

WHAT IS LIFE?

A little crib beside the bed,
A little face above the spread,
A little frock behind the door,
A little shoe upon the floor.

A little lad with dark brown hair,
A little blue-eyed face and fair,
A little lane that leads to school,
A little pencil, slate, and rule.

A little blithesome, winsome maid,
A little hand within is laid;
A little cottage, acres four,
A little old-time household store.

A little family gathered round;
A little turf-heaped, tear-dewed mound;
A little added to his soil:
A little rest from harden toil.

A little silver in his hair,
A little stool an easy chair;
A little night of earth-lit gloom;
A little cortege to the tomb.

A LIVELY CHANCE FOR WOMEN.

Kentucky women have never been forward in the women's rights movement, but Kentucky men have always been forward in securing to women the rights that are necessary to their protection within their own feminine sphere. There has always been in the minds of the men of this State a chivalrous loyalty to women that has manifested itself in the safeguards erected to protect their helplessness. Our statute books bear deep impress of their faithful allegiance, and every year produces not only new guarantees of accorded rights, but opens up new avenues of independent self-support to women who have been subjected to the buffetings of fortune. Our martial code is framed in the interest of women; our last Legislature abolished the degrading relic of barbarism that made the husband the absolute and exclusive owner of the wife's earnings, and declared that no longer should wives cursed with indolent and dissipated husbands be denied the privilege of receiving what they earned by their labor for the support of themselves and their little ones, and depositing it in bank, or doing with it as they might choose. We have rid our statute books of the inexorable law that declared that a wife should, under no circumstances, enter into contracts and engage in ordinary business pursuits independent of a worthless or insolvent husband, whose creditors might come forward and claim the product of the wife's toil; and even now our Legislature is considering the means by which women may be more secure in their estates. Such legislation is only the expression of prevailing public sentiment. The disposition of all men now is to give women a fair chance to maintain themselves and their offspring by their own efforts, when they are robbed by death or misfortune of the support their more fortunate sisters enjoy. In every department of business the tendency is to employ women in whatever capacities women can act. The United States Government and many of the States of the Union have given impulse to this movement by appointing them to such offices as they can fill. The election of Mrs. Brush as State Librarian by the Legislature gives a valuable contribution to this tendency of the time, and will do much to bring to the notice of the people of Kentucky the claims of our women. Mrs. Brush's capacity and worth are undeniable. The General Assembly did itself an honor at the same time that it rendered a public and private service. Its action will do more to open up the avenues of employment to the needy women of our State and will be a greater benefit to our women than all the direct benevolence that generosity could prompt. Give the women a chance! And stamp the motto with the grand seal of the commonwealth.

GORGEOUS AND EXTRA-VAGANT SUPPERS.

One of the most gorgeous banquets ever given in the U. S. took place at Delmonico's a few evenings since. It was given by a well-known Wall street broker, Charles J. Osborn, as the result of a bet with another Wall street party named Travers on the price of Lake Shore stock. These bets are of daily occurrence, but as this one involved something more than an ordinary amount its winning was celebrated by a banquet for forty-two persons—the winner and loser each inviting twenty friends. This affair cost over \$2,000, or an average of more than \$50 for each guest. This recalls an extravagant entertainment given at Delmonico's a few years ago by two daughters of a well-known financier, formerly a Federal office holder, and now a bank president. The occasion was the twenty-first birthday of their only brother. Having obtained permission from the father to make the entertainment as grand and magnificent as they pleased, these giddy girls (no chickens either, mind you) gave Delmonico an order to prepare a feast and ball for 100 persons "regardless of expense." It was carried out in strict accordance with the order. The guests' invitation-cards were engraved in pearl, highly ornamented. The copies of the menu were also engraved on small ivory tablets set in Russia leather, with a small handle to each. The flowers used on the occasion were so profuse that it is said that evening not a flower could be had for love or money in New York—the market had been literally stripped by Delmonico. The feast itself was correspondingly magnificent. The bill for this *recherché* birthday party was nearly \$25,000, and the astonished father paid it like a man, though he fervently ejaculated that he was glad there were no more sons to celebrate their majority.

MEISSONIER'S GREAT PICTURE.

All Paris, or at least all artistic Paris, has been crowding the *salon* of the Artist Club in the Place Vendôme, to see the famous painting by Meissonier which is now being exhibited there. You are probably aware that this production of the most celebrated French artist of the day, and which is known by no other name than the laconic appellation of "1807," is about to make its way across the Atlantic, there to be transferred into the hands of the fortunate purchaser, Mr. Stewart, of New York, for the trifling consideration of 300,000 francs! I suppose this is about the largest sum ever paid for the work of a modern painter during his lifetime. The picture was originally intended to have passed into the possession of Sir Richard Wallace for the sum of 200,000 francs, but whether that gentleman was not pleased with his bargain, or whether the artist thought he had let him off too cheap at the last-mentioned price, I am not prepared to say. Certain it is that the American man of millions has stepped in between the first-made bargain and its conclusion, and carried off a prize which will make him the envy of a thousand competitors. The transaction has been noticed in all the leading journals of this continent almost as much as if it had been some important political event. Thus the *Independence Belge* tells us, *apropos* to it, that Mr. Stewart, finding the Government of the North \$50,000,000 in his debt at the close of the war, and fearing it might be inconvenient at that moment to repay him, said *tout simplement*: "Only \$50,000,000! Don't mention it!" and so scratched out the debt with a stroke of his pen. The same journal warns its readers not to confound "Stewart of New York," with "that other Stewart" (of Philadelphia) who is the happy possessor of the finest collection of Fortuny's paintings extant (to the number, if I mistake not, of thirty-nine), and who, says *Figaro*, to distinguish him from his above-mentioned namesake, is called "Stewart the poor," having only 5,000,000 a year! *Pauvre homme!* exclaimed *Figaro*; "only 5,000,000 a year to spend!" But to return to the "1807" of Meissonier. The year and subject show that the picture is an episode, or rather prologue, of the battle of Friedland, just about to be fought by Napoleon I., then at the *apogee* of his greatness and power. There he sits on horseback, surrounded by Ney, Lannes, Oudinot, and the greatest of his Marshals, about to achieve a second victory of Marengo. Hurrying along in fiery haste to take up the approaching field of combat, a regiment of ponderous cuirassiers salute their chief with cries of almost frantic enthusiasm as they gallop past in headlong impetuosity, as if already trampling the enemy beneath their feet. Nothing can exceed the sense of tumultuous force and energy conveyed by their terrific rush. The figure of the commanding officer at their head, who rises in his stirrups and turns to brandish his sword and salute Napoleon as he passes, is, perhaps, the *chef d'œuvre* of the picture in artistic power and effect. Nothing can exceed the beauty of detail and force of action with which the above figure is given, and there are many other points of the picture, such as, for instance, the miniature painting of the heads of the Marshals, the accoutrements of the riders, and the minute anatomy of the horses, in which the pencil of Meissonier shines with all its wonted power. But it is time to mention at once the great interest and curiosity of this work. It is by far the largest picture the artist has ever painted since he has been celebrated, being about 5 feet by 3 in size. Meissonier began with these dimensions, but never gained repute until he adopted the minute style and finish which have made him famous. He has now gone back to his first love, and attempted an historical painting, for such his "1807" really is, or pretends to be. Mr. Stewart undoubtedly possesses a painting of marvellous ability as to execution of hand and eye, and one the possession and study of which will be invaluable for his artistic countrymen.

THE LATE DAVID TORRANCE.

We present to-day the portrait of the late David Torrance, one of the merchant princes of Montreal, whose long career has identified his name with the interests of the whole Dominion. Mr. Torrance died on the 29th ult., in the 71st year of his age, and was buried on the 2nd inst., being followed to his last resting place by a large concourse of relatives and friends. The career of such a man is well worthy of rehearsal for the lessons of probity and successful mercantile enterprise which it teaches. David Torrance was born in New York in 1805, and his early years were spent in Kingston with his father, James Torrance, who then carried on an extensive business in that locality. In 1821 he entered the service of his uncle, the late Mr. John Torrance, as clerk, and about 1832 became a partner in the firm then known under the name of John Torrance & Co., his friends, Rev. Dr. Wilkes and Hon. John Young, being clerks in the same house. With a view to extending his business, in 1835, Mr. Torrance entered into partnership with Mr. Young in Quebec, under the firm of Torrance and Young, and on the retirement of the late Mr. John Torrance, the firm's name was changed to that of D. Torrance & Co., which continued to the date of his demise, his partners for many years past having been Mr. Thomas Cramp and his son John. As a business man, Mr. Torrance had few equals—comprehending at once the great future which was before Montreal and her merchants, he did not

hesitate to venture upon the cultivation of trade between China and Japan and the Montreal of a quarter of a century ago, when the population of all Canada was less than half what it is to-day. His force of character, his thorough business spirit manifested themselves not only in the different import trades which he cultivated, but when the door was practically closed to commercial operations here, at some seasons of the year, in the fact of his connecting himself with others points, among them New York, San Francisco, London, and other ports of the commercial world. The business of the house at these places often largely exceeded the transactions here, and gave to his firm its present world-wide reputation. In everything which was calculated to promote the interests of Montreal, Mr. Torrance was prominent, he being one of the first to embark his means in the establishment of steamboat traffic on the St. Lawrence. For many years he was a Director of the favorite line of steamers known as the "Richelieu," and when the trade of our port required it, assisted more materially in the foundation of the Dominion line of ocean steamers. For a considerable period Mr. Torrance was a Director of the Bank of Montreal, of which, in 1873, he was elected President, a position which, with many others of great public trust, he held until the day of his death.

THE LION'S BRIDE.

This is a grand picture. It represents a fantastic conceit of the well-known German poet, Chamisso. The girl was the beautiful daughter of a lion-keeper. From her youth she had been used to enter into the cage of the king of animals, and to play with him as child with child.

"Treue gespielen wie kind und kind."

And he loved her as a pet. One day she went to him, crowned with myrtle and arrayed as a bride to fondle his shaggy mane for the last time and bid him farewell. He stretched himself lovingly at her feet to listen to her story, but there was that in his eye which perplexed the maiden, and it seemed to her that, for once, he did not understand her.

"Verstehst du nicht ganz? Schaust grimmig dazu; Ich bin ja gefasst, sei ruhig auch du. Dort seh' ich ihn kommen, dem folgen ich muss, So geb' ich denn, Freund, dir den letzten kuss."

She saw her bridegroom coming and gave the lion a last kiss, when the beast, rousing himself into a storm of jealousy, laid her low at his feet. The picture of the maid in our engraving is a fine study, stretched out prone in death, with dishevelled hair, scattered flowers, and disordered white dress. As soon as he had done the deed, the great brute seemed to understand the extent of the mischief which he had achieved, and it is at this moment that the artist has represented him. The fallen face, the tossed mane, and especially the glazed glaring eye of pain are wonderfully reproduced.

"Und wie er vergossen das theure Blut, Er legt sich zur Leiche mit finsternem Muth, Er liegt so versunken in Trauer und Schmerz, Bis tödtlich die Kugel ihn trifft in das Herz."

The lion lay there over his victim until the ball of the bridegroom's rifle went through his heart, and he fell at the maiden's side.

HOW JONES SHAVED HIMSELF.

In view of the hard times Jones determined to shave himself. His income had been reduced and he had got tired of waiting for his turn, of being pestered to purchase toilet articles, of the persistent and unnecessary brushing by the barber's boy, and the steady evaporation of his small change. So Jones invested in the requisite apparatus, and upon bringing them home remarked triumphantly to Mrs. Jones that he was glad to try economy. On Sunday morning Jones commenced operations, and it was not long before a large part of the household was enlisted in his service. Mrs. Jones must find him a cup for soap, Miss Jones must hunt up some shaving-paper, Master Jones must find a hook for his strop, and the servant some sweet oil for the same. Of course Jones had a new razor, and new razors proverbially need to be sharpened, and Jones undertook to sharpen it. First he tried the oil stone, and rubbed away until he had used up a large part of the blade and left a feather edge as rough as the burr on a file. Then came the stropping process, and Jones rubbed diligently half an hour alternately on Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, at the end of which time his blade seemed to be about where he started, and he mentally wondered how the barbers managed to do it so quickly. He had seen them slash away with a razor and bring it to a keen edge in a few vigorous strokes. He had vainly been endeavoring to do the thing with precision and deliberation. But it was no go. All sorts of reasons occurred to him. Perhaps he had a bad razor; perhaps the strop was bad; perhaps he had too much oil or not enough—in short all sorts of reasons but the right one, which was that Jones knew no more about sharpening a razor than a cat. But Mrs. Jones was looking on, and Jones did not dare admit that he couldn't do it. So he finally said, "There!" with a triumphant air, as if he had finally got it all right. Jones said "there" and squared himself for action. His beard was stiff and stubborn, and if the razor had been at all sharp he could have cut it easily. But the razor wasn't sharp and slid over the stubble like a sled over the snow. Mrs. Jones tittered, and Jones resolved to brave it out. So he seized the strop

and made a desperate lunge—as the barbers do—intending to get an edge with one fell swoop, but his first stroke cut the leather a fearful gash, the second slashed the strop in two, and the third closed the razor over his hand exposing an amount of red meat that made Mrs. Jones scream. "Oh, that's nothing," said Jones, "only a scratch," and he tied up his hand with a towel. "Just a little slip, my dear;" and Jones again seized the razor, lathered his eyes, nose, and ears full of soap and started to mow down his crop. This time he managed to cut a little hair off, but it came hard and brought the tears to his eyes. It was like tearing the hair up by the roots. But Jones, nothing daunted, kept on bravely. He took it at different angles; he supplied frequent lather. He scraped and scraped until the cuticle had been excoriated to the consistency of raw beefsteak. "There, my dear," he said to Mrs. J., "feel how smooth that is" and he tried to delude Mrs. J. into rubbing the right way. But Mrs. J., with glaring and reckless obstinacy, persisted in rubbing the wrong way, and said she didn't think it was very smooth. Then Jones grew desperate, but said that perhaps there were a few hairs not quite as short as they should be. So he went at it again. This time he was savage, and in a short time he made his face look as if some young doctors had been trying to dissect him. The point of the razor caught in his nose, the heel in his ear, and the centre laid open his cheek with a ghastly seam that brought his shaving to an untimely end. Jones has never shaved since. But all the materials were utilized. The soap for washing, the cup for the baby, the strop to thrash the boy with, and the razors have been a perpetual delight whenever Mrs. Jones wants to cut her graniums.

ROYAL ALBERT BRIDGE.

Our views of the Royal Albert Bridge in our last issue have attracted wide attention. We supplement them to-day by a number of other drawings giving full details of many interesting points connected with this great undertaking. For the description we refer our readers to the elaborate paper published in our last number. The views we present are from drawings by Mr. E. Berryman, C. E., after the sketches of Mr. Charles Legge. Mr. Berryman has also made several valuable suggestions which have been accepted by Mr. Legge in the preparation of the work.

THANKS "FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE HEART."

WELLINGTON, Lorain Co. O., Aug. 24, 1874.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

DEAR SIR,—Your medicines, Golden Medical Discovery, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, have proved of the greatest service to me. Six months ago no one thought that I could possibly live long. I had a complication of diseases,—scrofula, manifesting itself in eruptions and great blotches on my head that made such sores that I could not have my hair combed without causing me much suffering; also causing swollen glands, tonsils enlarged or "thick neck," and large and numerous boils. I also suffered from a terrible Chronic Catarrh, and in fact I was so diseased that life was a burden to me. I had tried many doctors with no benefit. I finally procured one-half dozen bottles of your Golden Medical Discovery and one dozen Sage's Catarrh Remedy and commenced their use. At first I was badly discouraged, but after taking four bottles of the Discovery I began to improve, and when I had taken the remaining I was well. In addition to the use of Discovery I applied a solution of Iodine to the Goitre or thick neck, as you advise in pamphlet wrapping, and it entirely disappeared. Your Discovery is certainly the most wonderful blood medicine ever invented. I thank God and you, from the depths of my heart, for the great good it has done me.

Very gratefully,

MRS. L. CHAFEE.

Most medicines which are advertised as blood purifiers and liver medicines contain either mercury in some form, or potassium and iodine variously combined. All of these agents have strong tendency to break down the blood corpuscles, and debilitate and otherwise permanently injure the human system, and should therefore be discarded. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, on the other hand, being composed of the fluid extracts of native plants, barks and roots, will in no case produce injury, its effects being strengthening and curative only. Sarsaparilla, which used to enjoy quite a reputation as a blood purifier, is a remedy of thirty years ago, and may well give place, as it is doing, to the more positive and valuable vegetable alteratives which later medical investigation and discovery has brought to light. In Scrofula or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Goitre, Scrofulous Inflammations, Indolent Inflammation, Mercurial affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin and Sore Eyes, as in all other blood diseases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has shown its great remedial powers, curing the most obstinate and intractable cases. Sold by all dealers in medicine.