

of about 20 feet in the wake of each turret, where the plating is 14 inches thick. In the *Dreadnought* the constructor introduced another valuable improvement in the shape of a longitudinal water-tight bulkhead between the respective sets of engines and boilers. In the event of injury to the ship from rams, torpedo attacks, or other such engines of war, it would act as a valuable protective agent, provided always that the weight of the influx of water could be equally distributed. The total weight of the *Dreadnought's* hull is 7,350 tons, and the whole weight of armour, engines, coals, &c., amounts to 3,598 tons. The estimated cost of the hull is £400,000. She will carry 1,200 tons of coal, will be provisioned for a month, and will be armed with a 65-pounder Gatling gun, in addition to her turret armament.

**A NEW CANADIAN WORK.**

We heartily endorse the following remarks of the *St. John Daily News*:

"Mr. George Stewart, Jr., is now engaged in writing a very important and valuable historical work—a book of incalculable interest to every Canadian, and which is destined to occupy a prominent place in our political and social history for all times to come. Mr. Stewart has been indefatigably engaged in gathering materials for his great work, and his collection of state papers and manuscripts is now both large and valuable. He has begun to write, beyond all doubt, the most important historical book ever issued from the Canadian Press. It is entitled 'CANADA UNDER THE ADMINISTRATION OF LORD DUFFERIN,'—a magnificent title for a volume of this class, and one which sets forth its claim to consideration in an unmistakable way. Not only will all the beautiful and terse speeches of our esteemed Governor-General be included in the work, but a thorough history of the Dominion during the years of his rule will be given. All the great and absorbing political questions of the day will be ably and vigorously discussed in a fair and impartial spirit, and the book will wield an important influence in the old world as well as in this 'true North' of ours. Mr. Stewart is in every way admirably adapted for his work. He possesses a well-balanced mind, a mature judgment, a strong character for impartiality and impartial power. In his hands the history will fare well. He is just the man to deal with the Pacific Railway matter, the British Columbia troubles, the De Boucherville embroglio and the other noteworthy events in our political history. We feel proud that a Canadian has been selected by the publishers to write this eminently practical and splendid work. It is a matter in which our people should take a just and honorable pride. Mr. Stewart will have fine scope for his able pen, and we feel sure he will do his subject full and ample justice. A work of this kind is needed. The requirements of the hour demand a cool and collected account of the Dufferin administration. The speeches of the Governor—not the least interesting part of the narrative—will add zest to the book, and many will be glad to get them in the elegant shape in which the Rose-Delford Publishing Company propose issuing them. The book will be very popular, and Mr. Stewart's name will ensure to it a warm welcome from the people of Canada, who will always view with interest the successes which are in store for this brilliant young author. We learn that a handsome full page steel portrait of Lord Dufferin will form the frontispiece of the new volume. Mr. Stewart will spare no pains to make his work thoroughly reliable and trustworthy, and will write in a way which will add lustre to his name and reputation. We predict for it the most extensive sale of any book ever published in Canada. The popularity of the Governor-General, the ability and literary skill of the author and the well-known liberality and taste of the publishers, will ensure that end. Prospectuses, showing the plan and scope of the work, will be in the hands of agents very shortly, when those of our readers who wish to be supplied with early copies will do well to subscribe at once.

In conjunction with this valuable work there will be published an elegant lithograph portrait of His Excellency, 24 x 30 inches, similar to those published in connection with *The Atlantic Monthly*, of the poets Longfellow, Whittier and Bryant, and will be sold to subscribers only, at the exceedingly low figure of 50 cts. The whole enterprise is certainly one deserving the highest praise."

**COURTESY AT HOME.**

It is not a pleasant trait in people's characters that they should treat their acquaintances with less and less deference as they become more and more familiar with them, decreasing their courtesy in proportion to the increase of their intimacy; but unfortunately this is too commonly the case. It is usually assumed that a true gentleman is always courteous at home, but this assumption can only be accepted with certain reservations. We have known men perfectly unimpeachable in the matters of education, culture, and refinement, whose manners, though most charming on first acquaintance, relaxed on intimacy into absolute unpleasantness. We admit that nobody whose apparent courteousness to strangers is only on the surface, and who thus seems to be that which he is not, can be a perfect gentleman in the highest sense of the word; but, taking the expression in its ordinary social

acceptation, we fear it must be granted that, in the matter of courtesy, a great many gentlemen do occasionally seem to be that which they are not. These refined beings do not perhaps relapse into absolute rudeness among their relatives and intimates; but they replace their attractive manners by icy sarcasms, taciturnity, and irritability, which exceed the border line of courtesy. They seem to take a pleasure in demonstrating the unhappy fact that the refinement of the agreeable has its counterpart in the refinement of the disagreeable.

In these days it is unfortunately true that, even in the highest society, there is too little courtesy either at home or away from it. In our opinion the best test of the difference between courtesy and humbug will be found in the observation of home life. Humbug may assume the form of courtesy, but it cannot stand the strain of continued use, whereas true courtesy becomes more developed by constant habit, and thrives best in its native soil. People often confuse courtesy with humbug because they imagine that it necessarily implies personal esteem and respect. Where, therefore, they observe a deferential manner in the absence of personal esteem and respect, they immediately suspect humbug. In this they are mistaken. A judge may be perfectly courteous to the murderer whom he is sentencing to be hanged, and the head-master of a public school may show formal politeness to his pupils in the disciplinary interviews which he has with them "after school;" but neither functionary would thereby lay himself open to the charge of being a humbug. Then there are persons who are so utterly devoid of any innate courtesy that they are incredulous of its existence in others; and, when they meet with it they mistake it for humbug. It must be admitted, however, that there are occasions when scepticism is quite legitimate. For instance, when we see ostentatious displays of affection and respect on the part of husbands towards their wives, or parents towards their children, in public, we are apt to form our own opinion of their private life, shrewdly suspecting that this profusion of good things is not an everyday affair. We recommend to the clergy "rude papas" as a subject for a course of sermons. "Nagging manmas" might form a second series. To treat your children like servants or retrievers, whose highest duty is to fetch and carry, is not the surest means of indoctrinating them with the virtue of courtesy. It may be considered a superannuated idea that husbands and wives ought to treat each other with any semblance of ceremony; but we are old-fashioned enough to fancy that the opposite tendency is carried rather to an excess just at present. It may be a prejudice to think that there can possibly be anything objectionable in smoking cigarettes in ladies' drawing-rooms and boudoirs; but there always will be some people who lag behind their times. There is surely a sufficiently wide margin between treating a husband as an utter stranger and calling him a beast; but it seems too narrow for some ladies to discover. Among brothers and sisters a little harmless banter is perfectly admissible and even perhaps desirable; but a family whose members are always snapping at each other in the style at present approved as clear, both in fiction and in reality, can scarcely be upheld as a model of courtesy at home. Both among brothers and sisters and husbands and wives, a great deal of talk which begins with chaff ends in rudeness. In society conventional politeness sets certain limits to repartee, but at home there are no such barriers. In private life when the more refined weapons of conversational dispute fail, the combatants are apt to resort to vulgar personal abuse. Servants could sometimes tell curious stories about the courtesy of their employers at home, or rather their want of it. There are ladies renowned for their charming manners in society who use their maids as safety-valves for the innate rudeness which they contrive to repress and conceal in public. Doubtless they are hurt when, in dressing their heads, their maids drag the hair with the brush; but that is no excuse for pretty mouths permitting ugly words to escape from them. The master may be very fond of his horse, but after speaking to the animal in the greatest tones of the gentlest affection, it is scarcely the sign of a courteous gentleman to swear at the groom because his stirrup leathers are too short.

Courtesy at home, like other virtues, cannot be practised too constantly, or be too well fortified by undeviating habit. Even when a man is alone, it is not well to throw aside too freely the restraints and observances of social usage. We do not hesitate to say that no one can, when alone, discard all customary forms and ceremonies in dress, meals, or the like, without incurring danger of self-degradation. A man who neglects his toilet when he is going to spend the evening in his own society is decidedly wanting in self-respect, and the bachelor who only makes his room comfortable and attractive when he expects visitors must be pronounced unworthy of promotion to the more dignified state of life to which all bachelors presumably aspire.

**FOOT NOTES.**

WILLIAM III. of Holland is past 60, and since the death of the late queen, from whom he had long been virtually separated, His Majesty has contracted a morganatic marriage. His married life was notoriously unhappy. For a striking likeness of the king, see the Dutch postage stamps. He loves Scheidam.

ADMIRAL Sir Hastings Reginald Velveton, G.C.B., was born a short 70 years ago; he is

a showy officer, brave as his sword, ready to take any amount of responsibility, and careful and wary in coming to a decision. His manners are gentle, his conversation is embellished with anecdotes, and with all he has a certain kind of honor with the so-called chivalric bearing.

LORD Dunsany is a Plunkett, consequently springs from an old stock, is a loyal Irishman, and has always worn a brown coat. He is a dapper little man and a spick and span dresser—wears check neckcloths tied in a bow—also dons chess-board pattern pants. His lordship is nautically inclined, and is an admiral; also has no division between the neck and chin—it's all one.

WILLIAM of Orange, crown prince of the Netherlands, has reached the age of 35, has never married, and has hitherto shown an invincible repugnance not only to matrimony but to the duties of royalty. For many years the prince has domiciled himself in Paris, and has made the Pistols, Nyms, and Barolpous of the boulevard cafés not only his friends but his associates. He openly declares he would rather be known as "citron" than as the heir to the throne of Holland.

JOHN Paulet, premier marquis of England, and fourteen of Winchester, is a type of the English gentlemen after the fashion of the last generation. He abhors London and that clique of persons who assume to be London society. To the smarter modern man he appears a strange mixture of the farmer and the grand seigneur, and it is rather with curiosity than with complete comprehension that he is viewed upon the rare occasions when he goes to London to bear the cap of maintenance before the queen, as it is his hereditary right and duty. He keeps his children in severe order, and is 77.

PRINCE Henry of Orange is brother to his Dutch majesty, and, his countrymen say, will probably succeed to the throne in the event of a vacancy. He has no children, and having remained single since the death of his wife, a princess of Saxe-Weimar, in 1872, it might have been thought that he was hardly to enter again into the married state. On this very account his betrothal to the daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia has attracted a certain amount of attention. The prince has reached the mature age of fifty-eight, while his affianced bride, the Princess Marie, is very little over age.

WILLIAM McCullough-Tortens has for twenty years represented in Parliament the enormous London parish of Finsbury, containing nearly a million of inhabitants. He divides his attention into three parts, viz.: His speeches, his boots and his hat. He learns the firsts, he himself polishes the second, and as to the third—let's see. On taking off the covering of his Golgotha he gazes fondly thereon, produces a silk handkerchief specially for the purpose, and for the space of five minutes fondly rubs the object of his affection until he produces the required luminosity, gingerly places the "plug" on the table and proceeds to action.

SIXTY-five years ago, in Leipsic, was Richard Wagner born. At eight he played prettily on the piano-forte; at twenty he assayed himself in a tragedy wherein he killed all his characters in the first four acts, and carried it on in the fifth with their ghosts. At twenty-six he married an actress, soon after went to Paris, where nobody would listen to his music. Dresden accepting his *Rienzi* and *Flying Dutchman*, he toddles off there, becomes popular, receives court favor and is made Kapellmeister. Tannhauser, his first new work of his own new kind, only roused all men and critics, and his scores were returned; then he threw himself into the completion of *Lohengrin* as into a haven of refuge from his troubles. In 1855 he finds himself conducting concerts in London, where he left behind him the reputation of a tremendous lunatic. During the sixties Bavaria's king took him in hand and suggested the Bayreuth festival, which was a financial failure. That Wagner is one of the greatest living composers is sufficiently proved by the war cry his name produces.

**ECHOES FROM PARIS.**

Two Parisians, MM. Laumaille and de Graf-farried, have completed in forty days one of the longest bicycle journeys on record—they covered between the 16th of March and the 21st of April the distance of 900 leagues.

A NEW boulevard has just been completed, and has been given over to circulation, lying beyond the fortifications, and stretching from the heights of Clarenton to the Avenue de Vincennes. It is forty yards wide, and lined with four rows of horse-chestnut trees.

M. FAURE, the opera singer, sold his pictures lately. The total product was over £8,000. Carot's "Italiene" went for 8,000f.; his "Gaulois," 13,000f.; Diaz's "Braconnier," 14,600f.; and Manet's very modern picture, "Le Bon Rock," 10,000f.

GREAT improvements have been effected during the winter at the Jardin d'Acclimatation, and notably, a riding-school for children has been built. The construction is handsome and complete, and the ponies which will be placed

at the disposition of the youthful riders are particularly well-trained.

THE new model of the *Compagnie des Petites Voitures*, something in the style of a small family coach, is much noticed and admired. Not many are to be seen in the streets as yet, but more are being built, and by the time the Exhibition is under way, these capacious and comfortable cabs will be quite plentiful.

A NUMBER of tanks in the marine aquarium at the Exhibition have been cleaned out and filled with sea-water brought from Havre by means of a small vessel appointed for the purpose. The same craft has returned to that port, and will come back laden with a fresh supply of salt water, and bringing some of the fish intended for the aquarium.

A RESTAURANT keeper in Paris has hit upon a very happy expedient, which enables him at once to participate in the extra advantages of an increased influx of strangers to Paris, and yet to do justice to his regular *clientèle*. He has delivered to all the habitual frequenters of his restaurant a card of *abonnement*. The possessors of these cards pay the old prices, while the casual visitors and strangers are put upon the advanced scale of dietary.

IN Paris jokes on the Exhibition are in order. A widowed mother of penurious habits, with an only son, is reported to have called on a physician in reference to her boy's health. She described his symptoms, among which was want of appetite. The doctor said it was only the lassitude of spring. "Let me treat him, and I will give him a stomach to devour all before him." The widow thought a moment. "Provisions will be so dear when the Exposition opens! It is better to let him remain as he is."

**MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.**

A SMALL white stone, bearing her name, is the only monument above Charlotte Cushman's grave.

JOHN BROUGHAM is satisfied with his recent benefit in New York. The proceeds, invested in an annuity, yield him four dollars a day.

MR. DE BAR left his property mortgaged and tied up by litigation, and it is doubtful if his widow gets any sort of maintenance from it. A theatrical performance was given for her benefit in St. Louis on Thursday last.

MISS EMMA ABBOTT doesn't agree with Miss Kellogg. Miss Abbott says that a singer who has never loved can never be great; and that if she is unfortunate in her love she all the more becomes acquainted with the gamut of passion.

JOHN T. FORD, of Baltimore, is said to have made \$20,000 this year from his theatrical management. The Union Square people are likewise in high feather, and Wallack has made enough to run a yacht, a country and city house and give splendid dinners at *Ubbolun*.

THE war spectacles at the London theatres are increasing in magnitude and interest. In some of them over 1,000 auxiliaries are employed. At Canterbury Hall, where the "Battle of Plevna" still holds the boards, the audiences are enormous and the applause un stinted. The drill of the soldiers is described as perfect. They go through the manoeuvres and exercises as if they belonged to a crack regiment, and so thoroughly do they enter into the spirit of their parts, that men with canes have to be stationed behind the scenes to prevent the rival armies from falling upon each other in earnest as soon as the curtain falls.

**DOMESTIC.**

WAFFLES.—Two cups of milk, two eggs, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful cream tartar and one-half cup of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful melted butter; sift the cream tartar into the flour with the salt, dissolve the soda in a little hot water, beat the eggs well; add the flour last. If too stiff add more milk.

HASTY PUDDING.—Place three pints of sweet milk in a kettle over a brisk fire; thoroughly beat three eggs, add one-half pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Stir, and pour into the milk. Stir until thoroughly cooked. Serve hot; eat with sugar and cream.

TIMBALE.—Cut a chicken as for a fricassee; barely cover it with cold water and stew until tender; add one-half pound of well-washed rice and boil until soft; take it from the fire, add yolks of three well beaten eggs, pepper and salt to taste. Butter a baking-dish, put first a layer of bread-crumbs and chopped parsley, then fowl and rice. Fill the dish in this way, and over the last layer of bread put dots of butter, and brown in the oven. Any meat may be used in this way. If not broth enough to boil the rice add a little boiling water.

SALATOGA POTATOES.—For a family of four slice and pare six good-sized potatoes with a potato slicer—a knife will not do, for if they are not very thin they will not be crisp. You can buy a slicer for 25 cents at any hardware store. Let the slices remain in cold water all night; in the morning drain them through a colander; wipe them dry and drop them into boiling fat as you would doughnuts; do not let them brown too much; sprinkle a little salt over them as you take them out with a skimmer. You can make a large quantity of these and warm them by putting them in the oven as you want them.

**LITERARY.**

RICHARD HENRY DANA, the veteran author, will be ninety-one in November.

MR. SKELT has undertaken to edit for the Early England Text Society a photo-lithographic facsimile of the unique manuscript of our earliest Anglo-Saxon poem "Beowulf," in the Cotton collection of the British Museum.

LIBRARIAN RICE, of the Springfield, Mass., City Library, deduces this conclusion from his experience: "Those who begin with fictitious literature, and thus form a taste for reading, are often led to find still greater pleasure in works of still higher order." So frequently is this the case that, were it not for the continued influx of new and untrained readers, the ratio of fiction would be constantly decreasing. From these considerations it will be seen that much good is accomplished even by the large percentage of works of fiction."