

THE RUBY AND THE ROSE.

He was the lord of Merlino tower,
And I was but of low degree;
She had her beauty for her dower,
Nor other treasures needed she;
He came, when hawthorns were a-flower,
And strove to steal my love from me.

Oh! she was sweeter than the wind
That bloweth over Indian Isles;
As April bright, than June more kind,
Fawn-wild, and full of winsome wiles,
And I, alas! had learnt to find
My only life beneath her smiles.

He sent my love a ruby rare,
That might have graced imperial brows.
No gem had I. To deck her hair
I sent her but a simple rose;
And prayed her, on a night, to wear
The gift of him whose love she chose.

"Come, queen of all my heart's desire!
Crown me or slay! My soul is stirred
To challenge fate. My pulses tire
Of fear's chill tremour. Sings the bird
Of hope for him who dare aspire?"
A lover's scroll, and wild of word!

We watched her coming, he and I,
With utter dread my heart stood still,
The moon's wan crescent waned on high,
The nightingale had sung his fill:
In the dim distance seemed to die
The echo of his latest thrill.

The flower-trailed gate, our tryst of old,
Gleamed whitely 'neath the clustering bloom
Of the dusk-starring jasmine. Cold
His shadow fell: a ghostly gloom
Lurked where it lay. Oh, heart o'er-bold!
Hast thou but hastened utter doom?

A still cold smile slept on his face,
That all my hope to anguish froze;
Then, in the silence of the place,
We heard her flower-pied porch uncloze,
And—in her hair's silk-soft embrace,
There nestled warm a ripe red rose!

FOR EVERYBODY.

Every Man his own Cook.

A little-known feature of Paris is the *Concert des Oiseaux*, situated in a humble quarter near Père La Chaise. It bears as a sign the legend, "Au souvenir de Berenger," and the following notice, "Here you can cook for yourself." In one room is a large stove, with saucepans and grills, where customers can cook their dinner according to their own taste and fancy for the tariff of a halfpenny per dish, while in the other is the concert saloon, where they can dine to the strains of the last national or popular airs. The idea is worth importing.

Royal.

His Majesty King Kalakaua, recently enthroned in royal state over the few hills and dales constituting the Sandwich Islands, served for thirteen years in the fire department of Honolulu, and at the time he was elected king was foreman of the Hawaii Engine Company No. 4. On the 14th of March the firemen of Honolulu formed a procession and marched to the king's palace to offer their congratulations. Kalakaua, in reply to the chief engineer, said he should always feel proud to consider himself an active member of the fire department, and that he should deem it his duty, when emergencies arise, to join the firemen on the brakes.

Married by Telegraph.

A marriage ceremony was lately solemnized by aid of the telegraph. The happy couple, who were previously furnished with a written pledge embodying the marriage contract, were stationed in the telegraph office at Bonaparte, Iowa, while the clergyman of their choice was in attendance at the Keokuk office. He telegraphed an inquiry whether they took the written pledge. They answered in the affirmative; and he thereupon by telegraph pronounced them man and wife. Our report does not state how the fee was transmitted, nor in what manner the clergyman kissed the bride. We have our doubts as to the sufficiency of a ceremony performed without these accessories.

Night into Day.

A Paris correspondent writes: "A fashionable and dashing countess has adopted the eccentricity of only receiving her visitors and friends at midnight, and strange to say crowds flock to pay their respects. The idea is not new, having been that adopted by the late Duc de Morny."

"The best of all ways, to lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from the night."

The 'order of the night' in a Paris ball-room is dancing or a little professional singing, first; then private theatricals about one in the morning, supper a good hour later, then dancing, and lastly, the *petit souper d'adieu*.

A Cat Yarn.

The following has a touch of Mark Twainism: "An anaconda which was on exhibition at San Francisco was fed on rabbits daily. When the snake was taken to Sacramento for exhibition it was uncertain how long the show would stay, but the patronage of the Sacramento was generous, and the agent at once telegraphed for his show posters to 'bill the town.' The despatch read: 'Send two hundred cuts immediately,' but when received it read: 'Send two hundred cats immediately.' It was a little bit of a surprise to the agent at San Francisco when he read the message, but he reasoned that rabbits were scarce in Sacramento, and it was necessary to substitute cats for the regular provender, so he started out an army of boys to catch all the stray cats. By the afternoon train he sent a crate of seventy-five cats, with a letter saying: 'I send seventy-five cats by this train and will forward balance

to-morrow; but I am afraid that number of cats will eat the snake, if they get loose, instead of being eaten by him.'

Vitality of Seeds.

A French journal gives some statistics in regard to the vitality of seeds, which are founded upon trustworthy observations. They may be of service to those who are uncertain whether or not to use old packages of seeds. Seed of artichoke (globe) lasts good for five years; asparagus, four; beans (garden), six; beans (French), two to three; beet, five; cabbage, five; carrot, four; cauliflower, five; celery, seven; cress (garden), five; cress (water), four; cucumber, five; dandelion, one; egg-plant, seven; fennel, six; gourds, five; leeks, two; lettuce, five; maize, two; melon, five; mustard, five; nasturtium, five; onions, two to three; parsnip, one; parsley, three; peas, four to five; pepper (long), four; potatoes, three; radish, five; rhubarb, three; salsify, two; spinach, five; strawberry, eight; thyme, two to three; tomato, five; and turnip, five.

Scotch Real Estate Owners.

They have some respectable land-holders in Scotland. In Elgin the Earl of Seafield owns 98,721 acres, of the annual value of \$105,000; and the Earl of Fife 40,959 acres, of the annual value of \$93,000. The two estates embrace nearly half the land of the county. In Forfarshire the Earl of Dalhousie owns 136,602 acres, of the annual value of \$275,000; and the Earl of Airlie 65,000 acres, of the annual value of \$108,000, the two comprising a third of the county. In Aberdeenshire there are five estates of over 40,000 acres, viz: the Duke of Richmond's, 69,660 acres, annual value \$123,000; the Earl of Fife's, 139,829 acres, \$88,000; the Marquis of Huntly's, 80,000 acres, \$56,000; and Col. Farquharson's, 87,745 acres, \$47,000. The Queen's estate at Balmoral contains 25,350 acres, of the annual value of about \$11,000. The Prince of Wales has a paltry 6,800 acres, worth \$4,000 a year, which is hardly worth counting. Land in Texas pays better than that.

"Tom Tiddler's Ground."

James Lucas, who for twenty-five years has led a singular and solitary life in his place at Redcoat's Green, between Stevenage and Hitchin, died on April 19th. Since the death of his mother, the deceased, who was a gentleman of fortune, excluded himself from the world. He never wore anything beyond a blanket, enveloped in which he used to appear at his windows, and he totally ignored soap and water. He would allow nothing in the house to be touched, and consequently the pictures and furniture presented a dilapidated and decaying appearance. Rats were in the house, and the premises generally were in a ruinous state. Till latterly the hermit's health did not suffer from his habits of uncleanness. When discovered alarmingly ill, he lay on a pile of soot and cinders. He detested the rich, but gave money and spirits to the poorer visitors. Lucas was interviewed some years ago by Charles Dickens, and his premises are well known to be the scene of "Tom Tiddler's Ground."

A Ticklish Historian.

Prescott, the Historian, when at College was subject to uncontrollable fits of laughter. He once went to the study of the professor of rhetoric to receive a private lesson in elocution, no once else being present. Prescott took his attitude as orator, and began the speech he had committed, but after proceeding through a sentence or two something ludicrous suddenly came across him, and it was all over with him at once. The professor—no laughing man—looked grave, and tried to check him in a tone of severe reprimand. This only seemed to aggravate Prescott's paroxysm, and he tried in vain to beg the professor's pardon, but he could not utter an intelligible word. At last the ludicrousness of the situation seized the professor himself, his features relaxed, and he too began to laugh. The more they looked at each other the more they laughed, each holding his sides, with tears rolling down their cheeks. Of course there was an end of reprimand, and equally an end of declamation. The professor was the first to recover himself, saying, "Well, Prescott, you may go; this will do for to-day."

A Son of the Nephew of his Uncle.

The ghost of Louis Napoleon, or what looks strangely like the wraith of the deposed Emperor, may be seen daily haunting the Restaurant Morel, back of the Opéra Comique, Paris, a *café* much frequented by artists and authors. The ghost in question is no other than the son of the dead ruler, the eldest child of the late celebrated Mrs. Howard. He is remarkably like his father (an advantage which the Prince Imperial does not enjoy), and is said to resemble him also in licentiousness of conduct. He is a middle-aged man now, but is not in the least a settled or steady one, and his habits of dissipation and extravagance used to give the Emperor much trouble. To get rid of this wild scion, and to avoid the scandals which might have been set afoot by the Liberals respecting his conduct in Paris, his father sent him first as consul to Belfast, and finding that still too near to France in all probability, he transferred him to the consulate of Zanzibar. He is now residing in Paris, and bears the title of Count de Bure, but nobody troubles themselves any more about him—his brief chance for distinction or notoriety passed away with the Empire and its chief. Some day, perhaps, he may play the part of Duke de Morny to Napoleon IV.

Our Weights.

Upon the average boys at birth weigh a little more, and girls a little less than six pounds and a half. For the first twelve years the two sexes, says the London *Medical Record*, continue nearly equal in weight, but beyond that time males acquire a decided preponderance. Thus, young men at twenty average about 143 lb. each, while the young women of twenty average 120 lb. Men reach their heaviest bulk at about thirty-five, when they average about 152 lb.; but women slowly increase in weight until fifty, when their average is about 128 lbs. Taking men and women together, their weight at full growth averages about twenty times as heavy as they were on the first day of their existence. Men range from 108 to 220 lb., and women from 88 to 207 lb. The actual weight of human nature, taking the averages of ages and conditions—nobles, clergy, tinkers, tailors, maidens, boys, girls, and babies, all included—is very nearly 100 lb. These figures are given in avoirdupois weight; but the advocates of the superiority of women might make a nice point by introducing the rule that women be weighed by troy weight—like other jewels—and

men by avoirdupois. The figures will then stand—young men of twenty, 143 lb. each, young women of twenty about 146 lb. each, and so on.

Bring Forth the Sabre.

A naughty Washington correspondent writes: "There is a clever story going the rounds about the aristocratic proclivities of one of our Senators. It seems that some time ago this ancient and honourable house discovered that one of its principle boulders in its foundation walls—probably the cornerstone, so to speak—was Plymouth Rock. As a matter of course this discovery rendered it necessary to have heirlooms in the house. Now it is not difficult to have heirlooms. There are several establishments in New York and one in Washington that deal largely in heirlooms, the business having become immensely profitable in this period of the *renaissance*. So among heirlooms of the house of Stewart is a 'Continental uniform'—big bell-buttons, white facings, epaulettes, knee-buckles and all. Of course, one evening, when the traditions and idyls of the family were under discussion, the uniform was brought out and placed on dress parade. But, *horribile dictu*, the stupid keeper of the family archives had neglected to remove the price-tag of the dealer in heirlooms. Of course there was confusion, and people will talk. The joke of the thing is that the 'heirloom' in question is a real old Continental, and that it came into the possession of the dealer through a sutler who got it with many others from Sherman's bummers, the bummers having seized it as contraband of war somewhere on the 'march to the sea.' At least such is the story of the society gossips."

Clerical Affectation.

Clerical dress appears to be in danger of running to the Romish style, among the High Churchmen at least, which does not suit the fancy of the English Chaplain-General. He objects both to the broad-brimmed hat and the long, loose coat reaching to the ankles, as neither becoming nor sanctioned by army regulations, so that regimental chaplains must hereafter either appear in full uniform or "in just such clothes as are usually worn by English gentlemen who have taken holy orders." The London *Independent* takes this subject up and broadly asserts that there is a tendency among Non-Conformist ministers to ape this High Church dress. It finds some of them giving increased length to the coat-tails and giving up the neat, white tie for the Anglican band. "We are aware," says this journal, "that we touch delicate matters here, and we would do so with a light hand; but there seems to us something not altogether worthy of Non-Conformist ministers attempting to disguise themselves as clergymen of the Church of England. No doubt, if they can get themselves to be mistaken for officials of the Establishment, they will obtain a little more respect until they are found out, and then—well, their pretensions will be estimated at their true value. For ourselves, we do not see why ministers should dress other than as English gentlemen, and the less they try to make themselves a distinct order, and the more they base their rights to their office simply on their capacity to lead and teach the people, the more will they win that esteem and admiration which they have a right to expect."

Charles Dickens's Mother.

A writer says: "Mrs. Dickens was a little woman, who had been very nice-looking in her youth. She had very bright hazel eyes, and was as thoroughly good-natured, easy-going, companionable a body as one would wish to meet with. The likeness between her and Mrs. Nickleby is simply the exaggeration of some slight peculiarities. She possessed an extraordinary sense of the ludicrous, and her power of imitation was something quite astonishing. On entering a room she almost unconsciously took an inventory of its contents, and if anything happened to strike her as out of place or ridiculous, she would afterwards describe it in the quaintest possible manner. In like manner she noted the personal peculiarities of her friends and acquaintances. She had a fine vein of pathos, and could bring tears to the eyes of her listeners when narrating some sad event. She was slightly lame, having injured one of her legs by falling through a trap-door whilst acting in some private theatricals at the Soho Theatre, London. I am of opinion that a great deal of Dickens's genius was inherited from his mother. He possessed from her a keen appreciation of the droll and of the pathetic, as also considerable dramatic talent. Mrs. Dickens has often sent my sisters and myself into uncontrollable fits of laughter by her funny sayings and inimitable mimicry. Charles was decidedly fond of her, and always treated her respectfully and kindly. In the hour of her sad bereavement his conduct was noble. I remember he took her in his arms and they both wept bitterly together. He told her that she must rely upon him for the future."

Clerical Salaries.

Compared with the niggardliness with which pastors were paid down to within the last ten or fifteen years, the salaries now given are quite liberal, and as most of our prominent congregations provide a parsonage for their minister, their support may be regarded as generous. The largest salary paid to any clergyman in the country is to Mr. Beecher—\$15,000. Next to him come our city parishes: Dr. Potter, of Grace Church, and Doctor Morgan Dix, Trinity, \$12,000; Dr. Morgan, St. Thomas's, \$10,000; Dr. Montgomery, Incarnation, Dr. Haight, St. Paul's, and Dr. Swope, Trinity Chapel, the same; Dr. Tyng, \$8,000, and Dr. Tyng, Jun., the same; Dr. John Cotton Smith, \$5,000; Dr. Cooke, \$8,000. The lowest salary paid in the Episcopal Church is \$1,000, and the entire salary list amounts to about \$300,000. Dr. John Hall, Presbyterian, receives \$10,000 gold; Rev. Dr. Thompson, Presbyterian, and Dr. Hastings, \$6,000; Drs. Paxton, Northrup, Burchard, and Hitchcock, \$5,000 each; Dr. Elder, Baptist, \$6,000—the highest salary paid by this denomination; Drs. Armitage, Kendrick, and Kinnard, Baptist, each \$5,000, and five Baptist pastors receive \$1,000. In the Reformed Dutch Church Drs. Chambers, Ormiston, and De Witt receive \$8,000; Drs. Thompson and Rodgers, \$6,000; and Drs. Hutton and Mandeville, \$5,000; three are paid \$1,000. Dr. Chapin's pay is \$5,000; Dr. Sweetser and Pullman, same denomination (Universalist), \$3,000. One Methodist Church pays its pastor \$5,000, two others \$3,000 each, and ten more \$2,000. One Lutheran Church pays \$6,000 and another \$4,000; some Lutheran pastors receive less than \$1,000. The salary of Dr. Bellows is \$8,000; Dr. Deems receives \$5,000; and Rev. Chauncey Giles (Swedenborgian), \$3,500. All pastors of Roman Catholic Churches receive \$800 a year, and assistants \$700.