

WHAT IS THY DREAM ?

Sweet face that gazeth down the glade,
Searching the solemn aisles of shade,
Are past dreams dead, pale hopes betrayed ?

Was once thine heart a blossom fair,
Laughing within life's spring-like air ?
Is life now over-hard to bear ?

Thine eyes are pensive; whither stream
The swift sad thoughts whose wild wings gleam
Across thine heart? what is thy dream ?

Ah, was it by some summer sea
That Love's bright hand laid hold of thee,
Fast hold, and then in rain didst flee ?

And dreamst thou now of waves that broke
Nigh some one's footstep when he spoke,
And bowed thy spirit to his yoke ?

Or was it mid the meadow sweet,
In some soft merry green retreat,
Where thou couldst hear thine own heart beat.

In such spot came the conquering tread
Of Love: who bound about thine head
His tender wreath of roses red ?

Are all the roses white to-day,
Now Love's frail foot has fled away,
And left the woods and seashore gray ?

Thou musest surely on such things,
And round about thy spirit clings
A memory whose mere faint touch stings :

A memory of those woods and seas,
Where through once lingered passion's breeze
And love's soft laughter: where are these ?

GEORGE BARLOW.

THE ENGLISHMAN IN AMERICA.

The Englishman who makes a tour in America—and trips across the Atlantic are becoming more and more common every day—returns home after six months with a definite though somewhat condensed picture of a vast and prosperous country, made up in the main of bustling business cities and crowded pleasure resorts. He sees New York with its teeming streets, its long line of Broadway stores, its marble drapery shops, its beautiful Central Park, its fast-trotting horses, its Fifth Avenue filled with spacious houses of stately New Haven stone, its Irish quarter crammed with a squalid poverty which reminds him only too faithfully of European capitals in their dreariest aspect. He sees Chicago with its monster hotels: Philadelphia, with its neat Quakerish avenues: Boston, with its crooked old-fashioned streets: Washington, with its empty squares and hideous architectural nightmares, all too solid for an ugly dream. He goes, of course, to Niagara; and there he finds a small city of huge wooden hotels, with tin-plated cupolas, and a crowd of well-dressed people from all nations upon earth patiently paying their dollars with exemplary resignation at the ubiquitous turnstiles which fence in every separate point of view. He goes also to suburban Long Branch, with its echoes of shabby New York society; to pleasant, leafy, over-dressed Saratoga; to the much-infested surf of Newport; and perhaps even to the White Mountains, or the lakes of north-western New York. Everywhere he finds masses of human beings, monstrous overgrown inns, well-paved streets,iced drinks, exorbitant prices, electric bells, abundant telephones, unlimited wealth, copious vulgarity, and all the latest modern improvements or monstrosities, as the case may be. Then he comes home again, perfectly satisfied that he has seen America, and greatly interested in what he has learned.—*St. James Gazette.*

MUSICAL.

A Christmas concert of classical music was held on Tuesday, the 25th ult., in Wesley Church, in aid of the church fund. The programme was of an unusually high standard, but in spite of the difficulties of the music, the rendering was in all cases very praiseworthy. The choruses, in particular, were of an unusual degree of excellence for amateurs, and much credit is due to Mr. Fetherstone for this, we believe his maiden attempt at conducting. He suffered apparently from a cold during the rendering of his solo. Miss Lusher possesses a very sweet and sympathetic voice, a little, perhaps, lacking in dramatic power, but of a very pleasing timbre. But the event of the evening was undoubtedly the finished rendering of "The Marvellous Work" (Creation) by Mrs. Leach and the chorus. The *recit* and precision with which this lady sang was quite remarkable and her execution of some very troublesome passages was clear and delicate. She was well supported by the chorus throughout. Mr. H. Russell Popham presided at the fine organ, a recent gift to the church from Mr. G. B. Barland. The instrument is a \$5,000 organ, from the establishment of Messrs. Warren & Son, Toronto. The performance concluded by the singing of Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus."

SOCIETY AT LARGE.

LADY CHELMSFORD, the grand-niece of the Duke of Wellington, is said to be "an *élégante* of high reputation, who closely copies all the costumes of Sarah Bernhardt, whom she strikingly resembles."

LADIES will discover in "Endymion" a new mode of showing their regard for dead husbands—a mild form of suttee. The heroine cuts off her long hair, which reached nearly to her feet, and ties it round the neck of her husband in his coffin. The idea is original, but it has not much else to recommend it.

FOOTMEN are going out and footwomen are taking their place in London. Dining the other night in Eaton Place, says a correspondent, the door was opened by one of the latter in a most charming and becoming livery. Black-and-white mob-cap for head-dress, stand-up collar and white cravat and small pin in it, rich brown-cloth coat with livery buttons, cut somewhat like a man's hunting-coat, and a buff waistcoat with a High Church collar—such was the uniform.

ESTHETIC receptions have broken out in Berlin. The first was held last week by a band of enthusiasts living near the Botanical Garden. Ladies and gentlemen, described as "coryphées of science and art," gathered around ladies who were attired after ancient Greek fashion. Greece was the theme of the evening: a Berlin professor discussed Olympia, a foreign diplomatic gentleman the Morea and Athens, and another professor the Greek costume as a work of art.

THE Bachelor's Club, which promises to be the sensation of next season, already numbers over three hundred members. The bachelors may be congratulated on having secured one of the finest club-houses in London. There are to be drawing and dining-rooms, to which members may introduce ladies for luncheons and dinners, and small dining-rooms for snug parties of eight or so. As the cuisine and wines will be of the highest character, and agreeable to the fastidious tastes of bachelorhood, these rooms will no doubt be extensively patronized.

SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA ARTISTS.

The assertion by the society of Philadelphia Artists that their second exhibition is the finest and completest in the history of American art is not an extravagant one. It is certainly a most important showing, and has, I think, a national significance. It is national in fact, and cosmopolitan in feeling, that is to say all, nearly all the best American workers are represented, and the paintings show the influence of nearly every school of art in Europe.

Large canvases are rather the rule; and the many visitors to the Academy, a number of whom are buyers, are heard frequently to make this an objection. I note it as worthy the attention of our artists. They do not like, they say, to buy a big picture which they soon tire of. I find the popular vote is for June-green landscape, warm autumn sunsets, *genre* pictures, especially when they treat of child-life, and marines with wonderful distances. For example No. 94, "Un Chanson," by Edward May, and No. 350, "Aged Companions," by R. Swain Gifford, though they are much admired, come under this criticism. "Un Chanson" is a portrait picture of a very pretty lady in a tastefully rich robe of pink silk, draped with white lace—all well done—who has lithe, fair, and lady-like arms: her head has a well-bred pose, and in her beautiful brown eyes there is a winning French-American gleam; but one would get tired of seeing her lips always parted "just so." To Mr. Gifford's picture, which is good, the objection is made that however well painted are the "Aged Companions"—two old trees—the idea need not have been elaborated out of the covers of his sketch book, "C'est pas Marc Aurèle," but it is what the buyers are saying. I hope I may be forgiven for taking a sordid view of the question for I know enough of artists' lives to say that the actual sale of picture is of more use to him than the sentimental prize-essay writing about it in the newspapers. Few artists have private incomes to boil the pot for them and enable them to work for art's sake alone, and if the public expects that unpaid artists can keep up the struggle, the public will be disappointed and the artists may starve; nay, I am not sure that it is not this very experience of the precariously remunerated artist-life that has led this young society to endeavour to enlarge their usefulness and enhance their value by bringing the public and the artists nearer together without the medium of the dealer, for their mutual benefit. They know full well the practical side of all labour, brain labor as well as hard labor, which achieves its best after the rent of the studio is paid. I have heard it said that a picture is none the worse for being painted after a good dinner.

It is gratifying to know that a large number of good paintings are sold. I passed from one cabinet into another in which I remained an hour, and returned to the first to find that three large pictures had been sold in that short space of time, and I heard enough and saw enough to lead me to think that this exhibition is of more importance, not only to the city of Philadelphia, but to the country than from the first glance at the catalogue one would suppose.

Certainly there are a number of bad and stupid pictures, at least a dozen, perhaps more, but it requires very little intellect to "cut and wash" at an artist's work, being a favorite habit with the least civilized of the visitors at our art galleries. The really cultivated in art I notice are not afraid to admire.

En somme. The artists may well be proud of their exhibition; their earnest, good and noble work has added to their list of friends and admirers and they have introduced themselves to a larger number of people than have ever before visited the Academy. They have also through Mr. Temple's generosity, given a great deal of pleasure to the poor as well, who may on Sunday visit the Academy free of charge, and the life and manners of people are better for their achievement.—FLORENCE I. DUNCAN.—In the Home Journal.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE French Government are about to propose to the Chamber of Deputies that the crown jewels should be sold, "as they do not possess any historical value." They are expected to realize about five millions francs.

TWO Candiotte ladies of the harem of Ismail Pasha have installed themselves at Saint-Germain. The inhabitants of Saint-Germain are curious to know whether the ex-Khedive intends to establish his whole seraglio there.

LORD BEACONSFIELD has received from France more than one hundred and thirty letters containing proposals to translate into French his new novel *Endymion*. It is not stated whether any choice was made by the noble Lord among this mass of offers.

OYSTERS of an unusual size were sold a few days back at the Paris central markets. A dozen of the bivalves taken at random and put in the scales were found to weigh six kilogrammes 475 grammes, or more than a pound each. They were pronounced exquisite by some connoisseurs who were present, notwithstanding their enormous proportions.

FRANCE is a republic. Hereditary titles were legally abolished long ago. And yet there are several persons who make a comfortable living out of making genealogical researches, and fabricating a noble descent for retired *coquettes*. Here is an advertisement, "Archives de la noblesse. Cent mille dossiers de chartes et généalogies. Recherches généalogiques. Consultations. Additions de noms. Les nobles qui ne figurent pas dans le *Nobiliaire Universel* doivent s'inscrire pour le 15me volume, etc."

VARIETIES.

IN Roumelia the rose harvest is reported to have been an exceedingly abundant one this year, the value of the total yield exceeding, it is estimated, 1,000,000 francs. The richest harvest of late years, however, was in 1876, when 3,300 pounds of attar of roses, of the value of 932,017 francs, was exported from Philippopolis alone. The attar is principally exported to France, Austria, America, and Germany, England obtaining what she requires from India. The French scent manufacturers, and especially the Parisians buy the finest qualities of attar, while the second qualities are mostly sent to Russia and Austria.

FROGS, as an edible in Detroit alone, form an industry for a large class of people, and a special item on the bills of fare at hotels and restaurants, the largest of the last mentioned establishments showing an average purchase of 10,000 dozen during the seven months of their popularity. Unlike oysters, they are good during all seasons, but in the winter months frog fishing is abandoned. They are caught along the river and Lake St. Clair shore in nets, but in the marshes they are speared. As soon as caught they are skinned, and the refuse part thrown away: the largest frogs are kept alive and taken in crates of a peculiar construction to Chicago, Cincinnati, and New York.—*Detroit Free Press.*

IF "BERTIE TREMAYNE" in "Endymion" is really the counterfeit presentment of Lord Houghton, and not of the late Lord Lytton, the forthcoming critique of the former on Lord Beaconsfield's novel will be doubly interesting. The experiences of Lord Houghton in the charmed inner circle as well of the aristocracy as of the *littérat* of England date back to a time when the late Premier was vainly knocking at the outside gates, and was not as yet possessed of the "Open sesame," at whose magic utterance the doors were to fly open and admit him to the delight (he painted after. As neither peer is enamoured of the other, and the one has been caricatured in the pages of the other's romance, we may look for such a display of vigorous writing and such an exhibition of polished yet biting sarcasm as may cause Lord Beaconsfield to wish that he had confined himself to libelling the dead.

A TRUE PATRIOT. Marshal Lannes, Duke of Montebello, when he was general of a brigade, entailed the curse of the great Napoleon, although the latter admired him for his genius and his bravery. The Emperor, in one of his characteristic fits of passion, deprived him of his command, telling him he should never again draw a sword in the service of France. Some months after, and while reviewing his troops, Napoleon saw a private in the ranks whose appearance was strikingly like that of the degraded general. The Emperor advanced towards him, and at once recognized in the humble soldier his once distinguished brigadier. "Lannes," said Napoleon, "I thought I ordered that you should never again draw a sword in the French service." "You did, sire," replied the private; "but you can't prevent me from fighting for my country with a musket." Napoleon acknowledged the nobility of the man, and immediately restored him to his command.

AN EXAMPERATING WITNESS.—Not even a lawyer, however skilful in cross-examination, can make a witness tell the truth, provided the witness wishes to evade it. It is impossible to put a question in such exact language that it will demand the desired answer. It was neces-

sary, on a certain occasion in court, to compel a witness to testify as to the way in which a Mr.

Smith treated his horse. "Well, sir," said the lawyer, with a sweet and winning smile—a smile intending to drown all suspicion as to ulterior purposes—"how does Mr. Smith generally ride a horse?" The witness looked up innocently and replied: "Generally a-straddle, sir, I believe." The lawyer asked again: "But, sir, what gait does he ride?" The imperturbable witness answered, "he never rides any gait at all, sir, but I've seen his boys ride every gait on the farm." The lawyer saw he was on the track of a Tartar, and his next question was very insinuating: "How does Mr. Smith ride when he is in company with others? I demand a clear answer." "Well, sir," said the witness, "he keeps up with the rest if his horse is able to, or, if not, he falls behind." The lawyer was by this time almost beside himself, and asked: "And how does he ride when he is alone?" "I don't know," was the reply; "I was never with him when he was alone," and there the case dropped.

New England has been again wondering of late what it shall do with its surplus women. The solution of the problem from an American point of view is indicated in the following extract from a Boston girl to the Boston *Globe*: "Some two months ago I went with a party of friends to Helena, Montana. It is a place of 4,500 inhabitants, mostly men, and a good many young men from the East have gone out there to make their fortunes. Many of them are college graduates, and hundreds are exceptionally fine specimens of young American manhood, with brains, health, pluck and industry. The result of my visit, as you may imagine, was that I was engaged to be married in less than a month. I could have had a hundred offers if I had desired, because young men are as plenty there as girls are scarce, or, if girls are plenty in this latitude. Some of the staid old New Englanders may think I made a hasty engagement, but if the ladies could see my Gorge, and know his goodness and antecedents, they would not be surprised. I am here now to get my wedding outfit, and expect to be married on Christmas day. Everywhere I stopped in the new towns out West I was amazed to see how scarce women were and what a warm welcome Boston girls received. The newspapers in New York and elsewhere may poke as much fun as they please at Boston girls. They are far above par and at a premium out West."

A JAPANESE funeral is a novelty to the Parisians. The craze for Japanese saks, Japanese porcelain, Japanese *hibachi* has long been at its height in Paris. Only a few weeks ago a prominent blue-stocking invited *tout Paris* to a conference on the Japanese stage, which was illustrated in her salon by an ingenious draughtsman. The Parisians with their traditional consciousness and admiration of their own merit, have christened the Japanese "the Parisians of the East." In short, there is a strong current of sympathy between the Parisians and the Japanese. You may imagine, then, the excitement in the section of society known as *tout Paris* when it was announced that M. Senohara (Jushio Senohara, the little Japanese Ambassador, was dead. The little gentleman, who died recently of a pulmonary malady, at the age of thirty-seven, was very popular amongst his diplomatic colleagues, and his receptions were highly esteemed. He had, indeed, with the singular facility of his race, become thoroughly Europeanised. The funeral took place this morning at ten o'clock, in the presence of *tout Paris*. That was a matter of course. *Tout Paris* is sympathetic and good-hearted, but curious, excessively curious. According to the Japanese custom, only men had been invited to the funeral, but the feminine element of *tout Paris* protested, and at the last moment about a hundred invitations were sent out to ladies. The crowd which assembled to see the funeral was immense. The Japanese custom is to use scarlet drapery for funerals. The Paris "Pompes Funèbres," admirably organised as it is, could not provide hangings of this colour, and so the Embassy in the Avenue Morgue was hung with black. Instead of a *chapelle ardente* a *chapel mortuaire* was arranged with a profusion of shrubs, flowers, trees, and Japanese lanterns. The funeral procession was more European than Japanese. There was a hearse drawn by six horses, and the pall-bearers were the German, Spanish, Belgian and Swiss Ambassadors. The body was buried in Montparnasse cemetery. Before the coffin was lowered in the vault all the Japanese passed before it, bowed, and threw leaves on it. This touching farewell ceremony excited the liveliest curiosity among the Europeans present.

A DOCTOR, passing a stonemason's shop, called out, "Good morning, Mr. D. Hard at work? I saw you finish your grave-diggers as far as I think in one or two, and then wait I suppose, to see who will make a monument next?" "Why, yes," replied the old mason, "I expect somebody's ill and you are doctoring him, then I keep straight on."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Many thanks. F. Lansing, N. S.—Should the Toronto take place, we will send the particulars.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 303.