

ACROSTIC.

I.

Seasons come and seasons go  
While we tread this life below;  
Even so our hearts may range,  
Ever finding joy in change.  
True and constant love is rare  
Here among the "fickle fair";  
Every one, tho' aye may claim,  
Always keep, some petting name.  
Revealed from an old lover's pyre—  
Ta'en to light fresh am'rous fires.

II.

Some words, some say, will e'en in sleep  
Awaken souls to smile or weep.  
Or even cause the stolid dead  
To veer within their earthly bed.  
And others tell of names found graved  
'Round hearts by lovely dames enslaved.  
Whatever form the tale may know,  
Each moral always seems to show  
That in our heart some word there hides—  
As hides in this—that aye abides.

NOTE.—To unravel this acrostic read the first letter of the first line, followed by the second letter of the second line, the third letter of the third line, etc.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

In the *Atlantic* Mr. Richard Grant White has been falling foul of an English critic who does not think him as infallible as, in a whisper he it said, he thinks himself. Mr. Henry James contributes an article on Carlyle, hardly, as it seem to me, in good taste, if the intimate intercourse boasted of in the first lines is to be taken as a fact. There are articles by Walter Page, C. H. Howe, Brander Matthews and Edith Thomas, while J. T. Trowbridge and Whittier contribute poetry, the latter a short poem well worth attention. The serials are continued and the contributor's club has some good letters.

St. Nicholas has its usual collection of good things for the younger readers. There are so many that it is impossible to enumerate them and difficult to distinguish, but perhaps Miss Addie Ledyard's story "On a Grindstone" may be noticed as a well-told little tale. Felix Oswald's "In Nature's Wonderland" is also worth mention and "Phaeton Rogers" goes through more remarkable adventures than ever. The illustrations are fully up to the average, one or two being equal or superior to that of more ambitious publications.

The *North American Review* for May contains a striking article by the Hon. David Dudley Field on "Centralization in the Federal Government." That the policy of the United States is rapidly advancing in the direction of centralization is demonstrated by the author; but whether centralization is really a formidable evil or only a bugbear is a question which men will probably continue to decide according to their several political predilections. Whatever the reader's bias, Mr. Field's paper will command his respectful attention, and it will be read with interest and profit. The second article is upon the new revision of the Bible, by the Rev. Dr. Schaff, of the American Committee of Revision. Mr. Justice Strong writes of "The Needs of the Supreme Court." The Hon. Geo. Q. Cannon, the first adviser of the President of the Mormon Church, and delegate to Congress, makes a vigorous defence of "Utah and its People." Mr. John Roach, the ship-builder, brings forward a large number of facts to prove that the people of the United States must build ships if they would hold a place among maritime nations. The other articles are "The Life-Saving Service," by the Hon. S. S. Cox; "The Ruins of Central America," by M. Charnay; and finally, an attack on evolution philosophy, entitled, "What Mortality Have We Left?"

WHO IS A GENTLEMAN?

BY NED P. MAH.

When Adam delved and Eve span  
Who was then the gentleman?

Ask the old couplet. And in these modern days, the question: Who is the gentleman? would doubtless elicit numerous and conflicting definitions. Who is the gentleman? Surely not the unimpressible nincompoop. Who as Uncle Dick says in the play "ain't got no feelin' and commits nothin'." Not the modern paragon afflicted with a skin-deep stoicism who never expresses surprise or exhibits a sensation. Not the man of long pedigree, who sacrifices everything to family pride and earns for himself the reputation of being as heartless as a gentleman. Not always the officer, for who shall have the hardihood to declare that there are not black sheep now among officers? and we take it that the true gentleman must be a moral man. Not always the solicitor though he claim the title as his legal description. Some, akin to him who defined the respectable man as one who kept a gig might be disposed to draw the line at a certain amount of income.

And yet it seems to us that the term defines itself that, in fact, the gentleman is nothing more or less than a gentle man. One who unites with the highest attributes of manhood a quality which is too frequently the property of woman alone—a due consideration for the feelings of others.

Finally, should you ask us where we would look for the truest representation of the character of the true gentleman we would point you—not to Richardson's Sir Charles Grandison who is not free from a certain coxcombrity—not to Lord

Chesterfield, whose advice to his son was not always the advice of the true gentleman, but, in all reverence, to the hero of the New Testament. It is not in the province of this paper to cry Ecce Homo! or Ecce Deus! we would say simply say, look there and behold the gentleman.

CAMPANINI.

While still a lad, he served in Garibaldi's Army of Liberation, and was wounded in the face during battle. From the heroic to the practical was but a step. Leaving the army, he was apprenticed to a blacksmith, and the hard work at the forge developed that robust health which to-day enables him to bid defiance, in his chosen profession, to hoarseness and over-exertion. After some study, and two years of service with a travelling opera company, he made his debut as "Faust" at La Scala, and three years afterward came to America with Strakosch in the Nilsson Company. During that engagement he appeared in the title rôle of *Lohengrin*, with Nilsson as Elsa. On this memorable occasion there was an outburst of enthusiasm on the part of the public unparalleled, except in the case of Parepa, since the days of Jenny Lind, and equalled only by the success of Gerster in after-years.

Nature endowed Campanini with a strong, even, and sympathetic voice, and art has enabled him to greatly increase its compass, while imparting flexibility and brilliancy throughout its range. An ardent, painstaking vocalist, he is to-day a living proof that good vocalism is worth all the time and labor it takes to acquire, for without it no voice could have borne the strain to which he has been subjected. In one season he sang in opera a hundred times, took part in numberless rehearsals, besides singing in the *Stabat Mater* seven times, and assisting at a number of concerts in Boston, New York and Cincinnati. His acting is nearly as good as his singing, and the poorest singer in the cast feels his magnetic influence. But not only as an artist is he enviable; his genial, manly character has won him hosts of friends, who love the man as much as they admire the singer.—FREDERICK NAST, in *Harper's Magazine*.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The design for spring, which is shown upon our front page, is from the picture by Ch. Voilemot, and may be recommended as a charming instance of his best style.

The Oxford and Cambridge boat race is known in all its details to most of our readers. The scene which we produce this week represents some character sketches on the banks of the Thames, amongst whom we recognize some people, "who never miss the race," and who have, each of them, their own peculiar way of enjoying this peculiarly English festival.

The recent disaster which has befallen the town of Rimouski, P.Q., in the destruction of the Seminary of St. Germain, is amongst our engravings this week. This young institution has met with a most disastrous check by the fire. It was already in a fair way of success. Museums and libraries were already on a pretty good footing, thanks to the generosity of several friends of the house. An improved system of heating, so important to the health of the pupils, and calculated to prevent all danger of fire, was just after being completed. This system, however, it is understood, has not been the cause of the disaster. All that we know, is that the fire originated in the roof, and that from the first alarm it was utterly impossible to put a stop to its destructive ravages. The insurance upon the building, it is to be regretted, is totally insufficient to meet the case, and the citizens of Rimouski are petitioning for assistance to enable the Seminary to be rebuilt.

The pretty little drawing of Giacomelli's in the series, "The joys and sorrows of the little birds," is explained by the verses beneath it. The similarity, and yet the contrast, between the live sparrows and the stuffed one, is characteristic and provocative of amusement.

The sketches in Court come to us from an occasional correspondent, and may be allowed to speak for themselves in the titles which he has given them. Those of us who have ever spent a day in Court will recognize many of the types portrayed.

TUNIS is now the centre of so much interest on account of the French operations in that direction, that we make no apology for the views and sketches of character which come to us through the *Monde Illustré*. The Bay of Tunis, his palace and residence, with a general view of the town, will be found upon one page, while upon the other the artist has endeavoured to give us an idea of the various types to be met with in the locality.

The drawing on the back page of an Austrian peasant is from a series of National Portraits now appearing in one of the German illustrated papers, of which we have already given specimens.

The Duke of Sutherland, the Marquis of Stafford, Sir Henry Green, Dr. W. H. Russell, and three or four other gentlemen, have left Liverpool for New York. It is said that his Grace, whose guests the rest of the party are to be during the whole trip, contemplates purchasing a large quantity of land in Canada, with a view of establishing a new British colony in that country. Unfortunately there exists in London a great number of people who know everybody's affairs much better than their own.

CONCERNING PARLOURS.

The word "parlour" is the remnant of a by-gone state of things. The days are gone past when Sir Charles Grandison made his stately bow in the cedar parlour. "There are no parlours now-a-days, my dear," said an old lady, whom we may call Mrs. Partington, "except, I believe, in the public-houses." We have dining-rooms, drawing-rooms, studios, libraries, smoking-rooms, but the parlour in the ordinary British mansion has almost become a thing of the past. It remains, in a highly fossilized condition, as a venerable institution prized by the lower middle-class. "Will you walk into my parlour! said the spider to the fly," and I always recognize the wretched feelings of that suicidal fly when I am invited into what people call a parlour. Very probably it is only used on state occasions. The family may burrow in some subterranean apartment in the basement. We perceive by a hundred signs that such a parlour is not a living room, but a dead room. It is full of stiffness and angularities, hard chairs, and still harder sofas. The region in which the parlour retains any vitality is the agricultural region. In multitudes of farm-houses, and in some vicarages, this kind of apartment is still found. But the farmer follows hard on the tracks of the squire, and gives up the humbler for the more ambitious nomenclature. It is the better class of labourer and the thriving artisan who are now aiming at the possession of parlours. Among them the parlour is really a happy and an educating influence. So prevalent have been peace and plenty of recent years that in the suburbs of great towns you may pass whole rows of tenements in which you may distinguish pleasant parlours, with flowering plants filling the windows and the sound of pianos clushing all down the row. Still, in special cases, the name of parlour yet survives, and of these I would say a few words. The parlour, or parlor as the name indicates, is a place wherein to converse. The waiting-room of a club is essentially a parlour; in a less formal, but more real sense so is the smoking-room. The old lady was perfectly correct in her allusion—which, however was hardly to be expected of her—to public houses. It would have been more decent if she had talked about taverns. And what glorious talk there has been in tavern parlours before now! We think of Ben Jonson at the Mermaid, and Sam Johnson at the Turk's Head. There are still a few wits and scholars who haunt the sanded parlours of hostels about Fleet street, London.

"When all his warm heart, sherris-warmed,  
Flashed forth in random speeches."

Such men have felt and said that there is no throne like the easy chair of a tavern parlour. Perhaps there are other attractions besides wit and liquor for a tavern parlour. I know a great firm that advertises for pretty bar-maids, and always send them home at nights in a special conveyance to be intrusted to the charge of a most respectable matron.—*London Society*.

CHINA-PAINTING IN CINCINNATI.

It is curious to see the wide range of age and conditions of life embraced in the ranks of the decorators of pottery: young girls twelve to fifteen years of age find a few hours a week from their school engagements to devote to over or under glaze work, or the modelling of clay; and from this up, through all the less certain ages, till the grandmother stands confessed in cap and spectacles, no time of life is exempt from the fascinating contagion. Women who need to add to their income, and the representatives of the largest fortunes, are among the most industrious workers; and it is pleasant to know that numbers of these self-taught women receive a handsome sum annually from orders for work, from sales, and from lessons to pupils.

As a purely social and domestic entertainment, much is to be said in its favor as an educating and refining influence. Taking the broader view, we are led to the conclusion, from the signs everywhere pervading the country, that the times are ripe for the introduction of a new industry in the United States, in which the feeble instrumentality of women's hands is quietly doing the initial work.

Any appreciative or correct estimate of the work done by the women of Cincinnati must be based on the fact that, like amateurs elsewhere in this country, they have had no instruction in the art of decorating pottery, for the reason that there was no practical teaching to be had. With the single exception of Mr. Lycette, who taught a few months here, we have had no help from any practically and artistically educated decorator. The realm of underglaze painting was an unknown land, the use of color on the "bisquit" an experiment, and success only to be achieved after repeated failures.

An effort was made in the fall of 1878 to secure the instruction of John Bennett of New York, for a class in Cincinnati in underglaze painting; but Mr. Bennett replied that he had been at considerable expense to bring his family from Lambeth and to establish himself in New York, and that for the present the secrets of his processes must be confined to his own studio. He was willing to instruct in his fine, broad, free-hand style, overglaze, but not in underglaze work.

Looking back through six or seven years to the beginning, as it may be called, of the movement in china painting, or the decoration of pottery, in the United States, we cannot fail to be struck with its significance, taken in connec-

tion with the steady growth in the pottery trade, and the improvement in American wares.—Mrs. AARON F. PERRY, in *Harper's Magazine*.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

The Hogarth Club is about to remove from Charlotte street, Fitzroy Square, to Albemarle street, Piccadilly, and the annual dinner of the society is fixed for the 28th inst., at the Criterion. Mr. Alma Tadema will take the chair.

PROF. PIAZZI SMYTH, the Astronomer Royal for Scotland, is writing a paper for one of the magazines, a paper of his travels in South Africa. It will be called "Mountains in South Africa," and will be illustrated.

THE Irish authorities have made such arrangements as will, for the future, prevent the *Irish World* being circulated in the United Kingdom. The paper will be seized in transition from New York to Queenstown and be confiscated as treasonable and revolutionary matter.

THE report has been circulated that Mr. Currie, M.P. for Perthshire; Mr. Pender, M.P. for Wick; and Mr. Laing, M.P. for Orkney, are to be made baronets, but there is not much foundation for the tale. The two last named gentlemen, although Liberals, are by no means on the best of terms with the Premier, more particularly the member for Orkney.

MR. TERRY, the well-known comedian, has been elected a member of the Richmond Board of Guardians, with the Rev. H. R. Wakefield, the curate of the parish, as his colleague. Mr. Terry stood second on the list of successful candidates, and his return has given considerable satisfaction to his fellow residents at Barnes.

ALTHOUGH the coaching season properly speaking does not begin till the 1st of May, the old-fashioned coach-horn is already resounding in Piccadilly and Oxford street. Several coaches have begun to run, others will be put on next week and a month hence. This odd reaction against railways seems somehow to fall in with the public taste, for last year the coaches on the well-known routes made a profit.

MISS BISCHOFFSHEIM is to have £125,000 on the day of her wedding; and as much more at her father's death. Lord Desart—who, by the way, must not be confounded with Lord Dysart of the Scotch peerage, son of the late Lord Huntingtower—is an Irish peer, and as such has no seat in the Upper House. He has for some time past been working as a literary man; and has published two or three novels of merit. He has of late been editor of the *Fanny Fair*.

MR. BROMLEY DAVENPORT, M.P. for South Warwickshire, has written some spirited lines entitled "Peace with Dishonour." The concluding stanza runs thus:—

"Go with the flag of truce,  
No shameful terms refuse,  
Homage to tender.  
Go, bid war's trumpet cease:  
Welcome ignoble peace:  
Welcome surrender!  
Bluster before the weak,  
But with demeanour meek,  
Offer the other cheek;  
Bow to the stronger!  
Mourn for lost Honour's track!  
Take thy proud banners back!  
Clothe thy white cliffs with black:  
England no longer!"

THE constitution of the New Irish Land Court betrays a thoroughly Gladstonian endeavour after economy. The salaries of the three commissioners are to be £2,000 each, that is to say, officials to whom there will be committed most important and delicate questions of arbitration between landlord and tenant will receive a sum less than that which finds its way into the pocket of not a few English registrars of county courts. It is provided that one of the commissioners must have been a member of the Irish Bench. Now, Irish judges are paid £4,000 a year, and it does not seem very probable that any wearer of the ermine will accept half that salary for the performance of duties at least as arduous as those to which he has been accustomed.

To all whom it may concern: Female suffrage for a legislative assembly was exercised within this realm for the first time on the 21st of last month and where of all places in the world but the Isle of Man? Seventy-one members of the gentler sex, possessors of property in their own right, and that was the qualification, boldly went to the poll; and such was their discriminating power of selection that they recorded their votes in favour of the three candidates who eventually carried the day. How they departed themselves is thus described by an impartial daughter of Eve:—"The manner of the female voters contrasted favourably with that of the men, who were generally dull and slow, and asked stupid questions, and seemed scarcely to know what they had come for; but the women were intelligent and smart, and gave the names clearly and decidedly, in a grave business-like way, of the candidates selected." Poor degraded men! Intellectual women!