

A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow;
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long;
Why should one that thrills your heart
Lack that joy it may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join in. Do not let the speaker
Bow before his God alone;
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a loving brother's eyes,
Share them, and by sharing,
Own your kinship with the skies;
Why should any one be glad,
When his brother's heart is sad?

If a silver laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying,
For both grief and joy a place;
There's health and gladness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veils the land;
Should a brother workman dear
Wait for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go;
Leave them, trust the Harvest Giver;
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

A heading staff I would not break:
A feeble faith I would not shake;
No even rashly pluck away
The error which some truth may stay,
Whose loss might leave the soul without
A shield against the shaft of doubt.

—WHITTIER.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE PARZ SUREL ELECTRIC LIGHTING SYSTEM.—The Parz system of street electric-lighting, if not new, aims at improving the best known methods, and its object is to focus a great deal of light in one spot, so as to give forth a substantial reflection that will illuminate an entire street or square at one and the same moment. The machine for working the Parz light is underground, as is also the lamp. The reflector is three metres in diameter and fifty metres above the street-level. The light ascends and strikes the reflector, which gives it back a thousand fold. The light thus produced is mellow as moonlight and intensely picturesque. The smallest objects can be discerned, and the street, to all intents and purposes, as well lighted as in the day. To a new-comer this shaft of light, bearing the "white radiance of eternity," is a wondrous and beautiful sight, while the reflector-supports are as grim and ungainly as may be. That this method of street-lighting is but in its veriest infancy goes without saying.

THE CHICAGO BASE-BALL GROUNDS.

The grounds of the Chicago Ball Club, indisputably the finest in the world in respect of seating accommodations and conveniences, are located on what is known as the Lake Front property, the title to which is in the City of Chicago. The inclosure begins at Randolph street on the north, and extends along the east line of Michigan Avenue southward to a point about midway between Washington and Madison streets. On the east are the tracks and switchyards of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, which has for several years past made a standing offer of \$800,000 (not one half its value) for the property; but as the city has been enjoined either from selling the tract or from permitting its use for permanent buildings, the ball club has continued to enjoy the rare privilege of grounds situated within a two minutes' walk of State Street, the chief retail thoroughfare of Chicago. Partly on account of the convenient location of the grounds, but more by reason of the exceptional management of the Chicago ball team, and its success in winning the National League championship for three successive seasons, beginning with 1881, the game of base-ball is extremely popular in Chicago, and the average attendance at League championship games is considerably greater there than in any other city in the United States. During the season of 1882 the attendance at the forty-five League games played in Chicago was upward of 130,000, or an average of 3,000 persons to a game. With this fine patronage, made up in good part of the better classes of the community, the Chicago Club is amply able to maintain its costly team of players, and to equip its grounds and fixtures in a manner that by comparison with the usual style of base-ball appurtenances might be termed palatial. At an outlay of \$10,000 since the close of the playing season of 1882 the Chicago Club, under the direction of President Spalding, has completely remodelled its seating arrangements. Every exposed surface is painted, so as to admit of thorough cleansing from dust, the item of paint alone amounting to \$1,800. The grand stand seats 2,000 people, and the uncovered seats will accommodate 6,000 more, so that with the

standing room the total capacity is fully 10,000, and this without invading the playing-field. A fence six feet high encircles the field in front of all the seats, which are elevated so as to command the best view of the play. Overlooking the main entrance is a handsomely ornamented pagoda, built for a band stand, and to be occupied by the First Cavalry Band throughout the season. Surmounting the grand stand is a row of eighteen private boxes, cozily draped with curtains to keep out wind and sun, and furnished with comfortable arm-chairs. By the use of the telephone and gong President Spalding can conduct all the preliminary details of the game without leaving his private box. B-sides club officers and players, the services of forty-one persons are required at each game to attend to the grounds and seating arrangements, viz., seven ushers, six policemen, four ticket-sellers, four gate keepers, three field-men, three cushion-renters, six refreshment boys, and eight musicians. Aside from players' salaries, ground rent, and including advertising, the cost per game on the Chicago grounds is \$200; and to this the salaries of players, rent of grounds, travelling and hotel expenses, and \$10,000 expended this year on improvements, and the total outlay for the season is \$60,000, so that the Chicago Club must average \$525 for each of the ninety-six League championship games to be played during 1883. But the patronage attracted by the famous champion team both at home and in other cities may be depended upon to make good this large sum, and possibly leave something beside for stockholders. The fact that so large an outlay can be safely made tells its own story of the popularity of base ball.

THE COCK TAVERN IN A. D. 1750.

From an antiquarian and sentimental point of view, the removal of ancient landmarks is more or less a matter for regret, and especially in old cities and towns. The neighbourhood of Temple Bar has gradually and especially suffered the extinction or modernisation of ancient landmarks in the way of old coffee houses and taverns, which had historical, social, and literary associations connected with them. Where is the "Devil" Tavern, and its Apollo Room, the resort of the wits of Ben Jonson's family? Where "Dick's" Coffee House, sacred to the glorious honour of Addison and Steele? Where the "Cat and Fiddle," or Christopher Kat's Pie House in Shire Lane, both of which are credited with having been the rendezvous of the Kit Cat Club and origin of its title? Where the "Trumpet," afterwards the "Duke of York"? Where the "Angel and Crown"? Where the "Rainbow" Coffee House, the second of the kind opened in London which could boast of its "token money"? Where the "Mitre" Tavern in Fleet Street, the favourite haunt of Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Percy, Hawksworth, and Bowell? Where the "Haunch of Venison?" and where "Peel's" Coffee House, also of the Jonsonian period? Some have altogether disappeared; some have changed their names and even localities; and some have been so "transmogrified" as almost to have lost their identity. And last but not least—where is "The Cock" in Fleet Street? Not to know "The Cock" is to "argue oneself unknown." Even if it lacked the *ceteris paribus* generations ago, has it not been immortalised with its "plump head waiter" by the living poet Laureate? "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue" may not be in Tennyson's best vein; and evidently he did not labour that it should be. It is, however, full of graceful fancy and genial thought; a not unworthy effusion of one who could make

The violet of a legend blow
Among the claps and steaks;

and who in his unknown days dwelt in lott chambers at 57, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and regularly frequented "The Cock" for his five o'clock dinner and "perfect pint of stout" or "port." But even without the aid of the Laureate "The Cock" would have had its place in the annals of taverns, and would be long remembered, even though, in the whirligig of time, its place "should know it no more." When the Great Plague of London was raging in 1665, the landlord of "The Cock" shut up his house and retired into the country, as the following advertisement in the *Intelligencer* intimated:—"This is to notify that the master of the Cock and Bottle, commonly called the Cock Ale House, at Temple Bar, hath dismissed his servants and shut up his house, for this long vacation, intending (God willing) to return at Michaelmas next, so that all persons whatsoever, who have any Accompts with the Master, or *farthings belonging to the said house*, are desired to repair thither before the 8th of this instant July, and they shall receive satisfaction." One of these farthings or tokens, we believe the only known specimen of the coinage of the "Cock," is carefully preserved in the house, where it may be seen by the curious. The Great Fire of London was stayed at Temple Bar, so that the "Cock Tavern" looked upon and survived it. A few years later we find Pepys frequenting it, and on April 23rd, 1668, being "mighty merry" there with Mr. Pierce and Mr. Knipp and their wives. Judging from the wood carving above the mantelpiece, and the mantelpiece itself, which is the same now as it was in 1750—the date of our engraving—the old coffee room existed some time before the reign of James I.; and with its pew like boxes of mahogany black as ebony, with curtains above them, its low

ceiling, its skylight like windows, and its sanded or sawdusted floor, it has experienced but slight alterations during many generations.

The setting back of one side of Fleet Street westward of Chancery Lane, in connection with the building of the new Law Courts, has necessitated the destruction of the old frontage of "The Cork"; and this some few months ago seems to have prompted some unscrupulous miscreant to steal the old sign above the tavern entrance—a gilt cock said to have been carved by no less cunning a hand than Grinling Gibbons. This was a redoubtable bird, decorated with fighting spurs; and it may be charitably said that the wretch who purloined him, whether as a practical joke, or with the purpose of some day converting him into money as a Gallic antiquity, would have robbed a church without any compunction on the score of sacrilege. It is said that, like its neighbouring tavern, "The Southampton," in Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, sacred to the memory of "Hudibras" Butler, Dr. Stoddard, editor of the *Times*, Porson, of Greek and ink imbibing celebrity, Charles Lamb, and Hazlitt, "The Cock" will probably assume the more modern form of a "restaurant"; and thus it will be said of it—

"Miratur novus frondes et non sua poma."

But if so, we will still hope that it will preserve the *genius loci*, and supply its customers as heretofore with unrivalled chops and steaks, and good liquor withal to ease their passage downwards.

OBLIQUE TALK.

A man afflicted with a peculiar form of mental deformity was chatting a few days ago with an attendant in the insane department of the almshouse. Suddenly raising his voice he exclaimed: "Take off my coat!" The attendant started, but took no notice of the demand and continued the conversation. The request was repeated several times, each time more forcibly than before, but whenever the attendant touched the patient's coat the latter resented indignantly. Both men were sitting near the window, and a few minutes after the first request the insane man's keeper unconsciously pulled down the blind to keep out the sun. The patient at once breathed a sigh of relief and cried, "Why didn't you do it before?"

The patient was suffering from what the doctors call amnesic aphasia. It is a peculiar affliction, the victim of which forgets the uses of words and substitutes whole sentences, when he wishes to express a certain idea, for others which convey something entirely distinct or even in direct opposition to what he means. Sometimes he will break out in a torrent of blasphemy when he intends to be complimentary and kind. At other times he will even make use of one of his limbs and imagine that he is moving another. He will manipulate his foot while talking, under the delusion that he is gesticulating and giving force to his words in an elegant manner. The real reason for this strange confusion has never been fathomed. A general theory, of course, exists, which, translated into English, describes the disease as a general mixing up of the machinery of the brain. As a rule, there is no method in the madness of such patients. If one call a soup tureen a pair of shoes once it does not follow that he will do so always. He may call it "a ground-hog" on the very next day, or describe it as a State Senator.

Obliquity of talking has only once during many years been brought to the attention of the police authorities by the arrest of the talker. A neatly dressed, respectable man went into a dry goods store on Arch street, above Eighth, and requested to speak with a certain member of the firm. When taken to him he eyed him from toe to forehead very critically and remarked, to the man's surprise: "You look very stupid, but it's my opinion that you are more of a thief than a fool." A very elaborate disturbance ensued, in the course of which the visitor with the unkind views was sandwiched in by policemen and station-housed. It transpired that he had known the member of the firm many years ago in this city; that he had since visited Australia, where he was snubbed, and that when he accosted his late friend he thought he was saying: "Well, George, old fellow, how are you? You're looking plump and well. Let's go and take a drink."—*Philadelphia Times*.

SLAVES HELD BY INDIANS.

It is a curious fact that the chiefs of the petty Seminole tribes still hold negroes in bondage in the free State of Florida. In South-eastern Florida, in the neighborhood of Biscayne Bay, the Indians hold negro men, women and children in bondage, just as they did before and during the war. Recently one of these slaves came into the Town of Miami, on Biscayne Bay, and was surprised when the people informed him that he was a free man. He had never heard of the Emancipation Proclamation, and knew nothing of the results of the war. This well illustrates the ignorance of the negroes and the shrewdness of the Indians. It is probable that the slaves of the Seminoles do not see a white man once in ten years. The fact that slaves are held in the United States should receive the attention of the Government and the evil which caused so much sectional bitterness and finally civil war totally eradicated.

VARIETIES.

Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE, the celebrated actress, relates an amusing sketch of a lady of her acquaintance, who was addicted to the habit of consulting "Planchette," in its popular days years ago. She seriously informed Mrs. Kemble that she had got to give it up on account of the language it used. "The language it used!" exclaimed Mrs. Kemble. "Yes," continued the acquaintance, "the languages it uses is so reprehensible that it will be impossible for us to consult or to have anything further to do with it. Why, the last time we consulted it it told us we were all a pack of fools!" "Oh," exploded Mrs. Kemble, "I believe in Planchette! I believe in Planchette!"

THE London *Telegraph*, in speaking of the danger of uncovering the head at the grave on the occasion of a funeral says: "Many of the distinguished and more elderly mourners at the interment of the Duke of York died from bronchitis within a few weeks of the royal obsequies; the Marquis of Londonderry's funeral in Westminster Abbey in 1822 was equally disastrous to the aged or delicate among those who gathered round his tomb; and the funeral in Pere Lachaise of the celebrated French jurist-consult M. Robert de St. Vincent is said to have decimated the senior ranks of the Paris bar, one of the victims being Brillat-Savarin, the author of the 'Physiologie du Gout.'"

As Minnie Hawk was singing an echo song from "Mignon," in Bradford recently, a hoodlum on the outside caught the refrain and sent back an echo in the same key with horrible effect. Several persons in the audience tittered, and a flush of annoyance was visible on the cheek of the fair cantatrice. She resented the interruption so much that she failed to respond to an encore for a long time, and when she finally did come she sang, possibly out of a spirit of revenge, "Coming Through the Rye." Afterward Mme. Hawk exhibited signs of petulance and her courtesies were quite frigid; but the audience insisted upon being forgiven, and toward the close the lady became somewhat more gracious.

JEFFERSON DAVIS' estate, writes a correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, covers an area of about five hundred acres, a considerable portion of which is devoted to grape culture—the scuppernon and the table grapes of France—and to the cultivation of orange trees. Mr. Davis' study is a detached octagon-shaped, verandaed building, with a conical roof standing about one hundred feet to the left and in advance of the manor house. It is cosy, well lighted, well ventilated, and with an open fireplace. Three sides of the octagon interior are lined with books, an oaken table is in the centre of the room, and three or four wooden chairs occupy as many corners. Between this table and the book shelves is a lounge bed, which Mr. Davis sleeps upon occasionally.

CARDINAL MANNING relates this amusing incident as having happened to himself:—"One night I was returning to my residence in Westminster, when I met a poor man carrying a basket and smoking a pipe. I thought over this Aristotelian syllogism—He who smokes gets thirsty; he who is thirsty desires to drink; he who drinks too much gets drunk; he who gets drunk is lost. This man is in danger of mortal sin. Let us save him. I affectionately addressed him. 'Are you a Catholic?' 'I am, thanks be to Heaven!' 'Where are you from?' 'From Cork, your reverence.' 'Are you a member of the Total Abstinence Society?' 'No, your reverence.' 'Now, said I, 'that is very wrong. Look at me, I am a member.' 'Fith, may be your reverence has need of it!' I shook hands with him and left him." This is related as a joke. Where is the joke? It reads like a very simple and real conversation.

The first tapestries that have been made within sound of Bow Bells since the extinction of the Mortlake works in Charles II.'s time have recently been completed by a firm in Belgrave Square. At Windsor the attempt to revive this art has lately been made with some success, and now London itself shows a series of four large panels intended for one of the principal rooms at Moy Hall. The series represents four famous incidents in the history of the Clan Chattan, of which The Mackintosh is the chieftain—"The Battle of the Clans," described by Sir Walter Scott in "The Fair Maid of Perth"; "The Treachery of the Comyns"; "The Tragedy of Bag of Gight," and "Lady Mackintosh raising the Clan for Prince Charles Edward in 1745." The treatment is thoroughly pictorial and realistic, for, as the same room is to hold four panels which cover a space of more than four centuries, it was thought better to deal with all four in one style, and that a comparatively modern one. The result ought to gratify both the designer and the executants. It is impossible to mistake the technical excellence of Gobelins work, and the excellence is fully shared by the Mackintosh series, which only require the softening influence of time to make them as pleasant for decorative purposes as they are admirable in workmanship.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE of the Kidneys, Diabetes and other Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver, which you are being so frightened about, Hop Bitters is the only thing that will surely and permanently prevent and cure. All other pretended cures only relieve for a time and then make you many times worse.