

ADRIENNE.

A quaint little town where the sun ever shines,
In the soul of the peasants' Normandy—
Where they bleach the linen and press the vines,
And all is loving and gaiety.

Ah, this the place where I spent my years,
Till, stirred one day by the rumours of men,
The rising of hearts, the women in tears,
I kissed adieu to my Adrienne.

And the thousand spirits that marched that day
From the village heart to a battle song,
Did each with a loved one's memory stay,
And the backward glance was sweetly long.

A ribbon of blue and a braid of soft hair,
A locket of gold, and a woman's fair face,
I took with me—and a sweetheart's prayer,
In the trembling clasp of a last embrace.

Lips cannot move to the harrowing theme,
Hearts dare not dwell on the sick'ning tale;
Remembrance of war is a blood-chilled dream,
But the part therein is of Death's own pale.

The day we came home, as we neared the town,
The odour of incense was everywhere;
The doors were closed, and the flags were down,
And a sorrowful silence weighed the air.

The welcome of loves men had hoped to meet
Was a sad hand-pressure and weeping eyes;
And the slow procession that filled the street
Was the mover of many sympathies.

We joined the steps of the tearful crowd—
My sweetheart true I could nowhere see;
We reached the chapel—all heads were bowed—
But the service included a prayer for me!

O God! Then they told me how she had died
Of a broken heart, for she'd seen my name
On the list of killed, and her love, sore tried,
Gave way. Some pitied me, some did blame.

Yes, yes, I have lost her and Life's light too;
But I hear the old trumpet of nights, and then—
As my wounds are many, my days may be few—
There's a hope I am going to Adrienne.

PAUL MICHEL.

FOR EVERYBODY.

An Incident Of The Commune.

The following incident occurred to M. Recurt, Minister of the Interior, who was a surgeon during the insurrection in Paris. He passed behind one of the barricades with the captors, and found forty men lying on the ground in the blood and mire. "Ah!" said he, "this is in my line;" and he very composedly took out a case of instruments. The effect of this action was electrical—the whole of the forty prostrate insurgents rose up as one man and took to their heels.

The Name Of Thackeray.

Thackeray's name is claimed by a recent writer to be of Norman origin, being a corruption of Tanqueray or Tankere in Normandy. This, however, is contradicted, on the ground that the *th* sound in the name is English, and not Norman French. Another writer notes the spelling Thackway. Here the latter syllable "way" is thought to be connected with the Anglo-Saxon word "wreon," to cover, and the assumption is that Thackeray may be translated "one who covers with thatch," and therefore that Thatcher and Thackeray are of common origin.

Scientific Spiritualism.

Sir Charles Wheatstone recently exhibited some curious electrical experiments for the amusement of his friends, which would seem to throw some light on certain so-called "spiritualistic manifestations." In a dark room, by a stamp of his foot, Sir Charles produced a brilliant crown of electric light in mid-air, while musical instruments seemed to be played by invisible hands, whereas the sounds really came from an adjoining room in which the player sat, and were made to appear to be produced by the instruments before the spectators by an ingenious contrivance.

Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

Worshippers of Tennyson have during the last day or two received an unexpected shock in the publication by the *Saturday Review* of some verses published so far back as 1783, which bear internal evidence that the metre of *In Memoriam* can no longer be described as Tennysonian. The verses quoted by the *Saturday* show too a resemblance to *In Memoriam* not in metre alone. They were written by Lord Herbert of Chesham, of whom it is said, that when Horace Walpole discovered his autobiography and read it with the poet Gray to amuse Lady Waldegrave, "they could not get on with it for laughing and screaming."

Improved Railway Lamp.

The gold medal of the Society of Arts or twenty guineas is offered for an improved lamp or means of illumination, suitable for railway passenger carriages, that shall produce a good, clear, steady, durable, and safe light. It must be simple in construction, and capable of being readily cleaned and repaired. In judging the merits, cost will be taken into consideration. Specimens in a condition suitable for trial to be sent in to the society's house not later than the 1st November, 1874. The council reserve to themselves the right of withholding the medal or premium offered, if, in the opinion of the judges, none of the articles sent in competition are deserving of reward.

Alexander Pope An Old Catholic.

Pope, the poet, in a letter to the Bishop of Rochester (November 1717), says:—"I am not a Papist, for I renounce the temporal invasion of the Papal power, and detest their arrogant authority over princes and states. I am a Catholic in the strictest sense of the word. If I was born under an absolute prince, I would be a quiet subject; but, I thank God, I was not. I have a due sense of the excellence of the British Constitution. In a word, the things I have always wished to see are not a Roman Catholic, French Catholic, or a Spanish Catholic, but a true Catholic; and not a king of Whigs, or a king of Tories, but a king of England, which God of his mercy grant his present Majesty may be, and all future majesties."

Newspaper Copyright.

The "Printing Times" advocates a "newspaper copyright." It says, the thing to be done "is to enact a twenty-four hours copyright for all newspapers. This would prevent the appropriation of news both by evening papers and by those who furnish the commercial newrooms of the country with information (which is really taken earlier) from carrying out practices which however legal, certainly inflict a very serious amount of injustice. . . . We draw the line here—that whether another man's brains are used they ought to be paid for either directly or indirectly; and we do not approve of the telegraphing to the country papers the body of fact and opinion which has cost the London paper probably ten times as much as it would cost the agency who sent it out."

"Keep Cool."

An exchange gives the following directions for "keeping cool":—"Never go in the sun; it heats the blood. Food is fuel, and furnishes heat; eat no food. Clothes prevent the escape of heat from the body; wear none, or only a loose shirt and drawers. Work heats the system; do nothing. Sit in a draft. Reading, talking, and thinking generate heat; do none of these things. Bathe every hour of the day, and take a shower bath between. Wear a cap with ice in it. Sit with your feet in a tub of ice-water. Call your wife or daughters when you want anything; it is a cool operation. Drink iced tea, lemonade, plain soda, etc.; have a cool stream running in all the while. By observing these simple directions one can get along without going away, unless the effect sends him off."

Mr. Spurgeon on Ritualism.

Mr. Spurgeon recently delivered himself thus at Accrington on the subject of Ritualism:—"If there ever was a time when Christians ought to be awake it is now. We are fast getting to be a heathen country. A heathenism of the worst kind is coming over us. I will tell you what it is. The heathens of old used to take a tree, and cut from it a piece, and out of that piece would make a fire which should boil the kettle and bake bread; and another piece they would stick up, pray to it, and call it a god. Now, the heathens of the present day do this. They take a piece of dough; one part of the contents of the miller's sack they make a pudding of, and of the other they make a wafer; then they say, 'This is our god,' and they worship it; and when they have worshipped it, they eat it—what I never heard of any other heathen ever doing."

Another French "Fact."

A French "fact" about Hyde Park is given in the *Vie Parisienne*:—"On Hyde Park Terrace," says our clever contemporary, "is to be seen a house surmounted by a large glass case. The history of that case is curious enough, and shows how the English strictly observe the law. An Englishman having married a widow with several children, declared that the latter would have the right to remain there so long as he himself was on the spot. The Englishman died, and the children forthwith had him embalmed and placed in the glass case in question. The family of the deceased brought an action for ejectment against the children of the widow he married, but failed, owing to the fact that the Englishman had not stipulated anything about his body being dead or alive, and as it still remains on the spot the children are the rightful possessors of the house."

"Suitable Action."

Some witnesses in giving their evidence in a court of justice have a queer habit of accompanying their words by what elocutionists call "suitable action." We have heard of a man who, being pressed by an advocate to "show how the defendant had struck the complainant," dealt the unfortunate legal gentleman a heavy blow on the temple, saying, innocently, that that was "just like it." Recently at the Rotherham Quarter Sessions, a lady-witness in a pocket-picking case was asked to say what the prosecutrix did to the prisoner when she missed her purse, and illustrated her explanation by putting her arms round the neck of the crier of the court, who was sitting by her side. The gentleman thus favoured entered heartily into the spirit of the joke, and looked up lovingly into the witness's face, whereupon magistrates, counsellors, and spectators laughed without restraint.

England's Subserviency To Lorddom.

In 1851 the late Jules Janin, commonly called the "Prince of Critics," was sent over to London, as correspondent of a Parisian journal, for the purpose of describing the Great Exhibition. The Exhibition did not wholly engage his mind, and at times he employed his valuable hours in philosophising on the character of the English, and despatching the result of his observation and meditation to the editor at home. One of these precious results was that, going into the City, he saw on the front of the Royal Exchange an inscription, which read "The Earth is the Lord's," and which he at once transferred into his note-book. There it appeared as "La terre est aux Seigneurs"—The earth is for lords—and such was the translation forwarded to France by the journalist. "In other words," says Janin, "you may see by this that not even the merchant prince of the English can free himself from a degrading subserviency to the aristocracy—to the House of Lords."

A Collision With A Cattle Fish.

The Italian papers give a circumstantial account of a collision said to have occurred between a schooner of 1500 and a gigantic cattle fish. The master of the schooner, James Floyd,

tells his story. His vessel, the "Pearl," was becalmed in the bay off Galle, when he saw not far off an enormous mass rise out of the water. It was like the back of a whale, only more sloping. The master fired a shot into it. The hideous monster turned over and swam swiftly towards the ship in jerks, struck it with force enough to shake it from stem to stern, reared up its monstrous arms "like trees," seized the ship, and dragged it over on its beam ends. The crew, six in number, cut and slashed at the arms with axes and knives, but in vain. The cattle fish dragged down the ship, crushing one of the crew between one of its arms and the deck; another of the crew was also lost; the remainder, including the master, were picked up by the steamer "Stratiowen," whose master had witnessed through a telescope the sudden sinking of the "Pearl," and steamed to the rescue.

Curious Craving.

Dr. Ludolf Von Gardenfeldt tells the following as a true one:—"Once I was gathering plants in a small forest near Moslen. Suddenly I came upon a man who was lying on the ground, and whom I at first supposed to be dead. On drawing near to him, however, I perceived that he was still alive, but in a fainting state. Vigorously I shook him; at last he opened his eyes, and asked me, in a lamentable and scarcely audible voice, whether I had any snuff with me? When I gave a negative answer, he fell back into his former condition. I now went in search of snuff, and was fortunate enough to meet a peasant, who kindly came with me to the fainting man, and gave him some pinches of snuff. The man soon recovered, and then he told me that he had to travel a certain distance as a messenger; and, on starting in the morning, had forgotten to take his snuff-box. As he went along, so violent became the craving for snuff, that he was completely exhausted, and had fallen down in a swoon at the spot where I found him. But for my opportune arrival, he said that he must surely have died."

Mr. Beecher's Horsemanship.

Mr. Beecher's knowledge of horsemanship, if gossip is to be trusted, was not always so great as it is at present. About four years ago Robert Bonner either sold him or helped him to buy a pair of bay mares. After the purchase Mr. Beecher hitched them before a carriage, and in company with some members of his family drove them to Peekskill, a distance by road of over fifty miles, in a remarkably short time. One of the horses died two hours after his arrival at his farm, and the feet of the other are permanently injured. She is now known in the place as the "Beecher mare," and belongs to a saloon keeper named Hudson. Before Mr. Beecher sold her he tried hard to cure her feet. Mr. Bonner went up there and he and Mr. Beecher drove a poor blacksmith almost to profanity. They kept him at work all one day on the mare's feet. Mr. Bonner took a seat near the blacksmith and superintended the work. "Pare the frog off about one-sixteenth of an inch on that side," "Now cut down the outside," "Drive that nail a little more out," and a hundred similarly minute directions were given by the owner of Dexter in a manner to compel obedience, but it was of no use. The mare still has tender feet.

Francis Jeffrey And His MSS.

He never took up his pen till the candles were lit; and, like Sheridan, and Byron, and Charles Lamb, he did most of his work in those fatal hours of inspiration from ten at night till two or three o'clock in the morning. Adopted originally, perhaps, from the exigencies of his profession, Jeffrey continued his habits of study and of work all through his life; and the only disagreeable incident attending his elevation to the bench was, at least in his own estimation, the hard necessity it imposed upon him of breakfasting now and then at eight o'clock in the morning. His manuscript was inexpressibly vile; for he wrote with great haste, wrote, that is, as most men do whose thoughts outrun their pens, generally used a wretched pen, for he could never cut a quill, and altered, erased, and interlined without the slightest thought either of the printer or his correspondent. Sydney Smith was always quizzing Jeffrey upon his scrawl. "How happy I should be," he says, in one of his notes, "if you would but dictate your letters, and not write them yourself. I can scarcely ever read them!" He gives a description in another of the sort of perplexities he got into in trying to puzzle out Jeffrey's manuscript. "I have tried to read it from left to right, and Mrs. Sydney from right to left, and we neither of us can decipher a single word of it." Constable's printers followed Jeffrey's copy as Scotch terriers follow their quarry, by scent, for it was impossible for any of them to put two sentences together by sight.

A Freemasonic Opera.

A writer in the London *Figaro* says: "Mozart was, it is well-known, an ardent Freemason, and the 'Magic Flute' was, it is said, written for the glorification of the Order at a time when Masonry was persecuted by both Church and State. Goethe, in the second part of 'Faust,' alludes to this hypothesis, and it must be admitted that those who are accorded the material blessing of Masonic light will not be slow to unravel some of its apparently most unintelligible passages. Taking the Temple of Osiris and Isis as a Masonic Lodge, the *Queen of Night* as an enemy to the Order (a probable allusion to Queen Maria Theresa), *Sarastro* as Worshipful Master, *Tamino* as the Emperor Joseph II (a friend to Masonry), *Pamina* as the Austrian people who are wedded at length to Masonry in the person of Joseph II., and the riddle is explained at once. Those who have been initiated will recognize immediately the preliminary questions of the Priest and the command of *Sarastro*, 'Lead these two young strangers to the Temple of Probation. Cover their heads, for they must first be purified.' Again, in the scene of the Initiation, in Act 2, the harangue of *Sarastro*, 'Tamino is the son of a king, he waits at the northern door of our Temple; in short, he wishes to tear off the veil of darkness and gaze into the sanctuary of light.' The scene between the *Speaker* and *Papageno*, with the preliminary questions, the three trials, and the ultimate destination of the Temple of Light, are allusions too plain to escape the notice of Freemasons. It needs not the assertion that Mozart the composer, Schikaneder the presumed, and Gieseke the real librettist, were all ardent Freemasons; the allusions are sufficient to fully establish the fact of the opera being written in view of the Order. As Mozart is said to have expressed it, the work was perfectly plain to the initiated."