of snuff of an odd time. It's enough for me to be trusting to the neighbours an' the gentlefolks for lodging an' clothes, an' for the potatoes an' the cup of tay, without going to trouble them for small little things of that sort. But God is good, acushla, God is good!"

Her trust in the divine goodness was justified. One of her patrons put her on his list of weekly pensioners, and placed her as a permanent inmate of the thatched cottage outside of which was her favourite bench. There at times she sat, attended as before by her escort of young urchins: for Judy was most popular among the juvenile population. And when she grew quite feeble and unable to go about, there was not a boy or girl in the parish who was not at all times ready and willing to run with her tin can for broth or to fetch sirrup for her hacking cough, or perform any little service she required.

When at last the stone bench was unoccupied, and poor Judy's vacant place knew her no more, her constant exclamation "God is good!" seemed to have brought a blessing with it. Like the fowls of the air and the lilies of the field, she had neither storehouse nor barn, could neither toil nor spin, and yet her Heavenly Father had not allowed her simple wants to go unheeded.

This Irish trait also manifested itself strongly in a bright cheerful-looking woman, who appeared among a host of applicants at the door of an office where turf tickets were being distributed.

"Here's your ticket, good woman," said the clerk. "You'll have to pay one-and-sixpence for it, and they will give you three shillings-worth of turf at the turf-yard."

"Och, then, sir, I may as well leave it with you so," replied the woman. "Where would I get one-an'-sixpence? The never a farthin' in the world-wide have I to pay for turf; an' how would I, with six children to provide for, an' no father over them since Christmas last?"

"Here's a sixpence for you," said a bystander. "But how are you to make up the rest of the money?"

"God will give it to me, never fear!" said the woman, as thanking the donor profusely, she walked briskly off with a beaming face.

The next morning she made her appearance again at the office.

"I'm come for the turf ticket, sir!" she cried; "an' here's the price of it;" holding up in great glee her one-and-sixpence. "Didn't I tell you God would give it to me? So He did; glory be His holy name! He never disappointed me yet."

A neighbour inquiring how it had come about, drew forth her little story.

"Why, you see," she said, "when I left this yesterday, I hadn't a spark of fire to boil the handful of potatoes the neighbours—long life to them—gave me for the children's suppers. So I went to the copse behind the village to try would I pick up any sticks or brambles that would serve me till such time as 'twas pleasing to the Lord to send me the price of the turf. Well sir, I had gathered a small bundle, when I looked up and saw a gentleman on horseback coming across the field over forenent me. There was a gate at the end of the field, an' he stopped when he came to it an' tried to open it. The horse was very contrairy, an' wouldn't stand for him all he could do, an' the gate was stiff moreover; so when I see that, I threw down the sticks an' ran to open it. 'T'was lucky I did, for the horse by this time was gettin' quite cross entirely.

'Wnere do you live, my good woman?' sez the gentleman, riding slow, an' I keepin' up with him.

"'Don't you see my little cabin, sir?' sez I; 'that's it by the roadside yonder.'

"'Is it that hut covered with the potato-stalks?' sez he, turning round on his saddle; 'without window or chimley in it, an' the smoke coming out through the top? Why, woman alive, that isn't fit for a pig, let alone a Christian, to live in!'

"'A pig is it sir? Why then, I wish I could show your honour the six beautiful children, God bless 'em! that I'm rearing in that cabin; every whole one of them with skins as white as snow, an' as fat as if three cows were milking morning an' night for them. I buried their father, rest his soul! the time of the cholera; an' I must strive now and do for them with the help of God, till they're big. Here's the road now sir; and there isn't another gate, so good morrow kindly;' for I was afeard o' my life some one might make away with my little bundle of sticks; an' I set off running back again towards the wood. The gentleman called out after me to ax what I was in such a hurry for.

"'Stop a minute,' sez he; 'an' here's something to help the six children.'

"With that he pulled out his purse an' threw a shilling down to me. The moment I saw it, I knew 'twas God sent it for the turf. I put it along with my sixpence, an' I'm come now for the ticket. We'll all be fine an' warm this many a day with such a sight of firing."

Another instance of the like simple piety is the case of a poor widow's son, taken down in her own words after the young man's death.

"I know," she said, "that 'tis a sin and a shame to misdoubt the great God. I often did misdoubt Him; but my poor Tom never did, for he said He was the true friend that would give him all he'd ask for.

"One day, just a week before he went to the hospital, he was sitting forenent the fire; and very weak and bad he was the same time, and the sleep hadn't closed his eyes for two nights. And 'O mother, asthore [dearest],' sez he, 'I'm destroyed with the thirst that's burning me up like a fire; and what will I do at all?' Well, I had nothing to give my poor child but the cold water, and that was not fit for him; and it was breaking my heart to look at him perishing for want of a drink, and his two cheeks like red coals with the fever that scorched him. I didn't answer him a word, for what could I say? and he got up from his chair and began walking to and fro in the cabin quite restless in his mind. Presently he went back to his place; and when I looked over at him, there he was sitting as patient as a lamb, and looking down at the fire contented and quiet.

"'Tis a poor case, Tom,' sez I, 'that your mother must see you in want of a drink, and not have a sup to give you to wet your lips, agra.'"

"'Oh, I'm easy now, mother,' sez he, and a smile like an angel's come over his face, for all 'twas so thin and so flushed: 'I'm easy now, for I've asked God to send me the drink, and I know He will soon."

"The word was hardly apast his lips when, as I was standing at the door, who should I see coming down the hill towards the cabin but the ladies from the great house! and 'O Tom,' I cried, 'here's the darlin' ladies coming to see you, and maybe they'll ask are you you thirsty, and will send you a dhrop.' Well, they come in, and sure enough, spoke very tender to him; and inquired how he was, and about the pains, and if he slept well at night, and whether he'd finished the book they'd lent him, and they'd send him another when that was done. But not one word all this time about the thirst! not one, though we were watchin an' watching in hopes they'd say something consarning it. The poor boy was shy of speaking about it; and so was myself—timorous for fear we'd be too troublesome.

"At last they turned to go away, and wished us a good-evening. The heart within me followed after them as they went out of the door, for the longing I had to ax for a drain of something I'd give my poor son. I hadn't the courage still to speak; so I went after the ladies, hoping it might yet come across their minds, and walked up the hill along with them a good piece of the road. It was a beautiful evenin'. The sun was setting behind the Shannon river; and I went as far as the old hawthorn tree, themselves talking to me all the way till we parted.

"It was with a sore heart I faced my poor boy again without any good news for him. 'Never fear, mother,' sez he; 'God is good! I'll never let go my hold on Him.' He didn't speak a word after that, for indeed he wasn't able, his mouth being parched with the drouth. I didn't like to be looking at him sitting there so patient and still, so I turned away and purtended to be dusting the things on the dresser; and just then when my back was turned to it, what should darken the door but the ladies' shadows! I thought the heart would jump clean out of me when I heard them tell Tom about a big jar of cooling drink they had above at the great house; and how they had come back to ax him would he like any, and that I was to go up for it!

"The minute they were gone, my poor Tom went down on his two knees and gave up his thanks to th' almighty God. 'For, mother dear,' sez he, 'It was *He* sent the ladies back. Didn't I tell you when I asked Him for it He'd surely give me the drink?'

"Ever after, when I was oneasy in myself or troubled, my poor fellow would bring up to me that evening. And now that he's cold in the clay, his words come across me often. And when black thoughts and misdoubting come into my mind, I think that I see his mild face, and hear him saying: 'God is good, mother! I'll never let go my hold on Him!'"

Furious Driving.

Is there no possibility of putting down that most dangerous custom of furious driving which prevails to such an extent in all the cities and towns of Canada? Now and then an unfortunate is taken before the Magistrate and fined a dollar or so, or sometimes dismissed with only an admonition. But such treatment will never even help to the abatement of the nuisance. If it so chanced that some prominent man were knocked down and severely hurt, not to say killed, something might be done. But so long as only ordinary people are operated upon it is apparently thought too bad to be hard on, it may be, a butcher boy hurrying along to have his master's customers supplied in due time for dinner. Even though there may be no actual injury, however, why should decent quiet people be put in bodily terror by these young scape-graces who are never so much in their glory as when driving at a break-neck pace along crowded thoroughfares with the pleasing conviction that if any don't wish to be ridden over, it will be necessary for them to look out. Surely pedestrians have *some* rights which ought to be respected by all the fraternity of the mounted whether on high pacing racers or on butchers' carts. We acknowledge that there is something very pleasurably exciting in a good hearty gallop, but there is a place for everything, and crowded streets do not afford the most desirable ground for such amusements

At a recent dinner of shoemakers the following toast was given:—"May we have all the men in the country to shoe, and all the women to boot."

Our Paris Letter.

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

Lovers of peace and common sense hoped even against hope that the Clerical party would consider its ways, and be wise, that it would not persist in waging war against liberalism and civil society. The Ultramontanes, spurning the advice of such a prudent Catholic as the Count de Falloux, that they had entered on a perilous crusade, and ought to moderate their conduct while it is yet time, decline to bury the hatchet. The episcopal bench has put on fresh war paint and feathers, and is marshalling for the march to its certain Waterloo. Not a better battle-field could be selected than France, to purge the Church of its political leaven and theocratic ideas for secular government. The contest will be long, bitter, and more wearisome than painful: but the victory will be complete this time. The Republic makes no war to religion, leaves every man to look after his own belief; but it will not allow any Church to be superior to the law of the land. The Bishops, by their conduct, are alienating the masses from the Church; it is notorious that the subscriptions for Peter's Pence have seriously diminished, that pilgrimages cease to draw, and miracles lack the miraculous. The country is calm, insists on all being equal before the law, indulges in no persecutions, and the Republic exacts from adversaries only what its own friends cheerfully enjoy. Secular education is making vast strides, the liberal press has almost crushed out Monarchal journalism, and Frenchmen commence to act and live like freemen. The Church ought to well note that repressive measures have succeeded against her in Germany, since she has solicited peace, the first.

The Republicans will remain spectators of the invectives and violences of the Bishops till after the Senatorial elections; then they will reply to the episcopacy through the budget, a very sensitive part with even the most muscular Christians. No grants will be voted until the Concordat be acted up to for many of its provisions it is well known, are violated. If the Bishops kick, they must be prepared for separation of Church from State, a consummation that the Protestant and Israelitish Churches, receiving national endowment, devoutly wish. French liberalism, in a word, invites the Church to render to Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's—leaving free as to the other rendering.

Jesus Christ entered Jerusalem on an ass, but the new Bishop of Marseilles, Mgr. Robert, declines to enter his city unless received with military honours, cannon salutes, and other stuff and nonsense, to which a musty law entitles him, as well as to every senator and deputy—legislators who have never dreamed of claiming the honours. The object of the Bishop is simply to provoke an *emuete* among the local Republicans, and so influence the senatorial elections. Gambetta hopes his townsmen will keep within doors till the ceremony be over, reminding them that they laugh best who laugh last. The Government prayed the Bishop not to insist on his obsolete rights, but he declined to accede. Some priests in their Sunday sermons describe the Government as a *crapule*—debauchery—in power.

Frenchmen would laugh at all this at another moment, but they are girding themselves up to deal vigorously with the evil. Then commercial prospects are gloomy and the future dark. They fear the Caboul may extend to a European question; they blame Russia very roundly, and avow that England must adopt towards the Czar's creature the Emir, Napoleon's maxim, "strike quick and strike strong." *Rentcles* are now-a-days as dangerous as bloated armaments. The Czar has no budget, save of deficits; his *materiel* of war is well used, the social condition of his vast empire seethes with socialisms; hence, conclude the French, Russia's difficulty is England's opportunity—since the elephant and the whale can at last find a ring, let them have it out, though Afghanistan bear the blows. A special commissioner from Gambetta's paper, has made the tour of the Danubian provinces; he compares the regions to so many powder magazines, and met not a single person that believed in the duration of peace, as regulated at Berlin.

The Algerian colony is materially prosperous, but the administration is very bad; the officials are anti-republican to the backbone, and the home government appears unable to correct the incongruity. The Augean stable is far from being cleaned; Gambetta will accomplish the herculean talk.

There is a desire to retain parts of the Exhibition structure on the Champ de Mars, but the matter does not rest either with the Commissioners or with the Cabinet; the contractors own the building when the show is ever, and they demand more than the price of old iron for the facades and wings. The reports of all the authorized congresses have been stenographed, and the government will publish the proceedings in a score of blue books; so all that is known as technical questions in general, from an international point of view, will be thus concentrated and preserved; the lotteries are going off well; the first prize for the second lottery consists of a set of diamonds valued at 100,000fr., or that sum in cash. Respecting the cast of the live woman, a lamably excited by a Polish professor, exhibited in the Russian court, it was taken in sections and afterwards rejoined; the photo of the young woman is equally exposed, and the likeness is correct. There is a momentary cessation in the grambling on the part of these exhibitors who have not been awarded a prize, or if so, one not in proportion to merit. The decision of the jurees are being seriously revised, so that many who are last may yet prove to be first, and those ignored covered with an honour. There are some amusing attempts to catch the public eye on the part of exhibitors; one promises a syringe for white-washing fruit trees at a reduction of 33 per cent. in price, to every person who gains a lottery prize; Switzerland has inaugurated the plan of selling jewellery by the yard; one can purchase as many feet of watch chains and ear-rings as you please; a friend of humanity has addressed his prospectus to the members of the Blind Men's Congress, wherein he advocates, that old maids and very plain girls ought to be married to blind husbands, who are proverbial for their patience, mildness, and docility.

Belgium is admitted to be the first as regards scholastic exhibits; indeed there is no dissenting voice as to creditable display in all her sections: her neighbour, Holland, is also worthy of praise; she shows a collection of wax figures of peasants, that amuse the crowd as much as a doll that cries ma and pa; but there is ever a good deal of the infant in man; an assistant is always brushing the figures to keep off dust, for the Dutch are renowned for their cleanliness, which cynics say they are forced to be, owing to their humid climate, where if moth did not at least rust, would corrupt. There are cities in America where a nip of brandy cannot be had for love or money; there are towns in Holland where it is prohibited—it is said—to expectorate on the street. The scholastic exhibits are superior, and there is the model of an hospital at Utrecht opened for the relief of the wounded soldiers of every nationality; the advantages of the establishment are lost for the Russians and Turks—Utrecht is too distant from the Balkans, and totally useless for the Emir of Caboul. Holland is rich in cattle; she has more stalled cattle than men, hence the importance of the rhinderpest, and explains the presence of anatomical preparations of cow's tongues attacked with the plague, as also their flesh. After this object lesson on pestiferous beefsteaks, command a chateaubriand at the Cafe Anglais. Clay pipes for smokers are as numerous as the sands of the sea, and beside them are four figures in wax or tallow, representing the cardinal points, or one-third of the apostles: it is rumoured the jury have awarded the prize for statuary to these plastic works of art.

The Palace of Industry is nearly ready for the distribution of the prizes on the 21st of October; the ceremony will be gorgeous; the Exhibition will remain open one month longer to allow the public to see the goods that have won the prizes, but this sop is not highly relished: the crowds will have returned to their homes, to chat over the marvels by the winter's fireside.

The accredited organ of the army calls upon the Government to deal at once with a serious evil; there are generals in command unable to do duty from illness; one commander of a *corps d'armee* cannot sit on horseback; a general has not seen his division since several years; some generals of brigade were missing, and three or four colonels were absent during the late autumn manœuvres. If a war were to be declared, where could the chiefs be found? Gambetta had a thousand times reason when he lately demanded that the reorganization of the army was a serious matter, and required to be immediately dealt with.

It is rumoured that religious strife is on the increase; that friendships are being dissolved and family ties broken up; the Clericals are accused of urging exclusive trading, and refusing to advance matrimonial alliances where one of the high contracting parties be tainted with impenitent liberalism. Protestants keep aloof from the quarrel, but do not conceal their sympathies for liberty. They have just obtained redress for a grievance of long standing; female prisoners of the Protestant religion were up to the present under the control of nuns; they have now been provided with a special penitentiary at Dmoullens for themselves. The next question to be resolved is that of exempting Protestant and Jewish soldiers from assisting at the celebration of mass and presenting arms during the Elevation of the Host. Were this elimination effected, it is not unlikely that the rendering of military honours to one of the three subsidized religions would fall to the lot of free-thinkers.

The captive balloon has been provided with a new rope, proof that wear and tear tells on the cordage, and that a snap sometime during a sudden squall is on the cards. There would be no danger for the voyagers; at least it is so suspected until disproved. In the meantime the public crowd more than ever to enjoy the trip, and tickets have to be taken several days in advance; there is work for a second balloon. The captive is engaged to work near Londen next year, provided the government does not extend the privilege of the Tuileries at a rent of 100,000fr, for the season of 1879. M. Giffard is manufacturing a balloon similar to the captive for the United States.

The postmen are now provided with *golons*, or stripes, on their rakish kepis; each stripe represents a series of years of service, entitling to increased pay, and a choice, by rotation, of the least difficult beats in the city, and where, of course, the fattest New Year's gifts are to be obtained. The buss-drivers and conductors are to be subjected to the *golon* system also, and a writer advocates that the plan be applied to the teachers of the national schools, whom the State ought to supply with uniforms, as they do materials for education, and houses wherein the masters can reside.

Pedicures ought to look sharp; the Government is to name a commission to examine as to the best kind of boot to be worn by the soldiers, who in the matter of corns suffer horribly. One corn-cutter in Paris has all the corns he extracted from the feet and hands of celebrities, ranged and classed under a glass case, recalling very much an entomological collection. What strikes the visitor most is the number and size of those extracted from persons in high society, and who are in a position to command any description of boot.

Paris is to have its "Casual Ward;" it has been found that the number of persons who have no home, and who are compelled to sleep along the highways and byways, is not stranger to the increasing midnight attacks on homes and individuals; hence, the casual ward with a dose of work to reform manners. The Foundling Hospital will also be re-established; there is a happy decrease in the number of infanticides, but then child desertions are more numerous. The abandoned little strangers are, as a rule, remarkable for their beauty and robustness, hence, why the infants are so frequently adopted. Child-adoption in France exists very considerably.

Quite a flood of societies, an emption, in fact, of industrial "schemes" are announced, and that are sure to follow in the tail of the Exhibition; they have the merit of keeping the detectives occupied making inquiries as to solvency and loyalty.

The Bishop of Orleans lately visited a parish, and, as usual gave his signet ring to be kissed; a little fellow drew back, avoided the extended hand, concluding the Bishop wished to take his umbrella.

PARIS, France, September 28th, 1878.

Patti and Her Lover.

Olive Logan writes from England: The qualities of quiet, seclusion, and even dullness are the precise attributes which attracted Adelina Patti to Bridgend, Wales. The *diva* queen is so well known that a sojourn in any watering-place, however little frequented usually, is not pleasant to her, because she instantly becomes the cynosure of neighboring eyes in the most annoying way. Last summer she tried Ilfracombe, on the Devonshire coast, and two days after the announcement in the papers that she and Nicolini had arrived there was not a room vacant in the large hotel, which generally has to do a good deal of advertising to attract a fair share of patronage. The summer before Adelina went to Dinan, Brittany, where Nicolini's father and mother still keep the inn—the village *auberge* where, it is said, the tenor cooked many a dinner in the brioktiled kitchen before he bloomed and blossomed into a lyric artist and the lover of the most celebrated prima donna of the age. Dinan is a secluded spot, picturesque and cheap. After Paul came it gained in picturesqueness to the extent of her pretty person, but it lost much of its seclusion and all of its cheapness.

Here at Bridgend it is impossible for the rabble to intrude on Patti's privacy. She has rented for the summer a quaint, romantic old mansion, known from time immemorial as Waterton Hall, a rambling old place, which looks a fitting *locale* for the enactment of those ghostly scenes which sometimes happen in lone country houses, and whose story when told by Charlotte Bronte or Wilkie Collins, make cold shivers run down one's back.

As soon as she arrived at Waterton Hall Patti took pains to disseminate the information that she neither desired to receive nor to make calls. The announcement was unnecessary. The presence of Nicolini's mother in the house with them only adds to the social outrage of the situation, in the opinion of people who are virtuous and respectable, and who if they were not, have too much regard for the proprieties to thus flout those *convenances* which form the basis of the social structure. The comments made by people I talk with here are very bitter.

"Everyone feels," said one lady, "that Adelina Patti gave a deliberate insult to every wife and mother who had received her at her home, or who had been received by her—from the Princess of Wales to the virtuous Titiens, her fellow-artist—by her lawless conduct with Nicolini. She has declined to be separated from him for a single day since her trouble with De Caux; she will not sing with any other support; she insists on arrangements at hotels being made in such a way that it is said landlords have actually declined to accept their patronage. All this is sheer madness, desperation deviltry—call it what you will; but in any case it is social self-destruction. If her conduct in public had been otherwise, hundreds of people would have disbelieved De Caux's charges, and she would have had an array of adorers, male and female, who would have espoused her cause, and whatever the real facts, would have proclaimed her a spotless creature, foully maligned by a wicked, and dissolute French husband."

In the early days of their stay at Bridgend Patti and Nicolini were so enraptured with the quaint and novel beauty of Welsh scenery that they spoke of purchasing a residence in the principality, and made several visits to properties which are in the market with a view to buying. The estate which more than any other struck their fancy was the picturesquely situated abode known as Craig-y-nos castle, at Ystradgulas, and almost a bargain was made for this lordly home, but it fell through, and, as the weeks wear on Paul is said to like Wales less and less. Local committies bore her to sing for eisteddfods, and tradespeople charge her double price for everything, because, as they say, she is not a real country lady, but a foreign singes, whom the gentry do not visit. But I fear another reason for this state of feeling, among a population of Welsh dissenters, is that *la diva* passes hours kneeling and praying in the papist church. A foreign woman who has got a husband in France (though divorced) and a lover here in Wales and who is moreover, a papist, yet holds her head high, and is too good to sing at an eisteddfod—well, the least an honest Welshman can do to express his disapproval is to charge a long price for whatever she buys.

With the end of September Patti's summer holiday is up. She and Nicolini make a short concert tour in the British province, prior to proceeding to Berlin in October, where they open the opera season.

"MAY it please your honour," exclaimed a juryman, "I am deaf in one ear." "Then you may be excused, as it is necessary for a juror to *hear both sides*," said the judge.

A KENTUCKY editor says a neighbour of his is so lazy that when he works in the garden he moves about so slowly that the shade of his broad-brimmed hat kills the plants.

A LITTLE girl from Schenectady, after noticing for some time the glittering gold filling in her aunt's front teeth, exclaimed: "Aunt Mary, I wish I had copper-toed teeth like yours!"

THE young Duke of Norfolk is grand landlord of nearly all Sheffield, the home of cutlery, and has a place called Sheffield farm in the neighbourhood. In honour of his marriage he gave last week a magnificent ball there to 900 guests. When the leases fall in, his income from Sheffield will exceed $1,500,000.

The Gambling Nuisance.

Now that the excitement has cooled down, and the better class of American papers, and more sensible among the American people admit that the recent boat race was lost and won on its merits, it may not be amiss to turn our attention to one particular phase of the race which has been, in no small degree, the cause of all the ugly rumours which have been so industriously circulated.

The gambling nuisance, which has been sucking the very life-blood out of all our manly sports and pastimes, has of late years, come to such a pass that now people inevitably suspect a gambling trick in any widely-advertised trial of skill. This is what has killed baseball as a national game in the States, for when, as sometimes happens, a player is found playing foul in order that his onponents may falsely win, respectable people cease to take an interest in the game; the club gains a bad name for "jockeying," and finally retires in bad odour, like a fraudulent insurance company. Our national game of lacrosse has hitherto been singularly free from the evil, but the leprosy has made its appearance, and if not stamped out at once will eat its way in, until it becomes incurable. Horse racing, here, as in England and in the States, has suffered more than any sport from the gambling nuisance, and may now be said to be pretty much in the hands of thieves and blacklegs, who jockey the race as they please. And now our aquatic sports seem to be in danger of falling into the same undesirable hands.

Among the many fruitful sources of much chicanery, dishonesty and quarrelling, what is known as "gate money" is one of the most prolific. The mere mention of the word will give the reader a glimpse into the machinery of these so-called trials of skill and endurance. On the face of things well-known athletes, or baseball clubs, or cricketers, are pitted against each other in a friendly contest of skill, but the first mercenary element in the affair, it appears, is the adjustment of the question, Who shall have the "gate-money?" Naturally, this money is usually divided between the principals engaged. But there is very likely to be a struggle for the lion's share. Next, since it is fixed that people must pay to go in and see the show, whatever it is, there is a frequent attempt to arrange a contest for the mere sake of gathering "gate-money" for the managers.

It is not necessary here to charge that the backers of a famous pedestrian may combine with those who profess to befriend another, in order to arrange for a walking-match as a mere exhibition. This sort of thing is done so often that everybody is willing to admit that it is probably the case in any given instance. The natural tendency of things is toward just such a use of a trial of skill. The "challenge," and all the preliminaries are arranged with a view to misleading the public. The men are tolerably well matched, and there is some desire on the part of the public to see them walk together. But the "purse" is a myth. The walkers and their managers divide the gate-money, and the latter usually contrive to pocket a few dollars by inducing bets on either or both men. And where the betting begins is the beginning of trouble. In many of the so-called contests of skill, hundreds and thousands of people are gulled. Men who gamble on a boat race, or baseball match, or on any of the games in which skill and strength are determining qualities, need not complain if they are "sold out" by the managers of the alleged contest. The outrage is in the destruction of public confidence in the management of what should be a manly sport. And it is an outrage to allure throngs of people to look upon a pretended struggle which is a fraud from beginning to end. The odds being, of course, in favour of one or other of the men, the managers of the contestants will combine, and after securing all the bets they can, arrange that the favourite shall lose the race. The sharp managers divide the harvest. So it sometimes happens that a renowned athletic club, or a champion oarsman, wrestler or walker, is suddenly and unexpectedly defeated. It was more for the interests of the managers that the favourite should be beaten than that he should win. The defeated club, or champion, is consoled with bank-notes for loss of prestige. This is always regained after awhile. The public readily forgets and forgives.

The "gate-money" device is bad enough, but when it comes to the farce of making the result of a race depend upon the drift of the gambling, all such contests are necessarily regarded with suspicion and disfavour. There have been many well-known cases where this was done. In Massachusetts, the other day, the men who bet their money on Reagan, the oarsman, were so exasperated by his defeat that they threatened to kill Davis, the victor, because they thought that the latter man had unfairly managed the race. And in view of the many instances in which this has been done, their anger was only natural. Looking at it from the same point, it is hardly to be wondered at that many of Courtney's backers should have felt so bad over his defeat; and although it may now be said that Courtney and his managers are clearly exonerated from the charge of false dealing, the rumours which arose only showed how terribly public confidence has been shaken.

It is a pretty hard case when lovers of manly out-door sports are obliged to see their favourite games degraded to be the mere tools of a gambler's evil trade. Men will gamble on the result of the most trivial incidents, and they cannot be prevented from betting on trials of skill, where the victory hangs in a doubtful scale. Something, however, can be done to prevent our favourite pastimes falling entirely into the hands of sharpers. The evil has increased to such an extent that some radical remedy is required to stay its course; and unless something is done quickly, an alleged trial of skill will be as contemptuously shunned as the antics of a sideshow thimble-rigger.

All Sorts.

What's in a Name?

Miss Green is a regular blue,
Miss Scarlet looks pale as a lily,
Miss Violet ne'er shrinks from view,
And Miss Wisem thinks all the men silly;
Miss Wright she is constantly wrong,
Miss Tickell, alas! is not funny,
Miss Singer ne'er warbled a song,
And in truth poor Miss Cash has no money;
Miss Knight is now changed into Day,
And Miss Day will soon marry a knight;
Miss Prudence has just run away,
And Miss Steady a-sisted her flight.
But success to the fair, one and all,
No miss-apprehension be making—
Though wrong the dear sex to miss-call,
There's no harm, let us hope, in miss-taking.

BEST countersign—"No trust."

THE earth is dirty, but the sea is clean.

PREFERRED creditors—Those who don't dun.

A BOOK should be luminous, but not voluminous.

HIGHDRAWLICS—The long-drawn accents of fashionable swells.

IF your foot is asleep, wake it up quickly, for the poet tells us that the sole is dead that slumbers.

"DYING in poverty," says our cynic, "is nothing. It is living in poverty that comes hard on a fellow."

SELF-CONTRADICTORY FACT.—When you have spent your last florin you can boast of a lack of rupees.

WERE Russia's expectations as to the results of the Eastern war realized?—No; they were Disraelized.

IF a woman were to change her sex, why could she no longer be a Christian? Because she would be a he(a)then.

TENNESSEE hires out convicts to work on railroads, which looks like offering a premium for them to make tracks.

THE editor of a backwoods paper is reported to have disovered a new Testament on his desk the other day. He at once wrote an elaborate review of it, and was very much disappointed when the foreman brought his copy back and told him it was not a new book.

THE following is from a school inspection:—The Inspector asked young Nokes what a transparent object was. "A body you can see through," was the reply. "Very well; give me an example." "A pane of glass, sir." "Right! Now, Atkins, you give me another example." "A keyhole, sir."

ONE of the loveliest of England's historical characters, Florence Nightingale, now sixty years of age, lives in London almost a prisoner to her room, so ill is she. She wrote lately in a letter to a friend: "Overworked as I am, my health is necessarily bad. Thank God, who still give me work to do for Him."

"HAVE you a card, sir?" asked the doorkeeper of the house. The man looked up a little surprised, and answered: "Card? No; I don't carry a pack." "Where are you from?" inquired the doorkeeper. "Nothe Carlisy," was the reply. "What do you do down in North Carolina when you go a-visiting? Don't you send in a card to the man you want to see?" "The Tarheel" laughed outright. "Lor' a massy!" he exclaimed. "Why, we ride up to a feller's fence and holler to him to tie his dog, and then we light up and go in."

THE study of the English language has become a passion among the intelligent natives in India. Their mastery of it is "wonderful." Here is a specimen. It is a letter written by a native military official to his commanding officer. "Honoured Sir,—Having been amputated from my family for some years, and as I have complaints of the abdomen coupled with great conflagrations of the internals, and prostration of all desire for work, with also the disgorging of my dinner, I hope your highness will excuse me attending at orderly room for ten or nine more days, and in duty bound shall ever pray for the salubricity of your temper and the enlargement of your family.—The Commanding Officer, ——."

A LITTLE boy recently astonished a traveller by his power of putting questions. The traveller was then going north; on his southward journey he did a little bit of the distance by water, and on the deck of the steamer heard a young girl questioning her aunt. The discourse went thus: "Is this fresh water, auntie?" "Yes, dear." "Did the rain make all that water?" "No, darling." "Why didn't the rain make all that water?" "Oh, the rain couldn't." "Why couldn't the rain?" "You can't understand that." "Why can't I understand that?" "Never mind; auntie's head aches." "What makes your head ache?" "The heat." "What makes the heat?" "The sun." "What is the sun?" "I shan't answer such a foolish question about things you ought to know." The little dear thereat tried another and quite a different line. "What makes horses' bones?" "I don't know." "Are they like your bones, auntie?" "Of course not." "Why not?" "Oh, keep still." "How could I keep still?" "Think of a powder in jam." "What for?" "For nothing." "Auntie, did you ever see a little dickey-bird lift up its tail and sing?" "Yes, dear." "Where?" "In the wood." "What wood?" "Our wood." "Was Mr. M'Dermot with you?" "Silence, you little wretch." "Why little wretch?" Just then the boat bumped against the pier, and the inquisitive young lady was knocked over on to the deck, which made her nose bleed profusely, and the traveller, happy thereat, landed.

Cut this Out—It May Save Your Life.

There is no person living but what suffers more or less with Lung Disease, Coughs, Colds or Consumption, yet some would die rather than pay 75 cents for a bottle of medicine that would cure them. Dr. A. Rosehee's German Syrup has lately been introduced in this country from Germany, and its wondrous cures astonish every one that try it. If you doubt what we say in print, cut this out and take it to your Druggist, and get a sample bottle for 10 cents and try it, or a regular size for 75 cents.

Business Items.

No worm medicines have given such universal satisfaction as Freeman's Worm Powders.

THE man who sold a valuable claim in the Nevada mining regions for a paper of tobacco "didn't know it was loded."

FOR all purposes of a family liniment, Hagyard's Yellow Oil will be found invaluable. Immediate relief will follow its use in all cases of pain in the stomach, bowels, or side: rheumatism, colic, colds, sprains and bruises. For internal and external use. It has no equal in the World for what it is recommended. For sale by all dealers at 25c. a bottle.

A COUGH, a cold, or a sore throat, requires immediate attention and should be checked. If allowed to continue, irritation of the lungs, a permanent throat disease, or consumption, is often the result. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, having a direct influence on the parts, gives immediate relief. For Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, consumptive and throat diseases, the Balsam is always used with good success. For sale by all dealers.

THE ladies unanimously vote Cooper's Shirts the best made.