

THE TOILET OF CONSTANCE.

(From the ballad of Casimir Delavigne, as abbreviated by Ruskin in Vol. III. of his Modern Painters.)

"Haste, Anna! Did you hear me call?
My mirror, quick! The hours advance—
I'm going this night to the ball
At the Ambassador's of France.
Just think—those bows were fresh and fair
Last eve—ah! beauty fades apace:
See, from the net that binds my hair
The azure tassels droop with grace.
Your hands are awkward, girl, to-night—
These sapphires well—become my brow—
A pin has pricked me—set it right—
Dear Anna, I look charming now!
He whom my fancy has beguiled,
(Anna, my ranc) will be a guest.
(Fie, fie! that's not my necklace, child,
Those beads the Holy Father blest)
Oh! should his hand my fingers press,
(At the mere thought I tremble, dear)
To-morrow should I dare confess
The truth in Père Anselmo's ear?
Give me my gloves—now all is well—
In the tall glass one final glance—
To-night I long to be the belle
At the Ambassador's of France."

Close to the hearth she stood and gazed:
O God! a spark ignites her dress—
"Fire, help!" when every hope was raised,
How sad such death for loveliness!
The flame voluptuously gnaws
Her arms—her breast—around—above—
And swallows with unquenching jaws
Her eighteen years, her dreams of love!
Farewell to all youth's visions gay!
They only said: "Ah! poor Constance!"
And waited until the dawn of day
At the Ambassador's of France.

Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

FLUTE AND PICCOLO.

A CANADIAN TRIUMPH IN CONSTRUCTION.

A scientific flute! A rational piccolo!
My friend René Steckel is a civil engineer.
His forte is mathematics, and he excels therein.
This accounts for his success in the invention of
two musical instruments, much appreciated by
connoisseurs.

Understand, I don't set myself up for a
musician; but as, for about fourteen years,
Steckel has been plying his musical researches
in the room next door to me, I have become in-
fected with his enthusiasm. Under the inspira-
tion of the double crotchet, my vocation might
have been different from what it is.

"The man that bled no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted."

Shakespeare's sentiments are mine also; I
love music passionately, consequently (accord-
ing to Shakespeare) you may trust me implicitly
in what I am going to tell you.

I have followed, then, with interest (and with
some perplexity) the plans, the efforts, the suc-
cesses of my friend.

To begin with, he told me that the flutes of
the instrument dealer are almost invariably in-
correct, false in tone—in fact, to find a perfect
one, possessing all the requisite qualities, one
might hunt the world over—and a little beyond
it!

While discussing the point, Steckel, inspired,
cried suddenly:

"I'm going to make a flute! After all, it's
simply a matter of calculation. I understand
the theory of the sound-waves; I will compel
them to roll for me with a smoothness and pre-
cision such as no other man has ever attained."

He said it—and he has done it!

The engineers never studied at the construc-
tion of the Victoria Bridge as did he to fix the
calibre of his instrument, to grasp the secret of
the enclosed and impelled column of air, and to
fix the size and position of the holes. I only
speak from memory of the mysteries of the
mouth-piece, the ingenious devices of the keys,
the conditions of extreme precision required in
the whole mechanism.

His object was to produce a sound which,
throughout the whole gamut, should maintain
one character. If the low notes gurgle—that's
bad. If the high ones have a nasal squeak, bad
again. The matter is still more complicated
when you reach the upper octave, for then all
the faults of the instrument are noticed to-
gether, the exaggerated effects, that high scream,
that low, feeble bass—not to mention the
necessity of managing the pressure of the air,
which seems to rush unequally through the
flute, now vibrating too much and now too
little. Irregularity, incorrectness, noise—that's
what it is—not music. And yet, for the want
of better, that's the sort of thing we have had
to be content with hitherto.

To discover the laws of pressure of the sound-
waves, and to succeed in storing them, as it
were, in a tube which would command their regu-
lar flow, Steckel devoted himself with marvel-
lous patience; and the result is that he has
produced a flute which has made the voyage to
France to good purpose, for a Paris maker has
been only too glad to undertake its introduction
to the public.

My friend profited by the occasion to pay a
visit to Alsace, the country of his forefathers.

Upon his return I soon perceived that he
wasn't perfectly happy; I questioned him about
it.

"Ah!" said he, "it's not finished—now for
the piccolo!"

And the piccolo has appeared.

After the creation of man, it was yet possible
to make a being still more perfect; so woman

was produced. Thus it was with Steckel's pic-
colo. Besides being a perfect gem in appearance,
its tone has all the graces of the sweetest, the
most delicate and sensitive instrument. Would
you have believed all that of a piccolo? It has
lost its horrible squeak altogether. Now it fairly
sings; it produces true melody. One is forced
to pay it due respect. So genteel its form, so dis-
tinguished its manner, such good company gen-
erally, its position in the world is assured, even
before its formal introduction into the best
society.

This has not been accomplished without a new
series of calculations, mind you. Fresh compli-
cations surrounded the invention, but a resolute
will carried the day; they have been thoroughly
overcome by a master-hand.

The tube of the piccolo is from the establishment
of Mr. E. Chanteloup, Montreal; the frames,
the keys, and all the mechanical appliances are
by Mr. S. Laporte, of Ottawa. Artists were
necessary to execute his plans, and it must be
said that Messieurs Laporte and Chanteloup de-
serve much credit for the masterly skill they
have displayed.

So perfectly are the keys fitted to the open-
ings that the slightest false escape of air is im-
possible.

The ideal piccolo cannot be made of wood, and
its keys must not be round ones. So, likewise,
with the flute. The keys are square. May I be
permitted to remark that we have here the
squaring of the circle.

When you find these wonderful little instru-
ments of Steckel's applauded in Paris, New
York, or London, you will, of course, appreciate
them also; but, until then, I know these few
lines in my friend's praise won't appear worth
your notice. A prophet is of no account in his
own country, nor, consequently, a Canadian
genius in Canada. Never mind, we will wait
and see; meantime, I shall sing (though the
rhyme is a little difficult)—

"Joyous metal, brilliant nickel,
Sound the victory for Steckel!"

BENJAMIN SULTE.

CHARLES LAMB.

Lamb was invited to meet a somewhat mixed
company. One was Mr. D—, a retired
cheesemonger, who had been for years in some
commission connected with the poor laws. He
was a pompous man, with a grand affectation of
having been born to the exalted position. At
one time in the course of the dinner opinions
ran at variance as to the proper methods of
dealing with pauperdom, and Mr. D— assumed
a very high manner. "Gentlemen," he said,
thrusting his thumbs into the armholes of his
vest, lying back in his chair and inflating his
lungs to their utmost capacity, "gentlemen, I
should know what I am speaking of, with all
my years in the public service, and with my
opportunities for studying the dispositions of
these miserable and troublesome paupers. Gen-
tlemen, they are as worthless and ungrateful as
they are and have been improvident. The time
has been, gentlemen, when I had some of the
milk of human kindness in my breast for these
wretches, but now—and he paused for a mo-
ment in order to let the conclusion come more
overwhelmingly—"N-now," broke in Lamb,
with his poor, thin face all childish innocence—
"n-now, Mr. D—, I suppose that m-milk is
all m-made up into ch-cheese!" Lamb re-
ceived an invitation on a certain evening to be
present at a breakfast at Rogers' the following
morning, to meet a young author, whose first
volume of poetry left the press that day. He
went a trifle early and reached the waiting-room
while it was vacant, Rogers not having come
down, and none of the other guests having ar-
rived. On the table lay a copy of the young
poet's new book. Lamb picked it up, ran
through it, saw that it contained nothing of any
special mark, and then, in a few minutes yet re-
maining, amused himself by committing to me-
mory three or four of the short poems it contain-
ed. The guests arrived—among them the young
aspirant for honours. Some of the leading men
of the London world of letters were among the
number. Rogers descended, the young man was
introduced, and the breakfast was served. Some
literary matters came under discussion, pend-
ing the after-introduction of the young poet's
book. With the gravest of faces, after a few
moments, Lamb said: "I don't think, gen-
tlemen, that I have ever repeated to you one
of my b-best poems. What s-say? Will you
h-have it?" Nobody quite understood what
was coming, but all could read the mischievous
flash in the eye that was usually so kindly; and
the demand for the poem was general. Lamb
quietly repeated, word for word, one of the
poems from the young man's book. The key
was furnished to the rest, when they saw the
young poet pale, then reddened, and then fall
back in his chair, as astonished as if thunder-
struck, and as helpless as if paralyzed. Loud
cheers, clapping of hands and demands for
more. Lamb bowed his thanks, pretended for
more. Lamb bowed his thanks, pretended for
to remember anything else that he had lately
written, and then, under urging, repeated an-
other, and yet another—of the poems from the
young man's book—the budding poet manifest-
ing symptoms of doubt whether he was himself;
whether anything on the earth was real; whether
he had really written the poems that up to that
time he had believed that he had—until he
heard a man declaiming them, and claiming
them for his own; a man who could not even
have seen his unpublished book. Louder cheers,
and still a louder demand for yet another. The

fun, with all the "old uns" now thoroughly
instructed, began to grow "fast and furious."
Lamb, who had previously retained his sitting
position, now rose and said:

"G-gentlemen, I have only been g-giving
you s-some l-little bits of m-my p-poetry. But
I h-have a l-little poem that I am a l-little p-proud
of. I w-wrote it a g-good m-many years ago.
This is h-how it begins:

"Of m-man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, with all our woe—"

The recitation was doomed to go no further.
For the previous few minutes the young poet,
crazed with wonder, and yet aware that in some
unaccountable manner he was being robbed—
had simply been tearing his hair. But at this
juncture he could restrain himself no longer.
He sprang to his feet, his face ablaze, and burst
out:

"Gentlemen, this is too much! I have sat
here, gentlemen, and heard that man repeat
poem after poem of mine, claiming them for his
own, and I have borne it. But when I hear
him attempt to claim the opening lines of Mil-
ton's 'Paradise Lost'—"

That address, too, was doomed to be cut
short like the recitation. Rogers averred that
never, beneath his roof, with all the merry mad-
ness that that breakfast-table knew, had such a
storm of laughter and applause gone over it, as
finished that speech and sent the young man to
his chair, for the time little less than an abso-
lute maniac, under the pressure of Lamb's
crowning atrocity.

HEARTH AND HOME.

SPARE moments are the gold-dust of time.
Young wrote a true as well as a striking line
when he said, "Sands make the mountain, and
moments make the years." Of all portions of
our life, spare moments are the most fruitful of
evil. They are the gaps through which tempta-
tions find the easiest access to the garden of the
soul.

THERE are families who endure miseries un-
told because they live beyond their means, be-
cause they wish to dress and visit and entertain
as neighbours do who have tenfold their in-
come. Of this narrow and vulgar ambition a
brood of sordid and unwholesome things are
born. It is impossible that children shall
develop symmetry of character in houses where
life is a frantic struggle to appear as grandly as
the occupants of the next one appear, the
grandeur being all tinsel and vain show.

THANKS.—Thanks are not anything like pay
for the service of kindness, of devotion, of self-
sacrifice. There is no question of recompense
or reward in the matter. They are but the
natural result, the crowning development, the
flowering out of the generous action. They
finish what has been nobly begun and carried
out. They assert an obligation which no ma-
terial benefit can ever cancel. Who wants to be
paid back for a kindness, or what wealth could
ever repay a generous devotion? What we do
want is the intangible emotion of gratitude
that wells up in the heart and fills the sym-
pathies and overflows in words or deeds because it
cannot be repressed.

THE GOOD AND TRUE.—All through human
society good is the most effective instrument
with which to conquer evil. Not destruction,
but fulfilment should be our effort. How shall
we correct poor and unfaithful labour? By in-
fusing the desire for excellence. How shall we
allay discord? By nourishing and developing
the germs of love that lie dormant. How shall
we cure the faults and follies that we carry
about us in our own characters? By welcoming
and nourishing the opposite virtues which have
been neglected. By cultivating an interest in
things that are higher we lose the taste for the
lower, and by giving everywhere and always our
loyal adherence to the good and true and pure
we may conquer and outgrow the evil, the false,
and the corrupt.

TEMPER.—Bad temper is more often the result
of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy
organization; it frequently, however, has a phys-
ical cause, and a peevish child often needs diet-
ing more than correcting. Some children are
more prone to show temper than others, and
sometimes on account of qualities which are
valuable in themselves. For instance, a child of
active temperament, sensitive feeling, and eager
purpose is more likely to meet with constant
jars and rubs than a dull, passive child; and, if
he is of an open nature, his inward irritation is
immediately shown in bursts of passion. If you
repress these ebullitions by scolding and punish-
ment, you only increase the evil by changing
passion into sulkiness. A cheerful, good-tem-
pered tone of your own, a sympathy with his
trouble, whenever the trouble has arisen from
no ill-conduct on his part, are the best anti-
dotes; but it would be better still to prevent
beforehand, if possible, all sources of annoyance.
Never fear spoiling children by making them too
happy.

CHEERFULNESS.—A cheerful disposition is
always regarded as a cause for sincere congrat-
ulation. Every one is sensible of the atmosphere
of hope and energy which surrounds it, and of
the happiness it sheds abroad; every one ad-
mires and welcomes it in others and wishes that
he also possessed it; every one acknowledges
that it is one of the chief blessings with which
man is endowed. It is, however, regarded rather
as a gift to be thankful for than a quality to be

cherished, rather as a fortunate attribute than a
progressive virtue. Yet it is certainly true that
whatever is absolutely essential to the happi-
ness of man is within his power to obtain, if not
in full measure, at least to a very fair degree.
That we cannot acquire all that we crave does
not prove that we cannot secure all that we
need. And, although there may be other things
we covet more earnestly, there is no more im-
portant ingredient in human happiness than a
cheerful spirit, with its natural manifestations
—and this is attainable by all who resolutely
determine to possess it.

GREATNESS OF SOUL.—To most of us the
events that affect us are the greatest things of
life. A birth, a death, a marriage, the accession
of a fortune, the loss of property, the removal
of our family, a change of occupation—these and
other vicissitudes mark the dial-plate of our ex-
istence, and stand out with unequalled promi-
nence. Not so it is to the man with a truly
great soul. He sees something larger than all
these, something strong enough to hold them
and wide enough to contain them, yet superior
to them. George Eliot, in her *Felix Holt*,
makes Esther—a young girl just waking into
thought—say to her father, "That must be the
best life." "What life, my child?" "Why,
that where one bears and does everything
because of some great and strong feeling, so that
this and that in one's circumstances don't
signify." She uttered a deeper truth than she
imagined. The best life, the most valuable, and
the most solidly happy, is one which is so full of
something out of self—so intent on some noble
enterprise, or rendered so enthusiastic by an
ideal of what life should be—that the events
which ripple its surface do not disturb its full
and deep undercurrent.

It has been long known that fishes return to
about the same place in the same rivers each
year to spawn, but it is a recent discovery that
in going up they ascend the left-hand side of
the stream, while in coming down they take the
opposite side. Fishermen may be benefited by
remembering this.

"TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they
mean," playfully quoted Mr. Hickenlooper, as
he came airily into the room, and found his wife
crying. And Mrs. Hickenlooper rose up and
remarked that she supposed a fool of a man
would laugh even if he did smash his fingers to
jelly trying to drive a picture nail; and then
she flounced out of the room after the arnica,
while Mr. Hickenlooper, in a dazed condition,
sat down on a chair that wasn't there, and
nearly drove himself through the floor.

SOME anonymous malefactor sends the follow-
ing recipe for an evening party:—"Take all the
ladies and gentlemen you can get, put them
into a room with a small fire, and stew them
well; have ready twelve packs of cards, a piano,
a handful of prints and drawings, and throw
them in front from time to time; as the mixture
thickens, sweeten with politeness and season
with wit, if you have any; if not, flattery will
do as well, and is very cheap; when all have
stewed for an hour, add ices, jellies, cakes, le-
monade and wine."

LITERARY.

MR. SWINBURNE is writing for the *Fortnightly*
Review an article on Victor Hugo's new poem.

It is said that Mr. Tennyson has written a
two-act play, which will be brought out in a few months
at the Lyceum.

BERTHOLD AUERBACH's new novel, "Brigitta,"
which is making some sensation in Germany, is being
translated into English.

THE English edition of Louis Kossuth's new
work, which will be published, as "Memories of my
Exile," will, it is expected, be ready for publication
shortly.

A COMMISSION is said to have been appointed
by the Turkish Government to prepare a catalogue of
the MSS. in the principal libraries of Constantinople.

MR. BENTLEY will publish at the end of this
month a book by Miss Mary Fitzgibbon, entitled, "A
Trip to Manitoba." Miss Fitzgibbon is a grand-daughter
of Mrs. Moodie, whose "Roughing it in the Bush" was
well known thirty or forty years ago.

MR. KARL BLIND will have an article in the
Gentleman's Magazine on "Wotan, the Wild Huntsman,
and the Wandering Jew," in which he seeks to show the
gradual evolution of the Ahasuerus legend from the
Saga-circle of Germanic mythology.

AFTER the publication of the concluding
volume of his "Origines du Christianisme," M. Renan
will bring out a translation of Ecclesiastes, with a criti-
cal introduction, which, it is said, has long been ready
for the press.

STELLA's tragedy of "Sappho" is being trans-
lated into the Greek language at Athens, and will be
produced on the Hellenic stage. A new edition of her
"Records of the Heart," with additions, is in the Lon-
don press.

MR. BARNETT SMITH, author of the popular
"Life of Gladstone," recently gave a select literary
party at Cuba Villa, Highgate, London. Among the
guests present were Julian Hawthorne, J. H. Ingram,
"Stella" (Estelle A. Lewis), and many well-known
members of the London press.

FEELS YOUNG AGAIN.

"My mother was afflicted a long time with
neuralgia and a dull, heavy, inactive condition
of the whole system; headache, nervous pros-
tration, and was almost helpless. No physi-
cians or medicines did her any good. Three
months ago she began to use Hop Bitters, with
such good effect that she seems and feels young
again, although over 70 years old. We think
there is no other medicine fit to use in the
family."—A lady, in Providence, R.I.