„WIR SASSEN AM FISCHERHAUES'

TRANSLATION FROM HEINE.

We sat by the fisherman's cottage,
And we looked out over the fiord;
The evening mists spread round us,
And upwards and upwards soared.

All at once the lights in the lighthouse
Were lit up, and flashed out wide,
And faraway in the offing
A ship might still be descried.

We talked of tempest and shipwreck:
Of the sailor, and how he fares—
How he vibrates 'twixt wind and water,
'Twixt pleasure and toilsome cares.

We talked of far-away regions,
Both in north and in south that were;
Of all the singular peoples,
And singular customs there.

There are giant woo is on the Ganges,
And sunshine and fragrant bowers,
And stately, serene men kneel there
Before the lotus flowers.

In Lapland, the natives are filthy,
Flat-headed, broad-mouthed and small;
They cower round their fires, and bake there
Their fish, and jabber and squall.

The girls they listened intently,
And at last no one spoke any more;
The ship could be sighted no longer,
The night had sunk down on the shore.

Blackwood's Magazine.

New York Fashions.

MOURNING FABRICS.

There are few novelties to record in the fabrics worn for dresses by those in deep mourning. At the present season the list of materials is confined to those that have little weight as well as no lustre, and are of jet black without the blue or brown blacks that are now worn by ladies who dress in colours. The first choice is for iron grenadine of the finest—indeed, almost imperceptible—meshes. This is of mixed silk and wool, and though as thin as the sheerest muslin, is so strong that it requires a great effort to tear it. It is twenty-four inches wide, and costs from $1.40 to $1.75 a yard. This is liked because of its dull surface. About twenty yards are required for a dress moderately trimmed with pleatings, to which crape folds are added as headings. Glossier than this is the pure silk grenadine made entirely of sewing silk; this has a smooth surface without visible meshes, and costs in single widths from $1.75 to $3 a yard. Perhaps the richest of all the thin black fabrics is the silk serge grenadine, twilled like cashmere, formerly known as love veils; of narrow width, its cost is $2.50 a yard. Another favourite material for deep mourning dress is Byzantine, resembling old-time bareges, and and entirely without lustre. For those who dislike plain surfaces there is a crinkled crape-like Byzantine that makes up handsomely; the prices for plain and figured range from $1 to $1.75 a yard for single widths.

MORE DRESSY MATERIALS.

For lighter mourning, greater latitude is shown in the way of figured goods. Thus there is a silky material called armure crape, which is the French imitation of China crape woven in armure patterns. There is some wool in the filling of this goods, but the face is all silk. Price $2.25. Another silken goods has rough bourette threads, and is very stylish; this is called Louisine bourette, and is about the weight of the twilled Louisine silks worn last summer; this costs from $2 to $3 a yard. Bourette grenadine is also dressy and fashionable, and is so much worn by ladies in colours that it is not considered suitable for any but the lightest mourning. It is mixed silk and wool with raised rough threads at irregular intervals, or else in small squares; the price ranges from $1 to $3. Canvas grenadines with large square meshes are the choice between the iron grenadine first mentioned and that with the showy bourette threads. Sea-side grenadines with small squares, diamonds, or armure designs are excellent for service, but it is difficult to find them without blue tinges; very nice qualities are $1.25 a yard double width; four or five yards make a over-dress—either a polonaise or else a basque and over-skirt; two more yards will then furnish a pleated flounce for edging the silk lower skirt. Crimped tape or sewing-silk fringe, such as is called mourning fringe, edges the over-skirt.

HEAVIER DRESSES

The slightly heavier dresses to be put on in the morning at the country resorts is barege de Virginie, of the quality of the French bunting introduced last year; this is all wool, yet thin and pliable, and costs only 65 cents a yard for goods twenty-seven inches wide. Veronese cloth is still heavier wool, at 85 cents a yard. There is considerable variety in the buntings shown. Those of most value, and the kind ladies find endure such hard service in travel and country wear, are smooth like the American bunting, but are imported, and are less wiry and stiff; 50 cents a yard is asked for fair qualities. There is also a beautiful fine smooth material, as sheer as silk muslin, yet all wool, known as French bunting; this is bought by modistes to make up the plain yet handsome dresses worn in first deep mourning by people of wealth; it is $1.50 a yard, and is very durable.

THICK GOODS.

For still heavier dresses to be worn through the autumn and winter Henrietta cloth remains the standard fabric, having almost entirely displaced bombazine even for widows' mourning. This has the exceedingly fine twill of cashmere, and is of mixed silk and wool; that with cotton warp should be avoided, as it soon grows rusty. For good qualities prices range from $1.25 to $3. A rival to this cloth is the imperial serge with differently marked twill; this is also worn by widows, and although the outlay is large at first, it is an economical purchase, as this serge does not wear shiny or change its colour; it costs from $1.75 to $3. Tamise cloth with plain smooth surface of mixed silk and wool costs from $2.25 down, but is not so popular for general wear as the all-wool tamise which costs from 65 cents to $1.25 a yard. Perhaps more than any other material the low-priced tamise may be considered the staple goods for mourning dresses, taking the place of the glossy mohairs and alpacas that are not now worn during the first months. There are alpacas made without lustre, and these are prized for service, as they shed dust easily and do not cockle. Another inexpensive stuff is plain delaine, forty-eight inches wide, for 85 cents to $1.25 a yard. This is of light weight and wears well, provided it can be cleansed by shaking off the dust, as brushing it raises a nap that spoils its smooth surface. India cashmeres, though worn by ladies in colours, are also liked for mourning, as they are lustreless and soft; light qualities for summer wear are $2 a yard, but the finest is $4. The French cashmeres, when found in coal black, resemble Henrietta cloth, and are nice for mourning dresses in qualities costing from 75 cents to $2 a yard.

MANNER OF MAKING.

Modistes say that the first dresses worn in deep mourning are the only toilettes that have any distinctive style of their own, and after these the styles follow those most popular for colours. For the first dresses nunlike simplicity is adopted when the mourning is worn for a husband or a parent, and that worn for a sister, brother, or a child is almost as severe. The over-dresses are made without drapery, and the trimmings consist of crape bands and knife-pleating of the dress material. This rigid dress is, however, worn a shorter time than it formerly was; indeed, at the end of three months in all these cases, except that of a widow, white is worn at the neck and wrists, crape trimmings are abandoned, and the materials of the dress are formed in folds and pleatings. The kilt skirt is especially liked for the first short dresses worn in mourning, as its pleatings are plain and appropriate. Over-skirts are long and simple, with a band of crape as a border, or else they have deep folds across the apron and panels of crape on the sides. The twilled wool fabrics look best for trimming with crape; smooth surfaces, such as grenadine, tamise cloth, and delaine, are neatest when trimmed with knife-pleatings of themselves. These pleatings should be very fine and smoothly folded by hand, as they have a poor effect when pleated by machine; they are hemmed with blind stitches or by machine, and are stitched on an inch from the top. One wide pleating of two rows of half this width are most suitable for bordering the skirt.

Byzantine dresses furnished by the modistes are made over silk lining. For deep mourning, such as is worn for a parent, they have long polonaises with straight pleats behind and no looping. A wide band of crape laid over silk foundation muslin borders the garment; the waist is trimmed straight down the front and back with crape, and the high collar and broad cuffs are also of crape, though finished with a frill of white crepe lisse. The silk skirt is entirely concealed by the polonaise, except just at the bottom, where there is a narrow pleating of the Byzantine, not more than ten inches wide, above which is a ten-inch band of crape.

GRENADINES.

For the nicely woven iron grenadines a good model is a habit basque with square Pompadour pleatings of crape on the front, and a belt made of four folds of crape. The over-skirt has a deep apron that is parted in the middle about the knees, and discloses the crape folds and pleatings on the lower skirt. Crape pleatings are around the neck and sleeves to remain permanently, and it is a matter of choice with the wearer whether white or black lisse shall be put inside; the preference at present is for a white relief, even from the beginning, for all except widows. For a wrap to wear with this dress, and also to be used with other summer mourning costumes, is a sacque of the grenadine lined with thin marceline silk and widely bordered with crape. The sacque should be neatly fitted to the figure, of medium length, single-breasted, with either short or long side forms, and of uniform depth all around.

The fine buntings at $1.50 a yard are handsomely made up over silk with a curtain over-skirt, and trimmed with bias folds and fine pleatings. The basque with belted front has a Marie Antoinette collar of crape—or, if not belted, it has a crape vest with revers—and is merely piped on the edge with crape. A deep crape fold above a narrow knife-pleating of the material is considered the nicest trimming for lower skirts. Lower-priced buntings are made up without crape.

SILK AND CRAPE.

Silk with crape trimmings is a more popular dress than it formerly was when the English styles of mourning dress were more closely copied. The French customs of wearing lighter mourning are being gradually adopted here, as the heavy sombre English black has proved to be unwholesome, and silk is in favour again, especially with young ladies. A rich lustreless silk is made up during the first six months for a handsome toilet for the house. The style is simple, with a high basque, close sleeves, and trained skirt. The front of the skirt has lengthwise trimmings of crape from the waist down, with pleatings across the foot. The back breadths hang in heavy folds without drapery, and are edged with a crape pleating that is sewed to the bottom—not upon it—and extends up the sides to the waist. White tulle or crepe lisse is worn in the waist with a long white jabot in front. Princesse styles are also very handsome for dresses of silk with crape trimming.

WIDOWS' MOURNING.

Widows' dresses have their own distinctive fashions, as when the expense can be afforded, they are covered in every visible part with crape. The silk lining of the basque may be merely covered with English crape in the summer, but in winter the wool fabric is also laid on and then covered with crape. This basque is very long, and the plain over-skirt is trimmed with crape from the lower edge up far enough for the end of the basque to conceal the upper edge of the crape. A similar crape fold covers all that is seen of the lower skirt. In other dresses the basque is made long enough to be a half polonaise, and the over-skirt is dispensed with. When less crape must be used, it forms a vest and the middle forms of the back of the basque; the sleeves are also of crape. The wrap may be a sacque or a scarf-shaped mantle. Black lisse pleatings or plain black crape collars and cuffs are worn the first six months or a year.

A widow's bonnet is of close cottage shape, made of doubled English crape laid plainly on the frame, without even a piping or milliner's fold on the edges. The cap is the merest line of white crimped tarlatan in a slight puff, or perhaps two puffs that have been flattened. The white cap crosses the bonnet above the forehead. The white bow at the throat is not now used; black crape strings are preferred. The widow's veil dispenses with any need of trimming the bonnet, as it conceals it entirely except in outline. Sometimes this veil is three yards long, after the hems, each half a yard deep, are put in; this burdensome veil is then allowed to hang back in front, and is pinned on by long slender brooches covered with crape. In other cases the veil is only half this length, and is box-pleated on the bonnet near the top of the crown. There is always a risk in wearing this unwholesome crape over the face, as small particles are said to escape from the crape, and these are inhaled to the injury of the lungs; for this reason many ladies soon wear a net over the face, and pleating the crape veil near the top, allow it to hang behind, or else they draw it lightly over the shoulders.

BONNETS.

All other bonnets for morning have a ruche of black tulle or a twist of crape in front. Crape bonnets are more trimmed with folds, knots, and twists of crape than those worn by widows. Chip bonnets are light and pleasant to wear even when trimmed with crape. Tulle is worn by young ladies in light mourning, and is trimmed with gros grain and a little jet. Silk bonnets are trimmed with crape for the intermediate seasons. The shapes are those worn by ladies in colours. Scarf veil of tulle, or of Brussels net are not hemmed, but are passed over the face, crossed behind the bonnet, and tied under the chin; mask veils of tulle, or of plain net without dots, need not be hemmed, but elderly ladies add two narrow folds of crape as a border for them. Narrow crimped fringe is also a nice edging for veils, but lace should not be used in mourning.

LINGERIE, GLOVES, ETC.

Clock English crape is doubled plainly for collars and cuffs to be worn by widows and those who prefer them in the first weeks of dressing in mourning. The collar may be very high, and turned over in English points or else it may be a deep round collar. The crape cuffs are most usually worn outside the close-fitting coat sleeves. But crape is considered too unwholesome for wearing next the skin, and in its stead finely crimped ruches of black crepe lisse are worn. Ladies who prefer white lingerie have deep collars and cuffs of doubled organdy or of tarlatan, and very soon afterward they put on white crepe lisse frills. In three months most ladies adopt white linen collars, and wear them in the house and with plain street dresses. Handkerchiefs have narrow hems coloured black, and are of heavier linen cambric than is used in colours. A monogram of long slender black letters is also used in the deepest mourning; some ladies prefer the plain Roman capitals, or else Egyptian letters.

Black onyx jewellery is worn in a long slender brooch or scarf pin, with small faceted balls for ear-rings. Diamonds and gold jewellery are in bad taste for ladies in mourning. Pearls set in onyx are for light mourning.

Undressed black kid gloves with long wrists are the first choice. There are also black silk gloves made without gloss, and very nice gloves of black thread with long cuffs.

Pretty and Tasty

Oranges filled with jelly make a pretty appearance on a supper table, and are acceptable when much variety is desired. Take some very fine oranges, and with the point of a small knife cut from the top of each a round hole about the size of a shilling; then, with the small cup of a tea or egg spoon, empty them entirely, taking care not to break the rinds. Put these into cold water, and make jelly of the juice, which must be well pressed from the pulp, and strained as clear as possible. Colour one-half a fine rose colour with prepared cochineal, and leave the other very pale; when it is nearly cold, drain and wipe the orange rinds, and fill them with alternate stripes of the two juices; when they are perfectly cold cut them in quarters, and dispose them tastefully in a dish, with a few light branches of myrtle between them. Calf's-foot, or any other variety of jelly, or different blanc-mange, may be used; at choice to fill the rinds; the colours, however, should contrast as much as possible.

In Troy the use of the hydraulic engine to blow the bellows of church organs has not yet become general. A Saturday night choir rehearsal was being held in one of the fashionable churches, with a view to having everything harmonious for Sunday. After practising for two hours the organ suddenly ceased its sounds, and the frantic agitation of the bellows-alarm by the organist produced no effect. In a minute or two the bellows-blower rushed out, dripping with with perspiration and exhausted as to breath. He gasped out, "Ladies, we're busted! Our wind's gin out!" And then the musicians remembered that on a midsummer evening it is weary work to stand in an unventilated recess, and work the lever of a big organ bellows. Considering the heat, an assistant was secured for the Sunday services. The bellows blower went home happy, and the stylish singers, as they departed, thought that it had not before occurred to them what an important personage the organ blower was.

Man proposes, but—he is not always accepted.

Our Paris Letter.

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

The French are outwardly resigned, but inwardly discontented, at the cession of Cyprus, all that they desire to remember about the Berlin Congress. This feeling may wear away in time, for rancour and jealousy cannot endure for ever. The French thank the gods they are not as other nations, guilty of accepting new territory. I believe they are vexed at having received nothing, and are annoyed at having been taken at their word—desiring nothing. The most orthodox advocates of the non-appropriation doctrine would hardly resist being coaxed into accepting Egypt, Belgium, or the Rheinish provinces. The French are irritated because they felt their sentimental interests in the Levant ought to be counted as realities, and that the concrete necessities of England in that region, ought to rank only as secondary. If the Christian powers have interfered to keep the Mahometans in the way they should go, it is satisfactory to know that the Mussulmans will guard the Holy Places, and maintain order among the Christian priests. The view entertained of the Congress is this: Russia and Austria having helped themselves—to say nothing of the minnows, who in time will be swallowed by the large capitalists—England observing no other power desiring a slice of the cake, helped herself to the remainder, in order perhaps not to let it go a begging. The electric manner in which England annexed Cyprus, is not according to French rules of national agglomerations; which require a plebiscite, and all that sort of thing. In Cyprus, the population goes to bed Mussulmans and wakes up English subjects.

There are few, however, but are glad that the Congress have arrived at some solution, even that of an armed peace for five, or even ten years—a period of tranquility not to be despised in our unsettled age. By then, the island will have been done by tourists, and its products displayed at some international exhibition, as from the English colony of Cyprus; the journals will then have accustomed us to births, deaths, and marriages at Lanorca, etc., and the Euphrates railway will have its time-table, announcing ten minutes for refreshment at the Nineveh station. There is a rush being made for the island as if it were a gold-digging, or a shrine with a pool of Bethesda attached—possessing unlimited efficacy. Be assured, the Sacred College is occupied with the necessity of appointing a bishop thereto: of course England has long ago placed it in the diocese of Jerusalem.

Perhaps these incidents, and the increasing hatred between political parties here may explain why the Prince of Wales is this time received with marked quietness. I would not be surprised, if in his heart of hearts, he preferred at this moment a garden party at Marlborough House, to a constitutional at the Exhibition, or a full-dress day concert at the Trocadero. The Austrians are not in the odour of sanctity any more than the English, and the Russians are ranked just as bad. The Italians are less indignant since Tunis has been hinted as a *pourboire* for France; indeed many patriots are slyly taking a greater interest in the Tunisian pavilion of late, and its nougat, brass jewellery and three wandering minstrels, that beat tam-tams, tailor-like every day.

The revenue continues to increase and multiply, and so far surpasses the population; and the late issue of redeemable three per cent bonds have been bought at 85frs., when the Minister of Finance declared he would be satisfied with 80f. What a solid financial credit this country has! These are odd peculiar little facts to note. The *Lanterne*, representing the crimson view of Republicanism, has been heavily fined for representing Dame Republique, with a red, white, and blue Phrygian cap; the journal retorts, this is a less heinous crime towards the constitution than allowing the word "Imperial" to remain over the doors of police barracks. At Lyons, the Colonel of the 38th infantry regiment, ordered the bandmaster to play in public Gounod's *Vive l'Empereur!* Whilest Saint-Girons a forest guard has been fined 30fr. for uttering the seditious cry, consisting of the same words. A Col. O'Neil, a name about as French as MacMahon, has complimented a soldier for cutting down an unoffending citizen, and seems to suggest that the lower orders of the people ought to count for nothing—at least in this world. The Legitimists have held their annual banquet in a Palais Royal restaurant, not far from the spot where Camile Desmoulins plucked a leaf from a tree, as a sign to his followers, who marched against the Bastille—in honour of Saint-Henri, whose virtues descend in right line to the Comte de Chambord, as Henri V. These political devotees, sucked in a creed outworn, declared their belief in the speedy return of the Comte, and the unfurling of the white flag of Bourbonism—they have been repeating the same for 45 years. He may come with the millennium. If he but inherited the qualities of that jolly old sinner, Henri IV.—the only sovereign the French loved, and respect, and as they say, the only one not brought up on the knees of the Church. It is only a Republic could tolerate all these eccentricities.

Perhaps it is the heat, perhaps the forgery of tickets, but the thousands and tens of thousands do not flock as heretofore to the Exhibition. The Commissioners are trying to mix more of the *dulce* with the *utile*, so as to draw visitors a second or a third time. Why not have amusing, and at the same time healthy spectacles, where children could enjoy themselves, and parents and guardians share the pleasure of seeing olive branches happy? There is not a military band ever plays in the grounds; the hot weather nearly roasted them, so as not to leave a number sufficient to play the Dead March in Saul; instead of erecting awnings of a moveable type, like the Norwegian houses or Australian huts, the forty regimental bands never "take down de fidele and de bow" during the hot weather. It is an error to believe the Exhibition is a place of study; in the anthropological and ethnographical sections there are gentlemen with uncombed hair, and strange females in thick shoes and spectacles, with carpenter's pencils, taking notes of relics; but elsewhere it is a general daze and gaze. What attracts most in the Exhibition? Machinery that saws and shaves wood, that pounds mustard seed, that converts the rags of unrighteousness into the cream-laid note paper of society; the machine that makes a cake of soap with your initials on it; that cuts you a pair of sleeve buttons from an oyster shell; that freezes syrups in tin tubes and sells them to young and old people for three sous each. These are the typical great attractions.

There are others of a different kind, but pointing to the same end—catching eyes, by pleasing them, and the ears. When an organ begins to play, the performer has a compact crowd around him before he can give the third shake back to his streaming, greasy hair, over his paletot; the same for a lady pianist, all curls, giggles, and flourishes. The United States appear to understand their epoch. They told off some of their light infantry to do the *fough-a-ballagh* business for M. Krantz and his fellow-commissioners, they showed him casks of pills to purge all the melancholy and blue devils in the world, then explained the dental machinery, and how Chicago and St. Louis convert pigs into pork. Another day they trot out five red-skin Indians—Sitting Bull himself, perhaps covered with feathers and paint, and armed with rifles and knives that would induce many a fellow to burn a candle in honour of the man that invented wigs. Also, the Secretary of Legation, Hill, makes the tour—inside the head—of the Statue of Liberty, drinks to the fraternity of nations, and hopes money enough will soon be collected to enable the sculptor to complete the extremities of the bronze female.

In the left wing of the Trocadero building is a collection of Jewish works of religious art, which has been removed from the synagogues to be placed in a museum. There is one particularity about this collection—the exhibitors admit the catalogue will not be ready till after the close of the show. Some Christians ought to imitate this honesty of confession. Being of late centuries not so much a chosen as a chased people, the Israelites—the appellation they prefer, (so much so that some will discount a bill at 40 instead of 50 per cent. if so addressed)—had no abiding city wherein to pitch a tabernacle, apart from its decorating. Further, like the Ottomans, they are forbidden to make the likeness of anything in heaven, in earth. There is a collection of rings; one is famous; it is the authentic ring that graced the fat, white hand of the "Jewish Bride" painted by Rembrandt. There is also a peculiar scroll of parchment, in a tiny but splendidly ornamented case; a handle is turned, and the roll reveals the history of Esther. On the fete of the *Purim*, the women carried this to the temple, and listened to the reading of the biography.

The pavilion devoted to insects is to be changed; cause, enlargement of premises, just as if it were a haberdasher's shop. I observe drawings of several insects exhibited by some establishments backed by some friefs from the late Pope. It was the opinion that His Holiness certified for no specific save Raveleuta. A gentleman suggests to entomologists that they ought to secure a wing—of the new building, and pin on paper or cork, or secure in bottles specimens of all insects peculiar to the Exhibition and grounds. There are ugly customers that have gained an unauthorized admission, and that the oldest inhabitant swears never were observed in Paris till this year.

The Republicans have no friends in the higher regions of the army, and they complain the number they have on the Bench is not legion. The victory gained by the Prince Imperial over the *Siecle*, which is directed by Jules Simon, has very much annoyed the Liberals, who boast the matter will be reversed on appeal. The *Siecle* reproduced the statement that Napoleon III. sold public lands privately every year, and put the proceeds into his pocket. A Commission of Inquiry is overhauling the Imperial book-keeping, and it is from that body the information is said to have been obtained. The paper, not being able to produce its proofs, of course was condemned. Before all the appeals are exhausted, Gambetta hints, the Commission will have made its report, and if, notwithstanding the revelation, the Prince gains, the Imperialists may be able to dispense with a few of the memorial masses annually celebrated for the repose of the Emperor's soul. No Royalist or Imperialist ever think of paying for a twelve-month's *pater noster* for Louis XV., or Louis XVIII., or Charles X.; as for Napoleon I., his prospects seem to be looked after by the St. Helena pensioners, or what remains of the old braves.

It is complained that the whole secondary education of the country is passing into the hands of the religious orders, and as usual the cry is addressed to the state to put matters right. The *Freres* can educate more cheaply than private establishments, having less expenses to meet, and being in the receipt of independent funds. A father with a numerous family, has often only Hobson's choice in the matter of schools. Lay schools have much to make up in the way of good methods of education.

An extraordinary event has occurred at Riceys; the Abbe Heriot, a widely respected clergyman, deceased by his will that his interment was to be civil, and his wishes have been obeyed. It might puzzle Father Hyacinthe himself to state whether the deceased was a New or an Old Catholic—he was in any case aged 72.

The cab difficulty is likely to be solved, this time in the interests of the public. From the 5th August next, every cab when hired, must display a board, setting forth that fact. People are rather more curious to know how cabby will turn the regulations.

The captive balloon is a positive cloud by day, and thanks to the electric light, will be a pillar of fire by night. It can never be more attractive for the crowd than at the present moment, when the workmen climb up the monster's side, and dance a kind of French hornpipe on the top. There are feasts and lunches being given in railway waggons, monster beer barrels, the interior of statues, etc.; could not a picnic be organized in the summit of the balloon? No "Fat Boy" could be allowed to assist; Joe's napping would be unpardonable.

A fireman cowhides his corporal, who has insulted him, by placing him on sentry duty, in the aquarium.

Next week the crustacea battles are to be organized, crabs against lobsters, in the maritime aquarium. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will please take notice.

Two players at draughts fell out, and exchanged the epithets of "robber" and "swindler;" a mutual friend interfered, and observed, that strangers might conclude they were quarrelling.

PARIS, France, July 20th, 1878.

Personal.

BOTH of Prince Bismarck's sons are candidates for Parliament.

FIVE American Indians, in full war paint and feathers, are astonishing visitors at Paris.

LORD BEACONSFIELD says "as long as there shall be an England there will be a Belgium."

THE Shah of Persia announces that his eldest son will make a tour in Europe next year.

BURKE loathed Sheridan to such a degree that he always quitted a room when the latter entered it.

MR. GLADSTONE'S face has become exceedingly pale, but his friends and admirers deny that he is decaying either physically or mentally.

LADY GUADYS HERBERT, said to be one of the most beautiful women in England, and likewise one of the tallest, being six feet in height, was married on the 6th of July to the Earl of Lonsdale.

THE will of the late Mr. Charles Mathews, the actor, has just been proved by his widow, the sole executrix, to whom he leaves all his property. The personal estate is sworn under $100,000.

LORD BEACONSFIELD occupied with his suite at the Kaiserhoff, during the late Berlin Congress, sixty-three rooms at $7,000 a month, and his food-bill was $10,000. He gave $300 to the waiters.

LORD RUSSELL said that Chatham was "endowed with qualities to captivate a nation and subdue a popular assembly." This would apply with equal force to the Prime Minister of England to-day.

THE Minister of the Home Department in Japan is henceforward to have the power of suspending, or even of suppressing entirely, any periodical whose existence is injurious to the peace of the country.

GERMANY is delighted with the piano playing of Miss Anna Rock, a young American girl of German descent, who has been taught by Liszt, and has astonished critical audiences in Cologne and Wiesbaden.

Two girls in Bloomington, Ill., just for fun, boasted that they had participated in a recent murder there; but they were arrested in earnest, and their innocence was established with considerable difficulty.

ON the 10th of this month John Bright concludes thirty-one years of Parliamentary service, during which time he has represented Birmingham. His constituents propose celebrating the day and erecting a statue.

General.

"A NEW pipe organ with sixteen stops and no debt upon it," is what is just now making a Massachusetts church particularly happy.

THE Rev. Dr. Reichel, Archdeacon of Meath, at the recent meeting of the Board of Trinity College, Dublin, denounced "the increasing preponderance of athleticism," as an unmixed evil.

FIREWORKS and fire signals were in use in Japan and China centuries ago, and Yokehama has a pyrotechnist to-day, in the person of Hirayama Ginta, who is likely to become world-famous.

THE twopenny edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," published at Glasgow, has reached its hundredth thousand. A translation into the Russian language has been published in St. Petersburg.

ACCORDING to the statement of the Bishop of Manchester, many of the obscure clergymen in England are as poor as some of our own Western missionaries, and are glad to wear cast-off clothing.

THE second person to be punished in Virginia under the new law re-establishing the whipping-post was a white girl of 17. She received twenty-five lashes on her bare back, in the Elizabeth City Court House, at the hands of a negro constable.

THE city clergyman who told the singers in a country choir that the angels ought to come down from heaven and wring their necks, was considered to have no music in his soul. The stout soprano said she would like to go for him and wring his neck without the assistance of any of the angels.

THOSE strange noises in the vicinity of Bald Mountain, North Carolina, have been investigated. Without pretending to give the explanation in exact scientific terms, it may be stated that this mountain has *not* attained the dignity of a volcano, but that the noises are believed to be caused by fragments of rocks which have become detached from the roofs of caverns, and fell thundering through the resounding spaces excavated by chemical action, and send vibrations and terrifying sounds into the outer air to scare the residents on the mountain sides.

A GREAT invasion of kangaroos recently occurred in various settled parts of Australia, especially Queensland, the animals being, no doubt driven from the interior by the drought and its effects in search of food. They came in thousands, devouring everything in the shape of herbs or grain, so that the sheep and cattle were often reduced to dry leaves for fodder. The colonists promptly met the attack, in some cases driving the kangaroos into an enclosure and shooting them. In the battle more than four thousand kangaroos were killed in four days.

Pride in One's Work.

This is the secret of success. The opposite has been the cause of unnumbered failures. This is one indispensable factor to excellence, without which almost all other qualifications are of little avail. Without this a man will never do his best, and will consequently never do his powers anything like justice. With it, even mediocrity will go ahead, dulness will brighten into light, and awkwardness will take on a finish and facility which might have been thought utterly impossible. The grand cause of comparative non-success, even where there is not absolute failures lies in the absence of the same thing. The *go*, the spring, the brightness and power of life disappear under the daily conviction, that one's ordinary occupation is a drudgery from which one would gladly escape, not a calling which can be brightened or beautified by the feelings and imagination of him who has adopted it as his own. A man becomes a mere gin-horse, with little more elasticity of mind and heart, when he lazily acquiesces in his daily employment as something that will "do" as well as any thing else, and will give him bread though only a bitter morsel. There is no doubt a dissatisfaction which is not merely compatible with progress, but is absolutely indispensable to it. But there is another and a much more common dissatisfaction which only tells of weakness and foreshadows failure. What can any one do who is day by day ashamed of that which occupies most of his waking hours, and calls for the most of his varied faculties? He is in a pitiable condition, and will never do much. He is like a prisoner chained to a corpse, who sighs daily for deliverance, while he bears about with him a "body of death."

He will never give his strength to his work, and consequently will bring little to perfection. In some aspects of the case, it is a small matter what a person may devote himself to, if he goes at it with a will. That concentration of effort and attention which issues in delight and satisfaction will go a great way in supplying the lack of genius. Indeed in one respect that concentration is genius, and of a very precious kind. It may be denounced as dull plodding mediocrity by many who have really found that its absence has been the cause of their own failures, but it is priceless all the same. We may ask in vain for an instance of success where this pride was absent or its place was not supplied by a clear common sense and a dogged resolution which amounted to much the same thing.

It is not want of faculty that makes so many promising lads come to nothing. In ordinary cases they have all of that which is necessary and a great deal more. They would shoot to the goal triumphantly if they had but the one regulator of a fixed purpose and a pardonable pride. They want this and all their other qualifications go for nothing.

How many are telling with a feeling of bitterness and an air of something like patronizing condescension of some of their old school fellows or neighbours who have been wonderfully successful, and yet who were in those early days surpassingly dull. The booby has outdistanced the dux. The servant's cub has outstripped the master's darling. The boy who took no prizes has left far behind the juvenile prodigy who was the admired of all admirers. The tortoise has outrun the hare. The bright boy is nowhere; the awkward clown has worked his way to the front, and rules where he was formerly only among the humblest of those who served. What is the secret? Almost always simply what we speak of. What bores the one pleases and stimulates the other. What to the one is a task to the other is a joy. What wakens in one heart nothing but mortification makes the other dance with lively satisfaction and honest self-respect. What to the one gives daily shame, as if it were humbling he should ever have come to be that, awakens in the other a positive pride which throws over all his lot a glory which he only can see, but which is not the less real for all that.

To have such a pride in work, to believe that he is honoured in that work, not the work in him, is worth a fortune. Nay, it *is* a fortune. The boy or the man who has it may begin by sweeping a crossing or selling matches on the street, but he will not end there, and he will not be at that work long. What is worth the doing at all is worth doing well, is a motto which has carried thousands to success. "What will pass muster in a crowd?" is a question which, adopted as a life motto, has made any quantity of "stick-in-the-muds," and has as much to do with the failures we see on every side as the whiskey or any other thing which gets all the blame. What makes imperfect workmen, slovenly servants, unreliable clerks, unprogressive learners, and vexatious dawdlers, that are always going to do some great thing and never do it? It is this false shame. It is the idea that they are made for something better, and that this will do in the meanwhile, merely to put through the time. They are, in short, not proud of their work, and their work, therefore, never brings either credit or profit to them.

The Phonograph.

An Ancient Irish Invention.

A correspondent of the New York *Sun* asserts that Edison is not to be credited with the invention of the phonograph. He writes as follows: With all due credit to Mr. Edison, I desire to state that the phonograph, or a similar instrument, was known to the pagan Irish druids and the Tuatha-de-danans before the second arrival of St. Patrick. He found them at Tara and at various other places on his mission. He couldn't understand the mechanical construction of them, but, regarding them as objects of pagan worship, destroyed them wherever found. The pagan Irish also had some system of telegraphy, or other means of rapid communication, which was subsequently known to the Danes, who acquired the art during their four hundred years' sojourn on the island. It was this knowledge that made them powerful, else how could they, living in holes or caves under the ground, scattered almost over the entire island, assemble simultaneously and give battle to the Gaedhil? It is surmised by some writers that they used signal lights from the raths or forts in which they lived, but I think the theory impracticable, because the Irish were well organized and continually on the look-out for any such evidences of a sudden movement.

The Tuatha-de-danans and the Druids, who invented the talking and musical machines, and perfected and improved the arts, sciences, and mechanisms, were the electricians, astronomers, inventors, musicians, historians, poets, priests, etc., of ancient Ireland. When Europe was almost sunk in barbarism and intellectual darkness, the Druidical institutions in Ireland were the only seats of learning where the sciences were encouraged and brought into full development. As men of science, they could produce snow or rain, heat or cold, light or darkness. They were also skilled artificers. Look, again, at the evidences of architectural beauty and strength which are yet left us in the remains of old castles and towers, which couldn't have been built without the aid of powerful machinery, the use of which they evidently understood.

Some historians assert that the Druids were forbidden by the inviolable laws of their institution to divulge to the people any of their theories or to commit them to writing. These were composed in verses and treasured in the memory by a tedious course of study. Others maintain that books were written, but destroyed by St. Patrick, who dreaded if the knowledge contained in those works was disseminated among the people they would become as argumentative and as stubborn in their resistance to Christianity as the learned Druids. At all events, evidences which once existed of the intelligence, power, and greatness of the Pagan Irish are almost—in fact, entirely—obliterated and lost.

If Mr. Edison had been alive at the period mentioned, and an Irishman, he would now be recognized as a Druid. Writers and compilers of Irish history and traditions would now speak of him as a magician who practised the demoniacal arts of magical incantation; and his useful and beneficial inventions would now be extinct and forgotten, like those that once existed in Ireland. In behalf of the memory of Mr. Edison's forerunners I pen this communication, and I deem it but an act of justice that they be recognized and acknowledged as the learned and experienced men all true sons of the Gael believe them to have been.

THE following correspondence lately passed through a telegraph office: "I lent you five dollars one year ago to-night. If you have not had it long enough, please keep it one year longer." To this delicate hint the answer was returned: "Had forgotten it, and hoped you had. Let her run another year."

EARL BEACONSFIELD is one of the silent men in private life. When he does talk, he talks only to the point, and avoids ladies' society.

THE TORONTO MEDICAL AND ELECTRO-THERAPEUTIC INSTITUTION.

We clip the following from the Canadian *Illustrated News*:

The successful use of electricity in the treatment of nearly every form of disease is a comparatively new thing in Canada. A little over two years ago, the above institution, situated on the corner of Jarvis and Gerrard Street—the finest streets in the city—was opened in Toronto. Its operations were at first confined to a building not more than a quarter the size of the present one. Before many months had elapsed, the premises were found to be too small, and the adjoining building was secured. But so popular had the electropathic system of Prof. Bolles become, than in less than a year the remainder of the row of buildings was required, simply to accommodate during their stay in the city, patients residing at a distance from it. It was speedily found that further enlargement would be necessary; and at the time the institution was closed for the purpose, a few weeks ago, many persons have long been waiting in vain for vacant rooms. We have pleasure in now presenting our readers with an illustration of the facade of what is practically a new building. This structure, which is sixty-seven feet long, has all the modern internal improvements and is thoroughly ventilated. An extensive dining-room, with kitchen, pantry, etc., occupies the greater portion of the basement, the remainder being fitted up as servants' dormitories. At either end of the building, on the first floor, consultation and operating rooms for both sexes are provided, and these are separated from each other by commodious reception-rooms which occupy the centre. The gentlemen's department is in charge of Dr. Vernoy, a physician of extensive experience. Both the upper flats are devoted to sleepingrooms, in the appointments of which every regard has been had to comfort. The furniture is from the establishment of Messrs. Hay & Co. A striking external feature of the building is a handsome veranda, extending its entire length on the western side, at the height of one story from the ground. Access to this is obtained from the main hall.

The proprietors of this institution are ladies, Mrs. Jenny Kidd Trout and Miss E. Amelia Tefft, whose success in healing diseases, acute or chronic, has been something marvellous. Mrs. Trout is a native of Scotland. This lady had cherished a desire to become a physician, and, in the spring of 1875, she had not only the honour of graduating in Philadelphia, but the further honour of receiving the first licence to practice medicine and surgery granted to her sex in Canada. She is still the only woman authorized to attach to her name the initials M.D. and M.C.P. and S., Ontario. While the recent improvements were being made in the premises, Mrs. Trout, in company with her husband, the publisher of *The Monetary Times*, visited her native land, from thence passing over to the continent, where she spent some time in acquainting herself with the methods in vogue in various medical institutions of note.

When in Philadelphia, and also while attending as a patient an institution in the State of New York, she became acquainted with her partner, Miss Tefft, who is not only a graduate of one of the oldest women's colleges in the world, but has had eight or ten year's experience in hygiene, hydropathic, and electric institutions in Philadelphia and New York. Although both these ladies are graduates of one of the most exclusive allopathic schools, they learned enough in their student days to convince them that the treatment prescribed by that system was not always the most reliable, and they therefore determined that when they commenced the practice of medicine they would employ whatever remedies might promise the best results. The success they have attained has amply demonstrated the wisdom of this resolution. Eccentricity in their hands has proved a most wonderful curative agent. Any one of our readers who may wish fuller particulars of what is now one of the popular institutions of the country, should address the proprietors.

"Give us a Rest."

Such is the pathetic cry of a too-sensitive correspondent, who, exhausted by the heat, worried by creditors, and bored generally by everybody, pours forth his wearied soul in the brief but expressive sentence which heads these lines.

"Give us a rest!" How often we hear the expression used without thinking for a moment of all that it may mean! How often is it used without a thought of all that it may imply!

"Give us a r