

VALENTINE.

"Little maiden, dost thou pine
For a faithful Valentine?
Art thou scanning timidly
Every face that meets thine eye?
Art thou fancying there may be
Fairer face than thou dost see?
Little maiden, scholar mine,
Wouldst thou have a Valentine?"

Go and ask, my little child,
Ask thy Mother and thy Maid:
Ask for she will draw thee near,
And will whisper in thine ear:
"Valentine! the name is good!
For it comes of lineage high,
And a famous family;
And it tells of gentle blood,
Noble blood—and nobler still,
For its owner freely poured
Every drop there was to spill.
In the garden of his Lord,
Valentine! I know the name:
Many martyrs bear the name,
And they stand in glittering ring
Round the warrior of Land and King.
Who before, and for them, bled—
With their robes of ruby red,
And their swords with cherub flame."

Yes! there is plenty there,
Knights without number and for—
Such as St. Denis, such as George,
Martin, Maurice, Theodore,
And a hundred thousand more,
Whom God gained and warfare won,
By that sea without a surge,
And beneath the ethereal sky,
And the beauteous sun,
In Jerusalem above,
Valentine is every one:
Choose from out that company,
Whom to serve, and whom to love."

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

PROFESSOR JENKIN'S VALENTINE.

By the Girl Who Sent It.

EDITED BY NED P. MAH.

Lordsakes! How mad it made me. I solemnly declare I am all of a quiver now down to my very finger-ends, with rage, when I think of it. But there! I'll just write it all down, just out of spite.

You see, I have always been made such a pet of, and am so used to feast upon adoration as my daily food, that anything approaching the faintest suspicion of a slight is more than I can bear. You must know I was real beautiful once; there wasn't another girl in Saratoga or anywhere else could hold a candle to me, and I would hold my own still against the best of them, if that cruel fever I took when poor Major Singletick blew his silly brains out, like a poor dear goose that he was, on my account, hadn't left me as thin as a whipping-post. But even now, my glass tells me, when I have just touched my eyebrows the least thing in the world, just to give them the tiniest bit of an arch, and lengthened them just the infinitesimal, smallest fraction of an inch at both ends, and just pretended to stroke my alabaster cheeks with a hare's foot, just to give them the very faintest phantom of a reflection of rose; and just tickled my lips, which are sometimes a little trifle pale, to give them their natural tint of the brightest ruby, and when my maid has arranged the rits and kissing curls to my satisfaction, and the bright wealth of my magnificent tresses waves majestically in gleaming billows down my back and over my right shoulder—that I look real splendid. And there isn't one of them anywhere can come near me for style.

Anyhow, Harry tells me that he wouldn't have me altered the least morsel in the world for all the wealth of the Indies; so what need I care, since it's Harry I have got to please after all, for I shall be his some day. Of course you want to know who Harry is and what he's like? He's real handsome, is Harry, and he's so nice. Of course papa would have wished me to look higher than that, but then you see I had refused such a heap of offers already; and then after that fever—and really one must leave off being cruel some day, you know—and Harry was so awfully persevering and wouldn't take "No," for an answer, and, as I said before, is so real nice and so real handsome that I actually had to give in at last. And then it was in the queerest way it all came about.

I was almost the first patient dear Harry had, and he was so proud of the brave way I let him take five teeth out, one after the other, without flinching, that he fell in love with me on the spot, and never left me one moment's peace till I had accepted him. So Harry is to have me as soon as ever he can afford to keep a carriage for me to ride in, and when that will be I don't know, for, as Harry says, he hasn't got a deal of patients, so we must have a deal of patience, but, of course, it will all happen right some day, you know, if we only wait. And, of course, in the meantime, I have all the fun I can, for dear Harry loves me too well to wish to deprive me of any innocent pleasure I may find in society just because I am engaged to him.

Now, it so happened that I went down a fortnight ago, on Julia's invitation (Julia is my elder sister, who married Rattletrap, the lawyer) to stay a short while with her at S—. Now I always like going to Julia's once in a while, because S— is real gay for a place of its size, since it's only a little bit of a town after all, and Julia added, by way of inducement, that there was an awfully clever young professor of music, who had the first floor front just opposite, and who composed the loveliest airs, and wore a real splendid silver fox coat, and sang like a male

syren, and danced angelically, and had the face and figure of an Apollo, and played like Orpheus!

Well, when I got down to S—, I wasn't a bit disappointed. Professor Jenkins was just as nice as could be. I danced, I flirted, I conquered, and, consequently, I triumphed. Didn't all the other girls look mad at me—that's all!

I was sitting in Julia's bow window on Tuesday afternoon, and had just returned, in my sweetest manner, a bow from that washed out, insipid, absurd little dowdy, Mary Hopperoff, whom I had the pleasure of competently extinguishing at the bachelor's ball the night before, when who should pass—driving two splendid sorrel nags tandem, with blue and white rosettes and trimmings—but Professor Jenkins himself! But Professor Jenkins was not alone. By his side sat one of the simplest-looking, rudely-checked, big-eyed country girls I had ever seen, with her black hair all scragged back and fastened in a plain, heathenish, unbecoming knot behind. She stared full at me with her great baby eyes, while the Professor squared his whip hand and saluted, baring his splendid white teeth to the sunlight.

Julia told me the baby-eyed girl was a daily governess, so, of course, I comforted myself with the reflection that she must be some relative of his, whom he felt in duty bound to be kind to. The idea of his showing himself with such a mean thing as that in public *from choice*, of course never once entered my head.

So I turned my attention again to the project I had conceived of sending him a splendid valentine. I got one with a blank scroll, and filled in the writing out of my own knowledge box. I am not going to tell you what I wrote, because you might be mean enough to laugh, but it was something real pretty and nice, I can tell you.

I knew Annie Severbones, the doctor's wife, who kept house opposite, very well. She was quite a bosom friend of Julia's. We let her into the secret, and made her promise to put the valentine in the Professor's plate 'at breakfast-time, and I was to ambush myself in the front drawing-room and watch through the crack when he opened it.

The morning came. About seven o'clock I folded a shawl over my head and let myself out at the back gate of Julia's house, picking my way through the deep snow down to the corner of the fence, for fear the Professor should see me cross the road; then I ducked through a hole in the fence of the vacant lot next to Doctor Severbones, and so round to Annie's back door.

The Professor was usually late to breakfast, so I snatched a mouthful with the Doctor and his wife, eating out of Annie's plates as well as I was able, for I felt real hurried. Presently we heard the Professor's step on the stair, and I fled to my post of observation. The Doctor, with a "Good morning" to the new comer, rose and went out. Annie stayed at the table to make tea. The Professor raised the envelope, looked at it on every side, and laid it aside. Presently Annie, having given the Professor his second cup, rose to go about her household duties. The Professor busied himself with the S— *Hand*. Presently he laid down the paper and took up the letter again. I shivered like anything with cold and nervous anxiety. He tore it open, glanced at it, said "Pshaw!" and—what do you think he had actually the impudence to do!—folded it up—the first side was all face, so he opened it out, and used the lace half as a sort of handle—folded it up and lit his cigar with it—with all the impenetrable calm of a Count Fosco!

He flung the burning fragments into the stove and went out into the hall, where I heard him getting into his silver fox outer garment. Then I became aware that his gauntlets and cane were lying on the drawing-room table. Lordsakes! what should I do? Even now his hand was on the door and it had begun to move. I dropt, as if I was shot, behind the end of the sofa. Mercy! if he heard my heart beat. I could, most distinctly. Thank goodness, he was gone again! I heard the door close after him. I rushed to the window and peered through the winter curtains. Confusion! there was baby-face again, looking ruddier, simpler, dowdier than ever! His cigar was gone in a moment, and his fur cap came off down to the ground. "My valentine!" I could hear him say, right through the double window. Baby-eyes beamed and glowed ruddier than ever with pleasure. He turned and walked with her to the street corner. I knew he didn't go any farther, because he was back in five minutes, looking more Apollo like and stylish than ever.

I never felt so mean in all my life. I felt myself grow green and blue and all sorts of colors, and I'm sure my nose was awfully red—it was so cold in the drawing-room!

I rushed across to Julia's, and locked myself into my own room, venting my rage on this innocent paper.

Julia has just heard he is to be married—actually married to Baby-face! What fools men are!

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, January 20.

IRELAND is having a visit from Mr. Oscar Wilde, which, it is hoped, will benefit by his call.

It is said that business is so good at the Monte Carlo tables, and the crush so great, that more

tables will have to be opened in order to accommodate the players.

It has been resolved to erect a monument in Canterbury Cathedral, to place memorials in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral, and to complete the restoration of Lambeth Palace Chapel, as a memorial to the late Archbishop Tait.

THE Savage Club will be honored by a visit from the Prince of Wales immediately after his return from Berlin. Of course, although a member, he cannot drop in casually, and announce his intention beforehand. It will be a profitable intimation, as the right men will be there to make it a pleasant evening for the Prince.

MEMBERS of Parliament when they return to work on the 15th of next month will, like Linden at midnight, see another sight. The materials from the old Westminster Law Courts are to be sold by auction next Monday, and it will be a condition of the sale that they shall be pulled down and cleared away before the 12th of February.

MR. DOYLE CARTE is about to acquire the Avenue Theatre before it is pulled down, as it will have to be in two years' time to make way for the extensions of the Charing-cross Railway Station. The familiar *Olivette* consequently takes the place of the promised novelties while Mr. Doyle Carte and M. Marius are arranging their terms.

ONE of the most wonderful sights in the world is just now to be seen at the residence of Mr. Siemens, the great electrician, at Tambridge Wells. Here does the great savant pursue his studies, the result of which is said to be prodigious. The experiment of colored light by electricity has proved highly successful, and the rich coloring of the fruit and flowers in the orchard, house and conservatory realizes the magic gardens of the Arabian Nights. But the greatest wonder of all is the artificial moon, which rises at its allotted time and lights up the whole building with its radiance.

A LIVELY incident at the Worcestershire Winter Assizes last year is recalled by the following concerning the judge who has just died:—Baron Martin said himself that he wished to have inscribed on his tombstone, "Here lies a Judge, who never left a *remains*," and Lord Campbell, who went to the Oxford Circuit with him in 1855, writes to this journal:—"I have had a very agreeable circuit, my colleague being Baron Martin, an excellent lawyer and an exceedingly good-natured fellow. We got through the whole of our business together extremely well, leaving no *remains* and asked for no assistance."

IN London an energetic American lady, Miss Lila Clay, with her company of "seventy clever and pretty girls," has just brought out a musical on women's rights, called "An Adamless Eden," by Mr. Saville Clarke. It represents a community from which the men have, by some mysterious edict, been banished, and where the women do all the work of the State. No sooner, however, have the men gone than the women begin hankering after them, and first one and then another schemes for their return. This treason creates a show of resistance with parasols, lawn tennis rackets, and other feminine weapons; but no sooner do the men appear and open their arms than the women lay down theirs.

MORE good news for lovers of the legitimate drama. An enterprising gentleman has reared and trained in Australia a kangaroo which he is bringing over to England, with a view to its introduction upon the English stage. The beast is said to be exceedingly clever, to have been brought up on High Church and temperance principles, and to possess social qualities of no mean social order. He must remember that this kangaroo will have to sustain comparisons with the immortal literary kangaroo of Artemus Ward, that "anxious little cuss," whose performances were one of the features of the "moral show." But the new kangaroo is said to be able to "give points" to any other kangaroo, literary or otherwise; so that Mr. Alfred Thompson, at Her Majesty's Theatre, will have to look to his twin elephants.

THE metropolitan thieves are notoriously bold, and the bustle at the opening of the new Law Courts provided opportunities which their energy would not allow them to neglect. On Saturday, a witness, when his turn came to be examined, divested himself of his overcoat, and laid it on a book-case in court. Having submitted himself to the ordeal of examination he sought his garment, but it was nowhere to be found. He mentioned his loss to the presiding judge, Mr. Justice Lopes, who expressed his sympathy, but could do no more. As thefts of books belonging to counsel have not been infrequent, steps are being taken to protect counsel and witnesses alike. Thefts committed in a temple of justice, under the very eyes of the judge, imply contempt of court so flagrant as to entitle it to be included in the list of capital offences.

It is a curious and interesting fact that the subjects of the Queen belonging to other races than our own, who visit London, almost invariably return declaring that the wonder of wonders in, around and about the metropolis—the most remarkable thing, indeed, in the country—is the Crystal Palace. In days gone by, the Shah declared such to be his view. Then Wah-bun-ah-kee, the Mohican of North America, endorsed it. The New Zealand chiefs said so. Cotewayo was convinced of the fact; and the "Indian Contingent," returning to its native land, speak of the Crystal Palace as the most marvellous of all English marvels. What attracts them apparently, is the lightness and glitter of that great conservatory, which, unlike any other building in the world, seems from a distance to be too unsubstantial to last, and yet seems strong enough when it is entered. Yet so little do Londoners care for the place that it has been decaying for years, and can only pay by an annual sensation. Is it too audacious to suggest that it ought to be national property?

A CONTROVERSY has arisen as to the right and the propriety on the part of actors of introducing their own language into pieces, otherwise gagging. If it be unseemly and vulgar language, those amongst the audience who are sensible of the insult show their disapproval by appearing unconscious of it, while the appreciative few encourage it as something understood, and, therefore, enjoyed. In nine cases out of ten the blame lies with the actor, not the author; for this gross error is particularly noticeable in plays of assured popularity, in which, after a run of fifty nights, the author will find the grand idea is almost all that is left him. No actor who is ambitious of success in this profession would damage his chance by committing such an offence. In the lighter forms of entertainment, such as comic opera, there is a tendency on the part of actors and actresses to exaggerate which is very often akin to vulgarity. If these things are more generally spoken of, as well as noticed, a little may be done towards putting down this growing system to the certain advantage of the performer, and infinite relief of a refined audience.

CAPT. ARTHUR SHEAN, Vice-President of the Fire Brigades Association, gives a cheerful account of the manner in which the Lord Chamberlain's authority is respected by theatrical managers. At one place of amusement in London there was a dispute about alterations in the interest of public safety, and Captain Shean was consulted. His opinion was confirmed by an arbitrator, and it might have been expected that the proprietor of the place would have made the requisite alterations. So far is this from the fact, that the house is more unsafe than ever, owing to the blocking up of gangways with camp-stools. "As an experiment, in the middle of the performance, I rose with a friend to leave the building, timing my exit. Every one assisted my egress as well as possible. I am not particularly clumsy, but I nearly fell over camp-stools lying on the ground, shut up, several times; and when I reached an exit door over five minutes had elapsed from my first rising to leave the building. The proprietor seems to act as he pleases, for on my remarking to his manager that in the event of fire a safe exit of the audience was utterly impossible, he remarked, 'Well, I suppose a panic in Hyde-park would cause accident,' and 'the Lord Chamberlain does not want to interfere with us, and we do not want to interfere with him.' If the Lord Chamberlain does not interfere with this smart personage, there is little use in having such an official."

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

IN addition to the exhibition at the Royal Academy, London, of pictures and drawings by the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the Burlington Fine Arts Club are about to place in their gallery at the same time a supplementary collection of his works with a view to co-operate with the Academy in affording as full and comprehensive a representation of the painter as circumstances permit. Crayon, pencil and pen-and-ink drawings, besides some of the artist's early water colors, are to find an appropriate place in this collection.

THERE is a collection of Indian works of art at New Orleans, which is of great interest and value. It was made by a Senor Ramos Lutz, and is owned by Mr. N. W. Randall, U.S. Consul at Savannah, Columbia. There are 1,500 pieces, of which 200 are gold and 100 stone. The greater part is pottery, with occasional objects in copper and wood. One of the gold pieces represents the human victim offered to the god of harvest by the Chibcha Indians. The collection is rich in "money pieces" which the Chibcha are said to have coined before as well as after the conquest.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noves, 110 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y.