I was called from life to a position created by Congress expressly for me, for supposed services rendered to the republic. The position vacated, I thought it would have been most agreeable to retain it until such time as Congress consented to my retirement with the rank and a portion of the emoluments—much needed—to a home where the balance of my days might be spent in the peace and enjoyment of domestic quiet, relieved from the cares which have oppressed me so constantly now for fourteen years. But I was made to believe that the public good called me to make the sacrifice of accepting office for the second term, the nomination being tendered me by the unanimous vote of the delegates of all States and Territories, selected by Republicans of each to represent their whole number for the purpose of making their nomination. I cannot say I was not pleased at this, and at the overwhelming endorsement which the action received at the election following, but it must be remembered that all the sacrifices except that of comfort, had been made in accepting the first term. Then, too, such a fire of personal abuse and slander has been kept up for four years, notwithstanding the conscientious performance of my duties to the best of my understanding—though I admit, in the light of subsequent events, many times subject to fair criticism—that an endorsement from the people, who alone govern the Republic, was a gratification that it is only human to have appreciated and enjoyed. Now for the third term, I do not want it more than I did the first. I would not write nor utter a word to change the will of the people in its expression, and having their choice, the question of the number of terms allowed to one executive can only come up fairly in the shape of a proposition to amend the Constitution, as the shape in which all political parties can participate, fixing the length of time or number of terms which any one person shall be eligible for the office of President if such an amendment is adopted. The people cannot be restricted in their choice by a resolution further than they are now restricted as to age, nativity, &c. It may happen in the future history of the country that to change an executive because he has been eight years in office will prove unfortunate if not disastrous. The idea that any man could elect himself President, or even re-nominate himself is preposterous. It is a reflection upon the intelligence and patriotism of the people to suppose such a thing possible. Any man can destroy his chances for office, but no one can force an election or even nomination. To recapitulate, I am not, nor have I ever been candidate for renomination. I would not accept renomination if it were tendered, unless it should come under such circumstances as to make it an imperative duty—circumstances not likely to arise. I congratulate the convention on the harmony which prevailed, and the excellent ticket put in the field, and which I hope may be triumphantly elected.

Vicomte de Maux, Minister of Agriculture, has asked for a credit of 600,000 francs to defray the expenses of the French Commission to the American Centennial at Philadelphia. General de Cissey, Minister of War, asks for credit of 51,000,000 francs to continue work on the fortifications and for the supply of war material.

The ships "Alert" and "Discovery," of the Arctic expedition, have sailed for Portsmouth. Thousands of people witnessed their departure. There was great cheering, and much enthusiasm was manifested. The Queen sent a telegraphic despatch wishing success to the expedition.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Opera Bouffe should be treated fairly. If it is indecent, there is no excuse for it. But if it is merely absurd, this very folly may have its uses. Laughter is a good thing. After a day's work, a tired man may fitly go to the opera and amuse himself with the pleasantries of comic music. But the higher grades of the species of opera have other qualities than sheer buffoonery. They have a distinct purpose of satire, political or social, and they may render essential service. The Soldene Company which was with us last week is about the best interpreter of Opera Bouffe ever heard in Montreal, and barring certain faults of taste and execution, deserved the patronage which it received. Three works of Offenbach were rendered, with the "Fille de Madame Angot," of Lecocq, and the "Chilperic," of Hervé. There is no need to say a word about the music of these popular operas. Miss Soldene is past her prime, but still retains high claims to popular appreciation. As an actress, she is very excellent, and as a vocalist quite commendable. All the stage appointments were in thorough keeping, and the result was the appreciation of large and fashionable audiences.

FEMALE AUTHORS.

A London correspondent of the Baltimore *Bulletin* writes as follows of women authors: "Ouida" (Miss de la Ramée) is certainly one of the most powerful, picturesque, and pathetic *masters* of fiction among lady writers. Who she is and what she is are mysteries. That she is not old and that she is good looking are facts. Her looks she prizes more than her talent of writing. A gentleman got an introduction to her at a ball, and asked her to dance. "Did you wish to know me because I am good looking, or because I write?" she asked. "Because you write," said the gentleman, who thereby showed little knowledge of female character. "Then I decline to dance with you," said she, and sailed off. She has lived for long at Florence. Miss Broughton is nice looking. Gentlemen, as a rule, do not like her; they disapprove of her sentiments. She is of good birth and good social position. She was a niece of the late Sheridan Lefanu, author of "Uncle Silas" and other powerful novels. Mr. Lefanu's mother was a Sheridan. A rich vein of genius ran through that family. Lady Dufferin wrote some exquisite poems. She was a granddaughter of the famous Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and her son, the present Lord Dufferin, Governor of Canada, has made a wide reputation by his pen. Mrs. Riddell, author of "George Geith," is another popular writer of fiction. She has always a complicated plot, and if readable is often dry. Miss Young, who writes "so sweetly" for young ladies, is a maiden lady of a certain age. She made her reputation by her "Heir of Redclyffe," and has written nothing since to displace that corner-stone. Mrs. Craik (Miss Muloch) will always be read. Her English is excellent, and her conceptions are always noble albeit she twaddles not a little. She lived for a few years on the banks of the Clyde, in a cottage not far from Wemyss Bay. Her father was a powerful writer, a journalist and critic. He was imprisoned for contempt of court at one time. It is understood that Miss Muloch was a good and generous daughter to a very trying relative. After his death she met her husband, then an accountant's clerk in Glasgow, and son of a Presbyterian D. D. In a railway accident Mr. Craik received severe injury, and his leg was amputated. Miss Muloch nursed him through his illness, and then they married, notwithstanding that the lady had the advantage of twelve years longer acquaintance with this sphere. The pair have no children, but adopted a few years ago a little waif. Speaking of Miss Muloch's late wifehood, her earlier days are credited with a tragical romance, or a romantic tragedy, whichever you choose. It is said that she was engaged to an officer, whose regiment was in the Crimean war; that he returned home scatheless; that she hurried down to greet him on the arrival of the steamer; that on sight of her he tried to leap from the boat to the quay, but leaping short, fell between the stone wall of the landing stage and the steamer, and was crushed to death before her eyes. If this be true, no wonder that she was white before her time, and no wonder that she chose for her bridal attire silver gray, a modest bonnet, and simple veil.

FARMER BOYS.

A great many boys mistake their calling, but all such are not fortunate enough to find it out in as good season as did this one. It is said that Rufus Choate, the great lawyer, was once in New Hampshire, making a plea, when a boy, the son of a farmer, resolved to leave the plow, and become a lawyer like Rufus Choate. He accordingly went to Boston, called on Mr. Choate, and said to him: "I heard you plead in our town, and I have a desire to become a lawyer like you. Will you teach me how?" "As well as I can," said the great lawyer. "Come and sit down." Taking down a copy of Blackstone, he said: "Read this until I come back, and I will see how you get on." The boy began. An hour passed. His back ached, his head ached, his legs ached. He knew not how to study. Every moment became a torture. He wanted air. Another hour passed, and Mr. Choate came and asked, "How do you get on!" "Get on! Why, do you have to read such stuff as this?"

"Yes." "How much of it?" "All there is on these shelves, and more," looking about the great library. "How long will it take?"

"Well, it has taken me more than twenty-five years." "How much do you get?" My board and clothes." "Is that all?" "Well, that is about all that I have gained as yet." "Then," said the boy, "I will go back to the ploughing. The work is not near as hard, but pays bette."

THE LAST STATION.

A BRAKEMAN'S SHADOWY JOURNEY—THE CALL THAT WAS NOT FINISHED.

He had been sick at one of the hotels for three or four weeks, and the boys on the road had dropped in daily to see how he got along, and to learn if they could render him any kindness. The brakeman was a good fellow, and one and all encouraged him in the hope that he would pull through. The doctor didn't regard the case as dangerous, but the other day the patient began sinking, and it was seen that he could not live the night out. A dozen of his friends sat in the room when night came, but his mind wandered and he did not recognize them.

It was near one of the depots, and after the great trucks and noisy drays had ceased rolling by, the bells and the short, sharp whistles of the yard locomotives sounded painfully loud. The patient had been very quiet for half an hour, when he suddenly unclosed his eyes and shouted:

"Kal-a-ma-zoo!"

One of the men brushed the hair back from the cold forehead, and the brakeman closed his eyes and was quiet for a time. Then the wind whirled around the depot and banged the blinds on the window of his room, and he lifted his hand and cried out:

"Jackson! Passengers going north by the Saginaw road change cars!"

The men understood. The brakeman thought he was coming east on the Michigan Central. The effort seemed to have greatly exhausted him, for he lay like one dead for the next five minutes, and a watcher felt for his pulse to see if life had not gone out. A tug going down the river sounded her whistle loud and long, and the dying brakeman opened his eyes and called out:

"Ann Arbor!"

He had been over the road a thousand times, but had made his last trip. Death had drawn a spectral train over the old track, and he was brakeman, engineer, and conductor.

One of the yard engines uttered a shrill whistle of warning, as if the glare of the headlight had shown to the engineer some stranger in peril, and the brakeman called out:

"Yp-slanty—change cars here for the Eel River road!"

"He's coming in fast," whispered one of the men.

"And the end of his 'run' will be the end of his life," said a second.

The dampness of death began to collect on the patient's forehead, and there was that ghastly look on the face which death always brings. The slamming of a door down the hall startled him again, and he moved his head and faintly called;

"Grand Trunk Junction—passengers going east by the Grand Trunk change cars!"

He was so quiet after that that all the men gathered around the bed, believing that he was dead. His eyes closed, and the brakeman lifted his hand, moved his head and whispered:

"De—"

Not "Detroit," but Death! He died with the half-uttered whisper on his lips. And the headlight on death's engine shone full in his face and covered it with such pallor as naught but death can bring.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

A writer in *Blackwood's* says; The subject of female education has brought out with special force of acclamation the superiority of the present day over the past in the thoroughness of instruction imparted. The slipshod teaching of girls in former days, its miserable pretence and hollowness, is an inexhaustible theme; and, indeed, there is not much to be said for it. Compare the school-books of the past with any paper on teaching addressed to the young women of the present—compare what they are expected to know, the subjects they are to be interested in, the intricacies of grammar and construction, which are to be at their finger-ends, with the ignorance or accidental picking up of knowledge which was once the woman's main chance of acquirement, and our expectations are not unreasonably raised. The pupils of the new school ought to be more companionable than their predecessors; they ought to talk better, more correctly, more elegantly; and, as their subjects of interest become more profound, as science and art open their stores to them, their vocabulary should meet the need at once more accurate, more copious, more felicitous. We put it to our world of readers—is it so? Do our young ladies talk better than their mothers? Do they express their meaning with greater nicety? nay, do they speak better grammar? Moreover, is this an aim? Are they taught to do this by the writers of their own sex, who profess to portray the girlhood of our day? Is it not an understood thing that three or four epithets are to do duty for all the definition the female mind has need of, and that solecisms, which would have shocked the ears of an earlier generation pass unreproved? The present *régime* not only does not teach people to talk, it does not—to judge by appearances—even inspire the wish or prompt the attempt to clothe thought in exact wording. The best education can only help toward clear thinking; but fit words and plenty of them it ought to put at its pupil's command. Do the boasted systems of our day succeed in this? In the most carefully and elaborately trained girl of eighteen we do not look for more than the promise; but we reasonably expect promise. Taste, careful not to offend, we might calculate on, and a sensitiveness easily offended. Newly freed from the seclusion of the school-room, the great interests that agitate the intellect of the world will impress her with awe as well as an eager curiosity, held in check by modest grace—the natural attitude of an intelligent listener; and by the difficulty of finding fitting words to express dawning thought. This is no unreasonable ideal of youthful culture feeling its way. We approach the object of so many cares; she is not listening, but talking with rapidity and dash. What are the words that first greet our ears? Two or three hackneyed epithets, which we had supposed mere school-boy slang, and perhaps a word or a phrase which—so widely separate is the vernacular becoming from our written language—we hesitate to expose to the ordeal of print. What promise for the future is there in this? How is it to develop into the conversation of the gifted woman! She is a good girl, we have reason to believe, and we take it on trust that she knows a vast deal of history, many languages, and some science; but what is the good of it all if she has no adjectives at command but nice, jolly, horrid, awful, disgusting, and tremendous? How can she keep what she has got? how can it fructify?

A TALK WITH BOYS.

A contemporary writes that he has recently been studying the characteristics of men, and has come to the conclusion that, in many cases, their mothers did not do their full duty in "bringing them up," which, he further remarks, "carries me back to the boys." There are so many awkward, lubberly, vulgar, grown-up boors, and so few *real* gentlemen, that it is very fair reasoning to infer that they were not properly cared for when they were young; for a straight twig usually makes a straight tree. He says: A lad dined with me one day; he was twelve or fourteen years old. He had a pug nose, red hair and a freckled face. His coat was patched at the elbows, and his pocket-handkerchief was a cotton one and coarse at that. After he went away, the lady of the house said, "I like to entertain such company as that lad; he has such beautiful manners."

At another time, a woman left her son with me for a day, and I took him with me to dine. His face was very handsome. He had splendid eyes, a fair skin, and was finely dressed. His mother was a rich woman, and her son had every advantage that wealth bestows. When the day was over, a friend remarked, "How very much relieved you must feel!" "Why?" I asked. "Didn't that boy annoy you exceedingly? He has such disagreeable manners. He is only fit to be shut up in a pen with wild animals."

"But that boy's mother was to blame," you exclaim. Certainly, and so are many of yours. and for this very reason boys must take the making of their "palace and fortunes" in their own hands.

One gets tired talking to mothers about their duties, especially when they are more concerned about the spring jackets of their boys than their manners. Then possibly many of them say, as I heard one the other day, "Oh, Johnnie will come out all right! It will be time enough for fine manners ten years hence."

An ill fruiting free may be grafted to bear good fruit, but one can always detect the joining of the stocks. Very much as it is with manners acquired late in life—they have a *stuck on* appearance. But if acquired in youth, taken in when the body, mind and heart are specially alive and open to influences, they became "bred in the bone," and the man never loses their controlling power. They become a part and portion of him, and of such a one we say, "he is a *real* gentleman."

Boys must learn to read and reflect more for themselves. They should take more pride in becoming the architects of their own fortunes. The most successful men of the present day are those who have made themselves such by their own individual efforts.

DOMESTIC.

BAKED MUTTON CHOPS.—Put each chop into a piece of paper with pepper and salt, and seasoning of such herbs as are agreeable. Add a little butter; put each into another piece of paper before baking. When done sufficiently in a quick oven, serve, having the outer paper removed, the first paper being left in order to retain the heat and gravy.

TO PREVENT GREY HAIR.—To check premature greyness the head should be well brushed morning and night, with a brush hard enough to irritate the skin somewhat. The bristles should be far enough to brush *through* the hair, as it were, rather than *over* it. Oil rather than pomade should be used. Common sweet oil, scented with bergamot can be recommended.

CAUTIONS IN VISITING THE SICK.—Do not visit the sick when you are fatigued, or when in a state of perspiration, or with the stomach empty—for in such conditions your are liable to take the infection. When the disease is very contagious, take the side of the patient which is near to the window. Do not enter the room the first thing in the morning before it has been aired; and when you come away take some food, change your clothing immediately and expose the latter to the air for some days.

WHITE STOCK.—Put a knuckle of veal, or two calves' feet, together with an old fowl or a rabbit and a piece of ham about half a pound, all cut up in small pieces, into a saucepan with sufficient water gradually becoming heated, then put in two carrots, a head of celery, two onions, and a bundle of parsley, together with two bay leaves, a sprig of thyme, mace, cloves, pepper and salt to taste, and leave the whole to boil slowly from three to four hours, when it should be strained and freed from fat.

FISH STOCK.—Take a couple of pounds of any kind of fish, such as skate, plaice, flounders, small eels, or the trimmings of soles that have been filleted; pack them into a saucepan with a head of parsley, including the root, a head of celery, two blades of mace, a few cloves, some white pepper and salt to taste, and a bay leaf. Put in as much cold water as will cover the contents of the saucepan, set it to simmer gently for a couple of hours; then strain off the liquour, and it is ready.