

IN HOLDERNESS.

The wind blew over the barley, the wind blew over the wheat,
Where the scarlet poppy toss'd her head, with the bindweed at her feet;
The wind blew over the great blue sea, in the golden August weather,
Till the tossing corn and the tossing waves show'd shadow and gleam
together.

The wind blew over the barley, the wind blew over the oats,
The lark sprung up to the sunny sky, and shook his ringing notes,
Over the wealth of the smiling land, the sweep of the glittering sea.
"Which is the fairest?" he sang, as he soared o'er the beautiful
rivalry.

And with a fuller voice than the wind, a deeper tone than the bird,
Came the answer from the solemn sea, that Nature, pausing, heard,
"The corn will be garner'd, the lark will be hush'd, at the frown of
the wintry weather,
The sun will fly from the snow-piled sky, but I go on for ever!"

Miscellaneous.

A Puzzle.

The young ladies of a country seminary are puzzled over the exact meaning of the following inscription, recently discovered on the wall of the building. "Young ladies should set good examples, for young men will follow them."

A Wise Interpolation.

Lieutenant Hill's little boy, who is nothing if not practical, came to the line in his prayers the other night, "Give us this day our daily bread," and remarked *en parenthèse*, for fear probably there might be a misunderstanding about it, "I mean gingerbread."

Confidence.

It is a good idea to let your wife know, as a writer affirms. He says much good could be accomplished, and much care to the husband be saved, by letting the wife help to bear the burden. And he is quite right. There are plenty of men who plod on through life without communicating or receiving. When the scuttie is empty they do not let their wives know, as they should, but they go fill it themselves. It is all wrong.

Aids for the Grand Duchess.

The following ladies will be attached to the household of the Grand Duchess Marie on her marriage with the Duke of Edinburgh: Lady Frances Baillie, daughter of the seventh Earl of Elgin; Lady Emma Godolphin Osborne, sister of the Duke of Leeds; and Lady Mary Butler, sister of the Marquis of Ormonde. The selection would seem intended as a representation of the three kingdoms.

Spread Eagle.

Political orators in the West indulge in some high-flown asseverations in regard to their firmness of principle. The following is a moderate specimen: "Build a worm fence around the winter's supply of summer weather; skim the clouds from the sky with a teaspoon; catch a thundercloud in a bladder; break a hurricane to harness; ground-slucie an earthquake; lasso an avalanche; pin a napkin on the crater of an active volcano—but never expect to see me false to my principles."

A Useful Precedent.

An application having been made to Captain Maxse for a subscription towards the erection of an organ in an East-end tabernacle, he replied as follows: "Dear Sir,—I am a candidate for the Parliamentary representation of the Tower Hamlets at the next general election. I am very anxious to avoid all appearance of purchasing the good-will of electors (a course too common with moneyed candidates) by subscribing to local charities and institutions when I should not have done so had I not been a candidate. For this reason I am compelled with regret to decline responding to your appeal, Yours faithfully, FREDK. A. MAXSE."

William Tell.

Recently two young men living in Detroit anxious to exhibit their nerve, laid a wager with a third person which resulted in some rifle shooting extraordinary. A dozen apples were procured and one gentleman stood forty feet distant from the other, who shot with the rifle each of the dozen apples in succession from his friend's head, after the manner of the late William Tell. Not satisfied with that the apple-holder produced a common pasteboard match box cover and held it close to his head, between his finger and thumb, and in that position permitted his friend to fire three shots at it, each going plump through the centre.

The Artist and the Children.

Some individual who has had the joy of seeing Madame Nilsson Rousaud in the domestic circle says: "She has the most wonderful way of ingratiating herself with children. She will get down on the floor among them, enter into all their fun and infantile architecture, and then precipitate them into ecstasies by whistling for them (and she whistles like a flute or a nightingale) or playing the violin. It is really wonderful to hear her whistle; no one ever could do it better. There is nothing she is fonder of than a good romp with a lot of lively children. She makes them all infatuated with her in less than a minute, and she kicks up more noise than an eight-horse-power school girl."

Father and Son.

The late Mr. Bischoffshelm, of Paris, one day entered a store in which was exhibited a fine painting of Ingres's, and inquired the price. "Ninety thousand francs," was the answer. "Oh! that is too much for my small purse," exclaimed Bischoffshelm, and he hastily quitted the shop. In the course of the day he was again about to pass the store, when, observing one of his sons admiring Ingres's painting, he was tempted to enter. The merchant received him with a smile and said "Your son, you see, is not so economical as you are, sir; he has bought the painting you thought too dear this morning." "Oh, my son can spend more money than I can," quietly answered Mr. Bischoffshelm, "his father is rich."

Devonshire "Fixings."

Devonshire cream and "junket" are two dishes rarely found outside of Devonshire and the borders of the adjacent counties. Devonshire cream is a thick, clotted cream, from scalded and slightly sweetened milk, and is used for ordinary cream in the tea and coffee, and with tarts and cooked fruit, or in the place of butter on bread, toast, and biscuits. One can hardly think how delicious it is. Junket is only a soft curd flavoured to suit the taste, and eaten like a pudding or custard. This dish, which the Devonshire people believe came to them from the Phœnicians, because travellers now find it in those eastern countries, is not uncommon on American tables, but it can by no means take rank as a delicacy compared with Devonshire cream, nice little dishes of which you will find for sale at all the dairy shops.

Small Boy.

It is well known that the qualities for which the Small Boy is most remarkable are a sort of picturesque ingenuity, and a devoted consideration for the prejudices of other people. In a little Bolton office-boy we find an unusual development of them. While mourning, not long ago, his employer's absence in a distant town, a delightful idea suddenly came to him. Why should the hours slip by so drearily, all unlighted by genial and innocent amusement? That inventive and original Small Boy determined

to grieve no more. From the gas-burner in front of the office-door he hung a dreadful effigy, with a black cap over its face, its throat gashed and crimsoned, a sword in one hand, and in the other a small jug marked "Poison" in large letters. Then he advertised for feminine cooks and housemaids to apply at the office, upon the door of which they read this inscription: "Walk in; back in five minutes." Then hidden near, this Small Boy laughed with the careless sunny glee of childhood as a crowd of excellent and industrious women screamed and fainted.

Too Thin.

A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune says: "In a recent issue of your paper appeared the following: 'The saying 'It's too thin' is not a vulgarism. Sheridan Knowles puts it in the mouth of *Alonso*, in the play of 'Rose of Aragon.' Allow me to inform you that the immortal William Shakespeare is the author. Thus, in 'King Henry VIII.,' Act 5, Scene 3, we have Bishop Gardiner's flattering speech to the King and Bluff King Hal's reply, viz:

'You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flatteries now, and in my presence
They are too thin and base to hide offence.
To me you cannot reach,' &c., &c."

Marrying Days.

January is the worst and October the best month for committing matrimony—the actual unlucky days being these: January 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 10, 15; February 6, 7, 18; March 1, 6, 8; April 6, 11; May 5, 6, 7; June 7, 14; July 5, 8; August 12, 17; September 6, 7; October 6; November 15, 18; and December 15, 16, 17. As to which is the best day of the week, why—

Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday the best day of all:
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday no luck at all.

What a Woman Can Do.

The most puzzled man in the United States lives at Sandusky, O. The other day he waxed at once vindictive and ingenious, and resolved to protect the sanctity of his hearth and home by an acute stratagem. In pursuance of this idea he mingled arsenic in a bottle of wine and placed it where any burglar would see it, and unless practical believers in total abstinence, would drink therefrom, and surely die. Now, the wife of this intelligent Sandusky man is an orderly woman, and when she found that bottle of wine placed in a conspicuous position, she said that that "was just like John: he never did have any neatness, and she knew it when she married him." Then she took the bottle and put it in the cellar with eight dozen other bottles, and arranged them neatly in rows, and contemplated her work with innocent pride. Then she told her husband about it. Since he exhausted his vocabulary of profanity he has been spending all his leisure in looking at these bottles and trying to recognize the one which he prepared for the poor burglar, and unless he can solve the problem soon he expects the brain fever.

The Balloonist's Trick.

On the 18th June, 1786, took place the ascension of the physicist Testier. After starting from Paris alone, and in a balloon of small dimensions, the learned man came down at the village of Montmorency. He descended, however, in a field of nearly ripe corn, and the proprietor, indignant at the damage done, came out with a number of his peasants to clamour for compensation. Testier refused obstinately to pay anything, on the not very sane ground that the harm done was accidental; whereupon the labourers, with the view of dragging him before the local magistrature, seized hold of one of the ropes and towed the balloon after them, whilst a farm boy, in order to prevent the experimentalist from escaping, climbed into the car and took his seat opposite him. After going half a mile, Testier began to reflect that, being clearly in the wrong, he should in all probability be forced to pay; but this idea being in all ways uncongenial to him, he as soon set to planning his flight, and threw out at once a large portion of his ballast; this done, he opened his knife and quietly cut the rope by which he was being hauled before justice, upon which, to the immense stupefaction of the rustics, and to the unspeakable disgust of the farm boy, the balloon rose swiftly into the air and disappeared in the clouds. It is said that when the farm boy descended an hour later, and a few leagues off, in the company of the aeronaut, his hair had turned grey.

The Origin of "Hail Columbia."

In the "Recollections of Washington," just published, occurs the following anecdote: The song of "Hail Columbia," adapted in measure to the "President's March," was written by Joseph Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, in 1798. At that time war with France was expected, and a patriotic feeling pervaded the community. Mr. Fox, a young singer and actor, called upon Hopkinson one morning and said, "To-morrow evening is appointed for my benefit at the theatre. Not a single box has been taken, and I fear there will be a thin house. If you will write me some patriotic verses to the tune of the 'President's March' I feel sure of a full house. Several about the theatre have attempted it, but they have come to the conclusion that it cannot be done; yet I think you may succeed."

Mr. Hopkinson retired to his study, wrote the first verse and chorus, and submitted them to Mr. Fox, who sang them to a harpsichord accompaniment. The tune and the words harmonized. The song was soon finished and that evening the young actor received it. The next morning announced that Mr. Fox would give a new patriotic song. The house was crowded—the song was sung—the audience delighted. Eight times it was called for and repeated and when sung the ninth time, the whole audience stood up and joined in the chorus. Night after night, "Hail Columbia" was applauded in the theatre, and in a few days was the universal song of the boys in the streets. Such was the origin of the national song, "Hail Columbia."

The Wives of the Siamese Twins.

A writer in the Philadelphia Press, speaking of the Siamese Twins, says: "Much speculation has always been rife as to how the twins courted and finally became joined in the bonds of Hymen. It happened that they were travelling through the South, and stopped at the town of Traphill, in Wilkes County, North Carolina. The country in this locality being very romantic, and the land good, the twins determined to settle, and accordingly engaged in business in the village, being excellent traders, and their novel condition soon attracted many persons to them; among these a farmer named Yates, who lived in the immediate neighbourhood, and who was possessed of two bouncing daughters. Chang and Eng looked upon these women tenderly, and evinced great affection for them, and, like ordinary young folks, made numerous calls at the residence of their bewitchers, and there being a pair of them all around, a match was soon made, and the four were two (or one). These wives always displayed great affection for their liege lords, and manifested the usual jealousies common to the human family. From this double union there were some twenty-two children born. Mrs. Chang presented her husband with some nine or ten, and of these but two were boys, while in the Eng family the daughters were proportionately outnumbered. The offspring, contrary to the general opinion and preceding statements, with few exceptions, were healthy, robust children. Great difficulty arose when the time for conferring names upon the young Changs and Engs came. They could not all take their paternal and maternal relatives' titles, and they had no Christian names. The difficulty was sur-

mounted, however, and the appellations of Christopher Columbus, Patrick Henry, Stephen Decatur, Nancy Bunker, and names of a like sort were given to the retinue of little ones. The fathers seemed anxious that all their immediate descendants should be well educated, and purchased a house in the town of Mount Airy, shortly after their removal to that place, where the larger children lived and attended the school in the district. They were all apt scholars, and seemed to inherit a large amount of natural acuteness from their fathers."

Swinburne to Hugo.

The death of Francois Victor Hugo has moved Mr. Swinburne to address the following sonnet to the bereaved father. The *Athenæum*, which publishes the poem, hastens to explain that the allusion in the opening lines is to Prometheus. The apology is necessary, for there is a suspicious air in the reference of being levelled at a far Greater than Prometheus. It is not usual to speak of the son of Iapetus as God (with a capital G); as he was simply one of the Titans, an inferior and dispossessed family of deities.

TO VICTOR HUGO.

He had no children, who for love of men,
Being God, endured of gods such things as thou,
Father; nor on his thunder-beaten brow
Fell such a woe as bows thine head again,
Twice bowed before, though godlike, in man's ken,
And seen too high for any stroke to bow
Save this of some strange god's that bends it now
The third time with such weight as bruised it then.
Fain would grief speak, fain utter for love's sake
Some word; but comfort who might bid thee take?
What god in your own tongue shall talk with thee,
Showing how all souls that look upon the sun
Shall be for thee one spirit and thy son,
And thy soul's child the soul of man to be?

The Iron Clads of the European Powers.

The Cologne Gazette prints a list of the ironclads of maritime powers of Europe in 1873: "England has a war navy of 88 vessels, of 28,000 horse-power, and 595 guns. Its home fleet consists of 14 large plated vessels, four plated batteries, and five plated gun boats, of more than 310,000 horse-power, and carrying 162 guns. The war navy of Russia counts 15 plated frigates and four cupola vessels, of 13,000 horse-power and 154 guns. The home squadron includes ten turreted ships and three plated batteries, with 2,710 horse-power and 94 guns. Germany has a war navy composed of three plated frigates of 2,900 horse-power, and 84 guns (not including five plated frigates and one plated corvette of 5,100 horse-power and 48 guns), now in course of construction. The German Coastguard fleet consists of two turreted ships of 600 horse-power and seven guns. The war navy of France is composed of 17,200 horse-power in all, and carrying 816 guns. The French home squadron contains 14 turreted vessels, 16 plated batteries, and six rams, of 9,320 horse-power, and carrying 268 guns. Austria has a war navy of seven plated frigates and four casemated ships of 8,150 horse-power, bearing 182 guns. There is no Austrian home squadron. The Italian war navy consists of twelve plated frigates, and two plated corvettes, and one ram of 9,109 horse-power and having 168 guns. Turkey possesses a war navy of considerable strength, composed of fifteen large plated war vessels, two of which have 9 inch plates, of 8,530 horse-power in all, and carrying 116 guns of heaviest calibre. Spain has seven plated frigates, of 5,900 horse-power, and 145 guns, while in her coast fleet there are three turreted ships of 1,800 horse-power, and carrying nine guns. Finally, the Netherlands dispose of a coastguard fleet of twenty-two vessels of various kinds, of 8,800 horse-power, and bearing 114 guns."

Dean Swift's Amours.

Dean Swift's amours have become famous from their tragic nature, and the obscurity in which they are hidden. Betty Jones, the first of Swift's loves, was certainly the most fortunate, thanks to her humble station and homely mind, for, probably, as Mrs. Perkins the innkeeper's wife, she enjoyed more real happiness than the admired bride of the great Dean. Miss Jane Warying, the sister of his college companion, next fills up the void of his tender heart; and strange to say he offers to make Varina (as he poetically calls her) his wife. But this lady only took four years to consider, and succumbed when too late. Esther Johnson, the celebrated Stella, next won his affection. This accomplished and beautiful lady was Swift's pupil, and her attachment for him grew as her mind, pure and beautiful to cease only with death. Swift wooed and won this beautiful girl, whose noble heart he broke by his strange and mysterious conduct. Hope deferred, and an unenviable position in society, were not enough to try the constancy of poor Stella, she must have a rival, and that she soon found in Miss Vanhomrigh. Swift became acquainted with this lady when at the height of his power and full vigour of his faculties; when the chosen companion of statesmen and courtiers. Indeed he was well qualified to find favour with the fair sex, for

"He moved, and bowed, and talked with too much grace,
Nor showed the parson in his gait or face."

This lady possessed a graceful person, a lively disposition, and a taste for mental cultivation, which Swift soon perceived and admired; and the gratitude she felt for his attentions soon ripened into the love which broke her heart. While Swift found pleasure in the society of Vanessa (her poetical name), Stella suffered alone in Ireland the pangs of wronged affection. He could not be blind to the nature of Vanessa's regard, nor the hopes that she might reasonably entertain from his attentions; nor are we to suppose this love one-sided, since the tone of his journal to Stella implies the contrary. Vanessa waits anxiously the Dean's declaration of his passion—but in vain, so at last she determines to know her fate, and discloses the secret of her heart to the Dean. Without power to accept her love, or courage to refuse it, he offered his friendship and esteem, and strove to parry her just remonstrance by his wit. After her mother's death she followed the Dean to Ireland, which placed him in peculiar circumstances, for how could he treat one, whose only misfortune was to love him too well, harshly, for well might a lady of youth, fortune, and a fine genius, expect more from her lover. Meanwhile, the sorrows of Stella began to show on a delicate and sensitive frame, and to save her from a premature grave the Dean made her his wife. But only in name did she enjoy this sacred title; they lived apart till death at length relieved her of her sorrows. What added fresh hope to the fond dreams of Stella proved fatal to her less fortunate rival. After having nursed her passion for eight years for the Dean, and refusing two suitors for her hand, she wrote to Stella to learn if her suspicions were well founded; and Stella, wounded to the heart that another should share the Dean's love, wrote back a reply that marriage united them, at the same time forwarding her letter to the Dean. Swift's fury was as unreasonable as his former conduct; he hastened to Marley Abbey, the residence of Vanessa, threw her letter in a rage on the table, and departed: having sealed the doom of one who loved too well, for soon after she died. A few years after Stella followed her unfortunate rival, and so end the amours of the mysterious Dean Swift.