

MY CIGAR.

In spite of my physician, who is, *entre nous*, a foggy,
And for every little pleasure has some pathologic boggy,
Who will bear with no small vices, and, if I obeyed his fiat,
Would make my life a burden with a milk-and-mealy diet ;

In spite of dire forewarnings that my brains will all be scattered,
My memory extinguished, and my nervous system shattered,
That my hand will take to trembling and my heart begin to flutter,
My digestion turn a rebel to my very bread and butter ;

As I puff this mild Havana, and its ashes slowly lengthen,
I feel my courage gather and my resolution strengthen :
I will smoke, and I will praise you, my cigar, in calm defiance
Of the libellous aspersions of tobacco-phobic science !

Let him who has a mistress to her eyebrow write a sonnet,
Let the lover of the lily pen a languid ode upon it ;
In such sentimental subjects I'm a Philistine and cynic,
And prefer the inspiration drawn from sources nicotinic.

So I sing of you, dear product of (I trust you are) Havana,
And if my verses laud you in a sadly halting manner,
It is that I am shy about the muses' aid invoking,
As, like other ancient maidens, they perchance object to smoking.

I have learnt with you the wisdom of contemplative quiescence,
While the world is in a ferment of unmeaning effervescence,
That its jar and rush and riot bring no good one-half so sterling
As your fleecy clouds of fragrance that are now about me curling.

So, let stocks go up or downward, and let politicians wrangle,
Let the parsons and philosophers grope in a wordy tangle,
Let those who want them scramble for their dignities or dollars,
Be millionaires or magnates, or aldermen or scholars.

I will puff my mild Havana, and I quietly will query,
Whether, when the strife is over, and the combatants are weary,
Their gains will be more brilliant than its faint expiring flashes,
Or more solid than this painful of its dead and sober ashes ?

ARTHUR W. GUNDRY.

THE PALACE OF THE PRINCE BISHOPS OF WÜRZBURG.

BEFORE leaving Würzburg I visited the Palace, formerly the residence of the Prince-Bishops, and also several churches. The Palace, *die Residenz*, is immense, and seems the more so when one reflects that it was destined to ornament the chief town of a small bishopric. Built between the years 1720 and 1744, after the plan of the palace of Versailles, it is very nearly as large. There is not such another staircase to be found anywhere. This, and the hall which precedes it, occupy the entire width of the building and a third of its length, and the effect is really of imperial magnificence. The trains of crowds of cassocked prelates and fine ladies could sweep here with ease. The cut stone balustrades are ornamented with statues. There is a suit of 350 reception-rooms—all for show, none for use. A certain number of these were decorated at the time of the French Empire. How mean the paintings on the ceilings, the pseudo-classic walls, and the mahogany furniture with brass ornaments, appear when compared to the apartments completed at the beginning of the eighteenth century, where the "chicorée" ornamentation exhibits all its seductions. I have never seen, all over Europe, anything in this style so perfect or better preserved. The curtains are in material of the period, and the chairs, sofas, and arm-chairs are covered to match. Each room is of a dominant colour. There is a green one with metallic shades, like the wings of a Brazilian beetle. The *broché* silk on the furniture is to correspond. The effect is magical. In another, splendid Gobelin tapestry, after Lebrun, represents the triumph and clemency of Alexander. Another, again, is all mirrors, even to the door-panels, but groups of flowers in oil painting on the glass temper the excessive brilliancy. The stoves are really marvels of inventive genius and good taste, all in white and gold Saxony china. The blacksmith's art never produced anything finer than the immense wrought-iron gates which enclose the pleasure-grounds, with their terraces, lawns, grass-plots, fountains, and rustic retreats. This princely residence, which has been almost invariably vacant since the suppression of episcopal sovereignty, has remained perfectly intact. It has been deteriorated neither by popular insurrections nor by changes in taste. What finished models of the style of the Regency architects and furniture makers could find here to copy from ! The contemplation of all these grandeurs suggests two questions to my mind. Where did these Sovereigns of tiny states find the money to furnish themselves with splendours and luxuries which Louis XIV. might have envied ? My colleague, George Schanz, Professor of Political Economy at the University of Würzburg, informs me that those bishops had scarcely any troops to maintain. "Make," he says, "builders, joiners, upholsterers, and carpenters of all our soldiers all over the land at the present day, and Germany might soon be covered with such palaces." Second question : How could these bishops, disciples of Him "who had not where to lay His head," spend the money raised by taxation of the poor on pomps and luxury worthy of a Darius or a Heliogabalus ? Had they not read the Gospel condemnation of Dives, and the commentaries of the Church's Fathers ? Was the Christian doctrine of humility and of charity, even voluntary poverty, only understood in monasteries and convents ? Those grandeurs of

the Church must have been completely blinded by the mistaken sophism which leads to the belief that extravagance and waste benefits the working man, the real producer. This unfortunate error is only too harmful at the present day.—*Contemporary Review*.

A NEW GAME FOR CHILDREN.

WE mention this game, says *Little Folks*—which we believe has never appeared in print—because not only many may take part, but like really good games, amusement and perhaps some instruction are derived in playing it ; and any number may play at the same time. Let us suppose that ten children decide to play this game of "Names." Each player is provided with a long slip of paper and a pencil, and if one of the players has a watch so much the better : if not, a clock must be used. One commences by calling out : "Girls' names commencing with A ; two minutes allowed." Each player then writes down all the girls' names that he (or she) can recollect, and at the expiration of the two minutes "time" is called. Then the oldest player reads from his (or her) slip all the names he or she has written down—say, Amy, Amabel, Alice, Ann, Annie, Amanda, Aileen, etc. All the other players, as the names are read out, cancel any name read out. If for instance, all have written Amy, all cancel Amy, and count one mark. Say six players have Amabel and four have not, each of the six count one mark ; those who have not thought and written down Amabel get nothing for Amabel, and so on through the list. The object of the game is to teach the children all girls' and boys' names. When the marks have been allotted for all the names, the total of marks are read out and noted on each slip. The players then proceed in a similar manner for all boys' names commencing with A, such as Alfred, Abel, Adam, Andrew, Arthur, etc. The game can be continued till all the letters of the alphabet are exhausted, but practically young players rarely care to "do" more than thirty sets, or fifteen letters consecutively. Various names crop up, and the memory is well exercised, and children generally vote it great fun. Anyone introducing pet or fancy names, such as Pussy, Kit, Teddy, etc., forfeits two marks, unless it be arranged that they be allowed.

BLUE STOCKINGS.

It will probably surprise those not already aware of the fact to learn that the first person to whom the opprobrious epithet at the head of this paper was applied was a man. He earned the title, not by a studious life, nor by the stores of knowledge he professed, but simply by his partiality for hose of this celestial hue. The story, as usually told, is thus : In the year 1774 this gentleman was a constant attendant at the receptions given by Mrs. Montague, and invariably wore blue stockings, which the quaint dress of the time displayed to advantage, and which won for him in time the soubriquet of "Blue Stockings." By degrees the other frequenters of Mrs. Montague's receptions began to be associated with him in the title, and the "Blue-Stocking Club," as it was called, became widely known as the haunt of all the wit and learning of the day. Had Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet known that by his fatal fondness for blue stockings he was founding a term of reproach for inoffensive students in ages to come, and that accomplished women—the very race whose society he so much appreciated—would be the objects of the nick-name, he would undoubtedly have stifled his craving after that ill-fated colour, and worn hose of pink, green, or yellow ; he would have encased his nether limbs in parti-coloured garments ; nay, his generous nature would no doubt have cheerfully have consented to go without any hose at all, rather than work the fell deed of which he was unconsciously guilty.—*The Queen*.

NO DOUBT a confederated British Empire would be a very imposing political fabric. But how is this enormous mass to be welded together into one body ? Will the Empire not be a Nebuchadnezzar's statue, with head of gold and feet of clay ? Will it not be a mere dispersion of authority rather than an aggregation of strength ?—*Hamilton Spectator*.

TO get rid of the uncomfortable sensations which an extravagant government has produced, as well as an unnatural political alliance, Bluenose should cast about for some new government. The Maritime Provinces could form a league of their own, and let the original Kanuk get out with his wheat through Hudson's Bay or turn to trapping.—*Halifax, N. S., Chronicle*.

IF there be any one thing more needed than another in American politics at this moment, it is the demonstration by actual experiment that there are two parties in the country, each capable of administering the Government, without help, in a safe, dignified, and orderly manner. If Mr. Cleveland wishes to make this demonstration, he will do it by and with Democrats.—*Nation*.

MANY people are forward enough in their desire to put down the sale of beer and other time-honoured beverages, but are strangely indifferent to the proper dealing with preventible diseases ; the pollution of the wells ; the foetid school-house ; the defective drain ; the ill-cooked food ; the neglect of isolation in cases of infectious diseases ; in towns and cities the want of healthy exercise ; injudicious pressure as respects education—these are among the most potent causes of premature death.—*London Free Press*.

WITH Sir John Macdonald, fresh from the reception of additional honours, at the head of a powerful majority, there will be no fear of imperial interests being imperilled. Sir John will be depended on to represent England rather than Canada. As a G. C. B. he could do nothing else. It is therefore quite on the cards that Canada may be called upon, before many months go by, to pay pretty dearly for the distinguished title which has just been conferred on her favourite son.—*Toronto Telegram*.