

BALLAD.

Why is it so with me, false Love,
Why is it so with me?
Mine enemies might thus have dealt;
I fear'd it not of thee.

Thou wast the thought of all my thoughts,
Nor other hope had I:
My life was laid upon thy love;
Then how could'st let me die?

The flower is loyal to the bud,
The greenwood to the spring,
The soldier to his banner bright,
The noble to his king;

The bee is constant to the hive,
The ringdove to the tree,
The martin to the cottage-eaves;
Thou only not to me.

Yet if again, false Love, thy feet
To tread the pathway burn
That once they trod so well and oft,
Return, false Love, return;

And stand beside thy maiden's bier,
And thou wilt surely see,
That I have been as true to love
As thou wert false to me.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

FOR EVERYBODY.

The "Times" Sold.

Even the most careful editors are sometimes "sold" by designing scamps. The London *Times* the other day published a letter written by a Mr. Whitehead, giving some very interesting particulars about the Jesuits and Jesuit missions in New Caledonia and the other islands of the Pacific, with a telling description of how the natives and the European inhabitants of these islands hated these Jesuits. But the *Times* had to publish a letter from a Jesuit priest saying that the real fact is "that there is not one single Jesuit mission in any of the Pacific islands." One may be sure that after this the *Times* will never forgive Mr. Whitehead. It never does forgive any one who plays a trick of this kind upon it.

A Chinese Bride.

"A true and veracious history" of a Chinese bride. The bearers of the sedan-chair were conveying her to her husband's home. They noticed as they passed through a graveyard that their burden seemed heavier, but attributed it to fatigue. But what was the dismay on reaching the bridegroom's house to find within the sedan-chair two brides exactly alike! Which was which was the question, and confusion reigned. The about-to-be mother-in-law investigated; but to no purpose; she "never knew that girl was twins before." The original bride had been proficient in spinning. So the duplicates were separated, and set to spinning as a test. But alas! both accomplished the same amount in the same time, and equally well. The bridegroom is in despair, and has departed from Yokohama to California, and the parents are still trying to find out "which is which."

A Dainty Barber.

Speaking of extraordinary personages in New York, a correspondent says: "One of the most eccentric of this class is a barber on a down-town street. He has occupied the same little den for half a century. No barn is plainer than his hair-dressing shop, for he does not dignify it by the name of saloon. Its sanded floor and common furniture would ruin any up-town hair-dresser. All the bucks and the millionnaires of the street patronize him. He is a well-educated man, and has written acceptable things for the newspapers. He is lordly, aristocratic, and imperious. He seldom spends less than an hour on any man's head with which he deigns to meddle. No aristocratic mother with her first babe handles the child more tenderly than does our barber his customer's. No pulling, no jerking, no scraping; sending the nose this way, and sending it that, so common with ordinary hair-dressers, but everything is dainty, delicate, aristocratic. His touch is tenderness and his whole air patronizing. Nobody gets out of the shop for less than a dollar, and any extra touches run the bill up to two dollars. Nor is the artist obliged to you for your custom. You are the obliged person and he makes you feel it. During the fifty years he has been in this little shop he has amassed three fortunes and lost them all in speculation. He is now on his way to his fourth fortune. He is an original character and is worth looking at. He was an intense copperhead during the war, and had many a row with his customers, whom he threatened to pitch down stairs for being loyal to the old flag."

A Cromwell Statue.

A statue of Cromwell is about to be erected at Manchester, England. The likeness of the uncrowned king is the result of the sculptor's study of the well-known mask, Lord de Grey's miniature, and the bust at the Reform Club, and is strikingly life-like and characteristic. Cromwell is dressed in a sleeveless buff coat, jack boots, and leather gloves, his arms and legs being protected by chain mail, and his chest by a steel breastplate. His head is bare, and his hair blown slightly backward by the wind. With his right hand resting firmly on his sword, and his left stretched out in a downward direction, he appears to be surveying the movements in the plain below and issuing a command. The attitude and expression are intensely energetic, without, however, in the slightest degree overstepping the limitations of sculpture. It is the representation of the hero in a heroic mood, and is equally satisfactory in conception and execution. There can be no doubt that both from an artistic and historic point of view Mrs. Alderman Heywood's well-considered gift will be highly prized by the inhabitants of Manchester.

The Khedive And Edmond About.

Speaking of Edmond About, a writer in the *Galaxy* says: "The success of 'Contemporary Greece' was so great that its author, in search of similar work, bent his steps towards Egypt. It offered much the same field as Greece—inferior government and many abuses, an ancient people in decadence—and there would probably have been an effectual shaking up of the Nile country had the historical critic been suffered to enter it as a private individual. But 'Contemporary Egypt' was never written, or if a few incipient notes were made therefor they were never used. The Khedive saw the man coming who had knocked down Greek stocks with his pen, and waylaid him as soon as he put foot in Egypt, and treated him like a prince royal, placing horses, camels, boats, and palaces at his disposition, or rather thrusting them upon him. Egypt has never forgotten how to do honour to the man of the West from the time of Cleopatra down. Oriental courtesy and cordiality on all sides of him, and especially from the Khedive. There was no resisting such an attack, and About threw down his pen in despair. Thus, under pain of ingratitude, he could not tell what he saw and thought, so he drew his *burnous* about him and resigned himself to the reveries of lotus land, which afterward bore fruit in a novel called 'The Fellah,' containing all that About ever told the world about Egypt."

"Stars" On The Sea.

A correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, writing of the actors who sojourn at Long Branch, says: "Edward Adams breakfasts in his Hamlet dress, cuts up his steaks with a dagger, and drinks out of a correct imitation of Yorick's skull. He plays billiards in the same dress, never forgetting his cue. He is said to be able to dig more potatoes in a day than any man at the Branch. In this pursuit he always dresses as Enoch Arden. When he drives it is as Coriolanus in a Roman chariot, but when he is on horseback look out for him. He is then in full plate armour, and with lance in rest charges furiously upon all horsemen and carriages. His house is flanked by a tall tower, in the cellar of which is the gloomiest of dungeons. Into this black and horrid abyss he plunges his male captives, after stripping them of their money and United States bonds. His lady captives he treats with the utmost politeness and dances dusty minuets with them in the highways. He has grown rich by 'these his practices.' Chanfrau and his brother are always dressed in red shirts and firemen's helmets. They beat each other over the head with spanners, and enjoy life in a rational way. Booth, when he lived here, dressed in plum-coloured tights, and destroyed quite a number of fine trees by carving on them, in fat letters, the unheard-of name of Ro-alind. Perhaps it was the name of his cook. Manager Henderson and his wife commence an overture on the piano at half-past seven, and the big barn doors are thrown open at eight precisely. The performance is short, the gas being turned out at nine o'clock, and in five minutes after that time the manager is tucked away in his little bed."

A Statue For The American Centennial.

Anne Brewster, writing from Rome to the Boston *Advertiser*, says of Miss Hosmer's statue: "Last year the Executive Committee of the women's branch of the Centennial Commission sent through me, their chairwoman for Italy, an invitation to Miss Hosmer to make a statue for the woman's department of the exposition of 1876. Miss Hosmer responded most generously and heartily to this request. She instantly put aside two important works on which she had been engaged for some time, which were very near completion, and set about her present work. The statue intended for the Centennial is the 'African Sibyl' foreshadowing the freedom of her race.' She is seated in a bold Michel Angelesque pose, and holds a tablet on which has just been written those celebrated words of President Lincoln:

If slavery is not wrong, then nothing is wrong.
The Sybil is looking up. There is a fine lift to the head; the head-dress is the ancient one with elephants' tusks. About the great torso is a tiger's skin. Rising up from the earth is a little negro child with manacled baby wrists; its little hands grasp the Sybil's foot. This child seems to typify the race now in its infancy first catching the great word of liberty. The legends of all nations tell us of a great mysterious race produced by the union of angels with the daughters of men. These are the giants and sibyls of the art domain. To this race belongs Miss Hosmer's Sibyl. So grand and marked are the powerful proportions that they almost cease to be feminine. It is not grace nor beauty which this statue expresses; it is a mighty national emotion put into a grandiose form."

Patience The Path To Success.

A writer has the following from the lips of the great Pasta: "The voice," said she, "is secondary to the way in which it is used. I had not a good voice at all. It was one of great compass, but thick (*veluta*) and not at all flexible, and I had great difficulty to keep it in tune. I was not successful for many years. I overcame all my difficulties by hard study. Perseverance did wonders for me; it will for any one who determines to battle all obstacles and conquer them. I had no natural shake or trill, and as the music of forty years ago was very elaborate and full of shakes, this was a great drawback to me. For five years I struggled to obtain the much-desired power of trilling. One day it came to me as by inspiration. I could shake it perfectly. I did not say a word about my victory to any one, being determined to exhibit it for the first time before the public. I was then at Bergamo, and acting in 'Niobe,' an opera containing an aria which suited my voice perfectly in every respect, but which I had been hitherto obliged to omit in part, as a long trill obligato opens the quick movement or cabaleta. I did not venture even to admit the orchestra to the knowledge of my secret. I simply told the conductor to suspend the instruments at the passage in question, as I was going to introduce a long cadenza. That evening when I came to the passage in question I stood in the middle of the stage and commenced a shake in a low key, gradually increasing it in power, and finally diminishing and ending it in a cadenza which linked it to the aria with perfect ease. The orchestra and the public were so surprised that for a second or two there was a dead silence in the theatre, and then the musicians laid down their instruments and applauded me to the echo. It was one of the proudest nights of my life."

The Daughters Of Pocahontas And Minnehaha.

Major Powell writes in his forthcoming book: "The life of an Indian maiden is blithe and merry for a few years, but when

she becomes a wife she is soon broken down with the pains of motherhood and the heavy labours which fall to her lot, and she soon becomes wrinkled, garrulous, cross, scolding, in fact an old hag. Of course such hags are not pleasant company in camp, and in the belief of the Numa such old hags grow uglier and meaner until they dry up and whirlwinds carry them away, when they are transformed into witches; and lest such a fate should befall old women, they are taught that it is their duty to die when they are no longer needed, and if they do not die by natural means in reasonable time, they must commit suicide. This they seem very willing to do rather than to meet that terrible fate of being compelled to live in snake skins, and wriggle about among the rocks, their only delight being to repeat the words of passers-by in mockery. I once saw three old women thus voluntarily starving themselves. I rode up to what was almost a deserted camp, the three old women only remaining, sitting by the fire and intently gazing into the embers. They seemed to heed not my approach, but sat there mumbling and groaning until they rose, each dragging up her weight with a staff, and then they joined in a sidewise, shuffling, tottering, senile dance around the fire, propped up by their staffs, and singing a doleful song; having finished which they sat again on their heels and gazed into the fire, and I rode away. On coming to the new camp of the tribe the next day and inquiring of Chul-at-an-um, eak, their chief, why these women were left behind and what they were doing, I was informed that they had determined to commit suicide, fearing lest they should be transformed into witches."

George Sand.

A Paris correspondent of a Chicago paper writes: "George Sand's pen-earnings have been enormous. They are estimated at over three millions of francs (\$800,000), and I have heard them put as high as five millions of francs. She has received from fifty to one hundred thousand francs for a single romance, and during the past twenty years she has been in a position to name her own price. Since 1845 she has written a number of pastoral stories of exquisite simplicity and naturalness, and these are read by maidens here who would not be permitted to look at 'Lella,' 'Jacques,' or 'Spiridon.' Her mode of composition is so very rapid that it is little less than improvisation on paper. She used to write all night, when, everything being still, she fancied she was in the best mood. Recently, however, she has surrendered her lucubrations, preparing her manuscript in the five or six hours preceding noon. Her range is extraordinary, and her acquisitions such as few men have attained. She is familiar with the ancient classics, speaks German, Italian, Spanish, and English, after a limping fashion. Science, theology, history, philosophy, and the best of literature of modern nations are at her command. She has read, though she does not like, the German metaphysicians, whom she accuses of premeditated mistiness; believing that the best philosophy has been embodied in the volumes of Descartes, Voltaire, Rousseau, St. Simons, and others that are purely French. In her youth, and, indeed, to middle age, she is said to have been remarkably handsome. Now seventy, she reveals few traces of past beauty, having grown quite stout, like most continental women in advanced life. Her splendid conversational powers and her illuminated face, when really interested, would, however, prevent any one from thinking of her person. She shows something of her Polish blood by her vivacity, restlessness, and the fervour with which she enters into every new project. I have been told that she has been quite ill recently, though her health, notwithstanding her age, is generally vigorous, which she owes, partially at least, to her fondness for the country and her equestrian habits. The idea that she is masculine, which has been quite prevalent, is entirely gratuitous. As ordinarily considered, she may be masculine in intellect; but she is entirely feminine by temperament and disposition, as is obvious from the emotional involutions occupying nearly thirty years of her shining career."

Dickens And The Actress.

A London correspondent of the *Arcadian* writes: "In the last American papers which have come to hand I see that Wilkie Collins's drama of 'The Frozen Deep' has been performed in Boston. You are perhaps aware that Collins has recently been engaged in turning this play into a novel. 'The Frozen Deep' awakens many sad reflections in my mind, as that piece was indirectly the means of bringing about much of Dickens's domestic unhappiness. The whole story of his separation from his wife has never yet been properly told, and in all probability never will be, as his widow is resolved to maintain the silence she has so long kept. But it is generally known that the family is dissatisfied with Foster's book. Your readers may have heard of the grand amateur performances given in 1859 at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, in aid of the Douglas Jerrold Fund. Dickens, Collins, Shirley Brooks, Mark Lemon, and many other celebrated writers took parts. The ladies' characters were interpreted by professional actresses. Among these was Miss Ellen Ternan. She was then a fresh, pleasant-looking girl, not especially pretty, but possessing a good figure and an extremely agreeable manner. If ever the German poet's doctrine of elective affinities was proved to be true it was when Dickens and Miss Ternan met. It was evident to nearly all of us that the two were mutually infatuated. Dickens was constantly at her side, though his manner was carefully guarded. Mrs. Dickens was with the party, but she did not appear to notice the intimacy. Very soon after these performances Miss Ternan, at Dickens's wish, left the stage. His affection for her was said to have been purely platonic, and I have never met any one who was disposed to dispute this belief. But nevertheless it was this intimacy which was the final cause of the rupture between Dickens and his wife. For many years prior to 1859 their mutual relations had been anything but happy, although I do not think that Mrs. Dickens had previously had any well-grounded cause for jealousy. A short time after the party returned from Manchester, Mrs. Dickens went into a fashionable jeweller's at the West End, where she was in the habit of dealing, and was asked by one of the firm, who knew her well, how she liked her new bracelet. She said that she did not understand him, as she had not received any such article. The gentleman then explained that it was one Mr. Dickens had ordered for his wife, with a likeness and some hair in. This of course opened Mrs. Dickens's eyes, and a separation speedily followed. Since that time Mrs. Dickens has lived very quietly in a pretty little house near the Regent's Park, where her children, whose respect and affection she has always enjoyed, have ever been frequent visitors."