

FLOWERS ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Only a gift of flowers,
A wealth of fragrant loveliness,
The children of the sunny hours
A birth of spring's caress,
That seeks a love's absorbing light,
To make existence bright!

Their beauty is thine own,
A dower on earth to symbol Heaven!
Each lovely has a brilliant tone
Caught from the season's music, given
To welcome thee, to hark awhile
Within thy love-lit smile!

Thy birthdays come and pass
To lead my life with tenderness;
The daisy's star, the trembling grass—
The summer's radiant dress,
May emblem in my gift of flowers
The rays affection dowers.

Only a garland sweet,
That heralds in their splendid hues,
What thought enchanted, can't repeat,
Since thought divine imbues
Their glory with perfection a seal,
Symbolled in love's ideal!

And when they pass away,
A fragrant vision of the past,
Requented upon thy natal day:
O, may their beauty ead
Upon thy young life's azure sky
A light that cannot die!

Nurslings of spring that fade,
Sweet shapes that steal the summer's kiss!
The blue-eyed children of the glade
Imprisoned for our bliss—
Can't perish, when fond memory
May board their joy for them.

London, June, 1879.

1880.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

The conversation turned the other day on the worn-out platitudes about Disraeli and "fireworks." "Well, I don't know," said a lobbyist, "but Gladstone is fond of fireworks, too. Disraeli is like a Catherine wheel—he revolves in a circle; but Gladstone resembles a cracker—you don't know where to expect him next."

The curators of Cleopatra's Needle are not to be congratulated on the result of the slow work which for so many months has been going on behind the hoarding which still encumbers the Embankment. The broken corners at the base of the Needle certainly give an air of insecurity to the monolith. The Board of Works have therefore affixed sphinx wings in bronze, which spread some feet up to the sides of the column.

Afternoon parties are much given, much liked. The afternoon takes precedence of night rightly in the order of time, but dancing in the afternoon need not to be, neither card-playing, nor marrying; on the other hand night asserts her old attraction—"supper." People sup now sumptuously and very late. The doctors, they say, approve of the idea. After the opera is over people go to suppers; they are very gay, very free; and there is much eating, also, of course, for people grow more thirsty after three in the morning, as a rule.

Mr. DARWIN believes that the general beauty of the English upper class, and especially of the titled aristocracy, is due to their constant selection of the most beautiful women of all classes (peersesses, actresses, or wealthy bourgeoisie) as wives through an immense number of generations. The regular features and fine complexions of the mothers are naturally handed down hereditarily to their descendants.

Mlle. SARAH BERNHARDT has considerable assurance. She wanted, the other day, a dress for her benefit performance of *Romeo et Juliette*, at the Gaiety Theatre. It was not in her wardrobe. It could not be obtained at short notice in London. There was not time to order a new one from Paris. By no means discomposed, the actress, notwithstanding her flight from the Theatre Français, and the action against her proceeding in Paris, sent her *femme de confiance* to the manager whom she had deserted, and begged the loan of the dress she possessed. M. Perrin, when he heard who wished to see him, asked whether she brought a torch with her; being reassured, he called the committee together, and with one voice they decided to lend their late colleague the dress she wished for.

ANY one who has been reading about the Crusades lately, and who wishes to see a genuine "survival" of the Holy Wars in this prosaic nineteenth century, should have visited the Savoy Chapel in the Strand, on Thursday, the Feast of St. John the Baptist, and therefore observed by the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem as their festival. Her Majesty lending her Royal Chapel for the occasion. The English League lives on, unrecognized by the Knighthood of Malta, which also originated with the Hospitallers of the Holy Land, and occasionally celebrates its species of Freemasonry at the Clerkewell Gate, a building, by the way, which is shamefully neglected, part of it being actually used as a beer-shop. This interesting relic is the London Memorial of the Hospitallers, just as the Temple Church is that of the Templars, and it deserves a careful preservation.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S appearance in the House of Lords last week was unexpected ex-

cept by the few who are in his personal confidence. The fact is that his lordship came up from Hughenden on purpose to speak on the final stage of the Burials Bill, he not having joined in the debates at any of the previous stages. The almost complete retirement into private life of the late Prime Minister since his retirement from office has excited not a little comment and called forth a good deal of speculation. The idea that the toils of six years of office have created in his mind a desire for rest and seclusion will not very readily commend itself to the view of those who know anything of the personal habits of the late Prime Minister. If he retires from one branch of work it is thought he must be engaged on some other. He is writing something, is therefore the suggestion made; but what? Is he about to give the world another "Lothair," or is he giving the finishing touches to his autobiography? Speculative opinion decidedly favours the latter suggestion, though not a hint has been dropped or a word spoken by Lord Beaconsfield himself which would tend in any way to favour this view. There is no one but himself who could properly write his biography, and there would be something like a universal satisfaction if it could be made known that the suggestion now made is founded on good grounds for belief.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Mlle. ELISA, the diva of the Cirque d'Été, mounts not less than four horses every day before taking her breakfast, not counting her equestrian exercises at the circus. Her favourite at present is an enormous animal which M. Franconi has confided to her little hands, and which her little hands govern very well. She does with the horse what she wills. Recently the intrepid horsewoman received a visit from one of the most accomplished Parisian riders, Mr. Mackenzie Grieves, and from one of the most noted amazons, the Duchess of Fitz-James, who desired to become acquainted with the bosom friend of the Empress of Austria. The visitors put their stables at the disposal of Mlle. Elisa, and talked about horses and training with great gusto for over an hour.

Of the many *petites industries* in which France abounds, one of the most flourishing at the present time is the manufacture of flags and banners in view of the approaching distribution to the army. Ordinarily there are about twenty-eight banner-makers in Paris, but the demand is so great that every hand is busy flagmaking, while thousands come in daily from the provinces. As to the cost, a flag of 2½ metres is worth about 4½l., and one of 3 metres nearly 6l. The flag handles are nearly all made at Beauvais and Paris, while the calico is sewed at the rate of 5c. per metre. At this work the owners of sewing-machines can make 7l. or 8l. a day. There is also a large demand for the national flag, which is the tricolour piece of calico requiring no stitching.

GEORGES CLARIN and the Comte Lepic are going to paint a panorama. The rage for this kind of pictorial art is at this moment terrific. Pottier's panorama of Fröschwiller, which the painter is now preparing, will be exhibited in the old Salle Valentino, which is to be converted into an establishment *ad hoc*. Benjamin Constant is at work upon a panorama representing "Golgotha." It will be exhibited at Paris, at London, and in America. Roll is also in treaty with an American company, which offers him 300,000 francs to paint an immense panorama of the light between the *Alabama* and the *Kearsarge*.

THERE are men in Paris, birds of a feather with the chiffonier, who go from hospital to hospital collecting the lincseed plasters that have served the turn of doctor and patient, afterwards pressing the oil from the lincseed and disposing of the linen, after bleaching it, to the paper-maker. Other makes a couple of francs a day by collecting old corks, which being cleaned and pared, fetch, it is said, half a franc per 100. A lady-resident of the Faubourg St. Germain is credited with earning a good income by hatching red, black, and brown ants for pheasant preservers. One Parisian gets his living by breeding maggots out of the foul meats he buys of the chiffoniers, and fattening them up in tin boxes. Another breeds maggots for the special behoof of nightingales; and a third *marchand d'asticots* boasts of selling between thirty and forty millions of worms every season for piscatorial purposes. He owns a great pit at Montmartre, wherein he keeps his store. Every day his scouts bring him fresh stock, for which he pays them from five to ten pence per pound, according to quality; re-selling them to anglers at just double those rates, and clearing thereby something over 300l. a year.

M. FRANCISQUE SARCÉY, who has been following the French performances in London for the *Dieu-Nouveau Siècle*, describes, in the following lively and imaginative manner, the interview which took place between the Prince of Wales and Mlle. Bernhardt:—"The Prince of Wales came the other night between the acts to pay his compliments to Mlle. Bernhardt. He was accompanied by the King of Greece, whom he presented to the actress. 'My brother-in-law,' said he to her. Mlle. Bernhardt bowed her acknowledgments, and while the Prince

went to congratulate the other actors she remained in *l'été-été* with the King; but she was not aware that she was talking to a King. She called him 'Monsieur' all the time, and talked right and left in her usual cavalier style. But time pressed, and she had to return to the dressing-room. 'Well,' said her colleagues to her, 'what do you think of the King of Greece?' 'What do you mean—what King of Greece?' she inquired. 'The King of Greece with whom you have just been talking,' was the reply. 'What! it was the King of Greece!' it was a King! and away she ran downstairs to see the Prince of Wales. 'Ah! Prince,' she exclaimed, 'it was treachery on your part not to tell me it was the King of Greece.' 'But I told you it was my brother-in-law,' answered His Royal Highness, to which the actress rejoined, 'Your brother-in-law! But how was I to know! It might have been a tallow merchant!' And away she darted back to the dressing-room, leaving the Prince non-plussed. You may think the English have been shocked at this. Nothing of the kind; they forgive everything in this spoiled child."

PUDDINGS FOR CHILDREN.

Whatever may be the reason or reasons, children do not take to fat very readily, and certainly a large proportion of them reject the fat of joints; consequently it becomes very desirable that they have dishes provided for them which are fairly rich in fat which is not visible to the eye. Such dishes are to be found in milk puddings when a piece of butter has been put into them. Butter is not an extravagant article of diet, and is a fat which is usually well borne by the most delicate stomach, and assimilated readily by the feeblest digestive organs, provided always that it is not swallowed in masses, but is taken in a finely divided form. Many children who cannot take butter well in the form of thick slices of bread with a comparatively thick layer of butter, can take it famously when the slice of bread is thin and the butter well rubbed in—company bread and butter, in fact. In the latter form the butter is finely subdivided, and in mastication is thoroughly mixed with the bread, so that it reaches the stomach in an acceptable form; while in the other form the stomach resents its presence. When added in generous quantity to a pudding consisting of milk and some form of farina, butter can be given to delicate children in practically sufficient quantities.

Many children would be all the better if they were taught to eat puddings of all kinds with butter, or with butter and a little sugar, instead of the jam and preserves now in such common use. A more economical form of fat is beef suet; and suet puddings, especially if made with molasses, are readily eaten by children, and should be more largely used even than they are at present. Such puddings made with cornmeal cost little, are very palatable, and have comparatively a high food value. In the present condition of the digestive organs of children, it is eminently desirable to provide them with a sufficient quantity of fat for proper tissue-nutrition, without offending their palates or their stomachs. Much dyspepsia, much phthisis ultimately, would be avoided if the problem of how to successfully introduce fat into the stomachs of children could be practically solved, as there is reason to believe it might be if the hints here given were generally adopted.

VARIETIES.

THE social event of the Paris season was the recent wedding of young Baron de Selliers, who belongs to a firm of wealthy bankers, and a daughter of the Marquis de Gallifet, in whose veins mingle the blood of the Richelieus and of the sporting banker, Laflotte. The festivities lasted three days, the first day being given to signing the contract, the second to the civil marriage at the Mairie, and the third to the religious ceremony at the church of the Clotilde, a ceremony which was attended by all the heads of the army, of the government, of society, with the rarest flowers, the loudest music, the richest toilets and everything of the costliest.

WOMAN'S PATIENCE.—How strange that the patience of Job should be considered so remarkable, when there are so many mothers in the world whose patience equals if it does not exceed his! What would Job have done had he been compelled to sit in the house and sew, and knit, and nurse the children, and see that hundreds of different things were attended to during the day, and hear children cry, and fret, and complain! Or how would he have stood it if, like some poor woman, he had been obliged to rear a family of ten or twelve children without help, spending months, years—all the prime of life—in washing, scouring, scrubbing, mending, cooking, nursing children; fastened to the house and his offspring from morning till night, and from night till morning; sick or well, in storm or sunshine, his nights often rendered miserable by watching over his children? How could he have stood all this, and in addition to all other troubles, the curses and even violence of a drunken companion? How could he have felt, after wearing out his very existence for his tender offspring, and a worthless companion, to be abused and blamed! Job endured his boils and losses very well for a short time, but they did not endure long enough to test the length of his patience. Woman tests her patience by a whole

life of trials, and she does not grumble at her burthens. We are honestly of the opinion that woman has more patience than Job; and instead of saying, "The patience of Job," we should say, "The patience of woman."

ON SHAKING HANDS.—Let us consider the value of our digital arrangements with reference to the venerable custom of "shaking hands." The classification is numerically significant of the varieties in the act itself. First, there is the one-finger variety, significant of extreme condescension and high-mightiness. When an exalted individual permits you his forefinger, he distinctly says, semaphorically, that you must not presume on the slightest familiarity. You are in the presence of Augustus, and the delicate little ceremony is intended to impress you with the important fact. Then there is the two-finger variety. This is condescension also, but of a milder type. It is leavened with a touch of kindness. Still you must not presume. This variety is much affected by aged persons and other venerable by-gones to their parishioners and dependents, old uncles to their nephews and nieces, and so on. The three-fingered sort adds another increment of favour, condescension having almost vanished but not quite. Much, however, depends on the vitality of the touch. If alive and conscious, it may be almost friendly. If flabby, do not trust to it. Talking of flabby hand-shaking seems slightly contradictory, for no possible shake, not to say shock, can come out of such a salute. In its perfection the flabby sort consists of all four-fingers laid flutly together, and held forth with about the same amount of significance as the paw of a rabbit or the fin of a sea-dog. The correct way of meeting the variety is by accepting it in precisely the same style. The flat-four-fingered fins thus meeting each must be thrilling in the extreme. But when the flat sort is moreover clammy, it is the very abyss of cold-blooded formality absolutely insulting, not to say sickening, in its very touch.

THE GLEANER.

QUEEN ISABELLA of Spain is very anxious that her eldest daughter, the Infanta Paz, should at once find a husband. The princess is now seven-and-twenty. We should say she had better be getting one before a great while.

THE British museum has purchased a vaulted wooden Egyptian coffin, well preserved, and a gilded mask and mummy of a lady named Tabutisa Thotasi, one of the court or family of the Queen of Amasis I. of the eighteenth dynasty.

A SOCIETY for prosecuting the systematic excavation of ancient sites in Egypt is in process of formation. Several Egyptologists have promised their support. Miss Edwards is contemplating a lecturing tour in the United States, with the object of assisting the fund.

WHEN the English take a vacation they sink the shop. An Englishman travelling in Switzerland met a French lady with her daughter. They made up a party and did the lakes together. The young lady was suddenly attacked with the toothache, and the party travelled twelve miles to find a dentist, who applied a little laudanum. Subsequently it was ascertained that the Englishman was a dentist. When asked why he did not relieve the fair patient, he dryly replied, "I am on a vacation."

THE Conservative Journals of Paris vie with the Republican journals in admiration of M. Gambetta's marvellous eloquence, of which no report can convey an adequate idea. By general consent he is immeasurably above any other orator in France. His greatest enemies intently listen to him from pure love of art, as they would to some well-graced actor, and hesitating friends find all scruples swept away by the torrent of his demonstrations.

WHEN HANDS SHALL CLASP AND LIPS SHALL MEET.

(Words for Music.)

I.

In twilight's hour what heart is still
When love doth make the shadows fly
No cheek will blanch—no eye will fill
When sunbeams thicker see they die.

And when the day benumbed and cold
Lies weary, panting at our feet,
That gleam shall be a gleam of gold
When hands shall clasp and lips shall meet.

II.

In twilight's hour how dear to spell
A hidden love in troubled looks,
To read what words refuse to tell
'Twere better than a thousand books.

For love shall give an answering tone,
And change the bitter into sweet;
And hearts shall beat in unison
When hands shall clasp and lips shall meet.

J. G. A.

WORKINGMEN.

Before you begin your heavy spring work after a winter of relaxation, your system needs cleansing and strengthening to prevent an attack of Ague, Billious or Sping Fever, or some other Spring sickness that will unfit you for a season's work. You will save time, much sickness and great expense if you will use one bottle of Hop Bitters in your family this month. Don't wait. See other column.