

SIR JONES AND HIS RIDE.

Sir Jones he twisted his slight mustache,
And he gazed in the glass with pride,
"And if it were not," he said, "so hot,
I would take her this day to ride;
For she is wealthy and I am poor,
And she is fair to see,
And gayly she laughs at my little jokes,
And sweetly she smiles on me."

Sir Jones he pondered in thoughtful mood,
And he gazed in the mirror still,
Till at last right firmly he upstood,
And he said, "By St. George, I will!
For she hath ducats and I have none,
And she hath a house as brave,
While I in this garret must pine alone,
A wooden goods-merchant's slave!"

Sir Jones he hired a stately steed,
And a buggy both narrow and high,
And he drove to the lady's door with speed,
And waited for her reply;
For it was a legal holiday,
Yclept the Fourth of July.

The lady graciously said him yea,
And she decked herself in white,
And he lashed the steed, and they went with speed,
Until they were out of sight,
And what he said will never be known,
Nor yet what she replied,
But he brought her back on that self-same track,
From a very short half-hour's ride.

Sir Jones he gazed from his window high,
And his face was sad to see,
And he ground his teeth, that Fourth of July,
Saying, "Curst shall this holiday be!
Yea, ever henceforth, this Fourth of July
Shall be a black-letter day,
For she said me nay, with scorn in her eye,
And I for the steed and the tall buggy
Must a whole week's salary pay!"

—MARGARET VANDERGRIFF, in the Century.

THE JULY MAGAZINES.

The July Century opens with a frontispiece portrait of Emerson from the bust by Daniel C. French, supplemented by a paper on "Emerson's Personality" by Emma Lazarus, with reminiscences, and an editorial treating of his character and influence,—and a close study of his poetry will be the next paper in the series of essays by Mr. E. C. Stedman. The illustrated papers include a carefully prepared and illustrated account of "The Evolution of the American Yacht," by S. G. W. Benjamin, and "The Horse in Motion," by Col. George E. Waring, Jr., both fully illustrated, the latter with forty-four cuts after Maybridge's photographs of running horses. The opening article is an interesting and richly illustrated paper of travel, by Lieut. C. E. S. Wood, entitled "Among the Thlinkits in Alaska." The conclusion of John Muir's "Bee-Pastures of California," is printed with illustrations by Fenn; and acute literary criticism, and an out-of-door flavor are found in an essay by John Burroughs on Thoreau. Of the unillustrated material—the most prominent is the third and last part of Thomas Carlyle's "Tour in Ireland,"—which is full of his characteristic slapdash, querulousness and grim humor. "A Great Charity Reform," by E. V. Smalley, sketches the remarkable work of the State Charities Aid Association of New York. "A Colorado Cavern" of Luray-like qualities is briefly described by Ernest Ingersoll. The action is especially readable this month. Besides the serials of Mrs. Burnett and Mr. Havells we have "Christiana's Wedding-Dress," by Mrs. Schuyler B. Horton, a genre story of Long Island, and "Damning the Sacramento," by Joaquin Miller. Poetry is contributed by H. C. Bunner, Annie R. Annan, Edgar Fawcett, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, and others. In the "Topics of the Time" besides the editorial on Emerson, there are papers on "Institutional Charity," "A Successful Man's Failure," "American Art Students Abroad," and "Puritans and Witches." Eleven pages are devoted to book-notices, which embrace a large variety of subjects. The Bric-a-Brac poetry is sprightly and light, and in Home and Society is a valuable paper on House-Construction with Precautions against fire, accompanied by ten diagrams showing both safe and dangerous methods of building.

The contents of Lippincott's Magazine for July are of a light and lively kind suitable for summer reading. "Black-Bass-Fishing in Sunghaetuk," by Rowland E. Robinson, carries us to some of the least frequented streams of the Adirondacks, and is very agreeably written and finely illustrated. "An Afternoon in a French Hamlet," by Anna Bowman Blake, gives an animated description of peasant life amid the beautiful scenery of the forest of Fontainebleau. "The Tiger of the Sea" is the suggestive title of an article on sharks by C. F. Holder, of the New York Museum of Natural History. "In the Heart of the Alleghanies," by M. G. Van Rensselaer, is the first of two papers which, taking Cressona for a centre, treat of the scenery and early history of the surrounding country. In "Walks with Bryant," Horatius Nelson Powers gives a pleasant account of the poet's habits and daily life. A short illustrated article, by Ernest Ingersoll, describes "The Coal-Mines of the State of Dade," and the system of convict labor in Georgia. In fiction, a new serial, with the attractive title of "Fairy Gold," opens in a quiet but charming manner and promises well. "Love and Fire-works," by Henry A. Beers, is a capital Fourth of July story, full of humor and nice touches. "Like Cures Like," by Annie Elliot, and "Miss Matilda Jane and the Minister," by Susan Hartley Swett, are well written and amusing. Among the poems, "Kineo, the Legend of

Moonshead Lake," by Frances L. Mace, deserves particular notice, and in the "Gossip" a paper on "Girls at Mount Desert" is pointed and timely.

THE St. Nicholas for July is a Fourth of July number. In the first place, there is the amusing story by Sophie Swett of "The Boy who Lost the Fourth of July"; then an interesting account of "An Early American Rebellion" which was led by Nathaniel Bacon against the Governor of Virginia in 1676; and Noah Brooks contributes a spirited narrative of the famous sea-fight between the "Essex" and the "Phoebe" in the war of 1812. But perhaps the article which will be read with the most widespread interest is that on "Amateur Newspapers," by Harlan H. Ballard. This contribution treats of the rise of amateur printing and its development into an industry, with an organized Association. There is a history of the National Amateur Press Association, with specimens of, and extracts from many amateur journals, portraits of distinguished amateur journalists, and hints in regard to starting and carrying on an amateur newspaper. The number is completed with the usual departments, and a capital selection of clever stories, jingles, and pictures. The Letter-box contains a report of the Children's Garfield Fund.

THE Atlantic Monthly for July contains the last poem written by Mr. Longfellow, entitled "The Bells of San Blas." The manuscript bears the date of March 15, which was but a very few days before Mr. Longfellow's final illness. The important series of articles, "Studies in the South," is continued. "The Political Economy of Seventy-Three Million Dollars," Mr. Henry D. Lloyd, who wrote the pungent "Story of a Great Monopoly" in the Atlantic a few months ago, discusses the way in which immense fortunes are made, and writes in a vigorous, trenchant style which makes his article peculiarly readable and intensely interesting. Other important articles in the number are on the "Care for the People under Despotism," by O. B. Frothingham; "Naval Courts-Martial and the Pardoning Power," by Henry Cabot Lodge; "Shall Members of the Cabinet sit in Congress?" by Willard Brown. Miss Sarah Orme Jewett contributes another of her delightful stories, entitled "The Mate of the Daylight." Mr. Hardy's excellent and most interesting serial "Two on a Tower"; Miss Phelps's story of "Dr. Zay," and Mr. Bishop's novel of New York society, "The House of a Merchant Prince," are continued. There are poems by Annie R. Annan, Susan Coolidge, and H. C. Bunner. Reviews of recent books, and the Contributors' Club, discussing literary and art matters, complete an unusually strong and interesting number.

"MISTHER WALES."

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was the subject of an amusing incident when he, like his brother Alfred, visited Kerry, and amongst other places in that part of Ireland, the far-famed Lakes of Killarney.

The Prince, with a noble marquis, his companion, having arrived at the entrance to the beautiful seat of the Earl of Kenmare (their means of conveyance being an Irish jaunting-car), desired their Jehu to demand admission. "Gate!" cried that worthy, in an authoritative tone. "Be the powers!" exclaimed the old woman in charge of it, "wan 'ud think it wor the Quane av England ye wor drivin' up, in her couch an' foor, instid av that old spavined mare av yours, Mike Connell." "Hush that roar, aroo!" cautioned Mike in his native tongue. "Hould my tongue, is it? You oumthave—" "Come, come, no Irish," interposed the Prince's companion.

This silenced Mike, who had, with the usual sharpness of Killarney lads, discovered or, at any rate, guessed the quality of his passengers.

The Prince, who had by this time alighted, now approached the irate janitress with the query: "You can surely admit us, my good woman?" "Divil a bit, me good 'id: widout Misther Galway's pass ye don't cum in here." Who's Mr Galway? "Begorra, ye're an ancient gosssoon, ye don't know the agint."

The puzzled Prince turned to his friend to consult him. While they were in conversation Mike, half in pantomime, half in Gaelic whisper, informed the old lady of the rank of the gentleman she was refusing to admit, giving H.R.H. his title as "Wales, the Quane's son."

"Misther Wales! Quane Victoria's son!" cried the gate-woman. "Sure, an' I knew yer mother. May the Vargin make her bed! I wishes yer honner welcome. Och then, sir, an' ye'll not tell Lord Castleross. Walk in, Misther Wales. Walk in, yer honner. I've a dhrop av rale potteen, an' some new goat's milk to put with it. Walk in, gentlemen."

"Misther Wales" did walk in, and shortly afterwards left the loquacious old dame muttering to herself, "Faix, an' he's not a bad sort av a gosssoon, that same Wales, an' he thinks av a poor ould ooman. Glory be to God!"

I expect the royal *douceur* was the cause of this blessing, though no doubt "Misther Wales" treated the old lady with his usual suavity.

Two ladies had a duel the other night at the Paris opera—they both drew blood. The instruments of warfare were their fans. The cause—the heart of a young Secretary of an Embassy.

THE REV. B. B. USSHER, M. D.

In this number we present a portrait of the Rev. Dr. Ussher who was elected Grand Master of the Oddfellows for the Province of Quebec at the recent reunion of the Grand Lodge of that province.

Rev. Dr. Ussher was born in Dublin, on the 8th August, 1845, and is the youngest son of the late Captain Richard Beverly Ussher, and a lineal descendant of the celebrated Archbishop Ussher, Primate of Ireland. The family name in by-gone years was Neville, but the change was made by some members of the family of Sir Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, who died on the battle-field at Barnet, in 1471. The Rev. Dr. Ussher comes from a long line of churchmen, the Parish of Clontarf, near Dublin, descending from father to son over a period of 152 years. The Rev. John Ussher (afterwards Astronomer Royal for Ireland) was the last of the Ussher family to hold the incumbency; his sons were Admiral Sir Thomas Ussher, G.C.B., who figured in the history of the great Napoleon, and John Ussher, M.D., of Woodpark, who left four sons, the youngest of whom is the father of the Rev. B. B. Ussher, the subject of this sketch.

An interesting fact in the genealogy of the new Grand Master is his family connection with the hero of Waterloo. Mary Ussher (who married Henry Colby, of Castle Carberry, near Dublin, and was the mother of the first Lord Mornington, who was grandfather of the Duke of Wellington) was descended in a direct line from Arland Ussher, Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1469 and 1471, the great-grandfather of Archbishop Henry Ussher, and of Arlandus (or Arland) Ussher the father of James Ussher, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate and Metropolitan of all Ireland, from what as we have already stated the subject of our sketch is lineally descended.

Dr. B. B. Ussher studied under the direction of the late Bishop Whitehouse for the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal church, but for doctrinal reasons entered the Reformed Episcopal church, and received a call to the pastorate of St. Bartholomew's church in the city of Montreal, he being at the time rector of Christ's church, Toronto. He was lately elected Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal church, and will we understand, be consecrated at an early day.

Dr. Ussher joined the order of Oddfellows in the year 1866, in the city of Aurora, State of Illinois, where he passed the chairs both in the subordinate lodge and encampment. He has always been an enthusiastic worker in the ranks, constantly striving to imbue the membership with a proper conception of the higher aims and principles which are the superstructure of our noble Order, and without which the Oddfellow is only an outward semblance of that which our organization is designed to accomplish in the elevation of the human character. He has taken an especial interest in the encampment branch, and to his endeavors the Order is largely indebted for the adoption of the patriarchal uniform. During the administration of Grand Patriarch Jacobs, of Illinois, Dr. Ussher learned that a manufacturer of swords and regalia had designed a uniform for the encampment; he sent for a sample and brought the matter to the notice of his own encampment, and a circular was issued to the patriarchs of Illinois, accompanied with a photograph of a patriarch in full uniform. Considerable discussion grew out of the action, and at the succeeding session of the Grand Lodge of the United States (now Sovereign Grand Lodge), which was held in Chicago, he had a show-case placed in the Sherman House, in which the whole uniform was exhibited, and excited much interest. When afterwards a representative to the Grand Lodge of that State, he had it again exhibited and soon after this so many encampments throughout the country obtained it, and so strong was the vote in its favor that it was ultimately adopted.

Since the rev. gentleman has found his lot cast in the metropolis of the Dominion he has evinced the same interest in the progress and welfare of Oddfellowship which characterized his early career in the Order. Notwithstanding his ministerial duties have been onerous, he has always found time and opportunity to labor most effectively for the advancement of the cause in that Province. At the last session of the Grand Lodge he yielded to a numerous signed requisition presented by the brethren of Montreal, and allowed his name to be placed in nomination for the office of Grand Master. A large number of Past Grand's from the city lodges went to Richmond for the purpose of recording a vote in his favor, and made his election sure. Dr. Ussher is a clear, concise thinker, an able writer, and an accomplished gentleman in every respect. As the official head of the Order in that Province, his talents and position will secure for it a prominence which the many obstacles in the way makes it extremely difficult to attain. He is a man of great executive ability and mental force, and a beneficial effect is anticipated from his administration of the affairs of the Order during the present year.

DISCRIMINATIVE CRITICISM.

One of the most celebrated French landscape painters lives in the country, some distance from Paris. Being of a social disposition, he is on the best of terms with the peasantry, who are very proud of him, and who make a point of visiting him frequently, to examine and criticize his pictures. Having finished one of his masterpieces,

he ordered a frame for it from Paris. It soon arrived, resplendent with carving and gilding; the picture was placed in it, and set up in the studio. Some days after, an old peasant came in to see how the artist was getting on. He stood a long time before this picture, with his arms folded, and a wise look upon his face.

"How do you like my picture?" asked the artist.

The old fellow shook his head knowingly, but made no reply. But as he was leaving the house, he encountered the artist's wife, who asked him what he thought of her husband's picture.

"Did he really make that?" asked the countryman.

"To be sure he did," replied madame.

"But the frame—the frame; he did not make that, did he?"

"Certainly not; the frame came from Paris."

"Ah! I thought so. He makes very good pictures, but I knew he didn't make that frame."

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, June 10.

THE snares of the Suez and Panama Canal rose upon the announcement of the birth of the tenth child to M. de Lesseps. The admiration of the gentlemen of the Bourse was thus practically demonstrated. The infant has already cut—not through an isthmus—but a tooth.

THE fashionable world regrets to learn that the Princess de Sagan has been compelled to undergo an operation, which will deprive them of her society for some time. Her *fêtes* are at an end for this season, but these are of minor consequences to her loss for even a short time.

THE Count de Wimpffen, who will succeed Count de Boust as the Austrian Ambassador, is an antiquarian of renown, and brings with him a splendid collection of antiquities, but as a balance for those who have no taste for the aged, we may state he is accompanied by his charming countess, *née* Countess de Lynar.

ONE of the belles promised to Paris life, and who is said to be very attractive, is a lady whose complexion is described as chocolate. She comes from Havannah and has Mont-Cristo-like funds of cash to spend. Welcome, thrice welcome, La Dame au Chocolat!

THEATRICAL chronicles would doubtless furnish many instances of actors thinking more of their art than of the pecuniary profit to be derived from it. An instance of the kind recently occurred in Paris. The parts were being distributed for the reproduction of "Madame Caverlet" at the Gymnase, and an appeal was made to M. Lafontaine, who appeared in the play on its original production at the Vaudeville some years ago. It came last of all, and not first, as is so often the case, to the question of remuneration, when the actor, interrupting the manager, said, "Oh, don't let us talk about money, you will give me what you like; the part is such a taking one that I could even play it for nothing." And yet there are pessimists who continue to say this is a mercenary age in which we live.

M. and Mme. Negro desired to inscribe their child at the Mayoralty as Lucifer Blanqui Vercingetorex. The mayor, however, being a mayor of the strictest principles, refused to make the required inscription. Lucifer he thought an insult to religion, Blanqui a defiance of orderly government, and Vercingetorex a name at once heathen, unusual, and significant of Druidical rites and other abominations. Against the decision of the mayor M. Negro has appealed, and in the meantime Lucifer Blanqui Vercingetorex cogitates the matter in his cradle. One of our Parisian contemporaries has undertaken to prove that the name of Lucifer is not only the appellation of the Prince of Darkness, but was once borne by an angel of light. This angel of light was a bishop of Cagliari, who lived in the year 354. The bishop was a scholar, and published a Latin treatise with a long name—"De non conveniendo cum hac reticis et de non parendo in Deum delinquentibus." Like his namesake the bishop had a weakness for fire, and at the Council of Milan held about the year 354 recommended that heretics should be burnt alive as the only means of keeping the Mother Church pure and orthodox.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative power in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noves, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.