

habit of arranging the flowers for their table, and my attention was called to the unique and tasteful manner in which the bouquets were made; no two were alike, so peculiar was their arrangement.

Several toasts were offered, and soon after, our host remarked to me that Andersen looked as though he had something to say. The latter arose and offered a toast in Danish, to which my husband responded in appropriate terms. It was afterwards suggested that the author furnish me with a copy of his toast, and, as he was kind enough to do so, I will let his American friends have the benefit of it. In English it is as follows: "England was once our far-off neighbour land, but Time's wisdom brings all nearer to each other; now America has come nearer to us than England was formerly. A northern people had known and visited the New World even before Columbus had known it. Now it is very near us; we see it with its great life-pulsations. We know the splendour of its colours from Washington Irving's 'Columbus,' its forests and prairies from Cooper's picturesque tales, and perceive its relationship to the North (Scandinavia) from Longfellow's 'Hiawatha.' To me the mighty land has become still dearer on account of the tokens of affection received from so many young hearts. America's children have broken their savings-boxes to divide their treasures with their old Danish poet, whom they believed to be in want. This to me is a page of a fairy-tale in the story of my life. I therefore propose a toast to this dear, mighty land; the more so since one of its representatives is present with his noble wife—a near relation of the able President of the United States. We hope they will convey our hearty greetings."

On adjourning to the parlour the pleasant Danish custom of hand-shaking was observed, beginning with the host and hostess, each one on offering the hand saying: "Well be kommen" (May it become you well.) This is equivalent to the German salutation after dinner of "Blessings on your meal." Taking up a curiously cut paper, pasted upon a blue back-ground, that lay upon the centre-table, I was informed that Andersen cut it. I proceeded to study its novel and intricate designs, which at first glance gave it a slight resemblance to a piece of Honiton lace. This curious paper cutting is now before me, for our hostess kindly presented it to me, and Mr. Andersen wrote his name and mine upon it. There are represented on it grotesque-looking faces, clowns, fairies, dancing-girls, gymnasts, pugilists, soldiers, storks, swans, trees, wind-mills, and the Danish flag.

Mr. Andersen, on leaving the dinner-table, came smilingly towards me and presented me with two bouquets that he had made, at the same time remarking: "Give—not my compliments to America, but my feelings," and his hand approached his heart, when a young lady suggested, "Your love." "Yes," he added, "give my love to America." So I take this opportunity of presenting to the American public the love of Hans Christian Andersen.

THE DAWN.

Yonder the sun in splendour advances;
Mists from the lowlands are fleeing away;
Fluffy white clouds, as o'er them he glances,
Blush with a rose tint, so ardent the ray,
As they sail slowly through
Heaven's celestial blue,
Types of the beautiful, pure, and good,
Bathed like the sunny skies,
Earth, in its beauty, lies
Burnished and glorified, too, by the flood.

Wondrous ocean, on its wave's foamy crest,
Sparkles in sunlight with beauty untold;
Or, when its surface lies peaceful at rest,
Seems it a molten expanse of pure gold;
Mountains and forests green,
Hills and their vales between,
Baptised in the sunshine, glitter with dew
'Till it does really seem
Earth, from chaotic dream,
Basks in the smile of its Maker anew.

Oh, that more human hearts, weary, grieving,
Would drink in the freshness, beauty of dawn,
More of gladness in life's loom be weaving,
More of the faith of our life's primal morn!
More of the tired feet
Treading the dusty street,
Would quicken with joy, more hearts the while
Grow warmer and better,
As day casts night's fetter,
Grow bright in the light of day's glorious smile.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

It is the intention of Marshal Bazaine to reside ultimately in Madrid, where his wife's family have for a long time been living.

It is said that whoever is Duke of Westminster 100 years hence will have such a fortune as even story books never before more than hinted at.

Cremation of the dead is to be carried into operation in Vienna immediately, by order of the municipality of that city, under the advice of the Board of Health.

Senorita Soledad Juarez, the daughter of the late President of Mexico, has become a village "schoolmarm" through the force of necessity. She is a dark brunette beauty and has a carefully cultivated mind.

The Adventists, who usually hold a camp-meeting at Alton Bay, New Hampshire, have divided within a year past. The new party call themselves "Timists;" they have fixed for the date of the end of the world May 1, 1875.

Few even amongst the thriftiest Scotchmen have made a penny go further than a firm of brass and copper wire manufacturers, who recently drew a copper coin into 2,700 feet—more than half a mile—of wire.

It is not generally known that maidenhair fern, when cut and placed in water along with other plants, speedily withers, but if kept by itself it will last for days. This curious phenomenon is more apparent if mignonette or heliotrope is along with it. Can this be owing to the sweet-smelling odour emitted by those flowers?

It is stated that the last new society formed is one of tourists who are going to scour England on tricycles, not bicycles; and ladies are also to be members. There is no indelicacy, say the promoters, in a lady using one. One gentleman and his wife "did" North Wales last summer, he taking the luggage and she the baby, and their pace was from eight to ten miles an hour.

The women of Liverpool, imitating the example of the women of the United States, have started a whiskey war, but there is this difference in their mode of procedure—instead of going into the public-houses and praying for the conversion of the publican and his customers, they pray "that the hearts of the licensing magistrates may be inclined not to increase the facilities for drinking."

About sixteen students of Dartmouth College have served as waiters in the Profile House, White Mountains, during the past summer. They received twenty dollars a month as regular wages, and this sum was often doubled or trebled by donations; so that the season proves quite profitable to the students, and they obtain funds enough for their educational expenses for a considerable time.

The women of St. Louis—or at least some women of St. Louis—according to the reports of a local newspaper, are resolved to ascertain what "business engagements" detain their husbands from home till late in the evening. Accordingly the "Female Protective Club" has been formed, by whose internal machinery investigations are made, and the exact "business engagements" are reported to inquiring wives. Such is the rumour.

The pottery tree of Para is one of the curiosities of Brazil. The stem does not exceed a foot in diameter, and it grows to the height of 100 feet. But the peculiarity of the tree does not consist in its configuration, but in the nature of its wood and bark, which contain so much silica that they are used by potters in the production of earthenware vessels. The bark contains more silica than the wood, and in preparing the bark for the potters' use it is first burnt, and the residuum is pulverised and mixed with clay. An equal quantity of the two ingredients produces a superior ware. The fresh bark cuts like soft sandstone, and when dried it is brittle and difficult to break.

The American Unitarian Association have undertaken to offer a copy of Channing's works as a gift to every settled minister in America. The association, in announcing their purpose, say of their great representative: "By all the world he is coming to be recognized as one of the foremost of American writers, a leading champion of religious and political freedom, of education and philanthropy, a devoted advocate of Christianity, yet superior to sect, a seeker for truth, and a lover of mankind, whose grand utterance and noble character are alike the signal illustration of liberal Christianity." The occasion of this extraordinary act of liberality is the completion of the fiftieth year of the existence of the society.

Some boys recently annoyed an elephant by giving him sticks and tobacco to eat instead of buns. This foolish practical joke made the bear perfectly furious, and his retaliation was prompt and dreadful. Extending his trunk, he suddenly seized within its grasp no fewer than three of the unhappy youths, whose screams and struggles showed that they fully realised their perilous position. Two of them managed to wriggle themselves free, but the third, a boy aged twelve years, named Lubbs, remained encircled by the elephant's trunk. Triumphant twirling the boy round and round, the elephant, to the horror of the spectators, attempted to swallow him, or at all events to "scrunch" him with its mouth. At this moment a number of men sprang forward, and by blows and entreaties induced the elephant to relax its hold upon the boy, which it did by contemptuously throwing him aside with great violence. After all it ended no worse than breaking the boy's arm and severely bruising him.

A Western paper says: "A boy of Willow Creek, Cal., last February was bitten by a wild cat, and soon got apparently well of the bite. He is a muscular boy of seventeen, and lately he began to be cruel to his younger brothers and often seized with a strong desire to eat babies. His brothers ran from him when the fit was on him, and babies were carefully kept out of his reach. He took it into his head that it was not wrong to kill little children and a very slight crime to murder grown people. His peculiarities began to attract general attention and the people of Willow Creek became afraid of the boy. They called him a human wild cat because when he was attacked with his insane specialty he imitated the motions of a cat. At length he was caught and taken to Yerka, and put into jail for safe keeping. The doctors heard of the case and had a consultation over it. They called his malady *rabies felina*, which means cat madness, and the disease is said to be exceedingly rare in this country."

A hint worthy of the attention of those in charge of gun-powder, &c., may be obtained in the enunciation of the following explanation of how to obtain light instantly without the use of matches and without the danger of setting things on fire:—Take an oblong phial of the whitest and clearest glass; put into it a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea, upon which pour some olive oil, heated to the boiling-point, filling the phial about one-third full, and then seal the phial hermetically. To use it, remove the cork and allow the air to enter the phial, and then recork it. The whole empty space in the bottle will then become luminous, and the light obtained will be equal to that of a lamp. As soon as the light grows weak its power can be increased by opening the phial and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter. In winter it is sometimes necessary to heat the phial between the hands to increase the

fluidity of the oil. Thus prepared, the phial may be used for six months. This contrivance is now used by the watchmen of Paris in all magazines where explosive or inflammable materials are stored.

A correspondent of the Boston Journal writes: "Paralysis is becoming a prime disease. It is not confined to the fleshy, the plethoric, nor to the aged. The fast life of our business young men tells on them. It is a very common thing to see men of thirty and thirty-five bald-headed, feeble-gaited, and walking about with canes, their underpinning knocked out, with other signs of premature age. These signs of early weakness develop in paralysis. Sudden deaths from this cause are very common. Several have occurred in railroad trains; the vibration seeming to predispose persons to the disease. Not long since a gentleman died in one of our churches. He was interested in a case of discipline. He made a report to the church on the case, sat down, laid his head on the back of the seat and instantly expired. In another case, a man not accustomed to public speaking arose to relate his religious experience. He was so excited that he could scarcely speak. In the midst of his remark he was seized with paralysis, and carried to his home. Our young men will have to tone down their style of living if they amount to anything."

Judge Edmonds, writing in *Britton's Quarterly* of "Special Providences," says: "When my friend Dr. John F. Gray was a lad of fourteen or fifteen years old he was employed in a cloth factory, where it was part of his duty to attend to the dyeing apparatus, which was in an adjoining building. His particular business was to tend the fire under the dye-kettle and to turn a crank whereby the cloth should revolve on a wheel through the dye. One day while thus employed he heard a voice say to him, 'Go out of the building;' he answered, 'What shall I go out for? I won't do it.' After a little while the voice again said to him, 'Go out of this building, I tell you.' Again he answered, 'What shall I do that for? I tell you I'm not going to do it.' Again an interval of time passed, and the voice said more earnestly, 'Go out of this building, I tell you, immediately. Go out! Go out!' 'Well,' he replied, 'I won't quarrel about it, I'll go out;' and so he stopped his work and went out. He had to ascend a few steps to get out, and he hardly reached the upper steps before the whole building fell, and crushed to pieces the kettle, furnace, and wheel where he had been at work."

A Paris correspondent says in describing the new office of the Paris *Figaro*: "Opening upon the grand gallery that runs around the Spanish *palais*, or rotunda, are the rooms or halls that lead to the rooms of the various employees. These are all furnished in magnificent style, with rosewood furniture, rich carpets, tapestry, bronzes and marble statues. Some rooms accommodate a single writer, others two or three. The principal editor, De Villemessant, occupies a small room on the ground floor, to the right of the principal entrance. There are also a richly furnished council-room, in which all the literary force meets once each month; bedrooms, bath-rooms, and breakfast and dining rooms—for all of the literary force of the paper, save the editor-in-chief, eats, sleeps, and lives in the building. There is also one very large room whose sides are hung with masks and glittering foils. Each day at two o'clock all the employees assemble in this room and receive lessons in fencing from an expert. This is obligatory on each one, for the reason that each individual is expected to hold himself in readiness to call or be called to the field of honour at a moment's notice. Any hesitation in such a case would secure the instant dismissal of the individual involved."

The aged poet Runeberg, the greatest Scald that Sweden has ever had, has been in extremely weak health for many years past. It appears that as he has lain on his sick bed at Helsingfors, in Finland, he has occupied himself by close observation of the habits of birds, and specially with regard to the causes of migration, and he has at last put forward a singularly beautiful theory on the latter point. He believes, in fact, that it is the longing after light, and that alone, which draws the birds southwards. When the days shorten in the north the birds go south, but as soon as ever the long northern nights set in, with all their luminous and long-drawn hours, the wanderers return to their old haunts. It is generally supposed that they move southward to get more abundant food. "But why," asks Runeberg, "do they leave their rich hunting-grounds to return to the north?" The central regions of Europe are in every way more desirable than the wastes of Scandinavia. Only one thing is richer there, and that is light. The same instinct that makes plants firmly rooted in the ground strain towards the light, spreading up in search of it, works in the birds, who, on their free wings, fly after and follow it. Runeberg's final sentence is quite epigrammatic—"The bird of passage is of noble birth; he bears a motto, and his motto is *Lux mea dux*."

War horses, when hit in battle, tremble in every muscle, and groan deeply, while their eyes show deep a tonishment. During the battle of Waterloo, some of these horses, as they lay upon the ground, having recovered from the first agony of their wounds, fell to eating grass about them, thus surrounding themselves with a circle of bare ground, the limited extent of which showed their weakness. Others were observed quietly grazing on the field, between the two hostile lines, their riders having been shot off their backs; and the balls flying over their heads, and the tumult behind, before and around them caused no interruption to the usual instinct of their nature. It was also observed that when a charge of cavalry went past near to any of the stray horses already mentioned, they would set off, form themselves in the rear of their mounted companions, and, though without riders, gallop strenuously along with the rest, not stopping or flinching when the fatal shock with the enemy took place. At the battle of Kirk, in 1745, Major Macdonald having unhorsed an English officer, took possession of his horse, which was very beautiful, and immediately mounted it. When the English cavalry fled the horse ran away with its captor, notwithstanding all his efforts to restrain him; nor did it stop until it was at the head of the regiment, of which, apparently, its master was the commander. The melancholy and at the same time ludicrous figure which Macdonald presented when he thus saw himself the victim of his ambition to possess a fine horse, which ultimately cost him his life upon the scaffold, may be easily conceived.