

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

MY LADY WAITS.

BENEATH the splendour of the Southern Sun
A woman waits; dark chestnut is her hair,
And like a clean-cut cameo her face,
By some pale artist wrought and dwelt upon
Till life breathed in the stone; and she is fair,
Like some slim lily in the garden-place.

That in her heart my life should find a place,
That she should wait for me at set of sun,
That she should name me "Love!" a boon more fair
Life cannot give, than I should press the hair
Back from her low white brow, and gaze upon
The love-lit frankness of her pure young face.

If this may be, then I must turn my face
Away from her, and win the right to place
My life at her command, strike heel upon
All that is false, nor must to-day's spent sun
Know me untrue. I may not touch her hair
Unless I be as true as she is fair.

She hath not spoken aught, or cold or fair,
Nor have I asked. I have but read her face,
And watched the sunlight glinting on her hair,
And loved her. If for me there be a place
In her pure heart, I know not. Now the sun
May kiss what I would lay my hand upon.

I know not what may be, but thus upon
My heart is put a pledge for purpose fair,
Whatever else may chance. Beneath the sun
Men are but human; so this woman's face
Would keep me strong and pure; then I may place,
As doth the sun, my kiss upon her hair.

And this I know—my lady waits, her hair
Back from her low white brow, a blessing on
Her lips. Against my heart my hand I place
And pray that I be true as she is fair,
So that at last I may look in her face,
Beneath the splendour of the Southern sun.

O heart, all doubts displace—the prize is fair!
That I may kiss her hair, as doth the sun,
Strive bravely on, thy shield her pure young face.
—Charles Washington Coleman, in *November Lippincott's*.

HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.

SAID a brilliant woman of our day: "To be a wife and mother is not the end of my existence; the end is to be a woman. I am only a wife and mother in passing." But even if wifehood and motherhood were the end and aim, the higher the development of the woman the better the wife and mother. Conjugal affection, maternal instinct, are none the less powerful when under the control of enlightened intelligence. Indeed the highest ideal of devotion is consistent with the highest conditions of culture, and she who knows most of what man knows is certainly better fitted to be his companion than is she who meets his nature only on the side of his physical comfort. For a woman to know how to look pretty, to dress tastefully, to preside graciously, to make her house charming, and her home delightful to all who feel its social atmosphere, for her to be interested in her church and her charities, to like good books, to appreciate good music—all this is involved in the highest, if not in the so-called "higher" education. We mean that all this keeps in exercise and consequent development the highest part of her nature. But to know how to look pretty does not demand that a woman should know nothing else, and many a woman graduate has discovered and is ready to testify that in all things that enter into the glory of the true home life she is able to do better and to be more because of that widening of judgment and development of mental powers that came as the result of college work.—Mary Lowe Dickinson, in *Harper's Bazar*.

MOZART'S MUSIC IS DIVINE.

HERE is an interesting story, which does not occur in Louis Engel's most charming book of anecdotes and reminiscences of musicians, but which in points of interest and of prettiness is of a piece with the narratives contained therein. When Ludwig von Beethoven first visited the Austrian court he was sixteen years of age. Well provided with letters of introduction to the Emperor Joseph, he proceeded alone to the palace, determined to play his way into the affections of the monarch. Admitted to the palace he was met in an antechamber by a very civil gentleman, who told him that the Emperor could not well receive him then, but would be glad to have him present himself that evening for an audience in the Augarten. Attracted by the quiet and friendly demeanour of this person, young Beethoven engaged in conversation with him, and presently discovered that he was the Emperor's barber, a discovery arising from the stranger's casual admission that he "shaved the Emperor every morning."

"Tell me," demanded the youth, "is he indulgent or severe?"

"That depends," answered the barber: "when it comes to music matters he is strict enough."

"Yes, I know what that means," said Beethoven, sneeringly: "he plays the piano a little, and strums away on the violoncello, and composes sonatas; but, between

you and me, these big people don't carry their music studies very far, after all."

This honest expression of opinion seemed to amuse the barber mightily; he simply roared with laughter.

That evening, at the appointed hour, Beethoven came to the Augarten and was shown into the music-room, where the Emperor and a friend were seated in conversation. Intense was the young musician's horror to learn that the supposed barber and the Emperor were one. But the Emperor took the joke with such amazing good humour that Beethoven, for his part, was willing to forgive and forget. He seated himself at the piano and at the Emperor's request improvised on the theme from Mozart's "Zarastro." This he did so remarkably that his auditors were delighted. The Emperor's companion could not restrain his joy; running across the room he threw his arms about the youth, crying: "Such taste! Such skill! The youth who can so interpret the thought of another composer will one day be a great master in the art himself!"

"Ah, but the air itself is so beautiful," said Beethoven, and then he added: "Mozart's music is divine!"

"My lad," cried the Emperor, beaming with delight, "do you know whom you are talking to? It is Mozart himself to whom you have been playing and whose lips have just predicted the great future that lies before you!"—*Musical Courier*.

CLAY AND JACKSON.

ON one occasion he (Henry Clay) said to me: "Mr. Healy, you are a capital portrait-painter, and you are the first that has ever done justice to my mouth, and it is well pleased to express its gratitude." Clay's mouth was a very peculiar one—thin-lipped and extending almost from ear to ear. "But," he added, "you are an indifferent courtier; though you come to us from the French King's presence, you have not once spoken to me of my livestock. Don't you know that I am prouder of my cows and sheep than of my best speeches?"

I confessed my want of knowledge on the subject, but I willingly accompanied him around the grounds and admired the superb creatures, saying they would do very well in a picture. I fear that that was not the sort of appreciation he expected, and that I sank very low in his esteem from that moment.

But on another occasion I proved a worse courtier still. His jealousy of Jackson is well known, and the two men formed a very striking contrast. During a long sitting he spoke of his old rival, and, knowing that I had just painted the dying man's portrait, he said:—

"You, who have lived so long abroad, far from our political contests and quarrels, ought to be an impartial judge. Jackson, during his lifetime, was held up as a sort of hero; now that he is dead his admirers want to make him out a saint. Do you think he was sincere?"

"I have just come from his death-bed," I answered, "and if General Jackson was not sincere, then I do not know the meaning of the word."

I shall never forget the keen look shot at me from under Mr. Clay's eyebrows; but he merely observed:—

"I see that you, like all who approach that man, were fascinated by him."—G. P. A. Healy, in *North American Review* for November.

A BLOOD-TINGLING AMBUSCADE.

THE rocky walls of the cañon resounded with the crash of a score of firearms. The driver, with a convulsive gasp, toppled forward out of his seat, his hand still clinching the reins. One of the troopers clapped his hand to his forehead, his reins falling useless upon his horse's neck, and reeled in the saddle as his charger whirled about and rushed, snorting with fright, down the narrow road. At the instant of the firing the sound of a dozen "spats" told where the leaden missiles had torn through the stiff canvas cover of the ambulance; and Sherrick, with blanched face, leaped from the riddled vehicle and plunged heavily forward upon his hands and knees. Two of the troopers sprang from their saddles, and, crouching behind a boulder across the road, opened fire up the opposite hillside. The sergeant and his comrade, bending low over their horses' necks, came thundering back down the cañon, just in time to see the mules whirl about so suddenly as to throw the ambulance on its side. The iron safe was hurled into the shallow ditch; the waggon bed dragged across the prostrate form of the paymaster, rolling him over and over half a dozen times, and then, with a wreck of canvas, splinters, chains and traces clattering at their heels, the four mules went rattling away down the gorge.—Captain Charles King, in *Outing* for November.

MEDICAL TRAINING AND THE LANGUAGES.

IN a recent address before one of the largest medical associations in the United States, the speaker argued that the medical student's work should begin with his academic life; that the selection of a career in medicine being determined upon, attention should be given to the cultivation of the mind in the study of Latin, Greek, German, French, physics, etc., to the exclusion of the higher mathematics. Every one admits that a knowledge of Latin is essential to intelligent medical training, and when one is reminded that practically one-half the words in Dunglison's "Medical Dictionary" are of Greek origin, it is not difficult to become convinced that this *dead* language is equally essential. As

far as medicine is concerned, nothing can be more deplorable than the decline of Greek in the classical curriculum. In Hungary, according to a recent letter in the *New York Times*, it has been abolished, while in Italy it is treated as an optional aid to philology. The importance of German and French may be appreciated when it is estimated that about one-half of current medical literature appears in these languages.—*Harper's Weekly*.

CARLYLE IN CONVERSATION.

CARLYLE was wonderful in conversation, fascinating beyond any other person I have ever known. I think I may safely say that I spent more time with him than any other American. I saw him very frequently during each of my first three visits to England and he talked volumes to me. A close friendship grew up between us, which I have no doubt was as sincere on his part as on mine. I last saw him in 1877. He was drawing near the end of a long life, and was old and feeble. His right hand was crippled by pen paralysis, and he had learned to write with his left, but that, too, was failing. He read with his book supported on an iron frame, turning the leaves with a paper-knife. But his mental vigour was unimpaired and his faculties seemed all the brighter in his feeble body. I well remember during one of our conversations at that time mention was made of *Toussaint l'Ouverture*. I told him I was not familiar with the history of that man and asked him to give me an account of him. I used to get him started in that way. For an hour and a-half he talked telling me the story of *l'Ouverture's* strange and eventful life in the purest diction and a style as brilliant as any essay he ever wrote. It was a complete biographical sketch and analysis of character, with dates and citations from authorities—a recital from the lips of a man nearly eighty years of age, which to me was amazing. If a stenographer had taken down his words they might have gone to the press almost without correction and made as striking a piece of literary work as ever emanated from pen. His great power of memory was shown when I asked him how long since he had read *l'Ouverture*. "I do not think I have read anything on that subject in forty years," he said.—Dr. W. H. Milburn, *Chaplain of Congress*.

THE POACHER, OLD AND NEW.

THE modern poacher is a game stealer and nothing more. The old poacher was a forester in the truest sense of the word. The habits of birds and animals were his study, and the capture of these birds and animals he made almost a science. Indeed so valuable a man was he often from his possession of such knowledge that he was sought after and bribed into peace by landowners and farmers, whom he could help in a variety of ways unknown to the ordinary gamekeeper. The modern poacher, whose days are passed at the loom or in the machine-room, is a mere bungling game catcher, knowing nothing about the habits of birds or animals, bringing no science to bear upon his *modus operandi*, killing anything he can get, and, therefore, a most exasperating person, simply from the wantonness and ignorance of his proceedings. But the genuine poacher has the true love of a sportsman for his craft, and the hours of his days are either actually spent in the service of the very men he will rob after nightfall, unless matters have been "arranged," or in the study of his calling. For instance, he gets the feathers of the shy and wary dotterel for gentlemen who use them in the manufacture of angling flies. He traps hedgehogs in his steel traps baited with eggs, for the hedgehog is the arch-enemy of the game-preserver, as its weakness is for pheasant's eggs. He catches moles, not only for the sake of their skins, but because their teeth play havoc with the farmer's young larches, and their burrows undermine the banks of his streams. He catches rats for the young squires to try their terriers on, and at the same time saves the farmer many a hayrick.

SOME HIGHWAYS AND BYE-WAYS.

OUR ancestors of one or two thousand years ago were a pastoral people; they were in a measure nomadic, for almost anywhere they choose they could set up their household gods and make for themselves an abiding-place. From them has descended to us that love of nature which all of us entertain in a greater or less degree, that leads us to the woods and fields whenever we grant ourselves a holiday, and which makes us feel that though by the stress of circumstances we are compelled to live in cities, cities can never be our home. Even in death it is our dream to be laid away where the trees will whisper over us, the grass spring green about us and the birds sing their songs. And as the dying strain their eyes to catch a last glimpse, not of brick and stone or anything that man has made, but of the eternal sky, the clouds, and the woods and fields, if happily they are within the scope of their vision, so in these late autumn days we feel an unwonted longing to leave the city behind us, to plunge into the solitude of the woods, to walk among the crisp leaves, to listen to the smothered murmur of the brooks or the yet more plaintive murmur of the sea.—*St. John Gazette*.

LAUGH not too much; the witty man laughs least, for it is news only to ignorance.—George Herbert.

THE beings who appear cold, but are only timid, adore when they dare to love.—*Mme. Swetchine*.

A NIGHT candle with medicinal properties is now made which purifies the bed-room air as the candle is consumed.