A MODERN EDEN.

Yesterday, over the garden wall
Which hedges in the little all
My children know of flowers and trees,
Upon a limb that overshot
From neighbour Brown's adjoining lot
There swung a mellow peach in the breeze.

The place in which these little folk
The dawning joys of life invoke
Is only open to the sky;
Therein they've built a baby house,
And buried, I think, a tiny mouse,
And welcomed life without a sigh.

But now the Eden of baby May
And little man Ned, where yesterday
In mimic mounds the earth they piled,
Or scraped acquaintance with a toad,
No longer is the old abode
Of baby hearts all unbeguiled.

For where the weeds have noisome grown,
Under the shade of a mossy stone,
The serpent of olden time did rise,—
The snake which stings the innocent,
The crawling beast of ill portent,
Who drove the pure from Paradise.

And soon he scaled the garden wall
Which guarded about the little all
Of innocence my babies knew,
And entered into the golden peach,
Which hung so temptingly in reach,
And wove his cruel spell anew.

And straightway then a dimpled hand,
Guided by the tempter bland,
Alas, has wrought a woeful deed;
And in a hallowed baby-breast,
Which evermore will plead for a rest,
Is born a bitter inward need.

A peach stone lies in the crocus bed,
While on my breast a golden head
In tearful penitence is laid;
And close to mine a broken heart
Has sought its sorrow to impart,—
The little heart which disobeyed.

A CAROL FOR THE YOUNG BRIDE.

Come forth, thou pretty bride! With dainty feet
Tread thy fair world, where sun-driven shadows fleet;
This earth is thine, with thine own sky above;
And these thy flowers, wherewith the earth blooms love.
Come forth where all things wait!

See! this is not the world where thou wast born;
This is no world thou sawest yestermorn;
The meal, the water, rock, an! height, and tree,
A new life wear, this day, sweet bride, for thee!
Come, ere the hours wear late.

Hunting Among the Kirghiz.

(From the Geographical Magazine.)

The Kirghiz nomad is *the* hunter, *par excellence*, and his habits of life are identical with what they were when pictured by the envoys of Saint Louis of France. He is of medium height and vigorous frame, his eyes set obliquely in his head; he has a snub nose, a large mouth, with beautiful teeth, and passes his existence in a felt tent, shaped like a cheese, with his wives, children, horses, and cattle. In a tent close to the Sea of Aral, M. Ujfalvy found a young camel, a goat, and several sheep, living most contentedly in company with the owner and his family. The chief weapon of the Kirghiz is a small-bore matchlock, which is usually rested on a fork to insure steady aim. An arquebusier of the time of Francis I. would have certainly despised such a weapon. Yet, with this primitive affair, the Kirghiz shoots birds on the wing, hares, wild goats, and tigers, of which last M. Ujfalvy was shown a splendid stuffed specimen in the residence of General Kauffman, the animal having been shot by a Kirghiz, by a bullet lodged between the eyes.

The Central Asian horses are of three sorts: the *argamak*, or Turkoman horse, a horse of Arab breed, but rather longer and longer-legged than the pure Arab. It is believed to have some English blood in its veins. It is scarce and dear and found only in the possession of the Kirghiz chiefs. The indigenous Kirghiz horse is small and mean in appearance, but, like its owner, capable of enduring considerable fatigue. The *karabair* is the result of crossing the two breeds; it is less hardy than the Kirghiz horse. This latter animal covers eighty kilometers in a day; it is never put under shelter at night, it picks up what it can find to eat alike during the extremes of winter and summer.

The Kirghiz dog, or *tazi*, is a species of greyhound of medium size with pendent ears; it is intelligent, bold, and remarkably swift of foot. Those of Samarcand are small but shapely; those among the Kirghiz of the Emba near the Caspian have very long hair on their ears and legs, while those of Southern Siberia are long-legged and very active. Grey is the most esteemed colour for the tazis, and a good tazi often fetches more than a horse. This dog has never as yet been acclimatized in Russia in Europe, but M. Ujfalvy has been fortunate to bring home three of them, which are doing well in the Jardin d'Acclimitation. In the upper Zarafshan valley, and near the Pamir, the dog is called *gurdja*. In these tracts there are no roads or means of communication beyond narrow paths and rickety bridges. The highlanders who inhabit these valleys are called Galtcha. They are an Aryan race, and probably descend from ancestors, who are supposed to have inhabited these valleys in remote ages. They are fond of their country, are excellent pedestrians, sure-footed, and keen-sighted. Their hunting companion is the gurdja, a species of basset with pointed ears. This dog is both strong and intelligent, and readily ascends the mountains over snow and ice. It is savage and difficult to tame, and when brought to Samarcand always takes advantage of the first opportunity to escape to its native mountains.

The Kirghiz make use of eagles and falcons with which to hunt wild geese and ducks. The Kirghiz of Western Siberia train their eagles and falcons themselves, while those on the banks of the Aral buy their birds ready-trained from the Bashkirs, half-nomad, half-sedentary people, who, since the time of Herodotus, have inhabited the valleys of the Ural Mountains. The Kirghiz goes a-hunting on horseback, armed with his matchlock, a whip with wire woven into the lash, a falcon on his wrist, and a tazi following him. Pheasants, which are exceedingly numerous along the banks of the Syr Darya, are usually caught in snares. The wolf is pursued by the Kirghiz on horseback, who attacks him with his whip, and usually kills him without difficulty, the animal being (in the Aralo-Caspian basin at least) a most cowardly beast. M. Ujfalvy adds that the Central Asian wolf is usually of a yellowish grey colour, small in size, and afraid of man, whom he never attacks. The tiger, on the other hand, he states, is larger than that of India (!) and particularly fierce. At the time of the first Russian expedition, more than twenty years ago, the thick vegetation on the marshes swarmed with them; along the banks of the Chu River they are not infrequent, and it is stated that they are found on the shores of Lake Balk sh. They are, however, much rarer than they were; and Prince Dolgoruki, who was sent to Turkistan in 1876 to inspect the Central Asian force, was unable to find one. Tigers are caught by the Kirghiz in pitfalls, with a sheep for a bait. The Russian authorities gave a reward of ten roubles (about £) for every tiger killed, and the skin usually sells for double that sum. General Kaufmann relates to M. Ujfalvy a story of a Kirghiz having lain in wait for a tiger, which had been committing depredations on his flock, and had even killed some armed men, and having actually killed the beast with nothing but an axe in his hand. M. Ujfalvy concludes by strongly recommending Central Asia as most eligible hunting-ground for sportsmen, and he adds that the security of property and life in the parts subject to the Russians is an additional consideration of importance. Like the late M. Fedchenko M. Ujfalvy was accompanied in all his excursions by his wife, who traversed over 8,000 kilometres in the course of their travels in these regions.

The same author adds some ethnological information on Central Asia. The Galtchas are a people which he specially noted. These are usually confounded with the Tajiks, but though the former, as well as the inhabitants of Karateghin, Darwas, Shignan, etc., are of Aryan origin, there are points of difference between the two, the Galtchas intermarrying only with themselves, while the Tajiks do not object to ally themselves to Uzbeck and even Kirghiz women. They are hyperbrachicephalic, rather tall in stature, their skin is white, but often bronzed where exposed to the sun, hair dark chestnut, occasionally red and often fair, beard flowing, eyes close-set in the head, brown and often blue in colour. The nose is well-shaped and slightly arched, the face oval, the frame vigorous, and they are excellent pedestrians and horsemen, being capable of enduring great fatigue. The Galtchas say that their name signifies "the hungry raven which repairs to the mountains to find means of subsistence." They all speak dialects of Persian, they are of sedentary and agricultural tastes, and their constitution is democratic, the popular assemblage being the supreme authority. Every village has an *ak-sakal*, or white-beard, a sort of mayor. As a rule, the Galtchas are monogamists, although some of those who are better off have two wives.

M. Ujfalvy contributes a variety of notes on the other ethnological types which he came across in Ferghana, Kuldja, and other districts of Russian Turkistan, and descriptions of the places he visited, which supplement the writings of Fedchenko in many interesting particulars.

The Afghans.

(From the London Globe.)

Afghanistan proper may be said to date as a nation from a period a little before the Norman Conquest of England. We have little information with respect to this part of the world till about 997 A.D. At that time, Monsoor, a Tartar chief, seems to have held sway to the northwest of what is now our Indian frontier, and on his death one of his officers, Sebek-Taghee, seized the opportunity to carve out for himself, out of Tartar territory, an independent state of which Ghuznee was made the capital. This Sebek-Taghee is regarded as the founder of the nation whose ruler seems likely to give our Government in India no little trouble.

It would seem to have always been an exceedingly difficult part of the world for the historian or the geographer to deal with, and not altogether a pleasant region for military operations, as our own history can testify. Its people are of various races—the Afghans, the Tajiks, the Kazzil Bashees, the Hazarahs, the Hindhis, the Jats, and a number of minor tribes of whom very little is known. These all, or at least most of them, speak different languages or dialects. Some of the Ameer's subjects or tributaries speak Afghan, some Persian, and others again Hindi, while various dialects and combinations of these leading languages are numerous. The ruling race is, of course, the Afghans, numbering, it has been estimated, some 3,000,000, "a peculiar and interesting people," says Mr. Bellew, "who differ from those around them in appearance, mode of life, and dress, in customs and manners, and also in character." They are divided, it seems, into two great antagonistic classes, the nomad and the fixed population, both of which classes are also broken up into tribes, whose perpetual feuds and strifes serve to sustain the character which the Afghan seems always to have borne for ferocious pugnacity. The nomads, of course, are mainly a pastoral race as to their usual occupation, the monotony of their every-day lives being occasionally relieved by a faction fight, or by expeditions to adjacent tribes for the purpose of cattle-lifting, this being, apparently, one of the fine arts of Afghanistan. All Afghans, notwithstanding their native ferocity, pride themselves on their hospitality to strangers who have actually attained the shelter of their roof or the protection of their tribes, though it must rather detract from the enjoyment of such hospitality for the visitor to know that no sooner may he have passed beyond the line within which religion and traditional custom have enjoined the entertainment of the stranger, than his host may be the first to set upon him and rob him, if nothing worse. "Beyond the shelter of the roof, or the limits of the camp," says the writer from whom we have already quoted, and who accompanied the political mission to Afghanistan in 1857, "all comers are considered fair game for attack; and on the principle of might is right, the opportunity of robbing, or perhaps murdering, the unprotected wayfarer, who, perchance, was a few minutes previously a guest, and as such sheltered and fed, is rarely allowed to pass." These nomad tribes, as represented by their various chiefs, pay tribute to the Ameer of Cabool, and furnish a contingent for the regular army of Afghanistan. They constitute, also, the bulk of the militia, upon which the Ameer can draw in an emergency. In all other respects they would seem to be quite independent of the government at Cabool. The fixed population are engaged chiefly in agriculture. They never trade or engage in any kind of mechanical handicraft unless compelled to do so by abject poverty. So thoroughly beneath their dignity are commercial pursuits held to be, that although a small number of Afghans, tempted by the wealth that is the pretty certain prize of mercantile enterprise, are merchants, the actual transaction of business is always left to a Persian or Hindoo. This aristocratic pride is one of the most striking peculiarities of the Afghan character; and, combined with a noble presence, undoubted bravery, and a certain restless impatience of control, renders the Afghan in a general way an individual who would be of immense service to novelists in want of models for their heroes. All accounts represent the Afghan tribes, as bold, turbulent, and independent to the last degree, and our experience of them in warfare certainly bears out this description. Some of the most difficult of them to deal with are the hill tribes, who in past years have given us many opportunities of judging of their fighting capabilities. "These bold mountaineers," says Colonel Ayde, "ignorant of any discipline or of any regular art of war, armed only with rude matchlocks and short swords, nevertheless, by a kind of natural instinct, discovered at once our weak points: and by feints at the centre, combined with furious assaults upon our isolated flanks, not only inflicted heavy loss upon us, but succeeded occasionally in endangering our whole position. The Crag picket"—a pinnacle of huge rocks, constituting a vital point in the defence of General Chamberlain's camp—"fell three times into their hands, by direct assault, at different periods of the campaign. . . They were," he says, "brave and worthy foes," and something of the same kind has been said by most travellers in this remote land, not only with respect to the hill tribes, but of all the Afghans. Speaking of the nation as a whole, Elphinstone says that a European visiting the country, though he might lament that the natives were trained to fraud, malice, rapine, deceit, and revenge, "could yet scarce fail to admire their martial and lofty spirit." He goes on to speak of their hospitality and their bold and simple manners, "equally removed from the suppleness of the citizen and the awkward rusticity of the clown. He would probably before long discover among many qualities that excite his disgust the rudiments of many virtues." It is pretty clear that such a people might, if fairly united, give a good deal of trouble to any invader. The population, it is true, has been estimated as not more altogether than about 5,000,000; but, of course, a large proportion of these would be found capable of bearing arms among a people like the Afghans, and the nature of their country has always been in their favour. Their greatest danger would arise from the difficulty they would experience in uniting for common defence, their normal condition throughout a vast portion of the Ameer's territory being one of mutual hostility. That they can unite, however, in very considerable numbers, and that when united they are exceedingly troublesome to deal with, have already been abundantly shown. It happens, too, that the tribes with whom we should be brought into immediate contact, if, unfortunately hostilities should presently break out, are among the most formidable of the Ameer's tributaries. "Fond of fighting for its own sake," says Colonel Ayde, "engaged in endless feuds among themselves, they are quite ready to forget family quarrels under the superior excitement of a collision with the hated invader; and, stranger still, they will even for a time put aside religion, race, family feuds, and all, and enlist under one flag, knowing that at all events the fighting is likely to be serious, and almost certain to be successful." This last fact seems, indeed, to constitute the especial weakness of the Ameer's position. The Afghan's love of strife seems to overpower his allegiance to his country upon a comparatively trivial inducement, and the one who can bid highest for his services, and show him the best prospect of successful fighting, is the one who can be pretty sure to secure the co-operation of many of the hill tribes especially, if only they are approached in a judicious manner.

Sensitive Children.

Parents cannot be too studious of the disposition of their children, for without this careful observation and a method of treatment based upon it it will be only by what we may call mere accident that the little ones will turn out as well as they might do. Children are not like images which, cast in one mould are of one material, all alike. There are as many peculiarities of temper and temperament as are found among grown-up people; in fact, there are not two in all points the same. Some stand in need of gentle restraint, others of a strong curb; some are inert, dull, while others have a superabundance of vivacity and energy; some are dreamy, others practical; some frank, others reserved and even suspicious. The importance of parents being thoroughly familiar with these characteristics is self-evident. Acute suffering is often unthinkingly inflicted on sensitive children in consequence of their not being understood and skilfully dealt with at home. They may not be treated with harshness or with less kindness than their brothers and sisters whose natures are less finely strung; but little things which the latter would not even notice often cut them to the very quick. The sensitive children need specially careful treatment, as they are in the twofold danger of being weighted down with a life-long despondency, or through undue petting growing up exacting and irritable. It should be borne in mind—and it is a strong plea on behalf of children of this temperement—that it is they who in mature life excel in art and literature and take the lead in all great movements of their age. They are worth tending with extreme care.

Dots.

Maid to order—a table-girl.

Motto for Christmas—Be generous and hope to be just.

How to run an hotel.—Before the proprietor gets up. Still it's risky.

Do lightning-rod men hibernate? One never sees them in the winter.

How many women fancy they are thinking when they are only reflecting.

"No visible means of support, your Honour! Wasn't the lamp-post next me?"

"The cobbler's wife is the worst shod." True, but what a fool she was to marry the man.

The man who told a really original story to a circle round an hotel stove died centuries ago.

A friend writes us a graphic description of his terrier bitch, which "begs just like a Christian."

What is sweeter than a sugar-house? Why, a young ladies' seminary when it is full of 'lasses.

A gentleman was struck on King street by a falling sign. Not being a Hebrew he did not "require a sign" and feels agrieved.

When it comes to business, folks who theorize about love are very much like those eminent lawyers who always lose their own cases.

Montreal vagrants are luxurious. They hire a cab or sleigh to drive them to the police station, and put up there for the night.

Hugging is not the least unpleasant part of a ball," a young lady at Hartford told Evangelist Pentecost, who told his congregation.

A woman with beauty and nothing else is very much like a raw recruit sent under fire with an improved breech-loader and no ammunition.

"My dear Julia," said one pretty girl to another, "can you make up your mind to marry that odious Mr. Sniff?" "Why, my dear Mary, replied Julia, "I believe I could take him at a pinch."

A naughty little New York girl looked at the flushed face of one of her young admirers the other day and asked: "Were you painted before you were baked, or are you one of those horrid cheap American faiences?"

A beautiful English woman was walking in the Rue de la Paix, when a French puppy greatly annoyed her by pertinaciously dogging her and glaring at her. She turned upon him and said: "Really, I have not a single sou to give you."

Mistress (to a servant who has called about a situation)—"There are no children; only two in family." Servant—"Will you show me over the 'ouse, mum, as I never take a situation, mum, till I 'ave seen what sort of a 'ouse the 'ouse is, mum?"

"John, it seems to me you are not doing your work as well as you used to—not as painstaking as you might be" "I will tell you why, miladi. I thought that if I would make myself indispensable, when I came to go it would cause you too much inconvenience and regret."

"Mary, I do not approve of your entertaining your sweetheart in the kitchen," said a lady to her servant. "Well, ma'am, it's very kind of you to mention it; but he's from the country, you see, ma'am, and I'm afraid he's too shy and awkward in his manners, ma'am, for you to like him to come into the parlour," replied Mary.

Souvenir of the exposition by "Cham:" Small gentleman appears in huge hat, which engulfs him to his shoulders. His Wife—"But that hat doesn't fit you, my love." He—"That's what I told the man; but he showed me his gold medal, the only one awarded for hats, and what could I do?"

"If I should marry Eliza Jane," said a prospective son-in-law, "I should frankly confess one thing in advance—I am of rather a hasty temper and apt to get mad without cause." "Oh, that'll be all right," blandly replied the dear old lady; "I shall go and live with you, and I'll see that you have a cause."

What a fine world this would be if thoughts and things dovetailed! Nearly all the mischief and trouble we experience is caused by the clashing of things and thought. If we could only bring them into complete harmony we should be happy enough to decline the millennium. If we could only see things as they really are, undisturbed, in their proper relations to each other, and in their value to ourselves, we should have good reason for content.

"Are you the saleswoman of whom I bought this handkerchief yesterday?" asked a purchaser at one of our dry goods stores. "I am the saleslady who served you, madam," responded the reduced empress in banged hair, long watch-chain, and ringed fingers, who presided at the counter. "Well," said the customer, "I will take a dozen more, and as I wish to get them to my washerlady at once I will get you to send them to my carriage round the corner. My coach-gentleman cannot get to the door just now, for the cart of the ash-gentleman."

He had returned to the town with his wife from a summer vocation at the seaside, and he stood in front of the house giving a friend a graphic account of the sea on's pleasures. "Went in bathing every day!" he exclaimed, enthusiastically. "Ah!" responded the friend. "Wife go in too?" "Oh, yes, every day," said the returned vacationist. "Can she swim?" queried the friend, with some interest. "No-o-o she can't,' was the reply. "She tried and tried to learn, but somehow she didn't get the hang of it. She said she couldn't get the right kick, and I let her think that was the reason, but the fact was"—and here he looked up at the house, and sunk his voice to a hoarse whisper—"she couldn't keep her mouth shut long enough to take four strokes before she'd have some silly remark to make, when kerwash!—she'd swallow a whole wave and go plump to the bottom!"

A Bankrupt City.

An Effort to Place the Affairs of the City of Memphis in the hands of a Receiver.

(From the Nashville American.)

Leading citizens of Memphis who have been visiting Nashville within the last two or three days give a rather doleful account of the condition of the streets of their city, They say that her business is unusually heavy, but that the thoroughfares—so called—are almost impassable. The wheels of drays, heavy waggons, and even light vehicles, sink to their hubs in mud. Horses are continually stalling in the most public streets. The miles of Nicolson pavement have long since been rotted and gone to pieces. To promote her commerce Memphis will have to spend a very large amount of money for the reconstruction of her streets. She must get rid of her rotten wooden pavements, believed to have been an exciting cause of yellow fever. Wolf Creek will have to be covered in, and a general system of sewerage established, to prevent, if possible, another epidemic. But this cannot be accomplished with the heavy incubus of debt overhanging her. Two years ago Memphis commenced the compromise of her debt of nearly $6,000,000. Realizing her distress, many holders of her bonds came forward and accepted the compromise of fifty cents on the dollar. The city has thus been enabled to fund something like $2,000,000 of her securities, and her authorities hoped that by this time the entire debt would have been compromised. But they hoped in vain. Those who would not accept the compromise have been pressing the city for interest on their bonds. Mandamus after mandamus has been issued, levies are made, and the collection of still heavier taxes are ordered. If the holders of these bonds, amounting to over $3,000,000, persist in this course, if they continue to refuse to accept the compromise, the people propose to appeal to the General Assembly for legislation, which will hopelessly complicate matters, if not indefinitely postpone the settlement of the debt. A strong effort will be made to induce the legislature to abolish the charter of Memphis, and place its affairs in the hands of a receiver. With Memphis these gentlemen say that it is a matter of self-preservation. If her creditors continue to push her, she has no hope save in a receiver.

The right of suffrage in Spain is to be shortly curtailed. In a recent discussion of the subject in the Cortes, Castelar announced his adhesion to such a policy, and was highly complimented by the Prime Minister. Voters in Madrid will be cut down to only one-third of the present registered number.

"Speaking of razors," said the obsequious barber, as he tendered change for a quarter, "I believe Adam and Eve were the first raisers; were they not?" The customer raised his Cain, and demanded to know if he was Abel to make another joke like that.

"THE LITTLE PAGANINI."

The Career of August Wilhelmj.

August Wilhelmj was born on the 21st of September, 1845, at Usingen, the former residence of the Prince of Nassau-Usingen. His father, the well-known doctor of laws, August Wilhelmj, was of the official aristocracy of North Germany, having been at one time attorney-general of Prussia. His mother was Charlotte Petry, a famous *artiste* herself, the pupil of Anton Andre, of Frederick Chopin, and of Marco Bordogni. His first instructor was a well-known professor, Conrad Fischer, of Wiesbaden, at one time concert master of the Duke of Nassau. Young Wilhelmj made such rapid progress, and his talent was so pronounced, that, even when but 7 years old, he was asked to play before Henrietta Sontag, then visiting his parents, and his performance was so interesting that in delight she called him

THE LITTLE PAGANINI.

of the fatherland. So quick was his apprehension of tone that he could tell harmonious chords as though by instinct, and could identify every note in them. In a discordant crash of instruments he was equally quick in analysis. In 1853, and

WHEN ONLY EIGHT YEARS OLD,

he played a string quartet by Haydn after having heard it but once. His genius matured rapidly, and on the 8th of January, 1854, he made his debut in concert at Limburgh. His second presentation to the public took place on the 17th of March, 1856, in the Court theatre of Wiesbaden, on which occasion his phrasing created a positive furore among all the musical cognoscenti who heard him. In spite of his son's evident qualifications for and ardent attachment to the musical profession, the elder Wilhelmj for a long time strenuously opposed his embarking into it. But the young artist was too full of energy and eager enthusiasm to be completely repressed. At last, therefore,

THE PROUD LAWYER SUCCUMBED

to the lad's pleading and resolved his restrictive injunction, conditioning merely that some competent judge should pronounce him certain of success.

In the spring of 1861 August Wilhelmj went to Weimar, and there met Franz Liszt. Liszt desired him to show his abilities, and he played for the great maestro Spoh's *Gesang-Scene* and Ernest's "Hungarian Themes," having for accompanist no less a master on the piano than

LISZT HIMSELF.

The impressions made by the young *virtuosi* must have been a profound one, for after asking him to play some very difficult *concerti* at first sight Liszt jumped up from the piano, crying "And they have doubted your ability! The violin is your destiny. Had there been no such instrument, it would have been invented for your sake! Work! Practise! The world will talk of you very soon."

Liszt then presented Wilhelmj to Prince Emilvon Wittgenstein, by whom he was very considerately treated, and afterwards introduced him to Ferdinand David, of Leipsic, to whose schooling he confided him, saying, "Here I bring you Paganini the Second! Take good care of him!"

From 1861 to 1864, Wilhelmj remained in the Leipsic Conservatory of Music, under the personal charge of Herr David, having for his teachers in the theory of music, Moritz Hauptmann and Ernst Friedrich Richter. David himself superintended his practical study of the violin, and formed for him that classic purity of style which distinguishes his performances of solos or quartets. His mastery of technique was complete when he entered the Conservatory, and his fellow-students regarded him as one miraculously endowed. Whenever he practised, he had enthusiastic audiences drawn from his classmates. David said of him, "He is superior to all difficulties." A public examination of the pupils of the Conservatory took place on the 9th of August, 1862, at which Wilhelmj performed Ernst's "Concerto Pathetique" in F sharp minor, with such exquisite feeling that the event is still remembered by the amateurs of Leipsic.

THE CROWNING POINT

in every German musician's career is an opportunity to play in a Gewandhaus concert. This Wilhelmj managed to achieve on the 24th of November, 1862. He selected for his number Joachim's "Hungarian Concerto," and played it so magnificently that he was at once accepted as the first of violinists.

Unceasing application to his studies brought on severe illness which all but proved fatal to him. Hardly recovered, he resumed his practising with renewed vigour. In the autumn of 1865 he made his first European tour, spending the winter in Switzerland. In the spring of 1866 he visited Holland and Great Britain, Jenny Lind's assistance procuring him an appearance at one of Alfred Mellon's concerts in Covent Garden. There he was received with an enthusiasm comparable only to that which welcomed Paganini to the English capital.

He made his first appearance in Paris at Pasdeloup's popular concerts on the 20th of January, 1867, and his audience was delighted with him, the critics pronouncing him a very remarkable player. He made a great sensation in the fall of the same year in Italy, and in 1868 was the guest of the Grand Duchess Pavlovna, at St. Petersburg, repeating in Russia his former success. In 1869-70 he travelled through France, Switzerland, and Belgium; in 1871-2 in Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, and made his first appearance in Berlin on the 22nd of October, 1872, at a concert in the *Sing Academie*. He made

A TRIUMPH IN BERLIN,

and an equally pronounced one in Vienna, in which city he made his first appearance on the 23d of March, 1873. Wilhelmj spent most of the time from the spring of 1875 to the fall of 1877 in England, where he devoted himself, with characteristic energy and success to the work of popularizing the theories of the music of Richard Wagner. The Bayreuth festival owed much of its triumphs to Wilhelmj's tact, zeal, and industry. So hard did he work in Wagner's behalf in London that *The Times*, of that city, called him "the most assiduous and most successful propagator of Richard Wagner." He induced his great compatriot to visit London in May, 1877; and at the famous Wagner festival, in Royal Albert hall, he led the orchestra of two hundred picked musicions. His labors and his untiring industry were too much for his delicate constitution, and he was taken violently ill after the festival, his life being at one time despaired of.

Such is the interesting record of the busy art life of this celebrated and youthful virtuoso.

A Female Tramp.

A despatch from Elizabethtown, O., says: Yesterday morning a tramp named Frank Watson attempted to get on a freight train on the P. and E. railroad at Nelson station, but, missing his footing, fell, and came near being crushed to death. The right foot was badly mashed and the right hip very seriously bruised. Last night the passenger train brought him to this place, and he was taken to the boarding-house of Mr. D. W. Kennedy and a physician called in. On the examination the fact was developed that the man was a woman, but the doctor nor any of those assisting him made known their suspicions to the patient. To-day your correspondent, hearing the report, called on the injured individual, and found out from her the truth. She gives her name as Frances Watson, and her place of birth Lancaster, La., and her usual place of abode Toledo, O., where she has a brother and sister. She is a fully-developed woman, and when I charged her with the fact she hung her head, but finally said she adopted the garb of a man because she could better secure work. She is a passably fair woman, with round, smooth-cut features, small hands which bear the marks of hardship, and small feet. She gives her age as 16, though she is probably older; and beyond the fact that she has had to work for a living (her father having been killed in the army) is reticent as to her family and past life. She will be kept here until able to travel again, when kind influences, it is hoped, will cause her to assume the garb best suited to her sex.

In Russia much attention has been given of late to insuring a supply of carrier pigeons in all the principal fortresses. The pigeons are frequently exercised in flying from fortress to fortress, and not long ago twenty-five birds taken from Novogeorgievsk were set free at Warsaw, seventy-five miles away. Two hours afterward a pigeon arrived at Warsaw from Novogeorgievsk, bearing a despatch stating that seven of the birds liberated at the former had reached the latter place.

A Radical, heated by copious libations, was merrily singing the "Marseillaise." "What makes you say 'opprogrium?'" asks a friend. "You ought to say 'opprobrium.'" "I know it's opprobrium in the book, but I prefer opprogrium." "Bat what does opprogrium mean?" "Damuno, but it expresses my thought clearly."

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Christmas Day.

When Christmas morning comes, they say,
The whole world knows it's Christmas Day;
The very cattle in the stalls
Kneel when the blessed midnight falls.
And all the night the heavens shine
With lustre of a light divine.
Long ere the dawn the children leap
With "Merry Christmas" in their sleep;
And dream about the Christmas tree;
Or rise, their stockings filled to see.
Swift come the hours of joy and cheer,
Of loving friends and kindred dear;
Of gifts and bounties in the air.
Sped by the "Merry Christmas" prayer.
While through it all, so sweet and strong,
Is heard the holy angel's song:
"Glory be to God above!
On earth be peace and helpful love!"
And on the street, or hearts within,
The Christmas carolings begin:

"Waken, Christian chil'dren,
Up and let us sing,
With glad voice the praises
Of our new-born King.

"Come, nor fear to seek Him,
Children though we be;
Once He said of children,
'Let them come to me.'

"Haste we then to welcome,
With a joyous lay,
Christ, the King of glory,
Born for us to-day."

—*St. Nicholas for January.*

The Malay Sword-Dance.

While on a cruise among the islands of the Malayan Archipelago, our ship put in at Batavia for a week's repairs. Batavia is the Dutch capital of Java, wholly under the control of Holland; and its Dutch architecture, and Dutch manners of living, make one feel as if every house had been built in far-away Amsterdam, then boxed up, people, furniture, and all, and sent by ship across the waters. So, to know anything of the natives to whom this great, beautiful island originally belonged, of their habits, dress, and amusements, one must visit the Malayan settlements of the interior; and a little party of us determined thus to spend the week of our ship's stay at Batavia.

We had made the acquaintance of a petty chieftain, who once had been in the service of the Rajah of Djokjskarta; and for a small fee, Selim introduced our party to the court of his former master.

Here, one day, we had an opportunity of witnessing the "sword-dance" of the Malays, the most noted of all their national dances. Ordinarily, it is performed by some thirty or forty ten-year-old lads, who are trained for their vocation from a very early age; but who practice it in public only for a year or so, before they are set aside as no longer sufficiently light and agile for this very peculiar dance. The boys are rigged out in very fantastic costume, their hats especially, which are fancifully adorned with the plumage of many-coloured birds, intermingled with brightly gleaming jewels. The only weapons used are wooden swords; but the youthful gymnasts seem thoroughly in earnest, and rush upon one another with all the fury of real combatants, their eyes gleaming fiercely, and their dark faces glowing with excitement. They all brandish their swords with great dexterity, dealing blows sidewise, and even backward, while they are in the very act of whizzing and whirling round the room in a rapid gallopade. Their motions are not less graceful than enthusiastic; and though the company is numerous, and the turns and thrusts are sudden, none seem taken unawares; nor is there even the slightest apparent confusion. Sometimes single combats follow the general engagement, each selecting his own opponent; but the boys are so well matched in regard to size, and all are so perfectly trained, that really there seems little advantage to be gained. The grand climax of the whole affair is to force two of their leaders into a corner, surround them with a circle of crossed swords, and hold them prisoners until one or other succeeds in gaining possession of his opponent's weapon. The victor then receives as a prize a real sword, and is thenceforth honourably discharged from further trials of his skill; while the unfortunate lad who permitted himself to be disarmed, has to go through an additional season of probation.

The ordinary dress of the lower class of Malays is very simple, consisting for the most part of a long, loose "sarong," or petticoat, in place of trousers, and a tight-fitting jacket of white or red cotton; but the garb of the princes is very gorgeous. The rajahs wore sarongs of heavy silk, jackets of velvet richly embroidered in gold and tiny seed-pearls, and jewelled girdles that seemed all ablaze with diamonds. Both turbans and sandals were adorned in the same costly fashion; and as for the creese and serpentine dagger, without which a Malay, whatever his rank, never appears, those of the rajahs were of costly workmanship. The display of wealth in the palaces of these native chiefs was far beyond what we expected to find; but we learned afterwards that Malayan "sultans" are pirate chiefs as well; and though they don't, in person, rob or murder on the high seas, they derive enormous revenues from the piratical hordes that everywhere infest the Malay Archipelago.—*St. Nicholas.*

Circumstantial Evidence.

In the year 1660 two men named Perry and their mother were hanged for the murder of a man who had never been murdered at all. Mr. Harrison, Lady Campden's steward, having been collecting his rents, suddenly disappeared. John Perry accused his mother, himself, and his brother of having robbed Mr. Harrison in the previous year, and of having again robbed him on the night when he was missed. The mother and Richard Perry denied all knowledge of the matter; but at last pleaded guilty to the first indictment under some pressure of policy. The other indictment was not then proceeded with, on the ground that the body was not found. But John persisted in his story, and at the next assize they were all tried for murder. John then retracted his confession, and said he must have been mad. Nevertheless, they were all condemned. Some years after Mr. Harrison appeared alive, and thus accounted for his mysterious absence: After receiving his rents he had been set upon by a gang of ruffians, carried to the sea-side, put on ship-board, and sold as a slave to the Turks. After his master's death he escaped, and with great difficulty working his way, first to Lisbon, and thence thence to Dover, he arrived in England, as our law-book coolly says, "to the surprise of all the country."—*Good Words.*

Getting Their Money Back.

I knew a lovely girl who embroiders her dress most exquisitely, so that they look like imported garments. She works in crewels, and many is the unique article she embellishes in this direction. She paints on china, she reads, she sings, and yet finds time to perform her social duties. She is always cheerful, because she hasn't leisure to think of gloomy things to nurse her imaginary wrongs. Another young lady, an only daughter, has just moved into her father's beautiful new house. "You may have for your room," said the doting father, "everything you can convert into use, through the cunning of your own hand." The room is a beautiful bower. The bed-curtains and lambrequins are of the dantiest pink stuff, soft and rich; the little clover-leafed table is fit for an artist's limning, the easy chairs and ottomans are cleverly upholstered, and everything in the room is the work of this petted daughter's fingers. "Father said I couldn't make a dress for myself to save my life," she said, "but I told him to see if I couldn't, and I just studied up the science of dressmaking a little bit and went to work. As a result, look at this dress; don't you think it fits nicely and looks pretty stylish for a first attempt? And look at the way I finished the seams. Mamma says Mme. S. couldn't have done them more neatly." The dress was a warm, brown camel's-hair, piped with jacqueminot satin and trimmed with bows of the combined colours in satin, very stylish and a nice fit.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Home is not a name, nor a form, nor a routine. It is a spirit, a presence, a principle. Material and method will not and cannot make it. It must get its light and sweetness from those who inhabit it.

There is seldom a line of glory written upon the earth's face but a line of suffering runs parallel with it; and they that read the lustrous syllables of the one, and stop not to decipher the spotted and worn inscription of the other get the lesser half of the lesson earth has to give.

It is a delight to have gifts made to you by those whom you esteem and love, because then such gifts are merely to be considered as fringes to the garment—as inconsiderable additions to the mighty treasure of their affection, adding a grace, but no additional value, to what before was precious, and proceeding as naturally out of that as leaves burgeon out upon the trees; but you feel it to be different when there is no regard for the giver to idealize the gift—when it simply takes its stand among our property, as so much money's value.

The King-Hater.

Demeanour of the Assailant of King Humbert Under Arrest—"Revolting Cynicism."

(From the London Daily News.)

The Neapolitan journals teem with details as to Passananti's demeanour before the procuratore del re. It seems that he followed the royal carriage for a short distance, till, mounting on a step, he feigned to hand a petition to the king, and in the act he aimed the first blow at his Majesty, shouting "Viva la Republica Universale!" "Mort al Re!" "Viva Orsini!" ("The Universal Republic forever!" "Death to Kings!" "Orsini forever!") On being arrested he was examined by Inspectors Rinaldi and Donato, maintaining a cynicism which the *Pungolo* calls "revolting." He said he had an instinctive hatred for emperors and kings; that so many fetes had disgusted him; and that for two days, alone and without accomplices, he had meditated the deed. The first interrogatory was still in progress when the procuratore del re arrived with the instructing judge, and then commenced another examination which lasted over three hours. The question first put to him turned on his motive in the attempt. He replied without hesitation: "I am neither internationalist nor socialist. I don't even understand the meaning of the words. My idea is the universal republic." Interrogated as to whether he had accomplices, he replied: "I have no accomplices, nor am I the tool of any sect. If I had had accomplices, I would not have armed myself with a dagger, but I would have procured a revolver." As to where and when he got the dagger, he said he got it the day before at a shop in the Piazza Francese, with the proceeds of his jacket which he had sold. The moment he was seized by the municipal guard Gianettini he threw away the money he had in his pocket, and when interrogated why, replied: "I had no further occasion for it." He then added: "I had made up my mind that I should be killed as soon as I had completed the assassination. In premeditating the attempt I never left out of account for a moment that I should not escape." He said that he bought the stuff for the red flag which he wrapped round the dagger in the Via del Duomo, and that he had gone to the Via Marina to sew it alone, and unseen by anybody. He next stated that he had learned to read and write some years ago at an elementary school in his parish; he there studied diligently, and made rapid progress. He used to read the Bible, and some books of anecdotes, and he also wrote a great deal. When he came last May to Naples he lived a secluded life and formed no frienships. He served to various houses as a cook, and occupied a furnished room in a very mean house in the Vicolo Cavone. He had several times come under the lash of the law. At Salerno he underwent three months' imprisonment for placarding manifestoes inciting people to the "Universal Revolution." Re interrogated as to his motive in the attempt, he resumed his tirade against kings and emperors as the authors of social wretchedness, adding, however: "Toward King Humbert, as a man, I cherish no hatred—not the smallest envy. From the Italian Government I have sustained no wrong. I wanted to kill the king as the readiest means to my end." At a certain point in the interrogatory the procuratore del re could not restrain his horror at the attempted assassination, and upbraided Passananti bitterly; but the prisoner showed himself quite insensible to the execrable nature of his crime, and said quietly to the procuratore: "I think you excite yourself unnecessarily."

Upon him was found a piece of paper with writing in his own hand. In his abode in the Vicolo Cavone was sequestrated a large octavo volume in manuscript. It was his sketch of the ideal society he longed for. It contains, according to the *Pungola*, a queer medley of subversive and religious ideas, with a good deal of reference to Jesus Christ and Brutus; a scheme, in fact, for an international republic, inspired by religious fanaticism. The *Pungolo* calls it unintelligible. Half an hour after midnight the procuratore with the instructing judge returned to the questura, where Passananti was confined, and proceeded to a third interrogatory, which lasted till two in the morning. The prisoner reiterated his former statements with the same "revolting cynisim." The declarations of several witnesses were taken. Among others were those of the landlord and landlady of Passananti's lodgings. They said that he went out early in the morning, and came back in the evening. There was nothing objectionable in his habits or his demeanour. They never supposed that their tenant was capable of making the attempt he did. The evidence collected seems to dispose of the suspicion that the dagger found upon him was not the one with which he aimed at the king. The *Piccolo* gives other facts relating to Passananti. In 1866 he was scullion in the Rienzi family. Then he took service with Signor Corteza, in Vietro di Portenza, from whose house he fled, having stolen his master's clothes. He is an ignorant but not an absolutely unlettered man. The *Piccolo* insists that he is an internationalist, and that he had in his room, written in his own hand, the provisions of the "Internationalist Code," and some internationalist proclamations. According to the same journal, his role is partly that of a "hero," and partly of a madman.

Servants One Hundred Years Ago.

(From the Cornhill Magazine.)

One of the greatest social nuisances of the eighteenth century were the men-servants. We all know the figure they make in the plays of that period; the impudent blackguards whom any gentleman of the present day would kick down-stairs before they had been five minutes in his company. These are doubtless exaggerations; but the fact was that, in the fashionable world at that time, a servant was under little more obligation to be civil to his master than a cabman is now to be civil to his fare. He lived by society, rather than by any individual member of it. His real wages were the vails which were paid him by his master's friends; and a place was then good or bad, not according to the character of the employer, the amount of work which he required, or the money remuneration which he paid, but according to the number and quality of his company. This system naturally led to servants being kept in great numbers. In the "Constant Couple," we find a widow lady and her daughter, of good position, but not particularly rich, with four footmen in the house. They formed a society of their own, with their own rights and privileges, and could be as troublesome on occesions as the apprentices of London were a century before. They had the right of free admission to the upper gallery of the theatre. And when their riotous behaviour made it necessary to expel them in 1737, it was not done until twenty-five persons had been seriously injured. As they lived principally on board wages, they had their own clubs and taverns, as, indeed, they have now, where they swore, drank, and gambled like their betters. Of the grievous burden which the system of vails entailed upon the poorer class of visitors, when money was nearly worth double what it is now, numerous anecdotes remain. Of these the most amusing is of Steele and Bishop Hoadly visiting the Duke of Marlborough, when, on taking their departure through lines of rich liveries, Steele found he had not got money enough to fee them all, and made the servants a speech instead, complimenting them on their critical powers, and inviting them all gratis to Drury Lane Theatre, to whatever play they might choose to bespeak. The worst of it was that guests were expected to fee all the servants in the house, from the highest to the lowest; and Mr. Roberts has preserved a table of vails kept by one of the Barrell family, in which the gardeners, under-gardeners, under-cook, errand-boy, and nurse figure with the chief domestics. The nuisance, however, was very tenacious of life, and is not dead yet. In fact, among one class of country servants, namely gamekeepers, it is hardly, if at all abated.

The term "Old Dominion," which is so expressive and significant to every Virginian, is said to have had its origin as follows: "During the protectorate of Cromwell, the colony of Virginia refused to acknowledge his authority, and declared itself independent. Shortly after, when Cromwell threatened to send a fleet and army to reduce Virginia to subjection, the alarmed Virginians sent a messenger to Charles II., who was then an exile in Flanders, inviting him to return on the ship with the messenger and be king of Virginia. Charles accepted the invitation, and was on the eve of embarcation, when he was called to the throne of England. As soon as he was fairly seated on his throne, in gratitude for the loyalty of Virginia, he caused her coat of arms to be quartered with those of England, Scotland and Ireland, as an independent member of the empire, a distinct portion of the "Old dominion." Hence arose the origin of the term. Copper coins of Virginia were issued even as late as the reign of George III., which bore on one side the coat of arms of England, Scotland, Ireland and Virginia.

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The habit of being always employed is a great safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of every virtue.

Russia, France and Italy have built monuments in the Crimea to the memory of their soldiers killed during the war there in 1854-'56.

Not for many years has snow fallen so copiously as during the close of last month on the highest Alps. The passes across Mounts St. Gothard, Bernard and Simplon were closed to travel, and the mails had to be sent by the Mount Cenis tunnel.

A man was shot at in Colt's Station, O., by a highwayman, but the bullet lodged in a book, and he was uninjured. The book was not a Bible that his mother had given him, but a comic song book; and it was not next his heart, but in his coat-tail pocket.

The good effect of the closing of the public-houses on Sunday in Ireland has led to a call for measures to procure a similar law in England. There is an English association organized for this purpose, and its officers have issued an address, in which they ask for suggestions.

James H. Fox went home fatigued from his work in Boston, and whipped one of his children for misconduct. His brother-in-law, Edward Donovan, aged 17, protested that the punishment was undeserved. Fox retorted that he could whip anybody who interfered in his family affairs, and tried to do so with Donovan, who immediately killed him with a knife.

A peculiar cattle disease has recently been prevalent in Bavaria, in which the animals become very lean, and are affected with an excessive secretion of saliva and a rough cough. It has lately been found that this is caused by their eating old straw of barley or wheat grown over with bunt, and green clover with rust (*Puccinia.*) By carefully avoiding the use of such substances the animals were gradually restored to their normal condition.

Apples are abundant this year, as every body knows, and comparatively cheap. It would be well to take advantage of this circumstance and use them plentifully. In every household, if children—those in ordinary health—are allowed free access to the apple barrel, the doctor will be likely to have more leisure and fewer bills to present during the coming winter. Baked apples are both delicious and wholesome; and the ingenious housewife can easily contrive to substitute apples, cooked in various appetizing forms, for the cake and pies which are less desirable for the little folks.

Is Your Life Worth 10 Cents.

Sickness prevails everywhere, and everybody complains of some disease during their life. When sick, the object is to get well; now to say plainly that no person in this world that is suffering with Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, and its effects, such as Indigestion, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Heart Burn, Palpitation of the Heart, Depressed Spirits, Biliousness, etc., can take Green's August Flower without getting relief and cure. If you doubt this, go to your Druggist, and get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it. Regular size 75 cents. Two doses will relieve you.

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One of the most signal triumphs achieved by any exhibitor at the recent Provincial Fair was won by the Oshawa Cabinet Company. This company obtained the First Prize on their Bed-room furniture, carried away prizes also on Centre Tables, Parlor Suites & Cabinets, thus establishing their claim to the very highest position among the furniture manufacturers of the Province. The whole of their immense stock in the warerooms, No. 97 Yonge St., is marked to sell at very low prices.

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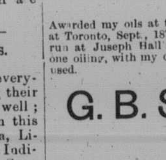

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