

CREED.

BY MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND (KARIFFA.)

I believe, if I should die,
And you should kiss my eyelids when I lie
Cold dead, and dumb to all the world contains,
The folded orbs would open at thy breath,
And from its exile in the Isles of Death,
Life would come gladly back along my veins.

I believe, if I were dead,
And you upon my lifeless heart should tread,
Not knowing what the poor clod chanced to be,
It would find sudden pulse beneath the touch
Of him it ever loved in life so much,
And throb again warm, tender, true to thee.

I believe, if on my grave,
Hidden in woody depths, or by the wave,
Your eyes should drop some warm tears of regret,
From every salty seed of your dear grief
Some fair, sweet blossom would leap into leaf
To prove death could not make my love forget.

I believe, if I should fade
Into those mystic realms where light is made,
And you should long once more my face to see,
I would come forth upon the hills of night,
And gather stars like fagots, till thy sight,
Led by their beacon blaze, fell full on me!

I believe my faith in thee,
Strong as my life, so nobly placed to be,
I would as soon expect to see the sun
Fall like a dead king from his height sublime,
His glory stricken from the throne of Time,
As thee unworth the worship thou hast won.

I believe who has not loved
Hath half the treasure of his life unproved;
Like one who, with the grape within his grasp,
Drops it, with all its crimson juice unpressed,
And all its luscious sweetness left unguessed,
Out from his careless and unheeding clasp.

I believe love, pure and true,
Is to the soul a sweet, immortal dew,
That gems life's petals in its hours of dusk;
The waiting angels see and recognize
The rich crown-jewel, Love, of Paradise,
When life falls from us like a withered husk.

For Everybody.

American Singers in Europe.

Minnie Hauck is a favourite at the Opéra Comique, Vienna. Alice Urban is singing with great success at St. Petersburg and Moscow, in such parts as Selika and Saffo. Marie Louise Durand triumphs at the Scala, Milan, as Margherita, and is charged with the creation of two new rôles; Maestri Ponchielli and Braga having both chosen her to sing in their respective operas, *I Lituani* and *Caligola*.

A Morning Dram.

It is the custom of the workpeople and servants in Paris to take the first thing in the morning their *goutte*, consisting of a few sous worth of wine, absinthe, punch, or cognac, with or without a tiny roll of bread. These morning drams must not be considered as drinking habits; they form the first breakfast for many who prefer the arrangement to hot-water milk, or chicory water which is palmed off as the real Mocha.

Writing With Ease.

The late John M. Earle was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, and at the same time editor of the Worcester *Spy*. He used to write his leaders in the cars on the way to Worcester at night, frequently pencilling his criticism of public men and measures on the margin of the Boston *Journal*. His penmanship was notably good, and his leaders frequently ran all over the margin of the paper, requiring many twistings and turnings and foldings of the same.

Kept His Blue Cotton Handkerchief.

It was recently stated, as illustrating the frugal habits of the late S. A. Hitchcock, that he had preserved all his life the blue cotton handkerchief in which all his worldly possessions were tied up when he started out in the world to get a living and that the first fifty dollars which he ever earned over his expenses was deposited in the savings' bank, and remained there at the time of his disease. It is believed that during his life he gave away more than six hundred thousand dollars.

The Highland Oath.

The Highlanders used to think slightly of the Lowland form of oath. At Carlisle assizes, a Highland drover, who had meditated the ruin of another, prosecuted him for horse-stealing, and swore positively to the fact. This being done, the supposed criminal desired that the prosecutor might be sworn in the Highland manner, and the oath being tendered him accordingly, he refused to take it, saying—"There is a hantle o' difference betwixt blawing on a book and damning ane's ain soul!"

Presence of Mind.

A few weeks ago, at a theatre in the province, a young actor who was playing the part of an old porter had his false bald crown mischievously pulled off at the moment of his appearing before the footlights. After a moment of quickly-repressed astonishment at the sight of his thick black locks, his fellow-actor on the stage said, with the utmost sang-froid, "I did not call you, my good fellow; I called your father. Tell him I want him directly." And a few seconds afterwards the young man with his proper headgear reappeared before the public, who had not discovered anything amiss.

The Latest Ball-room Novelty.

The following anecdote is given on the authority of Professor Dove, of Berlin, in illustration of the production of snow by change of temperature. On an extremely cold but starlight night, a large company assembled in a ball-room in Sweden, which in the course of the evening became so warm that some of the ladies fainted. An officer tried to open a window, but found it was frozen to the sill. He then broke a pane of glass, and the rush of cold air from without produced a fall of snow in the room. Its atmosphere was charged with vapour, which, becoming suddenly condensed and frozen, fell in the form of snow upon the astonished dancers.

A Successful Opera.

The Folies Dramatiques performed the "Fille de Madame

Angot" for the 365th time, being the first occasion in theatrical annals that a piece has been played for a whole year without one single intermission. The management made, for 345 performances (from the 21st February, 1873, to the 31st January, 1874) a clear profit of 759,000f. The poor, who have a right to 10 per cent. on the gross receipts, gained 145,443f. The publisher of the music sold 15,000 copies, clearing 200,000f.; and the publisher of the libretto has benefited to the extent of 33,000f. The composer, Lecocq, and the authors have touched 62,000f.

Holding the Mirror up to Nature.

The anecdote of the sailor who wished to dissuade Romeo from committing suicide at the tomb of the Capulets, by informing him that Juliet was not dead, but merely in a swoon, is worn threadbare, but we found its parallel at one of the New York theatres a few weeks since. In the play, which portrayed the life of a drunkard, the chief actor, when in great destitution, exclaims, "Alas! alas! no one in this wide world will give me even a crust of bread to eat." These words had hardly been pronounced by the actor, before the audience saw a tall man arise in the parquette, who, in a voice trembling with emotion, said, "Gentlemen, I am a poor man, but I will give that man a dollar."

Successful Newspaper Man.

Charles A. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, is nearly sixty. He walks in an erect and haughty way with firm and lively step. He is very strong, and has a solidly built frame. His eyes are sound and clear, and his voice is stiff and hard as ever. It is marvellous to see how little he has changed in twenty years. Dana has grown rich through his proprietary interest in the *Sun* during the last five years; and his income from his paper and from the *American Cyclopaedia* (the second edition of which he is now editing, in company with Mr. Ripley), might safely be put down at a hundred thousand dollars a year for all the rest of the years of his life.

Ball Etiquette.

At the last ball at Brussels the following was the ceremonial for the invitation of partners by the members of the Royal Family. The Comte de Flandre, who moves about among the groups, having fixed on a lady as partner, an intimation to that effect is conveyed to her by the grand marshal of the palace; the lady approaches the Prince, curtsies, and the couple join in the movement as the music strikes up. The Countess advises the partner she has selected by the grand master of the household; the gentleman advances to the foot of the dais on which the Royal Family are seated, and, after making a low bow, waits until it pleases her Royal Highness to join him. It must be mentioned that the Countess waltzes admirably. At the *fête* in question a young Roumanian officer produced a great effect; he wore tight-fitting white inexpressibles, Cordovan boots, a crimson tunic edged and embroidered with black, and as close-fitting as the nether garment, and had a magnificent curved sabre; in addition, he was a tall, handsome man.

Charles Dickens—Why did he Die?

The life of Charles Dickens teems with interest; his death gives a most salutary lesson. An eminent medical writer gives a short summary of the various shocks to the system of Dickens, which naturally weakened him, and predisposed him to affliction, and gives the most conclusive evidence that paralysis, which ended the great *littérateur's* earthly career, was due almost exclusively to that very act of his life which drew admiring thousands to listen to the delineations in person of the leading characters of his published works. On leaving the platform after reading "Copperfield," so laborious, earnest, and pathetic were the exertions made by Dickens, his whole soul being thrown into the work, that the pulsations of his heart numbered 96, being 24 in excess of the ordinary pulse, 72; after "Marigold," 99; "Sikes and Nancy," 118; "Oliver Twist," 124. Thus, while his audiences were rejoicing over talented histrionic display, the efforts of the reader himself were driving nails into his coffin, breaking down the delicate walls of the nervous system of the brain, flooding that great organ with an inundation of fluid, which doomed the birth-place of Pickwick and a host of other interesting characters of English fictitious history.

Spirits for Soldiers.

While we fully concur with those who consider that, under ordinary circumstances, and especially in hot climates, a man had better discard rum and brandy, and substitute claret or light beer for spirits, we are clear that the soldier is frequently benefited by a moderate allowance of alcohol. Beer and light wines, such of claret, are out of the question, on account of their bulk and consequent difficulty of transport, and we suspect that the 42nd Highlander would as soon drink red ink as light wine. Under these circumstances, the issue of a small ration of rum at the end of a day's march, and whilst the troops are undertaking active duties during a campaign or siege, may be defended on moral and hygienic grounds. Common sense and a knowledge of men's habits are sometimes more useful guides than the results of science. Soldiers are like other men—they "want something to look forward to." Again, spite of anti-tobacco pedants, we are convinced that men on active service, like that on which our troops are at present engaged, are the better for an occasional "pipe." It is a solace to many a poor fellow under conditions that are anything but cheery.

The Cuisine.

Modern cookery is probably better than old. The cooks of the past excelled our own in the boldness of their ideas of culinary decoration. In fact, devices in statuary and architecture played so great a part in their feasts that material enjoyment must often have become sacrificed to display. An iced pudding à la Nesselrode would lose a good deal by being moulded into a correct likeness of the great diplomatist in a melting mood. The system also of presenting the animals and poultry forming the *menu* in their habit as they lived must have been embarrassing, and suggests an unpleasant admixture of fur and feathers with the rest of the banquet. However this may be, the art is not altogether lost. A revival of this mediæval style of cookery took place lately at a ball given by the French Cooks' Benevolent Society. Here the supper, which was, of course, a paramount attraction, was graced by a number of *pièces montées*, one of which, made by the President of the Society, consisted of a bear with his shaggy coat on, climbing a tree, and surrounded by "roosters" in the full glory of their plumage. Skin and feathers, however, came off, and showed both bear and roosters not only cooked, but larded and truffled. The dancing ought to have been "renewed with great spirit after supper," but was not, a larger interval

than usual being needed to ponder the details of this masterpiece of the Benevolent Cooks.

A Remarkable Opera Troupe.

An extraordinary public entertainment has been produced in Lima, Peru, by an Italian named Contarini, who proposes to bring his exhibition to Europe. He has taught and trained, by dint of great patience and perseverance, an opera company, made up of thirty parrots and paroquets, who perform two of Bellini's operas, *Norma* and *Sonnambula*, on a miniature stage, with full chorus and recitative. The director and manager accompanies the artistes on a piano-harmonium, and the perfection with which each bird sings his part and the excellence of the chorus are prodigious. The *début* of this lyrico-ornithological company in *Norma* was attended by the wealth and fashion of Lima. When the paroquet that sang the contralto had finished the allegro to the "Salutation to the Moon," such was the enthusiasm, the shouting, and the applause at hearing the bird sing the "Casta Diva" that the bird company, affrighted, took flight, and sought refuge among the side scenes. This interrupted the performance for full a quarter of an hour, and Signor Contarini had to tranquillise the "artistes" by giving them bread soaked in wine. Henceforth the expression of approbation were moderate, in order not to spoil the play. It appears that the bird artistes have now become accustomed to the applause. The correctness and propriety with which they give certain parts of the opera are wonderful. The *primo tenore* possesses all the airs and graces of the school of Mario, and the ladies of Lima have named the *prima donna* Patti.

A Woman of Genius.

There is a story told by Madame Necker Saussure in her introduction to the collected works of Madame de Staël, which, as illustrating her filial love and certain vain-glorious traits of character is worth repeating. On the occasion of a certain visit which the narrator paid to the Neckers at Coppet, the carriage that had been sent to convey her from Geneva was overturned. Upon hearing of the accident, Madame de Staël was agitated by the wildest terror—not, as it may be imagined on account of her guest's narrow escape from injury, but from a possible contingency which the accident suggested to her mind. "Ah, heavens," she exclaimed, "it might have been my father!" She ran to the bell, rang furiously, and, in a voice trembling with agitation, ordered that the coachman should be instantly sent for. In a few minutes the offender stood before her. "Have you heard that I am a woman of genius?" were the first words she spoke to him. Her question was so odd and her manner so excited that he could not find a reply. "Have you heard that I am a woman of genius?" she repeated, yet more loudly and angrily. The servant, more confused than ever, was silent. "Well, then, I am a woman of genius," she said, hotly—"of great genius, of prodigious genius. And I tell you that all the genius I possess shall be exerted to secure your rotting all your days in a dungeon, if ever you overturn my father." When her agitation was over, her friend rallied her upon this curious speech, but she failed to see the absurd side of it. "What had I to threaten him with except my poor genius?" she answered, naively.

Ristori and Cavour.

A curious anecdote about Cavour and Madame Ristori, which was related at the Cavour festival last autumn, seems to be confirmed by a "hitherto unpublished" letter from Cavour to the great actress, just printed in the *Lombardia* of Milan. In the winter of 1861, so runs the story, Cavour saw Madame Ristori perform for the first time, and he was so struck by her genius that, knowing she was about to proceed on a dramatic engagement to St. Petersburg, he determined to entrust her with a diplomatic mission to the Russian Court. There was at that time a certain estrangement between Russia and Piedmont, owing to the participation of the latter in the Crimean war, and the object of Madame Ristori's mission was to effect a reconciliation between the two Powers. In the letter now printed in the *Lombardia*, Cavour expresses his satisfaction at the result of the mission, advises the lady to continue her "patriotic apostolate" in France, and "preach the truth in a society that shows so much vice," and pays the following tribute to her genius:—"I rejoice at the brilliant triumph you have achieved on the French stage; it gives you an irresistible authority over the Parisian public, which must be thankful to you for the service you are rendering to French art. If you will make use of this authority for the service of our country, I will admire you not only as the first *artiste* of Europe, but also as the best worker on our diplomatic staff." The letter is signed "C. Cavour," and is addressed, "alla gentilissima signora Adelaide Ristori, marchesa Capranica del Grillo, Parigi."

Thiers' Republican Confession.

On one afternoon, says the author of the "Life of Grote," in 1869, we received a visit at our hotel from two friends, both Frenchmen—the Count A. de Circourt and the Count de Belvéze. Politics, of course, formed the staple of our long conversation, Grote gradually becoming animated by their respective predictions about the pending changes in the course of the Government. Indeed, the malady under which the chief of the Executive was then suffering rendered political speculation more bold and active than had been possible for a length of time. Towards the end of the visit, M. de Belvéze, amused by Grote's seeming to doubt the chances of France returning to Republicanism, in spite of all that the two friends had been telling him of its probability, said, "Well, now, I will recount to you what befell me this very day, and you shall judge whether the incident does not confirm our own opinions. I was on my way to call on my physician, when I met M. Thiers. 'Come with me,' cries he, 'and we will have a talk as we walk.' 'I cannot do so, for I must go and see Dr. —.' 'Ah! never mind your doctor, a walk with me will do you much more good than any doctor?' Thus saying, Thiers tucked his arm under that of M. de Belvéze, and off they went together—naturally, since I never knew any one to resist the fascination of M. Thiers' company, if offered to him. M. de Belvéze certainly could not, anyhow. They plunged at once into the "situation actuelle" of course. "You know," said M. Thiers, "as well as every one else, that I never was a Republican; my whole life has been spent in antagonism with Republican doctrines." "Certainly," rejoined M. de Belvéze, "we know it enough." "Well," replied M. Thiers, "for all that, I will frankly own to you that I have of late come to think differently. In plain terms, I am now profoundly persuaded *qu'il n'y a rien de possible que la République*. 'Now, what say you to this confession de foi?' said M. de Belvéze, smiling. We all held our peace. The communication seemed to take all three of us by surprise.