

ing answers I had made—the unpleasant duty the examiners had to perform; and the absurd artery (before unmentioned) that I had sent down the shin into the foot. The reader will scarcely believe that so worried was I by the anxious labours of the last week, and the previous year of hard study, that my first sensation was that of relief to find that all was over.

I know that my countenance was strangely heart-broken when the gray-eyed beadle, inspecting me as if I had been one of the anatomical preparations I had just seen, opened the door for me to pass. There was a lobby full of anxious faces, a court-yard wherein strolled men in every aspect of unrest, a quiet street, whose passengers, from the tattered Italian who was grinding the 'Dead March' in Saul lugubriously from a rusty organ, to the fair girl with golden hair and a profile that Raphael might have pulited, all looked me in the face. Had I been a criminal, there could not have been more staring eyes besetting my path.

And so I was a plucked man. I did not press lustily, as I had once dreamed, to see the pass-lists for the degree of M. B. My hands were not shaken rapturously by congratulating friends; there were no intoxicating billets greeting my success; there was not a student of St. Barbara's who mentioned my name in connection with his school. It was a hushed-up sound among acquaintances; while wary letters came gingerly from the country, wondering at my silence, and asking, with grim sarcasm, if anything had happened to me. It was only after a consultation with Cramwell, who, on ascertaining a very pleasant termination to his labours, had walked home leisurely, and commenced an essay on the times of Charlemagne, that I proceeded with much ingenuousness to endeavour to convince the world that, as matters stood, my failure was on the whole a little more brilliant than success could have been; and I need scarcely add, that there were not wanting men within the pale of St. Barbara, nor out of it either, to give credence to my reasonings.

JANE AUSTEN.

A few years ago, a gentleman visiting the beautiful cathedral of Winchester, England, desired to be shown the grave of Jane Austen. The vergor, as he pointed it out, asked, "Pray, sir, can you tell me whether there was anything particular about that lady, so many people want to know where she was buried?" We fancy the ignorance of the honest vergor is shared by most American readers of the present day, respecting the life and character of a lady whose novels commanded the admiration of Scott, of Mackintosh, of Macaulay, of Coleridge, of Southey, and others of equal eminence in the world of letters. Even during her lifetime she was known only through her novels. Unlike her gifted contemporary, Miss Mitford, she lived in entire seclusion from the literary world; neither by correspondence nor by personal intercourse was she known to any contemporary authors. It is probable that she never was in company with any person whose talents or whose celebrity equalled her own; so that her powers never could have been sharpened by collision with superior intellects, nor her imagination aided by their casual suggestions. Even during the last two or three years of her life, when her works were rising in the estimation of the public, they did not enlarge the circle of her acquaintance. Few of her readers knew even her name, and none knew more of her than her name. It would scarcely be possible to mention any other author of note whose personal obscurity was so complete. Fanny Burney, afterwards Madame D'Arbly, was, at an early age, petted by Dr. Johnson, and introduced to the wits and scholars of the day at the tables of Mrs. Thrale and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Anna Seward, in her self-constituted shrine at Lichfield, would have been miserable had she not trusted that the eyes of all lovers of poetry were devotedly fixed on her. Joanna Baillie and Miss Edgeworth were far from courting publicity; they loved the privacy of their own families, one with her brother and sister in their Hampstead villa, the other in her more distant retreat in Ireland; but fame pursued them, and they were the favourite correspondents of Sir Walter Scott. The chief part of Charlotte Brontë's life was spent in a wild solitude compared with which Stevenson and Chawton might be considered to be in the gay world; and yet she attained to personal distinction which never fell to Miss Austen's lot. When she visited her kind publisher in London, literary men and women were invited purposely to meet her: Thackeray bestowed on her the honour of his notice; and once in Willis's rooms, she had to walk, shy and trembling, through an avenue of lords and ladies, drawn up for the purpose of gazing at the authoress of "Jane Eyre." Miss Mitford, too, lived quietly in "Our Village," devoting her time and talents to the benefit of a father scarcely worthy of her; but she did not live there unknown. Her tragedies gave her a name in London. She numbered Milman and Talfourd among her correspondents, and her works were a passport to the society of many who would not otherwise have sought her. Hundreds admired Miss Mitford on account of her writings for one who ever connected the idea of Miss Austen with the press.

It was not till toward the close of her life, when the last of the works that she saw published was in the press, that she received the only mark of distinction that was ever bestowed upon her; and that was remarkable for the high quarter whence it emanated rather than for any actual increase of fame that it conferred. It happened thus: In the autumn of 1815 she nursed her brother Henry through a dangerous fever and slow convalescence at his house in Hans Place. He was attended by one of the Prince Regent's physicians. All attempts to keep her name secret had at this time ceased, and though it had never appeared on a title-page, yet it was pretty well known; and the friendly physician was aware that his patient's nurse was the authoress of "Pride and Prejudice." Accordingly he informed her one day that the Prince was a great admirer of her novels; that he read them often, and kept a set in every one of his residences; that he himself, therefore, had thought it right to inform His Royal Highness that Miss Austen was staying in London, and that the Prince had desired Mr. Clarke, the librarian of Carlton House, to wait upon her. The next day Mr. Clarke made his appearance, and invited her to Carlton House, saying he had the Prince's instructions to show her the library and other apartments, and to pay her every possible attention. The invitation was, of course, accepted, and during the visit to Carlton House, Mr. Clarke declared himself commissioned to say that if Miss Austen had any other novel forth-coming, she was at liberty to dedicate it to the Prince. Accordingly such a dedication was immediately prefixed to "Emma," which was at that time in the press.—*Harper's Monthly for July.*

A CURIOUS EXHIBITION.

A singular idea is that of a public exhibition of fans; yet such an exhibition has been held at the South Kensington Museum in London. The object of the exhibition was to promote the employment of women in a branch of industry peculiarly adapted to them, though how such an exhibition could further this good object one fails at this distance to perceive clearly. Nevertheless, the exhibition brought out some wonders of mechanism and art, according to the *Building News*, which gives a column and a half to its description.

That journal says the present collection opens with a number of Chinese and Japanese fans, just brought over by one Mr. Mitford. They are, as a rule, very tasteful and curiously inexpensive. There are also some excellent specimens of Indian fans, lent by the Indian Museum, but the object of this exhibition is not so much to show us the different materials out of which a fan may be manufactured—such as carved in sandal wood, made from palm leaves, scented grasses, pheasants' feathers, or even beetlewings—as to set before us the fan as a work of art; and works of art most of the painted fans unquestionably are. Their subjects vary in an infinite number of ways. In this collection can be seen a geographical fan from Japan, with the route between Yeddo and Kioto marked out upon it; a Spanish fan, containing an almanac and a globe; French fans, with revolutionary subjects; Italian fans, ornamented with paintings of Scriptural stories; and historical fans of all periods, from Rebekah and Eleazer down to the fan painted by Tjichy, a Hungarian artist, and presented to the Prince of Wales on the marriage of the Princess Dagmar with the heir of all the Russias. Here, too, are fans interesting to the public as relics—Nos. 262 and 272 were once used by the ill-fated Marie Antoinette; the Queen exhibits one which belonged to the Princess Charlotte; and a very curious fan, with imitation lace cut in paper and medallions in water colour, was once possessed by Madame de Pompadour. It is not possible in this journal to devote much space to an object so apparently remote from its usual province as an exhibition of fans—nevertheless, there are points of common interest which claim our attention. Many of the French fans of the highest character, many Spanish fans, and some of the Italian ones, are of the class we will call pictorial. Thus the mounts of such fans are composed principally of pictures, no doubt designed to fill the peculiar space, but still pictures such as Gay describes as subjects for decoration:

"Paint Dido there, amidst her last distress,
Pale cheeks and bloodshot eyes her grief express."

or—

"Here draw Cleone in the lonely grove,
Where Paris first betrayed her into love."

Such fans have, at various times, been the work of the best artists of the day. Thus No. 224 is by Peter Oliver, the celebrated miniaturist of the time of Charles I. The subject of this fan, which has been painted out square and framed, is "The Triumph of Bacchus." Again, No. 348, a French fan, was painted about 1666, by Philippe de Champagne. It has a landscape on the reverse side, by P. P. Valori. There are also one or two by Lancret, and No. 126 is a beautiful work by Boucher, while among those fans whose painters are unknown, we must call especial attention to "The Queen's Fan," No. 278, the subject of which is a highly-finished copy of Guido's Aurora. Some of the Italian fans of the pictorial class are enriched at the borders and near the sticks with delicate treatments of flowers and fruits so artfully arranged as to carry the colour of the picture into the setting of the fan. No. 320 is a good specimen of such fans, while No. 82 is an excellent example of the same treatment of the mount, though the stick, which is of a subsequent date and quite plain, has been added to the fan without due regard to this artistic effect. Another class of fans may be described as a combination of ornament with pictures. A beautiful example of this is found in a modern fan belonging to the Empress of the French. In the centre of the reverse side is a medallion, painted in grisaille by Moreau; while on each side some beautifully executed amorini, with arabesque ornaments, are supporting the imperial crown and her Majesty's initials. Of earlier examples Nos. 336 and 339, wherein vignettes are alternated with Pompeian ornament, are very characteristic, and deserve study, because of the classic taste displayed in them. Many of the English fans of the last century belong to this class of treatment, sometimes consisting in vignettes and ornaments, and sometimes in medallion portraits and ornaments. Of this character also is the fine French specimen by Boucher, to which we have already alluded. We cannot close without drawing attention to the fans decorated by Vernis Martin, that celebrated Frenchman, mentioned by Voltaire, who combined coach painting, when it still required the skill of an artist, with the decoration of furniture, snuff-boxes, and fans. He invented a varnish which has stuck to his name, and given character to the works of his hands. The labours of fan painting may be esteemed lightly by some, but we opine that when we find such French living artists as Eugène Lami, Moreau, and Hamon, not disdaining to devote their skill and time to such works, our countrywomen may well be proud to enter into the competition.

YALLER DOGS.

When Noah disembarked at Ararat he had scarcely touched the pier when he proceeded to tally his passengers. He had just checked his last item in the list—A Mr. and Mrs. Bedbug—when the cringing figure of a quadruped came sneaking down the gang-plank, with his tail between his legs. "Drat it, if there ain't that yaller dog!" said Noah, aiming a vicious kick with his brogan at the brute. But, with a facility born of long and bitter experience, the brute dodged the projectile, and ejaculating 'ki-yi,' which is Syriac for 'declined with thanks,' or 'not for Joe'—he disappeared, while Noah, who had his sea legs on, was unable to recover his equilibrium and sat down with emphasis on the back of his head.

Noah arose, and, in accordance with the style prevalent among the patriarchs, he proceeded to soothe his affronted dignity by pronouncing a variegated ana hema upon the yaller dog, which had characteristically sneaked unobserved on board, in the confusion of putting to sea, and capized the captain at the first port. He cursed that dog in body, limb, bark, hide, hair, tail and wag, and all his generation, relation and kindred, by consanguinity or affinity, and his heirs and assigns. He cursed him with endless hunger, with perpetual fear, with perennial laziness, with hopeless mange, with incessant fleas,

and with his tail between his legs. He closed his stock of maledictions by a sparkling display of pyrotechnics, from the demoralizing effect of which the yaller dog has never recovered.

With this curse sticking to him like a revenue stamp, the yaller dog can't help being cussed. He don't try to help it.—He follows Noah's programme with sneaking fidelity. He is an Ishmaelite among dogs. He receives the most oppressive courtesies in the form of brickbats, boots and hot water, which makes his life an animated ta get excursion. He boards around like a district school teacher, and it is meal time with him twenty-four hours in the day. The rest of the time he hankers after something to eat. He is too omnivorous for an epicure. Cram him at Delmonico's, and he would hunger for dessert from an Albany boarding house.

He can't be utilized. He is too tired.—As a swill-cart locomotive, a hunter, or a sentinel, he is an ignominious failure.—The dog churn was a strategic attempt to employ his waste energies, but he hadn't any waste energies, and butter had too much self-respect to come at his persuasion. So the dog churn was dropped.

No sausage-maker dare foreclose his lien on the yaller dog, lest his customers—no longer 'soothed and sustained by an unfaltering trust'—transfer their patronage to some less audacious dealer. The savages, who admire baked dog, and who can even attack tripe and explore the mysteries of hash without dismay, acknowledge the yaller dog to be too much for their gastric intrepidity.

He always manages to belong to ragged, tobacco-chewing, whiskey-drinking masters, whose business is swapping dogs and evading the dog tax. The yaller dog is acquainted with himself, and he enjoys the intimacy with edifying contempt. He slinks along through life on a diagonal dog trot, as if in doubt as to which end of him is entitled to the precedence. He is always pervaded by a hang-dog sense of guilt, and when retributive tinware is fastened to his tail, he flies with a horrified celerity which ought to be very suggestive to two legged sinners of a similar ordeal in store for them.

The yaller dog is—well, to speak in italics, he is a *slouc*.—*Mark Twain.*

WHO MAKES YOUR DRESSES!—A touching story is told of the daughter of Sir Robert Peel. Her father gave her, as a birthday present, a gorgeous riding habit, and went out with her on the same day for an airing in the park, his heart swelling with paternal pride as he rode by her side. Shortly afterward she sickened and died of typhus fever of the most malignant type; and when inquiry was made as to how she had caught the infection, it was discovered that the habit, bought from one of the London West-end tradesmen, had been made in a miserable attic, where the husband of the seamstress was lying ill of fever, and that it had been used by her to cover him in his shivering fits. Thus, whether we will believe it or not, the safety of the highest is bound up with the condition of the lowest, and if we neglect their material, moral, and spiritual interests, there will come a dreadful Nemesis to mark the divine displeasure.

HIVING BEES.—A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker*, says—"There are very few people who understand exactly how to manage bees,—that is, to keep the worms from the hive, taking honey, hiving them, &c. A great many bee owners, in hiving bees, use a great many different articles to make the bees remain in the hives; but I think there is no necessity for anything at all; if anything, some apple leaves, with a little sugar on them, rubbed in the hive, is about as good as anything else; and when you go to hive the bees, put the hive under the bees, with one side raised with two stones so as to let the bees go in. If they are settled on a low tree, you can bend the limb down and shake them off by the hive, and they will go up into the hive immediately; if they fail to go in, sprinkle a little water on them; but if they are in a large tree, and high, go up the tree and saw the limb off, bring them down, and shake them off by the hive. I don't think it is necessary to put them in the hive; put them down by it, for if they will not go in from the ground, they would not stay in when you put them in.

WARMTH FROM THE STARS.—It would scarcely be thought by most persons that the stars supply the earth with any appreciable amount of heat. But recently this heat has been measured by means of an instrument called the Galvanometer. We need not consider the construction of this instrument, or the manner by which heat acts upon it through the agency of what is called the thermoelectric pile; all that is necessary to be known is the fact, that the qualities of the instrument as a measurer of delicate heat effects are thoroughly established, so that no doubt can exist as to the significance of its indications. By its means it has been found that Arcturus moved the needle three degrees in about a quarter of an hour. So did Regulus, the leading brilliant of Leo. Pollux gave a deflection of 112 degrees; but singularly enough, his twin brother, Castor, produced no effect at all upon the needle. The splendid Sirius gave a deflection of only two degrees; but as this star is always low down, and so shines through a greater proportion of the denser atmospheric strata, it is not surprising that its heat should not be proportioned to its brilliancy.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.—Miss Lotta, during a recent Boston engagement, was singing Frank Howard's new song, "Guess Who," and when she repeated these lines:—

"Some one I'm wishing and longing to see,
Guess who, if you can, guess who?"

An enthusiastic individual in the parquet sprang to his feet and exclaimed—"I can't guess; but I'd give a thousand dollars if I was the man!" Just imagine the applause that followed.

Peregrine Pickle, who lives in Chicago, tells how he saw a pretty girl dispose of a piece of beefsteak about as large as a small brick: "She plunged her fork into it desperately, lifted it in mid air, gazed upon it pensively, opened that coraline mouth as if it had been red India rubber, wide and wider. It was a key-hole, a teneup, a well, a baby window, a church door, and into that entrance went that piece of meat entire, and then jaws, thorax, larynx and skull bones, went to work on a job that ought to have been let out by contract."

Cockroaches can be destroyed by using smooth-glazed china bowls, partially filled with molasses and water. Set the bowls against something by which the insects can get in; they will not be able to get out.