

OUTCAST!

The moon is red and low, and the stars are few.
The city in a path like one who talks in his sleep,
In distant meadows full heavily falls the dew,
The dew in the city falleth from eyes that weep.
Now is the time, my soul, when a grieving pain,
Frightened away by the eyes that shine in the day,
May dare to come forth awhile, and be free again,
And look in thy face and say what it hath to say.
Its mien is pure and true, and it seemeth calm,
Though deep in its gaze there is lying the gloom of death,
Its murmur sounds like the holiest heavenly psalm,
But it singeth a siren's song to thy dreaming faith.
Let it come forth and utter its plaintive moans,
Listened so oft that thine ears are growing dull,
The sounds less sad and soft, to the cheerful tones
That ring in the cord of life when it swelleth full.
Hearken it now for the past and never more,
Heed not the eyes that crave and the hand that clings,
Kiss it once at the future's glimmering door,
Float it away in the dark on its own sad wings.
So shall it reach that realm on the verge of night,
Where shadows of fair false things and their echoes be;
Thy way is across the hills in the kindling light,
Mid living souls with a footstep glad and free!

For Everybody.

After Dinner in the Country.

It is proposed now to have Shakespearean readings and commentaries at ordinary evening parties. Mr. Furnivall, the antiquarian scholar says: "We have belonging to us Englishmen the greatest poet of the world. Nineteen out of twenty of us know nothing whatever about him, have never studied him critically, never tried to follow the growth of his mind. Yet there his pages lie open to all of us, a mine of enjoyment, a bond of union between both sexes—if they will but read and study him together—a most welcome relief from the senseless chatter and scandal of ordinary English parties."

A "Cause Célèbre."

The Count de Chambord, although he has "missed his opportunity," as the politicians say, is likely to be kept before the public for some time longer, through the instrumentality of a French lawsuit. The count has been called to prove why one-half of the property possessed in France by the Legitimist Pretender should not be restored to the representatives of the Duke of Normandy. The suit, which bids fair to rank amongst the *causes célèbres*, was placed on the roll of the tribunal in August last, and will probably soon be heard. Jules Favre is, it is said, employed to prosecute the dormant claims and right of the descendants of Louis XVI.

Latin Pronunciation.

In the schoolmasters conference at Winchester, England, a scheme of Latin pronunciation seems to have been adopted. That it does not meet with general approval is evidenced from the statement of a Brighton College man that the new pronunciation "is neither the French, nor the German, nor the Italian pronunciation. It is certainly not the Latin pronunciation. It is not the pronunciation of Professor Palmer, nor that of Professor Munro, but a compromise between the two. It is highly questionable whether, till this paper was issued, and in certain forms of certain schools adopted, there lived, or ever had lived, a single human being who pronounced Latin according to the scheme which you entitle the "correct one."

Catching a Pulpit Thief.

Doctor Erskine, so remarkable for his simplicity of manner and gentle temper, having returned often from the pulpit minus his pocket-handkerchief, and could tell so little how or where it was lost, that Mrs. Erskine at last began to suspect that the handkerchiefs were stolen as he ascended the pulpit stairs by some of the old wives who lined it. So, both to balk and detect the culprit, she sewed a corner of the handkerchief to one of the pockets of his coat-tails. Half way up the stairs the good doctor felt a tug, whereupon he turned round to the old woman who was the guilty hand to say, with great gentleness and simplicity, "No' the day, honest woman—no' the day; Mrs. Erskine has sewed it in."

Papal Frankness.

The Rome correspondent of the Philadelphia Bulletin relates the following incident, which occurred at an audience with the Pope, at which there were present an American Protestant clergyman and his wife: "The Pope talked with them some moments in French; as His Holiness passed to other visitors, the clergyman rolled out in American Latin enthusiastically (that is, Latin pronounced according to the Cambridge style, not as the Latin Catholics pronounce it): 'May your Holiness live a hundred years.' The Pope turned quickly, dropped his French, and said brusquely in Italian, shaking his right hand impatiently in front of his ear, as if the sound gave him pain, 'Thank you, thank you very much; but it's no use for you to speak Latin to me with that pronunciation; I cannot understand it.'"

"Society" Requisites.

A correspondent says: "The countersigns required for admission into 'good society' are characteristically demanded by the several cities. Boston draws herself up severely, and, while raising her eye-glass to scan the cerebral development of the importunate one, coldly asks, 'What do you know?' New York, vulgarly displaying her silks and diamonds, looks at the ostentatious which the applicant's apparel denotes, and pertly says, 'What are you worth?' Philadelphia, proudly drawing around her her covering of pampered aristocracy, demands, blue book in hand, and lips pursed into prunes, persimmons, and prisms, 'Who was your gran'father?' While Washington stops a moment in the gliding German, and while trying to obtain a sly glimpse of your pedal extremities, with glowing cheeks and heaving breast, inquires, 'Can you dance?'"

Paganini and the Cabman.

We find the following anecdote in one of the weekly criticisms of the Paris press: "Paganini one day at Florence jumped into a cab and gave orders to be driven to the theatre. The distance was not great, but he was late, and an enthusiastic audience was waiting to hear him perform the famous prayer of 'Moise' on a single string. 'How much do I owe you?' said he to the driver. 'For you,' said the man, who had recognised the great violinist, 'the fare is ten francs.' 'What! ten francs, you are surely joking!' 'I am speaking seriously. You charge as much for a place at your concert.' Paganini was silent for an instant, then with a glance at the rather too witty automedon, said, 'I will pay you ten francs when you drive me upon one wheel!' He then tendered two francs, which were taken, being over the fare."

Antiquarian Discoveries in South Africa.

Some very remarkable antiquarian discoveries have been made lately in the South African diamond region. Beneath the surface remains of a highly-civilised race have been found, pointing to a time when Africa was visited and colonised, perhaps, by the Phœnicians. As for the diamonds, they do not seem yet to have brought down the price in the London shops to any considerable extent. Just now there is a strike among diamond-cutters living at Amsterdam, and they guard their craft with the utmost jealousy. They will not allow their numbers to increase, and maintain a rate of wages of almost unprecedented

height. One of their number strangely enough objected to these arrangements, whereupon his comrades demanded that his patron (the head man who supplies the machinery for cutting to his associates) should expel him. The patron refused, and his fellow patrons supported him, all the workmen struck, and it seems as if the strike would last for a long time.

Cesarism and Ultramontanism.

In an exhaustive paper addressed to the London Times, Archbishop Manning puts forth in the plainest form the fundamental claims of his Church. He states that the Roman Catholic Church is, a divinely instituted body, supreme in the matter of faith and morals, competent, and exclusively competent, to define the limits of its own jurisdiction, and entitled to absolute supremacy, which is to be recognised by the State within the limits so defined by itself. "In these assertions," he says, "I am vindicating to the Church her divine rights;" and he says expressly, "The Church of Jesus Christ within the sphere of revelation, of faith and morals, is all this, or is nothing, or worse than nothing, an imposture and a usurpation. It is Christ or Anti-christ. If it be Anti-christ, every Cæsar from Nero to this day is justified. If it be Christ, it is the supreme power among men."

A Royal Road to Preaching.

There are manuscript sermons existing a couple of centuries old; in the margin "hem, hem" is written to indicate where the preacher, after raising his strain to a height which would seem to authorize the relief, might cough, merely for the effect of the thing. M. Peugnot states that he had seen in the manuscript sermons of an old preacher these words in different parts of the margin: "Here fall back in your seat," "start up," "use your handkerchief," "shout here like the very devil;" and Baizac says that an old cleric of his time, teaching a young student how to construct a sermon, confined himself to observing, "Shake the pulpit stoutly; gaze at the crucifix fiercely; say what you can to the purpose; and you'll not preach badly." The Abbé Bolsrobert used to say that a clever preacher ought to know when to cough, spit, or sneeze with effect, as any one may be the means of extricating him from a difficulty.

Bazaine's Surrender.

The oft-repeated assertion that Bazaine capitulated with an army of 173,000 men is a gross and palpable error in the face of the data we now possess. Bushels of figures might be brought to show its falsity. Suffice it to cite the authority of Colonel Hamley that Bazaine's army on the day before the battle of Borny (14th August) consisted of 135,000 men. Authentic statistics show that its loss (killed, wounded, missing, and deserted) from the date named to the capitulation was over 45,000 men. This leaves a balance to be surrendered of 90,000 able men. But the cavalry and artillery were for the most part dismounted before the end came, and every soldier knows how useless as soldiers are cavalrymen and artillerymen diverted from their own special service and armed only with its arms. Bazaine asserts that he surrendered only 65,000 serviceable men, and Rustow admits the approximate accuracy of this statement.

Etching on Etching.

By no flux or dilution of acid can you ever etch a curl of hair or a cloud; and if you think you can etch the gradations of coarser things, it is only because you have never seen them. Try, at your leisure, to etch a tea-cup or a tallow candle, of their real size; see what you can make of the gradations of those familiar articles. If you succeed to your mind, you may try something more difficult afterwards. Lastly, for all definite shades of architectural detail, use pencil or charcoal, or the brush, never the pen point. You can draw a leaf surface rightly in a minute or two with these; with the pen point, never to all eternity. And on your knowing what the surface of a form is, depends your entire power of recognising good work. The difference between thirteenth-century work, wholly beautiful, and a cheap imitation of it, wholly damnable, lies in gradations of surface as subtle as those of a rose-leaf, and which are, to modern sculpture, what singing is to a steam-whistle.

Novel Music.

A new way of playing a tune by heart was demonstrated lately at one of the London medical societies. Dr. Vivian Poore placed a patient on his back on a table in the middle of the room, set an upright rod on his chest, and on the top of this balanced a guitar. The audience were delighted to find the sound of the heart rendered audible by this use of the sonorous instrument. Medical diagnosis received an immense aid when the French physician Laennec utilised the principle of the trumpet in his stethoscope. It will be interesting to note the development of the guitar into one of the doctors' armamentaria, and to watch for the time when the medical man will become a compromise between the troubador and the physician. Many a drug-sick patient would welcome the day when a roudou on the guitar might accompany a doctor's visit rather than a fresh prescription.

How Cardinals are appointed.

The following is a faithful account of the late preconisation of Cardinals. The Pope, followed by the Cardinals, entered the hall of the Consistory and took his place on the throne. He seemed to have perfectly recovered from his late cold, and read in a loud and clear voice the short Allocution already referred to, and having declared the names of the Cardinals, the members of the Sacred College gave their *placet*, as is usual. The Pope then ordered seven of the members of the Noble Guard to repair at once to the different countries in which the newly appointed Cardinals are living. In old times, before railways and steamboats were thought of, the Guards stood in the Square of St. Peter during a Consistory, and when the ceremony was over each person entrusted with the Papal despatches to the newly-appointed Cardinals jumped into the diligence, and it was a sight to see them all start for their several destinations. But nowadays things proceed very differently.

Yet Another.

A "personal," peculiarly distressing and interesting, and of undoubted accuracy, appeared in the Sun a few mornings since. It related to a young and beautiful bride in Louisiana, who playfully swallowed the liquid which for countless ages had been held in the centre of an Arkansas boulder, one of the curiosities in her husband's geological cabinet. It is needless to remark, perhaps, that that young woman died in less than fifteen minutes, and was at once a perfect petrification. There are bold women in other States, but in Louisiana at least one may now be referred to as boulder. The doctors there have held a *post portem* examination with hatchets, sledge-hammers, nitro-glycerine, etc., but have successfully established the fact that she is one solid petrified chunk. Her husband is reported to feel quite annoyed about losing his wife, but profoundly delighted with his geological acquisition. It may now be questioned if some of the life-like Indian tobacco signs have not been procured in a similar manner. Who knows where they all come from? The Alphonist Restoration.

Those who sympathise with the Alphonist restoration are very busy all over Spain. Their press in Madrid has brow-beaten General Moriones, and severely criticised the Ministerial measures in every department. Meetings have again and again taken place in the "Círculo Liberal," under the direction of well-known Alphonist leaders. At last a manifesto has appeared, in which, after saying the Republican Ministers are leading Spain to the verge of ruin, the bold intriguers declare that they will save their country even if the nation does not care to be saved. For more than six months the very men who tried on the 24th of April, 1873, to seize the reins of power by an

act of overt violence, have been preparing public opinion for another crisis before the meeting of the Cortes. The Alphonist party know they have nothing to expect from the Assembly, and they want to attempt a Conservative *coup de main* to get rid both of the Republic and the Cortes. Their declared opinion is that the young Prince, son of Isabella, can alone restore foreign prestige and financial confidence; and that a constitutional Monarchy is more in harmony with the present state of Spain, with her religion and her historical traditions than a Republic.

Landseer's Studio.

There were few studios formerly more charming to visit than Landseer's. Besides the genial artist and his beautiful pictures, the habits of his workshop (as he called it) belonged to the élite of London society, especially the men of wit and distinguished talents—none more often there than D'Orsay, with his good-humoured face, his ready wit, and delicate flattery. 'Landseer,' he would call out at his entrance, 'keep the dogs off me' (the painted ones), 'I want to come in, and some of them will bite me—and that fellow in the corner is growling furiously.' Another day he seriously asked me for a pin, and when I presented it to him and wished to know why he wanted it, he replied, 'to take de thorn out of dat dog's foot; do you not see what pain he is in?' I never look at the picture now without this other picture rising before me. Then there was Mulready, still looking upon Landseer as the young student, and fearing that all this incense would spoil him for future work; and Fonblanque, who maintained from first to last that he was on the top rung of the ladder, and when at the exhibition of some of Landseer's later works, he heard it said, 'They were not equal to his former ones,' he exclaimed in his own happy manner, 'It is hard upon Landseer to flog him with his own laurels.'

A Resolute Bishop.

Perhaps the significance of the fact telegraphed from Posen that Archbishop Ledochowski has declined to become a candidate for a seat in the German Parliament is greater than will at first sight appear to most readers. A Catholic Calendar for 1873, published in Thorn, in its list of reigning Princes gives the name of the Archbishop as Primate of Poland and Lieutenant (*Stellvertreter*) of the King of Poland. The officious organ of the Archbishop, the *Tygodnik* of Posen, announced that during the Vatican Council his Holiness had conferred upon his Grace the title of Primate of Poland, which carried with it the office of representative of the King of Poland. But it was denied that the Archbishop would use the powers implied in this title. But he forthwith took up a separate position. When the German Bishops were convened at Fulda he declined to attend, or any longer to sign their documents. As Primate of Poland, he belonged rather to the sepulchre of St. Adalbert in Gnesen than to that of St. Boniface in Fulda. Then he excluded all Germans from his Priests' seminaries; and yet further, when preaching had been maintained in the two languages the German was suppressed. And though his town of Posen contained 8,000 German Catholics, not a single German elementary school was provided for them.

Trees as Historians of the Past.

M. Charles Gros has recently communicated a note to the French Academy of Sciences on the study of the yearly rings, shown when the trunk of a tree is transversely divided. These layers by which, as is well known, the age of the tree may be determined, do not diminish in relative thickness by a constant law. In view of this M. Gros seeks a cause for the irregularity, and, it seems, has arrived at the conclusion that the data, mean and extreme, of meteorological phenomena, when known and tabulated, might be compared year by year with the annual ligneous layers formed during such periods in many different varieties of trees. From the comparison, it is not impossible that some interesting ideas relative to the laws of development of trees may be obtained. But, moreover, these laws once established, the trees in their turn might become precious collections of meteorological evidence for places and times where observations cannot be made. *Les Mondes* suggests rather a striking example of what might be learned from ancient trees as follows: "Suppose that there should be found in Egypt a very old though living tree, the origin of which dated back to the time of Joseph. If on cutting the trunk the rings corresponding to that period showed seven thick and seven thin layers, there would be tangible evidence of the truth of the Scriptural tradition of the seven years of plenty and seven years of famine, besides of the immediate causes of humidity, temperature, &c., to which such phenomena might be due."

The White Lady of the Hohenzollerns.

Many, many years ago there was a Hohenzollern Princess, a widow, with two children, who fell in love with a foreign Prince, rich, handsome, and brave. She sent him a proposition of marriage. But this brave and handsome Prince declined her suit, explaining that "four eyes" stood between him and acceptance. He referred to his aged parents, whom he was unwilling to leave, or whose consent he could not obtain—the versions of the legend vary a little here. But the Princess understood him to refer to the four eyes of her two children; to his unwillingness, in fact, to become a step-father. So, like Richard the Third, she promptly suffocated the infant obstacles, and wrote to her lover that the way was clear. He was stricken with horror at the cruel deed. He revealed her fatal mistake to her, and died cursing her blood-thirsty rashness. The Princess, in her turn, was overwhelmed with remorse. After lingering a day or two in indescribable anguish she, too, died, and was buried under the old Castle at Berlin. But not to rest quietly in her unhappy grave. At rare intervals she appears at midnight, clad in white, gliding ghostlike about the Castle; and the apparition always forebodes the death of some member of the Hohenzollern family. The White Lady has been seen three times within about a year, once in October last year, just before the death of Prince Albrecht; last spring again to announce the end of Prince Adalbert; and the last time while Queen Elizabeth lay on her death-bed.

Classic Gaelic.

The following authentic anecdote shows very clearly the benefits which a knowledge of Gaelic can confer under peculiarly distressing circumstances: A clergyman of the Church of Scotland, who was possessed of a fund of dry humour, occupied a rural parish in Perthshire, bordering on the Highland district. He took much interest in the progress of a Highland student, and aided him as much as he could in his studies preparatory to getting license from a presbytery. One thing, however, he was deficient in, and that thing was indispensable. Time wore on and the day of trial approached. Both minister and student were much exercised as to how they were to overcome the difficulty. Neither knew anything of Hebrew, and how the young man was to meet the reverend court without it sorely puzzled them both. At last the clergyman saw his way clear, as if by inspiration. "Take your Gaelic Bible," he said, "and when you are asked to read Hebrew, go on reading from it." "But will they not find me out?" said the young man. "No fear of that, just do so as I tell you." The day came, the trial proceeded, and everything passed off satisfactorily. The young man was requested to read Hebrew, and, with fear and trembling, he drew forth his Gaelic Bible and proceeded to read and translate. After he had gone on thus a short time. "That will do," said the Moderator; "what do you say, brethren?" Of course every reverend brother complimented the young man on his familiar acquaintance with Hebrew. His reverend friend said nothing, and the candidate received license to preach.