

AT PARTING.

For a day and a night, Love sang to us, played with us,
Folded us round from the dark and the light;
And our hearts were fulfilled of the music he made with
us,
Made with our hearts and our lips while he stayed with
us,
Stayed in mid passage his pinions from flight
For a day and a night.

From his foes that kept watch with his wings had he did-
den us,
Covered us close from the eyes that would smite,
From the feet that had tracked and the tongues that had
chidden us,
Sheltering in shade of the myrtles forbidden us,
Spirit and flesh growing one with delight
For a day and a night.

But his wings will not rest and his feet will not stay for
us,
Morning is here in the joy of its might;
With his breath has he sweetened a night and a day for
us;
Now let him pass, and the myrtles make way for us;
Love can but last in us here at his height
For a day and a night.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

THE MODES.

CLOAKS.—Waterproof cloaks and dust cloaks are changing both in form and style; the former are being discarded for thick handsome mantles. Many are striped with fine braid, which almost entirely covers the back. Similar ornamentation in front, which large pockets at the sides; the cuffs are likewise braided. The new cloth is waterproof, but is too heavy for summer wear. Dust cloaks are made of grey alpaca, lined with grey silk.

BODICES.—There is very little that is new in the form of bodices, the cuirass and basques being universally adopted; but there is innovation in trimming the back of a bodice, for not only is there a violin of fine plaits arranged on the cross, but these are now further ornamented with appliques of passementerie. Not so long ago, the backs of bodices were perfectly plain, but at present it is the fashion to make them as fantastic and intricate-looking as possible.

HOSE.—The fashionable stockings are silk for dressy occasions, and thread for negligé. They are almost without exception woven in three colours; for example, navy blue for the foot, striped white and blue for the top of the instep, and the leg pale blue; the clocks are richly embroidered with white silk. Many ladies have stockings woven expressly to match their costumes, and this particularity in stockings arises doubtless from the fashion observed this summer of always wearing shoes.

PETTICOATS.—White petticoats are made with a belt in front and a drawing string at the back, and no placket hole; the short under-skirt has a hem and six tucks, and the upper skirt is usually trimmed with scanty embroidered frills. The lowest frill should not be sewn at the edge of the skirt, but far enough above the edge to prevent the worked scallop touching the ground. Trained skirts of white lawn, to be worn under full-dress trains, are now sufficiently handsome to serve as outer skirts of house dresses for morning or afternoon wear. These have Spanish flounces elaborately trimmed with insertion, and platings edged with Valenciennes lace. The novelty is to trim such skirts with open-worked insertion and edging in wheel and compass patterns.

UNDERCLOTHING.—Very little machine stitching is to be seen on under-linen, but most of the hand sewing on chemises is beautifully done; the stitching, of which there is an abundance, is as even as machine stitching; the tucks are regular, and as fine as cords; the gathers are pulled, not scraped, into regularity, and neatly hemmed to the bands; the felled seams are small and flat; the hems are wide and smooth. The over-seaming of selvages is seldom well done, and in many garments there are no selvedge seams, as they are made of material a yard and a quarter wide. To be well done, the selvages should be barely caught together by shallow stitches, so that the seam can be opened flatly by scraping it with the thumb nail; it should look as if woven there. Embroidery worked by hand on the garment, and clusters of fine tucks, are the trimmings on French chemises made for general wear. The band and sleeves are beautifully wrought with thick needlework; the tucks are in lengthwise clusters below the band.

TUNICS.—There are many pretty fantasies for demi-season wear; there are navy blue tunics embroidered all over with écu lozenges; there are China crepe tunics of all shades, but the cream-coloured ones, embroidered with a trellis pattern worked in the same shade, are the most popular; the pink crepe tunics embroidered with white straw are also exquisite. White tunics made of double-barège edged with fringe, and tied at the back with black velvet, are likewise pretty. The black faille cuirass bodices open down the front, over a light foulard dress made as a blouse, produce a charming effect. Imagine a turquoise blue foulard, with plaited skirt, alternating with platings of black silk; the blouse is gathered in front, and trimmed with Valenciennes insertion; the sleeves are entirely composed of Valenciennes insertion; the faille cuirass has large square basques opening over the blue blouse, with Valenciennes lace in front; all round the cuirass there is a wide band of blue jet. A similar but more simple style consists of a black and white checked blouse, with black faille cuirass and no blue jet.

HEARTH AND HOME.

AVOID talking about what you are doing, at least till it is in some state of forwardness. Talking prevents doing. Silence is the great fellow-workman.

SORROW AN INSTRUCTOR.—Has it never occurred to us, when surrounded by sorrows, that they may be sent to us only for our instruction, as we darken the cages of birds when we wish to teach them to sing?

WOMAN'S MISSION.—It is the most momentous question a woman is ever called on to decide, whether the fault of the man she loves will drag her down, or whether she is competent to be his earthly redeemer.

GOOD AND ILL NEWS.—If you know anything that will make a brother's heart glad, run quickly and tell it; but if something that will cause a sigh, bottle it up, unless the sigh would be deeper for the keeping than the telling.

LIFE is like a roll of costly material passing swiftly through our hands, and we must embroider our pattern on it as it goes. We cannot wait to pick up a false stitch, or pause too long before we set another.

EVERY man, no matter how lowly he may appear to himself, may still endeavour to produce something for the benefit or use of society; remembering that an insect furnishes by its labour materials wherewith to form the regal robes of kings.

SOME people continue under the gross and habitual self-deception that the most blundering observer of human nature can understand them better than they understand themselves. There are persons who have so accustomed themselves to all the arts and tricks of falsehood that to gain a plain end in a plain way would be to them utterly tasteless and insipid.

It is the unguarded word which oftenest proves a root of bitterness in married life—the want of a proper discipline of speech which thrusts thorns and needles into family happiness. Young married people cannot be too careful in the exercise of a wholesome restraint over their tongues and intercourse with each other, if they would preserve mutual respect and lay a solid basis for domestic tranquillity.

THERE are two methods of harvesting in use among the men and women in the thick of life—the one seizes the immediate guinea, on the principle of the bird in hand as against two in the bush; the other foregoes present gains for future greater advantages. Each system lands its adherents safe and prosperous; but that which holds by the immediate guinea is oftentimes the less satisfactory—to grasp at the glittering present frequently ending in the loss of the more solid future.

THERE is nothing more unpleasant to refined breeding than looseness of manners, or, rather, an indifference to personal behaviour, among the members of a family in their domestic retirement. It shows their behaviour, in the presence of guests, is a mere company manner put on for the occasion. Good manners, politeness, respectful attention to others, if they be at all ingrained, are not respecters of persons and occasions. They should be ever-pervading; and, although they may not be observed in their fulness between parents and children, they should be relaxed in none of their essential applications.

THE FAMILY.—The family is the educator of the race. Here men and women are made. What they are in the world, that they were in the family as children. The family is the place where the first lessons of law are received, and where the whole character in view of law has a direction given it. The citizen is made in the family long before the time for voting or activity has come. When Napoleon said, in answer to Madame de Staël's question about France's greatest need, "Mothers," he asserted the all-potent influence of a true family life. The family is the great means for the development of character. What a world does it present for the affections to abide in! Where on all the earth besides are sympathies so warm, love so pure and fervent as here? All that gives value or beauty to human character finds in the family at once an atmosphere in which to expand and develop the elements which shall bring it to the highest perfection. The family creates a perpetual power which holds and moves evermore each individual of the circle. The parental love, evoked every hour in providing, watching, guiding, throws back its influence over the heart and life of father and mother, and makes them what they never could be without it; it is a power which tends all the time to lift them to a higher and better place.

ARTEMUS WARD.

Of Artemus Ward Melville D. Landon writes: Personally, Charles Farrar Browne was one of the kindest and most affectionate of men, and history does not name a man who was so universally beloved by all who knew him. It was remarked, and truly, that the death of no literary character since Washington Irving caused such general and widespread regret. In stature he was tall and slender. His nose was prominent—outlined like that of Sir Charles Napier or Mr. Seward; his eyes large, teeth white and pearly; fingers long and slender; hair soft, straight, and blond; complexion florid; moustache large, and his voice soft and clear. In bearing he moved like a natural born gentleman. In his lectures he never smiled—not even while he was giving utterance to the most delicious absurdities; but all the jokes fell from his lips as if he

was unconscious of their meaning. While writing his lectures he would laugh and chuckle to himself continually. There was one peculiarity about Charles Browne—he never made an enemy. Other wits in other times have been famous, but a satirical thrust now and then has killed a friend. Diogenes was the wit of Greece, but when, after holding up an old dried fish to draw away the eyes of Anaximenes's audience, he exclaimed, "See how an old fish is more interesting than Anaximenes," he said a funny thing, but he stabbed a friend. When Charles Lamb, in answer to a doting mother's question as to how he liked babies, replied, "B-b-boiled, madame, boiled!", that mother loved him no more; and when John Randolph said "thank you" to his constituent, who kindly remarked that he had the pleasure of passing his house, it was wit at the expense of friendship. The whole English school of wits—with Douglas Jerrold, Hood, Sheridan, and Sidney Smith—indulged in repartee. They were parasitic wits. And so with the Irish, "Artemus Ward" made you laugh and love him too.

THE TIED-BACK DRESS.

The Boston Courier in an article on the pinned and pull-back style of dress would not make Greek slaves and Lady Godivas of the wives and daughters of the land, but neither would it have them so swathed in clothes as to refute to the eye all the anatomy of the books and raise a suspicion that these lovely visions are constructed like mermaids. It is reasonable to presume, says the Courier, that God knows how to build a woman, and that having finished a piece of work of that kind and pronounced it very good, he does not require or desire it to be so adorned that it can only be recognized in its structural grace and beauty by an act of blind and blundering faith. Hence, after these many years of multifarious and unserviceable wrappings, we are inclined to regard the pinned-back skirt as a revelation, with the finger of Providence in it, intended to revive confidence in the first chapter of Genesis, and to restore to a cheating and doubting world the old conceptions of the female form divine, which the ancients made classic in their history, their poetry, and their sculpture. It does not follow that all display should be sacrificed in this reformatory tightening of the front breadths of skirts. On the contrary, there is still room, and to spare, for all the richness of texture and color that the most affluent can afford. The simple dress in which Homer enfolded Helen—the same that Aspasia and Cleopatra wore—wanted nothing in magnificence by reason of being so fitted as to reveal the outlines of the limbs. Petrarch's Laura had only two dresses for state occasions, both cut to fit the figure almost like a glove; but the plainness did not prevent their being splendid with gay, profuse, and costly charms of hue and trimming. There is no limit, and there should be none, to the possibilities of brilliancy in woman's attire; only let the spectacle be honest, consistent, and harmonious. To quote from M. Blanc's studies in this branch of art—for art it is, of persuasive and fascinating interest—"the picture should not be lost in the frame." The face alone is not all of feminine beauty; and it is not too much to say, with one of our greatest latter-day philosophers, that the woman who but casts a shadow of a graceful figure on the wall confers a favor on the world. Good luck, then, to the pinned-back skirt, which suggests more in the way of wholesome and felicitous reform than all the woman suffrage schemes that uneasy brains have ever concocted.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The Sultan of Turkey refuses to suspend hostilities towards the Slavonic insurgents at the request of the great Powers. The Turkish troops are unable to penetrate the mountain defiles of Herzegovina. Austria is concentrating troops in Dalmatia, adjacent to Herzegovina, is supposed to assist the Turks.

War has been declared between the States of Panama and Columbia, in Central America.

The friendly relations between Britain and China are said to be in danger of being sundered.

The State of Panama has declared war against the general Government of Columbia.

The long projected pilgrimage of the German Catholics to Lourdes is, it is announced, fixed for next month. Large subscriptions have been obtained for the expenses of the journey. It is said, however, that the Government intends to prohibit the pilgrimage, and will prevent it by force, if necessary, from being carried out.

A meeting was held at London, England, to discuss the causes of the high price of meat. An association was formed for the purpose of procuring a supply of foreign cattle.

Captain Webb has succeeded in swimming across the English Channel, from Dover to Calais, a distance of about twenty miles, without any aid whatever. The feat was accomplished in 21 hours 40 minutes.

A despatch has been received at Ottawa from Washington, stating that the Secretary of the Treasury declines to revise the recent order of his department relative to the transit of goods in sealed cars for exportation at Portland.

The intended marriage is announced of King Alfonso to the eldest daughter of the Duke de Montpensier.

HUMOUROUS.

FLOATING CAPITAL.—Venice.

A CAPITAL SKYLIGHT.—The moon.

SET TOGETHER BY THE EARS.—Sheaves of wheat.

CROAKY croquet players abound in the West since the recent heavy rains.

PASTRYCOOKS seldom advertise, because a large proportion of their goods are puffs in themselves.

A Frenchman has defined an idea as a child of one's own that one always wishes some one else to adopt.

TO HEADS OF FAMILIES.—Why is it that boy babies are always bouncing, and girl babies always beautiful?

A Norristown boy who found a pocket book containing eighty-five dollars, and returned it to the owner, refused a reward of five cents for his trouble, explaining that many a man has been ruined by suddenly becoming rich.

At a dinner at Holland House, Moore answered the conundrum, "Why is love like a potato," by saying, "Because it shoots from the eyes." Byron, who sat near him offered the suggestion, "Or because it becomes less by paring."

A ragged little urchin came to a lady's door, asking for old clothes. She brought him a vest and a pair of trousers, which she thought would be a comfortable fit. The young scape-grace took the garments and examined each; then, with a disconsolate look, said, "There ain't no watch pocket."

BOOT-MAKER (who has a deal of trouble with his customer): "I think, sir, if you were to cut your corns, I could more easily find you a pair." Choleric old gentleman: "Cut my corns, sir! I asked you to fit me a pair of boots to my feet, sir! I'm not going to plane my feet down to fit your boots!"

JOSH BILLINGS remarks: "The only way to get thru this world and escape censure and abuse is to take sun back road. You can't travel the main turnpike and do it." And, being half-way consistent, Josh travels the unbeaten paths of orthography in a winding, circumlocutory course to the point of a joke. If Josh had ever been to school, however, he'd find his spelling-tracks more beaten than he thinks they are.

SIR GEORGE ROSE'S wit was sometimes expressed in a single word. On one occasion, when a new serjeant had been created, and it became his duty, according to custom, to present rings to the judges, inscribed with the usual brief "posy" in Latin, Sir George indicated his appreciation of the then exciting company of serjeants by suggesting for the motto in question, "Scilicet" (silly set)—That is to say.

LITERARY.

KATE FIELD attended the London Byron memorial meeting, and "stood on the back of a chair."

Rev. W. H. H. MURRAY is to try his hand at editing a paper in Boston to be called The Golden Rule.

MISS BLANCHE W. HOWARD, of Bangor, Me., proves to be author of "One Summer."

MR. RICHARD A. PROCTOR, the English astronomer, will return to this country early in October.

ROBERT DALE OWEN'S physical health is good, but his mind shows no signs of recovering.

A new book by William W. Story, the sculptor, entitled "Nero; a Historical Play," will appear in the autumn.

ROBERT BROWNING'S new poem will be out in October. It treats of the effect produced on the mind by sudden loss of fortune.

THE Russian Minister of Public Instruction intends to make the English language a subject of compulsory study in the gymnasiums for young ladies.

AN idea has emanated from the Times office of printing simultaneously copies of that journal in London, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and probably Newcastle.

A work has been published in Germany, edited by Herr Ferdinand Sieber, containing ten thousand popular songs, catalogued and classified, with their themes noted.

MR. F. W. CHESSEON is writing a work on Atlantic Telegraphy, the first portion of which, being a review of recent legislation in Canada with reference to the Atlantic cables, will be published in a few days.

GEORGE ELIOT (Mrs. Lewes) is said to look like a picture of Lorenzo di Medici, with her large, thin features and penetrating eyes. Her manner is rather abrupt, and casual acquaintances do not "take" to her.

MISS BRADDON'S new work is entitled "Dead Men's Shoes," and its publication in the English, Irish, and Scotch journals is simultaneous. Translations of the novel will appear simultaneously also in Germany, France, and Russia.

DURING the last quarter of a century the number of volumes in the British Museum has increased from 435,000 to 1,100,000; in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, from 824,000 to 2,003,000, and in the public libraries in the United States from 980,000 to nearly 20,000,000.

SWINBURNE dislikes the physical exertion of writing, which is often a painful effort to him. His perspiration through rough and ragged is more legible than that of most literary men, for the reason that every stroke means a letter, and he never fails to dot his i's and cross his t's.

LOUISA ALCOTT has any number of admirers in Holland, who have expressed their enjoyment of her books in letters to her. One of them writes to her: "We want to know whether you are old or young, rich or poor, alone or the centre of a family circle." They want to know a great deal in Holland.

NAPOLÉON III's publisher, M. Plon, has been unsuccessful in his action against the executors of the late Emperor, for the heavy loss caused by unsaleable copies left on hand of the Emperor's "Life of Caesar." The Court ruled that if his bargain turned out bad, it was his own fault, and dismissed the suit, with costs.

FLORENCE MARRYAT is what nine persons out of ten would style a splendid woman; she is a blonde of the pure English type, of average height, and a very fine figure. She has soft gray eyes and light hair, and though not what can strictly be termed beautiful, there is a nouchant grace in her movements and a charming insouciance in her manner which renders her singularly fascinating. She dresses in excellent taste, though not extravagantly, and evinces a decided preference for black or white. In company she always appears in a décolleté toilet, and her neck and arms might serve as models for a sculptor.

PLON & Co. have published a work, founded on precious documents and unpublished memoirs, which presents in a new light one of the most striking episodes of French history. "Stoffet et La Vendée" is the title of the work, and its author, M. Edmond Stoffet, gives not only the biography of the illustrious general whose name he bears, but relates the military and political history of La Vendée and enables us to assist at those memorable combats which distinguished the "war of giants." A map is attached to the volume which enables the reader to follow with precision the march of the Royalist and Republican armies.

THE English newspapers in Paris are not very numerous. First, of course, on the list comes the time-honored *Caligant*, which would be very nice if it were not so thoroughly British in tone and selections, and if one was not obliged to pay 10 cents for it. Nor are its dimensions proportioned to its price, for it is a mere single-sheet affair, containing about as much matter as the *Philadelphia Ledger*. Next comes the *American Register*, with its twelve pages, its full and complete list of American arrivals abroad, and its exhaustive and entertaining summary of news both foreign and domestic. Its New York correspondence is peculiarly fresh, sparkling, and interesting. Six cents is the price of this flourishing Yankee production.