

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

An acquaintance formed under the circumstances that introduced me to Knowles would naturally soon ripen into intimacy. It might almost have been said of him that he "wore his heart upon his sleeve," so unreserved and expansive was he in the expression of his feelings. His rough exterior would better convey the idea of the captain of a Berwick smack than that of the poet who could conceive the virgin purity, the tenderness of his "sweet Virginia." To a sensibility almost womanly, and an exuberant flow of boyish spirits, he united the most manly sentiments, ready courage, and conscientious rectitude of purpose. The creature of impulse and sensitiveness, his strong good sense, when brought to bear on his errors of precipitation would instantly correct them; but his generous and too-confiding nature would occasionally betray him into embarrassments that tried his patience without adding to his stock of experience. With all his genius his want of method in his affairs made the greater part of his life a struggle with pecuniary difficulties; but even under the pinchings of poverty he would seek indemnity from the hard dealings of fortune in the little swarm of children that clustered round him, and would suggest comfort to their mother in the very cause of her anxiety, exclaiming, "Look at them, Maria, are we not rich in these?" His heart was in his home, and with the greetings of friends and the plaudits of the theatre ringing in his ears, he was longing impatiently to return there. In a letter from his wife on the news of his play's success reaching Glasgow, recounting the many visits of congratulations she had received, she observed, "Ah, James, we shall not want friends now!" Few men have had more or truer friends, but a sort of perverse destiny rendered their efforts for many years unavailing in assisting him in the establishment of an undisturbed regularity of income. A little incident may serve to show the singularity of his character in his inattention to ceremonious observances. On the Sunday evening after the production of "Virginia," I was dining with Sir Robert Kemeys in Park-lane, where, I fancy, I was the only untitled guest at table. In the course of the dinner one of the servants half whispered to me, "Sir, a person wants to see you." Utterly ignorant of any business that any one could have with me, I was a good deal embarrassed, but Sir Robert very good-naturedly relieved me by saying, "You had better see the person, Mr. Macready;" and accordingly I went into the hall, where to my astonishment, in the dusk of the evening I distinguished Knowles. "How are you?" was his hasty greeting. "Good heavens, Knowles! what is the matter? You should not have come here to me!" was my hasty remark. "Oh, I beg your pardon," he replied; "I am going out of town in the morning, and I wished to give you this myself. Good by!" thrusting a parcel into my hand and hurrying away. Putting it in my pocket without looking at it, I returned in some confusion to the dinner-table. When I reached home, I found the packet to contain the printed copy of "Virginia," dedicated to myself, and a note sent afterward to my lodgings, expressive of his regret for his intrusion on me, and evidently under wounded feelings, informing me that it was the first copy struck off, and bidding me farewell. I wrote immediately to him, explaining the awkwardness of my position, and ignorance of his object in coming to me, and wishing to see him. The note reached him in the morning; he came at once, and all was made perfectly smooth between us. At a supper he gave to a few intimate friends at a coffee-house in Convent Garden (the bill of fare of which was salmon and a boiled leg of mutton) I first met Hazlitt, to whose early advice and tutorship he considered himself greatly indebted. Hazlitt was a great man whose conversation could not fail to attract attention. He found in me a ready listener, and in the interest of our discussion became irritated by the boisterous boyish sallies of Knowles' irrepressible spirits, rebuking him for his unseasonable interruptions, and, as one having authority, desiring him not to "play the fool." The poet was in truth a very child of nature, and Hazlitt, who knew him well, treated him as such.

MARGINALIA.

A CHINESE junk will shortly arrive in Paris. This vessel belongs to a Chinaman of high station educated in France, and who, on returning to his country, caused it to be constructed with improvements suggested by his stay in Europe. The officers of the ship are European, but the crew are Chinese; it is expected to remain four or five months.

THE Carthaginians had greenbacks. Their paper money consisted of pieces of leather bearing their mark, but valueless out of Carthage. All leather and hide money bits, without any intrinsic value may justly be set down as paper money; but at one time a whole hide passed current as money, and was just as valuable as the real silver or gold stuff, though inconvenient to carry about in the pocket.

WHEN the Head of the Order of the Christian Brothers dies, as was the case lately with their superior Jean-Olympe, stock is apparently taken of the working of the association; the returns just published show that the Brotherhood consists of 1,141 establishments, 396,000 pupils, of whom 5,000 are orphans, and 10,644 Brothers; of these totals, France alone possesses about three-fourths.

GOOD news is being received from all the wine-growing districts. There is but one cry of joy and admiration in the vineyards at the magnificent appearance of the vines. Since 1840 such promises of abundance have not been seen. The question now asked is whether those hopes may at present fail to be realised. It is thought not, as the tendrils are already so long and leafy that the grapes have a safe shelter.

THE Emperor of Russia was attended at Ems by his black dog. A correspondent writes—"A gentleman meeting the Emperor and his dog in a corridor, he drew back to let his Majesty pass. The act seems to have aroused the dog's suspicion, for he made a grab which took effect at the rear of his 'continuations,' and the animal bounded joyfully with a sample of British cloth in his possession. The gentleman intends to present the breeches, with the breach thus made in them, to the local museum of his native town, as a memento of his travels."

ONE of the proprietors of the alpaca factory in Chautauqua county, N. Y., having been presented with a fine pair of Angora goats, attempted the remarkable feat of taking the fleeces from their backs and making a fashionable dress of the wool, between sun and sun. Operations were commenced at sunrise and at an early hour in the afternoon the goods were ready for the dressmakers. Four ladies then made the dress, complete in every particular, and ready for wearing at sunset.

THE Empress Josephine was very fond of perfumes, and above all musk. Her dressing-room at Malmaison was filled with it in spite of Napoleon's frequent remonstrances. Many years have elapsed since her death, and the present owner of Malmaison has had the wall of that dressing-room repeatedly washed and painted; but neither scrubbing, nor aquafortis, nor paint has been sufficient to remove the smell of the empress' musk, which continues as strong as if the bottle which contained it had been but yesterday removed.

THE charming daughter of Mario and Grisi has become the wife of a son of the Rev. Mr. Vaughan, the incumbent of Christ Church, Brighton. The marriage is said to involve quite a romance in real life. The bride was given away by her father, the once incomparable *primo tenore* and Marquis of Candia by right of birth. It is said that the youngest daughter of Grisi was born in Brighton; at all events, she passed a considerable portion of her earlier years there, and hence arose the acquaintance with the Anglican incumbent's son which has issued in this happy event.

THE success which Messrs. Moody and Sankey have had as "evangelists" is stimulating other Americans to feel a call to make a European tour. One of them, Mr. Pearsall Smith, has been doing great things in Berlin. He has had court officials and other grandees to hear him, and though he speaks English only, and his remarks have to be translated by Dr. Badeker, his audiences were greatly impressed. Two other "evangelists," Messrs. Whittle and Bliss, are at present making a tour of the Western States, and have been so successful, that, no doubt, they will feel it their duty to evangelise England.

THE Prince of Wales has a liking for the English Premier, and dined with him at the usual "birthday" banquet given by Mr. Disraeli and other ministers. There were two guests among the Conservative "blue blood" assembled in Downing-street whose names will be remarked—Sir W. V. Harcourt and Mr. Bouverie. That a member of the late Government should dine with the First Minister is very significant, and was the only instance of its kind at the official dinners of the day. But between Mr. Disraeli and Sir William Harcourt there is known to be a private intimacy which is creditable to both statesmen. The invitation to Mr. Bouverie also shows a generous sympathy felt by the Premier for the Parliamentary veteran who lost his seat through his independence as a Liberal politician.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

THE fine obelisk which goes by this name was offered to the British Government in 1820, by Mahomed Ali Pascha, but has never been removed owing to the difficulty of transit and also a report that it was much defaced towards the base. A short time since General Alexander wrote to say that he had gone to Alexandria for the purpose of examining the prostrate obelisk and had found it with its hieroglyphic inscription in perfect preservation. On the authority of experts he asserts that its safe transport to England is quite practicable, and proposes that it should be erected on the Thames Embankment. General Alexander on the same authority, states the cost at £10,000, for which he suggests a Parliamentary grant, observing that this is just an eighth part of the sum expended by the French Government in the transport and erection of the obelisk of the Place de la Concorde. There cannot be two opinions regarding the ornamental effect of this fine relic on the Embankment—a work itself in extent and strength worthy of ancient Egypt; and in the present state of engineering art there should be no great difficulty in bringing it over and placing it. One very ingenious plan has been proposed by Mr. Haddan, C.E., who advises that it should be cased in a cylindrical case of wood, sufficiently large to float it, rolled to the beach, towed to England, and lifted on to the Embankment by the force of successive tides—a method which seems quite feasible, and would be comparatively inexpensive.

PERSONAL.

Mr. U. C. Lindsay has been appointed to the position of Landing waiter and Appraiser, at Winnipeg, in connection with the Customs Department.

It is stated that Hon. John Young, of Montreal, Ex-Governor Howland, of Toronto, and Joseph W. Lawrence, of St. John, N. B., have been appointed Commissioners to procure information respecting the value and importance of the proposed Baie Verte Canal.

Hon. Messrs. A. McQueen, Robert Young and W. E. Perley, members of the Local Government of New Brunswick, have been appointed to manage, under the control of the Government, all agricultural matters formerly dealt with by the Provincial Board of Agriculture.

Mr. Wm. Hall, of the firm of Nicholls & Hall, one of Peterboro's oldest and most respected citizens, died at Montreal last week. He had gone there as one of the representatives of the Canada Presbyterian Church to take part in the Union deliberations, and was taken ill with inflammation of the lungs.

Rev. D. D. Lore, D.D., editor of the *Northern Christian Advocate*, who had been lying in a critical condition at Auburn from an attack of apoplexy, is dead. Dr. Lore was sixty years of age, and leaves a family consisting of a wife, two sons and two daughters. His eldest daughter, Julia A. Lore, M.D., is medical missionary in India, having sailed for foreign lands last December.

Lord and Lady Dufferin were met on board the "Polynesian" at Liverpool by his Worship the Mayor, who was accompanied by Major Greig and Mr. Tyndall Bright; and on arriving at the landing stage, the Mayor's carriage was in waiting to convey his Excellency and Lady Dufferin to the Adelphi Hotel. Owing to the fatigue of the voyage, his lordship was unable to accept the invitation of the Mayor to the banquet at the Town Hall in honor of the Queen's Birthday. His Excellency and party left for London by the afternoon express train.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS IN SOCIETY.

Drawing-room and table talk is practised as an art in France, and Dumas has a reputation in this way, and is probably as fond of his effects in society as of those he furnishes for the stage. French being admirably adapted to epigrammatic conversation, this professed wit avails himself of it with rare skill. When he is present, talking groups disposed about a room gradually dissolve and gather near to listen to him, and he becomes the autocrat of the conversational domain. An occasional word is put in, a cue given, and this is the usual limit of expression in those who surround him. In the telling of risible wit—for he naturally has several kinds—he affects the serious, unmoved face to produce hilarious effects, like a comedian, but a comedian of the highest type. His epigrams and anecdotes are so well made, and so well told, that some people believe there is previous preparation; all agree, however, in the opinion that he has special gifts in this way. His experience as a dramatic author has evidently perfected him for this social amusement; in a certain sense he transfers the stage to the drawing-room, and adds the character of author to that of actor.

As we all know, the manner adds much to the matter; so when the laugh begins to be heard, the raconteur, cool as a May morning, looks around surprised at the risible manifestation, which naturally increases it. He speeds an arrow at folly as it flies, and fixes a wicked witticism on the absent, with remarkable dexterity. In private life, where intercourse is more intimate, he is fond of passing a portion of his time in that Parisian gossip to which the gentle sex is supposed to be more particularly given. In this fireside intimacy he is ready to enter into that wide field called *chiffons* with the zest of a fashionable woman.—*The Galaxy for July.*

BRAIN AND SEX.

When we take into consideration, says a writer in the *Popular Science Monthly*, that the forces of organic and functional life represent simply the sum of ganglionic activity, a just idea may be formed of the extent to which this activity must be differentiated in the sexes. It is simply necessary to extend the field of ganglionic action to the brain, the supreme ganglion of all, in order to realize the fact that here also functional differences must exist. That the brain possesses functions in common to the sexes in no wise renders it impossible to perform its part as an organ embraced in the sexual cycle. The relations existing between the sexes are mutually voluntary, and involve more or less of mental action. As these relations represent the opposite poles of structural and functional life, this mutuality must also represent phases of mental action which exist as sexual traits. Concerning many of these relations we know that men and women do not think alike, and that these differences are radical ones, and have existed many years, and yet continue to exist. Take the labor and the ballot questions as the most widely known of the points of disagreement, which seem to have their origin in sexual mental attributes. But even upon these questions we find many men and women thinking and acting alike.

Yet these are the exception, and not the rule; which confirms my idea of the difference in the results reached by the mental processes of the sexes: for surely the want of agreement must be a radical one in which it is a rare exception for the two types of mind to approach each other upon matters other than the organic emotions. Keeping in view the accepted fact that the brain, as an organ, or nerve-centre, is the seat of mental action, with which its structure, either in its histological elements or its relative proportion of parts, is more or less intimately connected, it seems reasonable to refer these differences in the results of sexual mental processes to structural rather than to any ephemeral cause.

FATALISM OF NAPOLEON.

There is a story, told by Count Segur, of the Emperor's belief in his destiny. Cardinal Fesch had remonstrated with him on the recklessness with which he was attacking—in the language of this venerable ecclesiastic—"men, the elements, religions, earth and heaven together." He dreaded to see him fall. Napoleon vouchsafed no other reply than to take him by the hand and lead him to the window, which he opened. "Do you see that star on high?" asked the Emperor of the Cardinal. "No, sire." "Look well." "Sire I do not see it." "Well, then, I see it," cried Napoleon. The Cardinal made no answer; he seemed to be dealing with an ambition that already measured the skies. He might have called to mind the impatient exclamation of Napoleon to a courtier who was flattering him: "Famous, am I? What have I done compared to Christ?" At St. Helena, chastened and sobered by affliction, he spoke in a different strain: "Do not tell me Christ was a man. I know men, and He was not one."—*The Galaxy for July.*

DOMESTIC.

MAYONNAISE SAUCE.—Strain the yolks of two eggs into a basin, mix them with a teaspoonful of salt, then without ceasing to stir, pour in, drop by drop, four tablespoonfuls of oil and one of French white vinegar, adding the vinegar at intervals during the process of pouring the oil; lastly, stir in a little white pepper.

LAMB CUTLETS AND PEAS.—Trim the cutlets neatly, and grill them on or before a clear fire, sprinkling them with salt and a little pepper. Take a lb. 2d. tin of preserved green peas, turn them out into a saucepan with a piece of fresh butter and toast them on the fire until quite warm. Put a little gravy into a dish, arrange the cutlets in a circle on it, with the peas in the centre, and serve.

GRAVY FOR A ROAST FOWL.—Boil the neck of the fowl, after having cut it small, in half a pint of water, with a seasoning of spice and herbs; let it stew softly for an hour and a half. When the bird is just ready for the table, take the gravy from the dripping-pan and drain it off the fat; strain the liquor from the neck into it, mixing them smoothly; pass the gravy again through the strainer, heat it, add seasoning if necessary, and send to table hot.

SMALL RICE CAKE.—Beat and mix well together four eggs properly whisked, and a half a pound of fine sifted sugar; pour to them by degrees a quarter of a pound of clarified butter, as little warmed as possible; stir lightly in with these four ounces of dry sifted flour; beat the mixture for about ten minutes, put it into small buttered patty-pans, and bake the cake a quarter of an hour in a moderate oven. They should be flavoured with the grated rind of a small lemon, with pounded mace or cinnamon.

STEWED BEEF STEAK.—These may be cut thicker than for broiling. Dissolve some butter in a stewpan, and brown the steak on both sides, moving it often that it may not burn; then shake in a little flour, and when it is coloured, pour in gradually sufficient water to cover well the meat. As soon as it boils, season with salt, remove the scum, slice in onion, carrot, and turnip; add a bunch of sweet herbs, and stew the steak very softly for about three hours. A quarter of an hour before you serve, stir into the gravy two or three teaspoonfuls of rice-flour, mixed with cayenne, half a wine-glassful of mushroom catsup, and a little seasoning of spice.

BRAIZED FOWLS WITH MACCARONI.—Trim a pair of fowls as for boiling, putting an onion and a piece of butter inside each; lay them in a saucepan over two slices of bacon, with an onion and two carrots cut in pieces; add pepper and salt to taste, and a bundle of sweet herbs; moisten with a little stock; put a piece of buttered paper over the fowls, and set them to braize very slowly for one hour, frequently basting them with their own liquor. Throw 1 lb. of ribbon maccaroni into fast-boiling salted water; when done (twenty minutes) drain off the water, put them in a saucepan with the contents of an 8d. bottle of French tomato sauce, and 1 oz. of butter previously melted; toss on the fire a few minutes, adding during the process plenty of Parmesan cheese. Place the fowls on a dish, with the maccaroni round them, and serve.

HUMOROUS.

A BOY who is not strong enough to spade up a small onion bed between now and the Fourth of July will dig over a ten acre lot before breakfast looking for bait.

"I swear," said a gentleman to his lady-love, "you are very handsome." "Pooh!" said the lady, "so you would say if you did not think so." "And so you would think," answered he, "though I should not say so."

WHEN a woman is care-laden and heavy-hearted, nothing shakes the megrims out of her quicker than for a couple of ladies to stop in front of the house long enough for her to examine the trimmings on their bonnets.

ARTEMUS WARD was one day lying upon a sofa enjoying a cigar in the little office of his publisher at New York, when he received a telegraphic dispatch from Mr. McGuire of the San Francisco Opera House asking, "What will you take for 10 nights in California?" Without a moment's reflection or changing his position, he replied, "Brandy and water." A. Ward. He soon filled a remarkably successful engagement, the dispatch a \$10 joke—being published in the San Francisco papers and proving a good advertisement.