

## FONETIC.

An old yellow dog in Cologne,  
Ran away with an old woman's bogue;  
But the wrathful old croque  
Hit him twice with a stogno,  
And 'twas dreadful to hear the dog grogne.

There was a fat fellow in Harwich  
Who asked a stout lady in marwich.  
But starting for church,  
He was left in the lurch,  
There being no room in the carwich.

There was a young lady of Gloucester,  
Whose parients hoped they had loncester;  
But she came back one day  
To their awful dismay,  
So they called her a wicked imponcester.

## ANOTHER "ROYAL ROAD" TO MUSIC.

One hears a great deal about "musical quacks," and I once came across a rare specimen of this genus. Most quacks have some theory about a "royal road" to music, different from and superior to any beaten track—although the beaten track has made (a few?) good musicians, and the royal roads—how many?

My especial quack—Mr. B.—had a "Musical Academy" in the town where I was staying, and quite a large number of pupils, whose delusion can only be accounted for by their ignorance. I must not omit to mention that Mr. B. was a "Reverend," holding forth in divers chapels on Sundays, but pursuing his musical avocations during the rest of the week!

The Rev. B.'s announcements were truly marvellous. Any pupil, however ignorant of music, could read the most difficult pieces at sight after two or three lessons, and play with correctness and facile execution in about a month!

I was really anxious to see and converse with this wonderful maker of musicians, and at last a friend managed an interview for me. I beheld Mr. B. in all his glory! Which glory consisted in a very shabby semi-clerical suit, and a huge red comforter, surmounted by a rather grimy face, with a rusty beard and long greasy hair. Altogether, a specimen of the quack class, for which I was unprepared; at least I thought he would look clean.

After the introduction, and a few preliminary remarks, I ventured to approach the subject of music, so I said:

"I have often heard of you, Mr. B."

"I guess so, ma'am," complacently, and with an awful drawl.

"I suppose you have devoted a great deal of time to musical study?"

"Well, ma'am, I guess not over much. It came kinder natural."

"You play, of course?" I hazarded.

"Hem! I'm not what you call so much of a player, myself, bein' more used to directin' of pupils."

"What style do you prefer, Mr. B.?"

"Well, now, I might say all styles come much the same to me. When I was a young man I kinder liked the waltz time best, bein' a great dancer, myself; but when I turned to the Church, I had to stop my dancin', though I kinder hanker still after a waltz!" This with a deprecatory smile, as if his youthful fancies were not quite extinct.

My friend now asked me to play something to Mr. B.

"Ah, do, ma'am, if you please; I've heard a deal of you as a player." I was willing enough to comply, but what to select was the difficulty. So I asked Mr. B. to name some favourite of his, which I might possibly know. He did name several such as "The ——— Waltz," "General ——— March," "Colonel ——— Quick-step," etc., etc. Alas! I knew none of them, and so chose for myself. I selected one of Liszt's, as I thought the octaves, runs, etc., would be more to Mr. B.'s taste than Beethoven or any other classical composer. He listened almost breathless, and when I had finished the last crashing chord, he drew himself together, as it were, and said:

"My! but that's playin'!"

I re-seated myself by him, and said insinuatingly:

"Now, Mr. B., I am very anxious to hear something of your new system. If pupils progress so rapidly by it, it must be of great value. In what respect is your method different from others?"

"Well, now—don't you see—you'll understand—there ain't, I guess, so much difference in our plans. You see, one thing is, I never keep the young folks too long over their books. Let 'em do a half hour or so, then run out, and play a game of croquet, or anything else they've a fancy for, and then come back and practise a little more—they kinder like that."

"But," I ventured, "how can they in so short a time gain execution?"

"Well, now—as to that I needn't tell you, ma'am, that you can't get the fingers limber—like yours, for instance—without a deal more practice." (This was an admission I had hardly expected.) "Fact is, I sets 'em on, and when they're set on, they must do the rest themselves!"

"Oh, I see," I said, politely.

"But" (evidently thinking he had admitted too much), "I teach 'em a deal in a very short time. A lady teacher said to me the other day: 'Mr. B., tell me the difference between your system and mine.' 'Why' ma'am, I said, 'you give the pupils music by the tea-spoonful, I give it by the scoop-shovelful—that's my method!'"

He roared at his own joke, and I felt that I could learn no further. Here was his whole

"system," his "royal road," all contained in "one fell swoop." After a little further conversation, and a glass of wine, he "guessed" he must be going, and wished me "good-day." My friend saw him out at the front door; he walked a few steps, then returning, said:

"My! how her fingers did fly!" and finally walked off. I never saw him again, and I think he has now left the town in which I met him. He is, doubtless, pursuing his great system else where.

Is it not wonderful, that people can be so utterly taken in by all these "new systems"—and bogus "Professors?" I do not believe there was any real harm in the Rev. B.; he knew so little that he was unaware of his own astounding ignorance. The class of pupils who went to him were satisfied. What more could any one desire? I fear that, so long as there are people ready to be quacked, there will never be a dearth of quacks at their disposal. Often do I think of it. Music by the tea-spoonful versus music by the scoop-shovelful! There was real genius in that idea. GRETCHEN.

## "BANG WENT SAXPENCE"

The canny Scot who had not been in London many hours before "bang went saxpence" is a historic character, and his race does not seem likely to die out. The other day a firm of merchants in Carlisle found a stray overcoat almost new, and probably worth some 3l. or 4l.; they advertised the find in the newspapers. One day shortly afterwards a canny Scot came to them and proclaimed himself the owner. He had heard of the advertisement, and had come to claim the coat, which he forthwith proceeded to identify. It was handed over to him, and with a profuse "guid day t'ye," he was about to depart, when the merchant said, "By the way, there is the advertisement. It cost us a shilling, and perhaps you would not object to pay the amount."

This was too much for the Scot. "Pay the advertisement! Na, na, my man: I didn't order any advertisement."

"Well, I know you didn't," replied the merchant; "but as it has been the means of your finding your coat I thought you would probably not object."

"Object! Of course I object! I ordered nae advertisement, and nae'll be paid for by me. Guid day t'ye."

Away the canny Northerner departed from the office with the coat over his arm, leaving the amazed merchant standing alone reflecting upon national characteristics. Suddenly, however, the Scot re-appeared at the door with a coin in his hand, and exclaiming, "I'll tell ye what I'll do: I'll gang halves about that advertisement," threw sixpence down and departed.

## THE COURIER IN PETTICOATS.

Amongst the different varieties of travelling women just now scattered over the surface of the earth, there are some which will well repay a minute examination. Take, for instance, the American lady, widow or spinster, who continues her peregrinations in Europe, in North Africa, and on the western fringe of Asia, for a period of three years, who turns up unexpectedly at odd places after long intervals, and who, though entirely alone, is yet not by any means defenceless, and is perfectly competent to take the very best care of herself. Two years ago you parted with her at Rome; last year you heard a familiar voice, as you were lounging in the courtyard of Shepherd's Hotel at Cairo; you looked round, and lo! the Transatlantic female was there, just the same as you had left her a twelvemonth since. This year it may be that you are meditating a trip to Madeira. If you accomplish it, be prepared on landing for the same apparition. For yourself the old monotonous round of life has gone on placidly and uninterruptedly as before. The same annual tale of hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, gratifications and disappointments, has been told once again. Your holiday of six or seven weeks is the sole break in the year which you allow yourself; and when you witness this intrepid Amazon, who has been in a constant whirl of locomotive excitement during thirty-six months on end, you are conscious of something like that feeling with which Sir Pitt Crawley regarded his brother Rawdon when the latter called upon him after he had been up all night. The American lady, when she is engaged in the grand tour of the western hemisphere, acts very effectively as her own courier. Locomotion is to her less of a pleasure than of a business. She has reduced the whole thing to a system. She is never agitated, never perplexed, never in a hurry, never over-charged. The sums she devotes to scampering over so many thousands of miles she regards in the light of an investment. She sinks in it so much capital, and for this she is bound to get the best possible return.

Few solitary English ladies are as completely the mistresses of the situation as their Transatlantic sisters. They may have prearranged everything, have provided themselves with the best advice, and have strictly followed the counsels of experience as regards the amount of luggage which they take with them. For a time all may seem to go well. The collapse and the catastrophe come unexpectedly, and come in a moment. The fair pilgrim is overwhelmed with a paroxysm of helplessness. It is only a trifle, but it has upset her completely. She appeals either in words, or with the muteness of a facial expression which is more eloquent than speech, to the nearest spectator; and, once having made a confession of her dependence and

impotence, she becomes in a manner demoralized, and is at the mercy of such chance champions as she may pick up. It would be much better if, before starting, she had engaged a regular courier in petticoats. When a woman thoroughly understands the art of travelling, she is altogether the superior of the weaker sex. The lady who is a professional travelling companion, and spends the greater portion of every year in her avocation, is a treasure to many matrons and spinsters who are fond of seeing the world, yet who cannot see it with comfort unless they do so under supervision. There is no mistaking the personal appearance of the courier in petticoats. When you see a lady whose age may be charitably reckoned at thirty years, with a face which recalls the kind of visage that is sometimes met with in the stewardesses on board a Channel steamer—a countenance of wooden immobility, and a complexion between the colour of red brick and that of a ruddy German doll—treading with vigorous and decisive step, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but going on straight to the goal, elbowing aside all obstacles, animate or inanimate, confident in herself, and not concealing her scorn for all around her,—when these combined phenomena present themselves, they are the infallible indications of the professional courier in petticoats. The chances are that she is followed or clung to by a middle-aged lady in black, who is too terrified to speak, and who presently takes her seat upon the deck of the steamer, that is waiting, a personification of the idea of female feebleness and despair. The travelling companion has a remarkably masterful way of treating the poor creatures whom for the time being she has in tow. Her tone of voice is the reverse of conciliatory, and she issues her mandates to those who are in her charge with a quick, sharp, snapping accent. If her ward happens humbly to express a fear that they will be late, or that they have not got into the right train, or that there is something wrong with the engines of the steamer, she receives a brusque reprimand, and during the next hour subsides into silence. It might be thought that this kind of travelling companion would be a little too dictatorial to be entirely pleasant to her patroness. But the truth is that the lady who attaches herself to her, values and admires her precisely for what would strike many people as the defects of her qualities. Herself a kind of locomotive Mrs. Nickleby, she regards with awe and delight these very characteristics that appear disagreeably aggressive to others. It is the homage of impotence to power. The weak woman really likes to feel the hand of the strong one, and is never more enthusiastic than when she expatiates to her friends on the incomparable attributes of her trusty pioneer. In the race for comforts which sometimes takes place during one's travels, she is a formidable competitor. She has always secured beforehand, by some invisible agency, the coupe of the diligence, the best seats in the best part of the train, the one spot on the steamer which is inaccessible to the influences of smoke or wind, or rain, the last good room in an hotel that is unusually full. She knows all languages, and she is well versed in the currencies of the different States of Europe. She is never imposed upon; her petty change is never wrong; she never pays a porter a sou too much, and she has never lost an umbrella or the tiniest package in her life. If you are thrown into her society, it is desirable to make her your friend; for if you do not she will set herself in opposition against you, will get the better of you at every turn, and will make you regret bitterly the day on which you presumed to give her offence.

There are other varieties of the travelling companion than this. The courier in petticoats, at whom we have just glanced, has taken to a nomadic life because she enjoys it. Her father is, perhaps, a country clergyman with a large family, and with no income to speak of. He had to put it plainly to his daughters that they must do something to make their own way in life. The chance occurred of accompanying a maiden aunt on an expedition to the South of France. The experience proved a most enjoyable one; the girl herself had a strong, self-reliant, enterprising character. She had already made up her mind that it was better to be a barmaid, or to stand behind the counter of a bookseller in a country town, or to set up in the Berlin-wool business, than to be a governess. She made acquaintances, proved herself, in one or two instances, indispensable, established a considerable connection, and settled down into her present groove. Occasionally one meets with travelling companions of a different kind. There are two things which are not, perhaps, sufficiently understood about English girls. One is, that they want pocket-money; the second is that there is really no reason why the monotony of existence, which their brothers find insufferable, should be otherwise than irksome to them. When one considers how tame and colourless is the life of the average English maiden of the middle class, one can only wonder that the bonds of habit are so seldom rudely burst. The daughter of one of these households sees an advertisement in the paper, intimating that two ladies, who are about to make a short trip abroad, desire an eligible and lively companion. In this announcement the girl recognizes her opportunity: she answers it, her application is successful, and one fine morning she informs her family that she is about to see the world. She disappears from her rural home for a twelvemonth; the neighbours make remarks about the eccentricity of the proceeding. But the young lady gets no harm from the courage she displays

and, not impossibly, lays the foundation of her fortune. Acting in the capacity of a courier in petticoats, she will, indeed, never amass a fortune, but she may pick up a thoroughly desirable husband; she will, at least, have the chances of doing something, and making for herself a definite future, which is more than she would have accomplished if she had remained at home.

## LANDOR'S DAILY HABITS.

We reproduce the following from Professor Sidney Colvin's life of Landor, in the English Men of Letters series:

"Landor's habits were to breakfast at nine, and write principally before noon. His mode of writing was peculiar; he would sit absorbed in apparently vacant thought, but inwardly giving the finishing touches to the verses or the periods which he had last been maturing while he walked or lay awake at night; when he was ready he would seize suddenly on one of the many scraps of paper and one of the many stumps of swan's quills that usually lay at hand, and would write down what was in his head hastily, in his rough sloping characters, sprawling or compressed, according to the space, and dry the written paper in the ashes. At two he dined, either alone or in the company of some single favoured friend, often on viands which he had himself bought and dressed, and with the accompaniment, when the meal was shared by a second person, of a few glasses of some famous vintage from the family cellar. In the afternoon he walked several miles, in all weathers, having a special preference for a village near Bath (Wildcombe), in the beautiful churchyard of which he had now determined that he should be buried. From about seven in the evening, after the simplest possible tea, he generally read till late at night. His walls were covered with bad pictures, which he bought cheap, as primarily from the dealers of Florence, so now from those of Bath, and which his imagination endowed with every sign and every circumstance of authenticity.

"In this manner twenty long years went by, during which Landor passed with little diminution of strength from elderly to potterhead age. As time went on, the habits of his life changed almost imperceptibly. The circuit of his walks grew narrower; his visits to London and elsewhere less frequent. His friends of the younger generation, Dickens and Forster and without fail, were accustomed every year to run down to Bath and hear him, company on his birthday, the 30th of January. Carlyle, whose temper of hero-worship found much that was congenial in Landor's writings, and who delighted in the sterling and vigorous qualities of the man, made the same journey in order to visit him. I do not know whether the invitation was ever accepted which Landor addressed to another illustrious junior in the following scrap of friendly doggerel:

"I entreat you, Alfred Tennyson,  
Come and share my haunch of venison.  
I have too a bin of claret,  
Good, but better when you share it.  
The 'tis only a small bin,  
There's a stock of it within.  
And, as sure as I'm a rhymist,  
Half a butt of Rudesheimer.  
(Come; among the sons of men is none  
Welcomer than Alfred Tennyson.)"

## LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

MR. GEORGE W. CARLE is writing a history of New Orleans.

THE death is announced of Professor Theodore Benfer, the German Oriental scholar.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON is credited with having written a novel for the "Round Robin Series."

ROBERTS Brothers are issuing a second edition of Oscar Wilde's poems; a third edition is said to have been called for in London.

MR. AUGUST DOMSON is writing an article on the artist Angelica Kauffman for the "Encyclopaedia Britannica."

EDGAR FAWCETT's new story, "A Gentleman of Leisure," is to be published in Germany, in English, presumably by Tauchnitz.

MR. BOTTRELL, who published three volumes of Cornish folk-lore between 1870 and 1880 under the title of "Traditions and Hearthside Stories," is dead.

THE Public Library at Bologna has been closed by order of the Minister of Public Instruction for a thorough revision.

THE centenary of Froebel's birth is to be celebrated at Dresden next April. Dr. Lange, the editor of his various writings, will give an address on the occasion.

THE London *Athenaeum* speaks in the highest terms of Routledge & Sons' new edition of *Shakespeare*, with the illustrations by Sir John Gilbert, two volumes of which are just out from the press.

THE leading London dailies and some of the weeklies (often in all) spell the poet's name Shakespeare; the *Spectator*, *Athenaeum*, and four other papers make it Shakspere; while four, including the *Morning Post*, have adopted the still more condemned form of Shakspeare.

*Scribner's Monthly* will move out of its old quarters over Charles Scribner's Sons' book store in Broadway in October, and, as *The Century*, take possession of a floor in the new building, No. 43 Union Square, north. It is said that the *North American Review* will take possession of the present *Scribner* offices.

THE French critic Professor Paul Clavier's generously praised work on "Shakespeare and Classical Antiquity" has been translated into English by Miss Emily J. Carey. Professor Clavier naturally compares the Classical drama of Racine with that of the English master. He sees many beauties in the former, but he believes his neo-classical tragedy was an artificial growth, while Shakespeare's is "the natural and regular blossoming of the antique drama."