

AUCTIONING OFF THE BABY.

What am I offered for Baby?
Dainty, dimple, and sweet,
From the curls above her forehead
To the beautiful rosy feet,
From the tips of the wee pink fingers,
To the light of the clear brown eye,
What am I offered for Baby?
Who'll buy? who'll buy? who'll buy?

What am I offered for Baby?
A shopful of sweets? Ah, no!
That's too much beneath his value
Who is sweetest of all below!
The naughty, beautiful darling!
One kiss from his rosy mouth
Is better than all the dainties
Of East, or West, or South!

What am I offered for Baby?
A pile of gold? Ah, dear,
Your gold is too hard and heavy
To purchase my brightness here,
Would the treasures of all the mountains
Far in the wonderful lands,
Be worth the clinging and clasping
Of these dear little peach-blown hands?

So what am I offered for Baby?
A rope of diamonds? Nay,
If your brilliants were larger and brighter
Than stars in the Milky Way,
Would they ever be half so precious
As the light of those lustrous eyes,
Still full of the heavenly glory
They brought from beyond the skies?

Then what am I offered for Baby?
A heart full of love and a kiss?
Well, if anything ever could tempt me,
I would be such an offer as this!
But how can I know if your loving
Is tender, and true, and divine?
Enough to repay what I'm giving,
In selling this sweetheart of mine?

So we will not sell the Baby!
Your gold and gems and stuff,
Were they ever so rare and precious
Would never be half enough!
For what would we care, my dearie,
What glory the world put on,
If our beautiful darling was gone!

ANGLICISMS IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

I believe it was Mr. Higginson who said that it has taken a hundred years to eliminate the lark from American literature; but there are several other lingering delusions which we have unlawfully inherited from our English ancestry. I have lately found myself much dissatisfied with Italy and the Mediterranean Sea, because the skies of one and the waters of the other failed to keep up their time-honored reputation for unequalled blueness. I do not need to explain that English writers have commented from century to century upon the contrast between the Italian atmosphere and their own, and have celebrated the glories of the former. The color of the waves that beat against the shores of Great Britain is apt to be a dull brown; in many places it seems as if the London fogs were the fountains from which the sea is replenished. But we Americans go on placidly making our copy-books say, over and over again, that the sky is blue in Italy, as if there were not a bluer and a more brilliant one over our own heads. Soft and tender the heavens may be in Venice and above Lake Como, but there is a tenderness and a softness of clear light and of shadowed light in New England of which we should do well to sing the beauty and the glory.

Just in the same fashion we mourn over the gloominess of autumn, as if ours were the autumn of Thomson, or of Cowper, or of any poet who wrote of fogs, and darkness, and shortness of days, and general death, and sullenness, and chill despair. Here there is a little dull weather until winter is fairly come, but through the long, bright months of September and October, and sometimes the whole of the condensed and dreaded November, the days—not nearly such short days as in England—are bright and invigorating. But we are brought up on English books, and our delusions of this sort are, after all, rare disadvantages, that never can counterbalance the greater meries and delights of our inherited literature.—*December Atlantic.*

POPULATION OF PARIS.

An analysis of the population of Paris, just published, gives very singular statistics as to the inhabitants of the gayest city in Europe. It seems also, for its size, to be the most industrious. The proportion in which the working classes exceed those who live on their own incomes is the more remarkable as Paris is the recognized centre of expenditure and extravagance for all France. There are no cities that hold to the capital the same relative position that Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham occupy relatively to London. More than half a million of Parisians are employed in commerce, trade and banking operations, while of the artisan class there are considerably more than a million and a quarter. The liberal professions seem to occupy but a small proportion of the population. All combined do not amount to 200,000, and in the subdivisions the prominence is quite different to what it would be with us. The great majority are in the public service, which employs more than medicine, law, and divinity combined. But, after the public service, it is art which gives employment and livelihood to the greatest number of Parisians. Forty-two thousand get their income from this branch of industry. The doctors come after, but a long way after. Medicine, in its branches, supports 16,000, the branches, of course, including chemists and all compounders and vendors of medicine. Then

comes the law, with its 16,000 votaries, from judge to bailiff. Literature figures very low on the list, for, grouped with science and journalism, it gives employment to only 11,000 people, while all the clergy of the only persuasions amount to but half that number. On the whole, Paris would seem to be more industrious, more artistic, less literary, and less religious than the ordinary visitor would suppose.

A PLEA FOR TAPESTRY.

Who can tell why the working of tapestry has gone out of fashion? It would be so much more satisfactory than the endless procession of tidies and pincushions and sofa-pillows, each with its little design, if some fair needle-woman would give her spare time and thought to a larger piece of work. It might be done in small separate squares, so that there would be no objection to the clumsy roll of canvas, which could not be moved about or looked upon as fancy-work; and it would be so picturesque and full of the spirit of romance to see a lovely lady with her colored crewels and her quaint designs, and know that she was stitch by stitch achieving a great work which would keep her memory bright for years to come. Nobody cares what becomes of the smaller pieces of needle work after their bloom is, so to speak, worn off, but let us picture to ourselves the religious care with which we should guard the handiwork of our great grandmothers, if it were of this sort. We venerate the needle books and works bags and samplers almost absurdly, and this is an index to our capacity for appreciating a more important treasure.

Besides, it is a great loss both to art and literature that our stitches tend to such petty ends. An embroidery frame is a charming addition to a portrait, and nothing could make a more delightful and suggestive background than the blurred figures and indistinct design of a tapestried wall. And in a story, what aid a writer could give his reader by his suggestions of the work the heroine's slender fingers toyed with idly, or called into existence skillfully in a busier hour! What light, indeed, the description of the design would throw upon the character of the maiden! We could make up our minds instantly to many certainties when we knew whom she had taken for her hero in a battle piece, or if it were only a quiet landscape which she deftly wove when she lover met her first.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, Nov. 3.

MRS. and Miss Chamberlain have left Paris for London, but expect to return to this city some time in December. The English artist who has been selected to paint Miss Chamberlain's portrait for the Prince of Wales is Mr. Frank Miles.

THE opening of the Municipal Casino at Nice is announced for January 1st. A divertissement is spoken of as likely to form an attractive portion of the inauguration performance, in which Mlle. Singuli and a selection from the Grand Opera troupe will receive leave of absence to take part.

PRINCE Jerome Napoleon's son has been fortunate or unfortunate, as the family and the youth view the fact that he is now a conscript, as he has drawn a number which bids him join the ranks. He has been at school at Cheltenham, we hear.

ANOTHER American actress Miss Adelaide Detchon, is likely to make a greater sensation than any other has done on the stage on this side of the Atlantic, both for her good looks and talent. She is now in Paris, and has just signed an engagement with Mr. Elgar Bruce.

THE Florentine season will be a very gay one according to all reports. Among other high life items transmitted from that place is the report of the marriages of some members of very hospitable houses. The contracting parties are Count Rossi with Mlle. della Gherardesea, and the Countess Ferrari Corbelli with Count del Pozzo.

M. GABRIEL CHARMES, writing in the *Journal des Debats*, remarks that the hotels frequented by Germans at this time of the year are empty on account of the belief that German visitors run a risk of insult, and he warns Parisians of the danger, not only of losing German customers, but giving Prince Bismarck a pretext for another attack on France.

BONNETS still are generally worn small. Thanks to the Princess of Wales, those dear little becoming capotes still retain universal favor. A bonnet for Mme. Pierson, of the Vaudeville, is a perfect little gem—beaded tulle capote, with aigrette bow of velvet lace, secured by jet black comb; twisted under the brim was a torsade of scarlet ottoman. This harmony in black and red is called "chapeau cherabrin."

THE French Minister of Trade is actively preparing for the great, universal, and international exhibition, which it is proposed to open in 1889, in commemoration of the French Re-

volution. If there is a king or an emperor on the throne of France in 1889, doubtless he will not figure very willingly at the opening, and inviting foreign nations to participate is surely a mistake. What reply will Bismarck send, and what encouragement will Germany give to its people to contribute?

FOOT NOTES.

EDMOND ABOUT gives the following characteristic sketch of M. de Blowitz, Paris correspondent of the *London Times*:—"He is a very remarkable man, of a singular physiognomy, and curiously nice in his personal adornment. He is perhaps a little too much penetrated with a sense of his own merits and influence; but he is very clever, learned, quick at repartee, and capable of understanding a joke and of taking his own part in the encounter. I must admit that I was somewhat prejudiced against him before meeting him personally; but he improves with acquaintance."

ON another occasion my aunt was seated opposite to Mrs. Siddons at a dinner party. Some salad was brought to her, which she declined; but the host loudly extolled its very special merits, and urged her just to try it. So, after a little hesitation, the great tragedian turned round to the footman who stood behind her with the salad, and extended both her hands with a genuine theatrical air, à la Queen Katherine before Henry VIII., and throwing her head back in the true tragic style, exclaimed in her deepest tones and most popular manner, "I must—o-ey; then—bring me—the s-a-l-a-d!" The company were, of course, deeply impressed.

DEAN STANLEY, speaking at a conversation of the National Temperance League, on "Presence of Mind," related a number of anecdotes illustrating his theme. Sometimes, the Dean said, presence of mind is shown by silence, sometimes by action, and sometimes by action and word together. The better and higher their character is, the stronger and more efficacious, and the more likely they are to leave an abiding impression on those who hear and see them. Let every one try to get presence of mind; they may be assured that it is one of the qualities most brought about by sobriety and most injured by intemperance. A vote of thanks was passed by acclamation to Dean Stanley, who replied, amid merriment, "I am very obliged to you; I shall show my presence of mind by silence!"

RIGHT AIMS.—With all our boasted education, we have yet to utilize those lessons of self-knowledge and self-respect which should inspire each young boy and girl not to look forward with greedy eye to the possibility of becoming a great statesman or leader of fashion or star, but to search diligently for his or her capability, and to develop it, whatever it may be, in all earnestness, faithfulness and loyalty. Both in home-life and in school-life our influence over the young should always be in this direction. It is not a depressing influence—on the contrary, it is ennobling and full of the brightest hope. It is the only path to happiness, for no one is ever so happy as when he is successfully engaged in doing that which he can do well. It is the only path to value, for assuredly the worth of an individual to society depends upon his being in the right place and doing his own appropriate work. It is the only path to national welfare, for just as the health and perfection of the body depend on each organ fulfilling its own function, so the health of the body-politic depends on each individual understanding his own powers and his own limits, and developing the one without overstepping the other.

—AN affected actor who set himself up for great originality, especially in the pronunciation of words, was in the habit of playing inferior parts to Kemble's leading characters, and terribly annoyed the great man by his affectation and foolish pomposity. At length Kemble's wrath broke out, and one night in particular, he launched on the unfortunate fellow's head the bolt of discomfiture and ruin, quite to his amazement and surprise. Among the peculiarities of this actor in the pronunciation of words, he held that the proper name Cato should not be pronounced as it was then and is still, but with the accent on the last syllable, Catô, so as to rhyme with below. On this particular night Kemble played *Cato*, and the original, in one part of the play, had to come on and say:

Cæsar sends health to Cato.

So he entered, and addressing the great Roman, spoke out the words, laying peculiar emphasis on the last;

Cæsar sends health to Catô.

Kemble could not stand it any longer; he frowned, and changing the words in the play, he thundered out at the bewildered courier:

Would he had sent it by a better messenger.

THE father of Agassiz, the great naturalist, destined his son for a commercial life, and was impatient at his devotion to frogs, snakes and fishes. The latter especially were objects of the boy's attention. His vacations were spent in journeys on foot through Europe, examining the different species of fresh-water fishes. "If you can prove to me," said his father, "that you really know anything about science, I will consent that you shall give up the career I have planned for you." Young Agassiz, in his next vacation, being then eighteen, visited England taking with him a letter of introduction to Sir

Roderick Murchison. "You have been studying nature," said the great man, bluntly, "What have you learned?" The lad was timid, and not sure at that moment that he had learned anything. "I think," he said at last, "I know a little about fishes." "Very well. There will be a meeting of the Royal Society to-night. I will take you with me there." All of the scientific savants of England belonged to this society. That evening, when the business of the meeting was over, Sir Roderick rose and said:—"I have a young friend here from Switzerland, who thinks he knows something about fishes; how, much, I have a fancy to try. There is, under this cloth, a perfect skeleton of a fish which existed long before man." He then gave him the precise locality in which it had been found, with one or two other facts concerning it. The species to which the specimen belonged was, of course, extinct. "Can you sketch for me on the blackboard your idea of this fish?" said Sir Roderick. Agassiz took up the chalk, hesitated a moment, and then sketched rapidly a skeleton fish. Sir Roderick held up the specimen. The portrait was correct in every bone and line. The grave old doctors burst into loud applause. "Sir," Agassiz said on telling the story, "that was the proudest moment of my life—no, the happiest, for I knew now my father would consent that I should give my life to science."

EPIGRAMS.

The following neat epigram, by Sydney Smith, was written on the occasion of his returning home one day and finding little Jeffrey, the Edinburgh Reviewer, riding round the yard on a donkey, to the amusement of some children:

Short, but not as fat as Bacchus,
Witty as Horatius Flaccus,
As great as Jacobin as Gracchus,
See little Jeffrey on a jackass.

Sent with a couple of ducks to a patient:

I've despatched, my dear madam, this scrap of a letter
To say that Miss — is very much better:
A regular doctor no longer she lacks,
So therefore I've sent her a couple of quacks.

Canning, having heard that Brougham wished his enmity to Pitt to be written on his tomb, wrote the following:

Brougham writes his epitaph, to wit,
"Here lies the enemy of Pitt."
If we're to take him a la lettre,
The sooner 'tis inscribed the better.

A commercial traveller having left a shirt at an inn, wrote to the chambermaid to forward it to him. This produced the following:

I hope, dear sir, you'll not feel hurt,
I'll frankly tell you all about it:
I've made a shift with your old shirt,
And you must make a shift without it.

Here is an epigram by Lord Byron on the world:

The world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses that pull;
Each tugs at a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull.

On a clergyman complaining that he had lost his portmanteau:

I've lost my portmanteau—
I pity your grief,
All my sermons are in it—
I pity the thief!

To a Mr. Wellwood, who exaggerated:

You double each story you tell:
You double each sight that you see:
Your name is W E double L,
W double O double L.

Which men are preferable?

Whether tall men, or short men, are best,
Or bold men, or modest and shy men,
I can't say; but this I can protest—
All the fair are in favor of Hy-men.

HUMOROUS.

WHEN is a ship like an actor? When she's anchored.
THE hussars naturally do the cheering for the German army.

A LIBERAL translation of "*tempus fugit*" is "few get time."

THE favorite novel of office-seekers—"Put Yourself in his Place."

THE man who meets one's remark with a "Fiddlesticks!" clearly wishes to do violence to one's feelings.

SINGERS should be above climatic influences, it is so easy for them to have a change of air.

THE oldest books on record are volumes of water, and they circulate all over the world.

A lodging-house keeper advertises "to furnish gentlemen with pleasant and comfortable rooms, also, one or two gentlemen with wives."

A GENTLEMAN, who has recently lost an eye, begs to intimate that he has now a "vacancy for a pupil."

A PROGRESSIVE law-maker in Georgia has introduced a bill into the Legislature making "dissatisfaction" a valid ground for divorce.

"I HAVE a great love for old hymns," said a pretty girl to her masculine companion "I am much fonder of young hers," was his reply.

AMONG the stories from the diamond-fields of South Africa, is one about a homestead and kraal whose plastered walls were found studded with diamonds.

PITTSFORD, Mass., Sept. 28, 1878.

SIR—I have taken Hop Bitters and recommend them to others, as I found them very beneficial.
MRS J. W. TULLER.
Sec. Women's Christian Temperance Union.