

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

THE CHURCH CHANT BOOK.—Davies.—We have received from Mr. C. C. DeZouche, the above book, which has been edited by Dr. Davies, the well-known organist, of this city. The object of the compiler has been to secure not only a selection of chants appropriate to the Psalms to which they are herein allied, but also to arrange them in a sequence of related keys; for, as a rule, if the chants selected for the Psalter are not considered with due regard to key relationship, imperfectness of attainment, or, in other words, non-appreciation of the new key-temperament results, and the choir will rarely begin to sing in tune, until they have arrived at the "Gloria." The work is neatly got up, and is sold at the low price of 25 cents. We have no doubt it will prove of invaluable service to many an organist and many a choir.

"LA COMPAGNIE IRLANDAISE."—M. W. Kirwan. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. We have perused with much interest this book which deserves a place amongst the numerous works composing the history of the late Franco-German war. The writer was in command of a Company of Irishmen who formed part of the *Legion étrangère*, and had therefore ample opportunity for watching and describing the stirring times through which he passed. His tale is modestly and unaffectedly told, and we must pay a tribute of admiration to the tone of moderation which runs through the book; French and Germans are written of in the same impartial spirit. The narrative is interspersed with anecdotes which make it most attractive; altogether, the book is one which we can strongly recommend to our readers.

SHY SIXTEEN.

She is home for the holidays, and she is close on sixteen years of age. Seventeen may be sweet, but sixteen is unrhythmical, unlovely, angular. There is no poetry in her movements, no music in her voice. The hue of her cheeks, which in a twelve-month's time may soften to the velvet ruddiness of the peach, changes with startling rapidity from its normal tint to an unromantic scarlet. Her action is jerky; she has a way of coming into awkward contact with every available article of furniture, and at as many points as possible; she takes her seat at the table with an air of sudden and sharp decision, which causes her friends to open their eyes and herself to subside into silence, blushing, ashamed, and terrified; she addresses herself to her plate, her cup, but her arms and hands are unmanageable—they fly off at a tangent, and plate and china are sent spinning on the floor. She has long fits of moody silence, and when she opens her lips to monosyllabic replies, it is with the alarming effect of the patent snap action. Her eyes wander restlessly round the room, first dwelling upon one object or individual and then on another, till she seems suddenly to recollect herself, and to be filled with remorse and awe at the curiosity of her gaze; her face puts on the deep crimson of the peony; she gives her body a violent wrench as if to straighten the distorted conscience within, and, with vision deflected downwards, seems lost in some strange trance. The conversation passes by unheeded, and her meal remains untasted before her. Presently her eyes begin to wander again; but this time the truant orbs are more readily reduced to obedience, and the expression of penitence which comes over her countenance is not so agonisingly patent. She appears comparatively at her ease; she has dared to nibble a morsel or even lift her cup to her lips. Growing bolder by degrees, she displays some intention of taking more active part in the social life around her; she ventures upon a little laugh, and then is agitated with horror at the audacity of the sound. And the ordeal continues: a series of internal struggles, of desperate attempts followed by manifest penitential qualms—to show that she is at ease, a combination of innocence and chubbiness born of that morbid ever-haunting self-consciousness which is the bane of the transition period of feminine hobbledcheyhood.

The British schoolgirl of sixteen may be said, so far as those to whom she is an object are concerned, to exist in the future and the past. She is a pretty memory and a fond prospect. She has been a charming child; she will yet be a delightful maiden. But her loveliness is that of anticipation and her grace is that of hope. She may be on the threshold of fairest womanhood, but in watching her we stand in a closed vestibule, midway between a landscape of fascinating freshness and a vision of perfection. Her childhood was a thing of beauty, her ripening girlhood will be a joy; her present is as crabbed, harsh, and unmusical as the duldest fool ever supposed philosophy to be. She is, in fact, now passing through a stage which is analogous to what will be the experience of her brother a few years later. It may be questioned whether it would not be desirable for a brief space of time to seclude her completely from the social world. A year hence she will be the most charming of companions. Now she is but an incarnation of blushing, shuddering self-consciousness. Perhaps she has the misfortune to have lost her mother, and her father prematurely thinks that her education is completed, and that she is fit to take her place at the head of his household and to be the associate of his leisure hours. For the sire who hopes such things there is the bitterest of all disillusion in store. She takes her place opposite to him, a mass of erubescing giggling humanity. He has been paying for some years

past the income of many a respectable English household in order that she may become endowed with all manner of graces and accomplishments. He finds to his chagrin that she has little or nothing of either.

Whatever there is unpoetic, ungraceful, uninviting in girlhood, that she possesses. She has all the impressionableness of the girlish nature, but she has none of the charm which made that quality so attractive a year ago, and which will make it attractive a year hence. She has picked up some odd ways, and she is ready to pick up any number more; but they are not pleasant ways. She has a fatal capacity for imitating the eccentricities of her seniors, and for reproducing the least agreeable idiosyncrasies of her contemporaries. As she has odd ways, so she has odd fancies. At school—and a girls' boarding-school is probably the most purely mischievous institution under heaven—she has assimilated many grotesque, and some not too healthy, ideas. She has read books—worthless novels and silly romances—which have inspired her with the airs and affectations of a mawkish sentimentalism. She assumes the mien of one who has an unutterable secret, which is inwardly a consuming fire, wrapped up in her breast. She has made, or she affects to have made, romantic friendships among her schoolfellows. She corresponds with other petticoated anomalies like herself, and reads the letters which she receives with many contortions of countenance and changes of colour. She sighs for the society of her friends, and her fond relatives wonder what can be on her mind. There is no just ground for their anxiety. It will all be right enough in the end. But at present it must be allowed that our school-girl is impracticable, hopeless. It is a passing malady incidental to girlhood, and it is entirely the result of that self-consciousness which in a few months hence will have changed to self-possession.

BURLESQUE.

A TRAMP STORY.—A story has been told us which seems to go far in corroboration of the late Boss Tweed's theory of ebullience. It is said that something like a year ago a tramp called at the house of Mr. Bailey, in the township of Mosa, and asked permission to stop all night. A little persuasion led to his request being granted, and he was also asked to take supper. During the meal Mrs. Bailey called to her little daughter, but the young one paid no attention. Again calling, the mother used the full given name of the child:

"Isabella Stevens, don't you hear me?" The tramp looked up as if interested, and remarked, musingly: "Isabella Stevens? Isabella Stevens? Have you got any relations of that name?"

"Yes," said the lady, "that was my mother's maiden name."

"There is," said the tramp, "an immense fortune in Cornwall, England, which has been for twenty years awaiting a claimant of that name who is supposed to be in America."

He then proceeded to give all the details he could, and the result was that Mrs. Bailey wrote to her mother, who resides within a few miles of the city, and the last-named secured the fortune, and is now enjoying the fruits of her daughter's hospitality to the tramp.

MUTUAL FRIENDS.—Human nature is the same the world over, as the following incident will help to show. A Danbury Insurance agent called on two of his customers, whose premises adjoin, for a renewal of their policies. The first one is a grocer. The agent said to him:

"I suppose, Mr. —, that you will renew your policy which expires next week? I have called to see about it."

"Well, I suppose I'll have to," said the grocer. "As far as I'm concerned there is no need whatever that I should insure. I am here all day to look after things, and there ain't a bit of danger of fire from my place. But there's no telling what the fellow next door will do, and as long as he's there I've got to keep insured."

The agent called on the customer, next door, who is a baker. He could not help reasoning that if the danger in that establishment was so great, there was a possibility of having the amount of its policy doubled, at least.

"No," said the baker, scratching his head thoughtfully. "I don't believe I'll add any to it. I wouldn't insure at all if I wasn't where I am. You see I'm up all night, baking, and can watch things, so there's no danger here, but there's no telling what that chap next door will be up to. If it wasn't for him I wouldn't insure a cent; but, as it is, I've got to do it."

GOT WHAT HE CALLED FOR.—Len Smith's tavern at Waltham used to be, in days gone by, a favorite stopping place for the farmers who from further up the road were accustomed to bring their truck to Boston for a market. Some of the knowing ones who were a "little near" would manage to get around just about the time breakfast or dinner was nearly over, and calling for a "cold bite" would be seated at the table, and for half the price of a dinner would get as "square" a meal as those who came early and paid full price. One old chap who had got his dinners in this manner for several months, and who was never known to spend an unnecessary cent in the house, was marked by the jolly landlord for a victim. On a certain day in winter, when he was known to be coming a boiled dinner was prepared and set out the night before to cool. Punctually the next day "Barkis" put in an appearance and called for a "cold bite." A

goodly plate full of frozen beef, potatoes, etc., was set before him. The first dab at a potato with his fork sent that article flying across the table, and a turnip slid from under his knife quite as rapidly. Feeling that he had been caught, he worried through, thoughtfully and silently. Having finished his meal he walked up to the bar (behind which was the smiling landlord) to settle, and thus unbosomed himself: "Look a' here, Len, I've been stopping at your tavern to fodder for the last three months, and I'll be hanged if to-day ain't the first time I've ever got what I called for."

A BOY'S POCKETS AND A GIRL'S POCKET.—Tommy is twelve years of age. His sister Mary is sweet sixteen and a half. The other morning Mary accosted her mother with, "Ma, see what a lot of stuff I found in Tommy's pockets," and she deposited on the table the following articles, to wit:—Eight marbles, one top, a broken bladed knife, a leather strap, a buckle, bunch of old keys, a fishing line, piece of lead, a smooth stone, four pieces of slate pencil, a worn-out pocket-book, an oyster shell, a wounded jewsharp, a piece of blue glass, a rubber ball, lump of chalk, two dried fish worms, a sling-shot, piece of India rubber, two corks, a fractured comb, piece of licorice root, a song book, two medals, and a juvenile land tortoise. Tommy looked thoughtfully, as the contents of his pockets were deposited before the eyes of his mother, and sullenly remarked that it "was none of his sis' business, and he wanted her to let his trousers alone."

Next day Tommy captured the outside pocket of his sister's dress, and carrying the contents to his mother, sarcastically observed, in the presence of Mary: "Ma, just see what a lot of trash I found in sis' pocket!" and he produced from his hat the following knick-knacks, viz.: Three hair pins, a soiled glove, piece of chewing-gum, three cards, a broken locket, elastic garter, piece of ribbon, two slate pencils, another piece of chewing-gum, photograph, piece of orange-skin, a love letter, broken tooth brush, more chewing-gum, spool of silk, a thimble, a piece of cotton saturated with white powder, one nuckle, two sour-balls, gaiter heel, ivory ornament belonging to a parasol handle, handkerchief perfumed with jockey-club, gaiter button, withered geranium leaves, ivory-handle pen knife with broken blade, a fan, five visiting cards, belt-buckle, box of rouge, another piece of chewing-gum, fragment of looking-glass, a peach-stone, a cigar-holder stolen from "Charley," a piece of damask silk of the pattern of her friend Lucy's new dress, an artificial flower, horse-hair ring, a long brown hair entangled in a hunk of taffy, and a slip of paper containing directions for handkerchief flirtations.

Tommy placed the last article on the table and slid from the room with a grin of triumph on his roguish face. His sister made an ineffectual grab for him, and as he passed into the street he heard her voice calling, "You nasty little brat, if you get at my pocket again I'll slap your face." Tommy thinks honors are easy.

DIED at his residence, Plymton, Digby County, N. S., on the 1st of May last, Sabine Savory, Esq., in the 91st year of his age. The deceased, before the memory of the present generation of business men, occupied a conspicuous place in the commercial arena of his county, and at one time exercised a large social and personal influence. He was the father of Judge Savory, of Digby, formerly M. P., and father of R. P. McGivern, Esq., a leading merchant of St. John, and of James R. Garden, Postmaster at Gibson, New Brunswick.

HUMOROUS.

THE railroad track is like the ship when you can see a cargo on it.

THE train is like a naughty boy, because the switch will change its course.

SWELL: "I want you to make me a short coat, without tails or seams in the back. Do you know what I mean?" German tailor: "Yaas, yaas, I know vat you want. You want a straight jacket."

A MAN who was noted for his economy of the truth was once asked if he had dined. He replied, "I have, upon my honour." The questioner said, "If you have dined upon your honour, you must have had a scanty meal."

Now that the phonograph makes it possible for sounds to be canned the same as beef, milk, lobsters, fruit, etc., missionary sermons can be bottled and sent to the South Sea Islands ready for the table, instead of the missionary himself.

A YOUNG minister was preaching in Sea-brook, N. H., from "I am the light of the world," and made poor work of it, stammering and stuttering and almost stopping, when an indignant huckleberry-picker, a sort of masculine woman, shouted out: "If you are the light of the world you needs snuffing."

"WHAT will you be helped to in the way of earthly vegetables?" said McDonald yesterday to a lady customer. "Lettuce, pray," was the quick reply. McDonald looked sharply at the lady, and concluded that she was a lay preacher, until she pointed to the lettuce basket.

AN Irish gentleman writes to *Truth* to say that he has never found a Frenchman who can pronounce this: "Thimberlig Thistlethwaite thievishly thought to thrive through thick and thin by throwing his thimbles about, but he was thwarted and thwarted and thimble and thrashed with thirty-three thousand thistles and thorns for thievishly thinking to thrive through thick and through thin by throwing the thimbles about."

SCENE in a horse car. Seats all occupied. Enters a person dressed as a lady. Bright little boy rises and offers her a seat. Lady drops into it, with an air of slight disdain. Boy—"O. I beg your pardon, did you speak?" Lady—"No. I did not say anything." Boy—"Excuse me, I thought you said thank you." Lady, in high dudgeon—"You may have your seat." Boy (resuming it)—"Well, I'll thank you." Passengers convulsive. Lady disappeared at next street crossing.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

AIMÉE is reputed 31, and worth \$300,000, of which a third is in diamonds.

SOLERA, the Italian poet and author of some Verdi's libretti, is dead.

Mlle. ALBANI will marry Mr. Ernest Gye, of the Royal Italian Opera, on August 5th.

DION BOUCAULT is having built at New-hung what will be the largest steam yacht in the United States.

MAPLESON, sr., the London operatic manager, is negotiating for the control of the Academy of Music, New York.

OLE BULL, who has already bidden his friends in the United States several tearful farewells, is coming back to give thirty "farewell concerts."

BERLIN is to have a Chinese play—scenery, dresses and all. The text was translated under the supervision of the interpreter of the Chinese Legation.

A POWERFUL English committee is organizing a Mario concert, and the two greatest singers in the world—Nilsson and Trebelli—sing for the great tenor.

MISS MARY ANDERSON has sailed for Europe to be absent two or three months, and on her return will devote herself to dramatic study. Her season has been very successful.

EIGHT thousand gallons of real water are used nightly in the storm scene in "Dinorah," at Her Majesty's Theatre, in London. This necessitates a gigantic tank on the stage and a similar receiving tank beneath, besides many square yards of waterproof scenery.

The latest Parisian success, Lecocq's new opera "Le Petit Duc," will soon be produced in English at the Union Square Theatre by the Hess English Opera Troupe. The adaptation has been made by Mr. Myran A. Cooney, who has performed a similar task for "Les Cloches de Corneville."

TASTES differ. Southern's "Crushed Tragedian," which delighted New Yorkers, has proved a flat failure in London, and is withdrawn from the Haymarket Theatre after a week's trial, and "A Celebrated Case," the strongest dramatic bit in the United States this season, does not draw over there.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT is a most fortunate musical conductor; he has never been a struggling musician, for his papa was a rich Milanese banker. Sir Julius has himself amassed a large fortune and is a civil knight; his comb has three teeth, and is well able to combat with the dozen remaining dyed hairs which encircle the maestro's brow. Owing to advanced age he is a trifle tottery.

ADELINA PATTI's necklace, which cost \$50,000, was exposed for sale recently in Paris and \$150,000 was the highest bid made for it. By the terms of the deed of separation she was obliged to divide all her property with her husband and so paid him half the value of such jewels as she did not wish to have sold. When this necklace was valued the Marquis de Caux refused to accept the estimate of the expert, and forced Mme. Patti to offer it at public sale.

A NEW YORK theatre has introduced a new idea of a box-office. In its lobby stands a square box, mounted on a handsome pedestal, the box containing an exact model of the interior of the theatre. There is a glass front, through which you look at the theatre as if from the stage. There is a tiny model of every seat in the house, and its number and letter plainly indicated, so that you may choose your seat, or see just what the position is of that which you are offered at the box-office.

FANCY buttons, with bank-notes, postage-stamps, and so forth, on them, in enamel, are very fashionable in Paris as trimmings for dresses.

THE CRISIS.

What think you would be the result if the earth should stop spinning around the sun? Were you ever near a large and intricate machine when one of its wheels became clogged or broken—near enough to hear the grating, jarring clash, the sudden, deafening crash? Astronomers assure us that precisely similar effects, only on an inconceivably grander scale, would be produced if our earth—one of the wheels in the universe machine—should suddenly cease its revolutions. In other words, there would be a general crash and crash of satellites, planets, and systems. What we term financial crises are due to similar causes. One of the wheels in the finance-machine becomes clogged, perhaps shattered. The terrible Wall-street "crash" which follows is communicated to every part of the financial mechanism of the country. But analogies do not stop here. There is that other mechanism, the most intricate of all—sometimes called an organism because it generates its own forces—the human machine. When one of its members fails to perform its office, the whole system is thrown into disorder. Members heretofore considered unassailable, break down under the unnatural pressure. The shock comes, and utter prostration is the result. Reparation can only be effected by the restoration of the impaired parts and the re-adjustment of its levers,—the physical forces. There is one part of the machine more liable to disorder than any other,—the liver,—the great balance wheel of the machine.

The liver being the great depurating or blood-cleansing organ of the system, set it at work and the foul corruptions which gender in the blood, and rot out, as it were, the machinery of life, are gradually expelled from the system. For this purpose Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, used daily, and Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, taken in very small doses, are pre-eminently the articles needed. They cure every kind of humor from the worst scrofula to the common pimple, blotch, or eruption. Great eating ulcers kindly heal under their mighty curative influence. Virulent blood poisons that lurk in the system are by them robbed of their terrors, and by their persevering and somewhat protracted use the most tainted systems may be completely renovated and built up anew. Enlarged glands, tumors and swellings dwindle away and disappear under the influence of these great resolvents.