

TO A DISH.

AN ESTHETE'S RHAPSODY.

Condemnate Dish! Full many an ancient crack
Is scented across the venerable back:
And even through to thine aesthetic face
Cracks run, to land a more enchanting grace:
What matter though the epicure now loses
The juice which through thy gaping fissures oozes
Thrice happy Table cloth! thou knowest not
The too too beauty of yon greasy spot.
To think that with a little vulgar butter,
This High Art Dish can make thee look so utter!

Alas! I rave. Thou art but silent clay,
And cannot speak nor e'en hear what I say.
Yet, oh, I love thee. Toast of all Toasts!
I would not have thee whole, e'en could I choose.
And were it possible thy cracks to cure,
My brain must burst—no more could I endure.
My brain, say I! Fool! Blinded by my passion,
I quite forgot that brains are out of fashion.
What brains can we tolerate ones dead or with?
We live for soul, a feather, and a Diab!

MRS. CHARLES G. MOORE.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

The wonder land is nigh, though undesired,
And worlds shall enter with the early dawn.
One moment, ere night's curtain be withdrawn,
We pause to mark th' advancing luminous tide
Which comes with steady flow: in joy and pride
Its burden bearing from the ages gone.
Already building count'less hopes upon
That land it deems more fair than all beside
Dark voiceless region, dreary, still and cold!
A waiting man's advent upon the shore.
Thou dost not give him sight: he brings to thee
His faith and love go with him evermore—
But yonder is the morn' upon the world
The New Year, smiling, steps from the "To Be!"

(HOWAN LKA)

THE FATE OF A GOVERNMENT CLERK.

The January part of Mrs. Burnett's new serial story, "Through One Administration," now appearing in the Century, contains the following sketch of the dubious tenure of a Government clerk:

Arbuthnot had come in later than usual, and had appeared to be in an unusual mood. He was pale when he entered, and had no jesting speech to make. He took his seat by Bertha, and replied to her remarks with but little of his customary animation, now and then lapsing into silence as if he had forgotten his surroundings. Bertha seemed inclined to let his humor pass without notice, as if it was not exactly a new experience, but Richard commented upon it.

"Something has gone wrong," he said. "What is it, Larry?"

"Nothing has gone wrong," Arbuthnot answered, with a short, cheerless laugh. "I have seen a ghost, that is all."

"A ghost!" said Bertha, in a low voice, and then sat silent, guarding her face from the fire with her favourite peacock-feather screen.

The professor began to stir his tea round and round, which exercise was his customary assistance to reflection or debate. He glanced at the peacock-feather screen, and then at Arbuthnot.

"A ghost is always an interesting scientific conundrum," he observed. "What form did it take?"

Arbuthnot laughed his short, cheerless laugh again.

"I took the form of a sanguine young man from the West," he said, "who has just come into a twelve-hundred-dollar clerkship, and feels that unending vistas of fortune lie before him. He was in such good spirits about it that I rather lost my hold on myself, and said things I might as well have left unsaid."

"What did you say?" Richard asked.

"I told him that if he had money enough left to buy a return ticket home he had better buy one, and that if he had not I would lend it to him. I told him that at his age it wasn't a bad idea for a man to devote his time to establishing himself in some career he could depend on, and that, in default of having the energy to do that, he might reflect on the alternative of blowing his brains out, as a preparation for a peaceful old age. And I told him that I had seen young fellows like himself before, and that the end had been for them what it would be for him."

"Well," said Richard, as he had stopped.

"It won't any use," he answered. "I knew it would not be, when I began. I simply made a spectacle of myself in a quiet way to no purpose, and, as a result, I am uncomfortable. It was all nonsense, but he reminded me—"

"Of what?" said Richard, since he had paused again.

A peculiar expression crossed his face. Tredennis saw him glance at the peacock-feather screen, and as quickly glance away.

"Of a young fellow of his age I used to know," he answered.

"What was his story?" inquired Richard, with his usual desire for information. "Where is he now?"

"Dead," said Arbuthnot, and, singularly enough, he half laughed again as he tossed his cigar into the grate and went to the piano.

He produced a fresh cigar—which luxury was one of many accorded him in the household—lighted it, and, rather to Tredennis's surprise, resumed his conversation as if there had been no pause in it.

"The fellow will be an annoyance to me every day of his life," he said, faint lines showing themselves upon his forehead in spite of the

half-smile which was meant to deprive them of their significance. "I know that, confound him! He is in my room, and I shall have the benefit of every change in him, and it will be a grind—there's no denying that it will be a grind."

"I should like to know," said Tredennis, "what the changes will be."

"The changes will depend upon the kind of fellow he chances to be," said Arbuthnot. "There are two varieties. If there is a good deal in him, he will begin by being hopeful and working hard. He will think that he may make himself of value in his position and create a sort of career for himself. He will do more than is required of him, and neglect nothing. He will keep his eyes open and make friends of the men about him. He will do that for a few months, and then, suddenly, and for no fault whatever, one of these friends will be dropped out. Knowing the man to be as faithful as himself, it will be a shock to him, and he will get anxious, and worry over it. He will see him stranded without resources—struggling to regain his place or get another, treated with amiable intolerance when he is not buffeted, snubbed, and put off. He will see him hanging about, day after day, growing shabbier, more care-worn, more desperate, until he disappears and is heard of no more, and everybody is rather relieved than not. He may have been a family man, with a wife and half a dozen children, all living decently on his salary. Somebody else wanted his place, and got it, not because of superior fitness for it, but because the opposing influence was stronger than his. The new man will go through the same experience when his turn comes—that is all. Well, my friend will see this and be anxious, and ask questions, and find out that his chances are just the same—no more and no less. He will try not to believe it, being young enough to be betrayed into the folly, and he will work harder than ever, and get over his blow a little, until he sees the same thing happen again and again. Then he will begin to lose some of his good spirits; he will be a trifle irritable at times, and lines will show themselves on his face, and he won't be so young. When he writes to the girl he is in love with, —I saw a letter addressed to some young woman out West, lying on his desk to-day,—she will notice a change in him, and the change will reveal itself more in each letter; but he will hang on and grind away, and each election will be a nightmare to him. But he will grind away. And, then, at last—"

He stopped and made a light, rather graceful gesture with his fingers.

"What then?" demanded Tredennis, with manifest impatience.

"There will be a new administration, and if he struggles through, it will be worse for him than if he were dropped, as in that case he throws away another four years of his life and all the chances for a future they might hold if he were free to avail himself of them."

Tredennis stood up, looking very large under the influence of the feeling which disturbed him. Arbuthnot himself was not entirely unimpressed by his quick movement and the energy it expressed.

"You treat the matter coolly," he exclaimed, as he rose.

Arbuthnot turned his attention to his cigar.

"Yes," he replied. "I treat it coolly. If I treated it warmly or hotly, the effect produced would be about the same. My influence upon civil service is just what it might be expected to be—and no more. Its weight is easily carried."

"I beg your pardon," said Tredennis, feeling the justice and adroitness of the speech.

"Not at all," Arbuthnot answered. "It is not necessary. It makes you lose your hold on yourself to be brought face to face with the thing. It is quite natural. It has had the same effect on me, and I am a cold-blooded fellow, and a frivolous fellow into the bargain."

"I have no objection to the matter before," said Tredennis, disturbedly. "I feel as if my indifference is something to be ashamed of."

"If you give your attention as a duty to such subjects," was Arbuthnot's response, "you will be kept actively employed. If you take my advice, you will let them alone."

"The trouble is," said Tredennis, "that every one seems to let them alone."

Richard regarded him, from his place on the sofa-cushions, delightedly.

"Here's an example for you, Larry," he said. "Profit by him. Everything is an object to him—everything is worth while. He is an example to us all. Let us all profit by him."

"Oh, he began right," laughed Arbuthnot.

"He began where you began," returned Richard.

"I" was the airy answer. "I never began at all. That is my little difficulty. I am the other one. I told you there was another one. I represent him."

Tredennis regarded him steadily. For the first time in the course of their acquaintance, he began to suspect him. His manner was too light altogether, and the odd shade that had fallen upon his eyes before during the evening showed itself again.

"Let us hear about the other one," he said.

"He is easily disposed of," was the answer.

There was nothing of him at the outset. He came to his place without an object. He liked the idea of living at Washington, and of spending his salary. We will say he was rather a well-looking young fellow, and could dance and sing a little, and talk decently well. He had no responsibilities, and never thought of the future.

His salary clothed him, and allowed him little luxuries and ordinary pleasures: He spent it when he had it, and made debts when it was gone. Being presentable, he was invited out, and made himself useful and entertaining in a small way. When he thought of the possibilities of his career being brought suddenly to a close, he was uncomfortable, so he preferred not to think of it. It is not a pleasant thing to reflect that a man has about ten years in which to begin life, and that after that he is ending it; but it is true. What he does from twenty to thirty he will be likely to find he must abide by from thirty to seventy, if he lives that long. This man, like the better one, has thrown away the years in which he might have been preparing himself to end decently. When they are gone he has nothing to show for them, and less than nothing. He is the feather upon the current, and when all is over for him, he is whirled out of sight and forgotten with the rest. And, perhaps, if he had felt there was anything to be gained by his being a steady, respectable fellow, he might have settled down into one.

TRIAL BY JURY.

In recording the very noticeable fact that trial by jury does not find a place among the provisions of the new Japanese Code of Penal Procedure, the Japan Weekly Mail expresses an opinion that the omission is justified by the absence of sufficient political education among the middle classes, and adds, "It appears that before the sixteenth century trial by jury in England was nothing more than the ordeal of compurgation. It was in no respect a device for enabling 'men to decide upon the evidence for or against one of their own number accused of an offence committed against themselves.' The gradual process of change by which it became invested with this character is not easy to trace, but it was an ordeal, just like of miraculous intervention or combat, and so far from being regarded as the only true and fair form of trial, history tells us that, at a no more remote period than 1817, the ordeal of battle was claimed as a remedy against the abuse of its rival ordeal, trial by jury. It may be of interest to quote, in this connection, an account of a case recorded in Pitcairn's Criminal Trials. 'In the year 1506, Maxwell of Gribtown, and his followers, were charged with a murderous attack on his relations, with whom he disputed the possession of the family estates. Among other outrages the offenders laid siege to the tower or keep of Newbie, the family seat and stronghold; and altogether the affair was one of those savage feuds in which all the neighbours were deeply embarked on one side or the other, and any such thing as impartial testimony was out of the question. The Privy Council, which frequently acted as a court of justice, endeavored to deal with the case, but were impeded by the total want of testimony, and it was brought into the Court of Justiciary, on the principle that, as that tribunal had the services of a Jury, testimony was unnecessary for its guidance. The Lord Advocate represented that crimes are often committed secretly, and in such a manner that no witnesses can be cognizant of them, and therefore it is that crimes need not be proved by witnesses, but are referred to the knowledge of a sworn assize, whose determination, according as they are persuaded in their conscience, is a sufficient warrant to themselves and a just cause of conviction. The notoriety of the offense was all the material offered for the guidance of the jury; and they were told the singular rule of law that, with this notoriety before them, if they could not conscientiously cleanse or absolve they must of necessity convict, and they did so.' The conclusions we arrive at, therefore, are, that the political education of a nation has much to do with its ability to employ wisely the institution of trial by jury, and that so far from there being anything in our own history to prove the contrary, we ourselves, among whom the germ of such a system may be said to have long existed, failed to appreciate or develop it until the beginning of the sixteenth century. Into Ireland, on the contrary, we imported it its full-grown condition, and the story of its existence there does not certainly encourage any inconsiderate repetition of the experiment elsewhere."

CURIOUSLY HAS OFTEN BEEN EXCITED by the name Thomas' Electric Oil. What does Electric mean? ask the enquirers. In answer, we would say it is a word coined from two Greek derivatives, meaning selected and electric, or rendered electric. The reason for its choice is this: The oils, six in number, which are its constituents are selected with the utmost care for their purity and medicinal value. The article is electrified or rendered electric by contact with and rubbing upon the skin when applied outwardly. The preparation is one, however, which is as reliable for internal as for external use, and since it contains only ingredients conducive to health may be swallowed with perfect confidence that it will produce no other than a beneficial effect. It is used with signal success for rheumatism, throat and lung complaints, neuralgia, piles, stiffness of the joints, scalds, burns, &c., as well as for diseases and injuries of horses and cattle. Sold by all medicine dealers. Prepared by NORTHROP & LYMAN, Toronto, Ont.

A MATCHLESS MEDICINE.—The cooling, cleansing, soothing and healing properties of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry render it the best remedy in the world for all forms of bowel complaints, sickness of the stomach, cramps, cholera morbus and dysentery. Purely vegetable, and always reliable.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

'Twas still the evening glow as by the grave,
That spot revered where cherished clay reclines,
In memory fond her thoughts to prayer she gave,
And bowed submission to the heart repines.

Yet are remembrance and affection dear,
To memory fresh the many virtues rare;
In life so cherished and in death so near,
She views the tomb where lies her younger care.

Where cold the hands that oft in childish play
Evoked the smile, enticed the enraptured kiss;
The blithesome spirit of that yesterday,
Now with the angels in the realms of bliss.

The beautiful face that mirrored off her love
The merry laugh that waked the sleepy more;
That soul so pure has winged its flight above,
Seraphic home!—ere yet to manhood born.

And as she plucks the desecrating weed,
And scatters flowers on that dust so dear,
The fevered brain sad recollections feed,
The pang severe calls forth affection's tear.

M. J. MURPHY.

Quebec, October 29th, 1881.

FOOT NOTES.

ESTRUS: advertisement, Parisian paper of course: A young lady of forty-eight having a moderate income, but possessing a patent for a new invention, wishes to marry a gentleman of sixty five, well versed in chemistry.

A CERTAIN gentleman in Paris, who gives good dinners and writes bad poetry, asked a well-known author about them, saying, "Illustrations critic, do give me frankly your opinion. Was I wrong to write these poems?" "That depends upon circumstances; did you really write them to save your life?"

MEXICAN SALUTATIONS.—As the white males pace sedately down the roughly-paved streets, the ladies keep a hand ready to make the customary signal of greeting from the carriage windows to their friends at the windows and balconies of the street. It is an indescribably fascinating gesture—so swift and subtle, almost like a fleeting expression across the face. It is made by a quick flutter of the second finger, the hand being raised, palm inward, to a level with the eyes. How much its charm is enhanced by the beauty of those dark Southern eyes it half conceals, it would take a very stolid observer to decide. It seemed to me excessively intimate: in Morelia, I believe, it is kept for one's friend only, but in the capital it is the usual greeting at a distance between acquaintances.

GARFIELD'S CHEERFULNESS.—Probably no administration ever opened its existence under brighter auspices than that of President Garfield but it was not long before his great vitality showed visible signs of yielding to the dragging wear of the never-ending demands and importunities for place. Each day brought its exhausting physical fatigue and intellectual weariness—the result of a continual din of selfish talks fairly staggering into the library at the close of a specially exhausting day he said to me: "I cannot endure this much longer; no man, who has passed his prime, can succeed me here, to wrestle with the people as I have done, without its killing him!" Yet through it all he was cheerful. As throughout his life, so, even now, his great heart held its accustomed sway: the playful, almost boyish, humor, illuminating all, leaving behind him the stress of work and the cares of his office, he would often say: "Now the fun is over, let us go to business! referring to some proposed recreation.

A SINGULAR sort of saint died at Franckfort lunatic asylum last week. His name was Johannes Kutt; he was formerly Court gardener to the Duke of Nassau, and created on to a sensation some twenty years ago as the founder of a new religious sect, which he called "The Children of God." Bornheim was the principal seat of the sect, whose tenets strongly resemble the teachings of modern Communism. In 1863 Kutt, in company of some of his "disciples," made his appearance at the house of Pastor Gollhard in Bornheim, and asked to have the Lord's Supper administered to them, and then and there destroyed the chalice. After leaving the church he and his followers formed a procession, in which they carried glass collars containing the "ten commandments." When these singular fanatics attempted to bury the collars in the tomb of one of their female believers the police interfered, and Saint Kutt, bodily apprehended by his queen of four feet in length, was ignominiously taken to the Franckfort lunatic asylum, where he remained during eighteen years. The sect founded by him exists no longer.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MASSENET'S accident at the Brussels Theatre has given some anxiety to his friends. The next performance of his "Herodiade" is an event of interest both in Paris and Brussels.

A NEW play on a Russian subject, entitled "Vera; or, The Nihilists," by Mr. Oscar Wilde, has been performed at the Adelphi London.

IT NEVER FAILS.—Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is an unfailing remedy for all kinds of bowel complaint.

GRANDMOTHER used to say, "Boys, if your blood is out of order try Burdock tea," and they had to dig the Burdock and boil it down in kettles, making a nasty smelling decoction; now you get all the curative properties put up in a palatable form in Burdock Blood Bitters. Price \$1.00, trial size 10 cents.