

MISCELLANEA.

American eagle soared aloft, and, with one fell swoop, plucked a tuft from the mane of the British lion. "No!" said I. "Yes," said he. "Have they preserved the tuft?" I asked. He said they had. Says I, "How much to do Lundy?" "Well," says he, "seeing it's you, I'll take you there for a dollar, and you couldn't go for less than that in a wheelbarrow." I got into his vehicle, and going out everything was all hunky. By and by he came to what he called Lundy's Lane. It was two or three patches of grass with rail fences around them, one brindle cow with a fence around her, and a country road. The driver said he guessed I had better pay. So I gave him a dollar bill, painted green on the back. "Why," said he, "we are in Canada, and I want gold." Says I, "I hain't got no gold." He said I was a sickly looking cuss what had come to the Falls for my health. So he squared himself, and doubled up two fists that looked like lager beer kegs, and said, "You little withered cuss, you, if you don't come down with a quarter, I'll punch your snoot." My snoot feels better when it ain't punched, so I came down with the quarter. Then I said, "I guess I've got enough of Lundy," and went to get into his waggon, when he yelled out, "What in thunder are you doing?" I said, "Getting in." "Well," said he, "that is cool. You had better get out again, darn'd quick." Then he broke the news very gently that he had agreed to bring me out for a dollar, and the price for going back would be five dollars. "No!" said I. "Yes!" said he. "Then I'll walk," said I. "Walk and be darn'd," said he. He got on his old rattle box and commenced to move. I looked like one-twelfth dozen mourners at a one back funeral. He talked to me thusly:— "Hot, ain't it? shower soon." Up came the clouds, and down came the rain. I had walked a mile, and I said, "I guess I'll get in." I gave him \$5. He said, "Give me another dollar." I told him he agreed to take me for \$5. "Oh," said he, "it was pleasant then, but you see it is raining now." I gave him the money, and finally reached the hotel, and I don't take hacks no more."

LACE.

A writer in *Land and Water* says:—

"The first mention that we find of the word 'lace' was at the coronation of Richard III., when Queen Ann is said to have worn a garment trimmed with 'mantle lace of white silk and Venys gold,' and the French word *dentelle* is of later date than might be imagined. It first occurs in the wardrobe accounts of Marguerite de France, who, in 1545, paid the sum of six livres 'pour soixante aulnes, faire dentelle de Florence pour mettre ades collets.' The scale of charges for this precious commodity was vague, for we soon after find that 'quatre livres' were paid 'pour une aulne de dentelle pour faire deux cornettes pour servir a la dicte dame,' she being Henry the Fourth's first queen."

"Before this we hear of *passament dentelle*. Fashion required that the ordinary *passament* should be made with a tooled edge, and no doubt after a while the finer sorts so named subsided into *dentelle*. Anterior to this even our ancestors were not without a means of decorating their draperies. From the earliest ages they were wont to bedeck themselves with embroideries, and *passament dentelle* and lace find a common origin in the ancient 'cutwork.'"

"There is a peculiar kind of trimming which is very ancient; the ends of the linen were unravelled, and the threads were then planted with geometric precision. The sheet which, upon the disinterment of St. Outhbert, in the twelfth century, was found to have covered his body, was trimmed after this fashion: 'It had round it a deep fringe of linen thread, above which was woven a border of projecting workmanship, fabricated of the thread itself, bearing the figures of beasts and birds.' This sheet was for a long time preserved in the Cathedral of Durham. It was an early specimen of cutwork, the making of which, though it eventually became general, was, until the dissolution of monasteries, looked upon as a church secret."

"This cutwork was made in different ways. Sometimes a network of threads was arranged upon a small frame, and they were crossed and interlaced into many complicated patterns; beneath this network was gummied a piece of cloth called 'quintain,' from a town in Brittany where it was made; the network was then sewn to the 'quintain,' by edging round those parts that were to remain thick, the last operation being to cut away the superfluous cloth, and hence the name. Then again, the pattern was often made without any linen. Threads radiating at equal distances to one centre served as a framework to others, which were united to them in separate triangles, rosettes worked over with heavy button-hole stitch, and this made in some parts a heavy compact embroidery, while the rest was an open work of threads. Greek lace is of this style of manufacture, so also is some of the Venice lace that is remarkable for fineness and beauty."

"The *lacs* of the sixteenth century is quite distinct from this early style of 'cutwork,' though made in a somewhat similar manner. Upon a network of square meshes the pattern was sometimes worked by being cut out in linen *applique*, but more usually it was formed by darning in counted stitches of the mesh. This plain network ground was called 'resseau,' 'rezele,' 'resenit,' and was much used for bed furniture. When this *resseau* was ornamented with a darned pattern or *applique* it became 'lacs,' and was devoted chiefly to the adornment of altar cloths and other sacred draperies."

"When destined for this purpose, the *lacs* was occasionally alternated with plain linen, and the patterns consisted of every conceivable device. *Fleurs de lis*, *sacres coeurs*, family coronets and arms, death's heads, crossbones, and 'tears,' formed at all times the pattern design, according to whether the *lacs* was eventually to adorn an 'altar-cloth,' a 'bed-curtain,' or a 'pall.'"

"There was, as lately as the year 1850, a fine specimen of cutwork on the pall that covered the coffins of the fisher-people of Dieppe. It is said to have been worked by some lady who was saved from shipwreck, and who gave it to them as a memorial of her gratitude. This art, as distinct from the manufacture of lace, still exists in the north and south of Europe, and the embroidery that is even now seen on the smock frocks of the labourers of Kent and Sussex, is but a remnant of the custom and of the style of work."

The Queen has sanctioned the restoration of the pulpit and glass in Her Majesty's Chapel of the Savoy, but the restored metre runs only for the moderate time of twenty minutes, in place of the hour which the original glass measured. May Her Majesty's example be widely followed, especially with respect to the twenty minutes.

It is said that the Empress Eugénie is in treaty for the sale of her diamonds, which are valued at £320,000.

The military history section of the general staff at Berlin is about to prepare an official history of the war of 1870-71.

Horace White defines the Greeley creed as "the right to tax one man for the benefit of another, that both may make money by the operation."

A petition has been sent to England from the Government of New South Wales praying the English Government to annex the Fiji Islands to that colony.

A writer in the *Siecle* speaking of Paris and the necessity of restoring it, says—"The city cannot perish, because it is France! If Paris were to disappear, humanity would no longer know whither to go, and we should relapse into the shades of barbarism." Dear *Siecle*, are you out of that shade.

It may interest cricketers to know that some of the English clubs are seriously considering whether the height of the stumps should not be increased, so as to give the bowlers some chance against the batsmen. There are about twenty gentlemen, several of whom take part in nearly all the English matches of importance, who are seldom or never fairly bowled, and who knock to pieces the most scientific bowling as easily as they would the balls of a village player.

The *Gaulois* observes that "at the moment when we are about to pay Prussia the incredible amount of five milliards, it is well to remember that, after Sadowa, Austria was mulcted in only 30 millions of thalers. But it only required 10 days for her to pay that sum. We have to pay fifty times as much as Austria, but then we call ourselves France. *Noblesse oblige*." That is making the best of a bad job, and is second in idea to the remark of the gentleman who was lately pleased because, in the Hotel de Ville, Paris could now show a finer ruin than that of Heidelberg.

Sixty wealthy young ladies, who took a prominent part in the ceremonial incident to the triumphal entry of the German army into Berlin, adopted as their attire that of Margaret, in Kaulbach's sketch of her first meeting with Faust. Two plaits of their own hair hanging down the back were indispensable. They pledged mutually and, to the municipal authorities, on no account to use false hair. This was an attempt definitively to get rid of the chignon, for they resolved—the one encouraging the other—after once having risked it, to keep to the plaits. Supposing any of their young men prefer the chignon, will the girls keep the pledge? We rather think not.

Dark hair, so long neglected and despised, is again in the ascendant. The blonde is gradually resuming her place side by side, not above the brunette. The blonde is now declared to have maintained her rule so long by variety of artifice, and can, now that her cunning devices are known, be classified as follows:—The Gothic Irish (reddish,) the Saxon English (dark yellow,) the little ridiculous blonde (short, curly, golden,) the cephalic blonde (orange tint,) and the lymphatic blonde (pale straw colour.) Amongst all these the cephalic orange-golden has always been considered the most to be dreaded by men who seek for peace of mind, a calm life, and a happy end.

A rumour is afloat in Berlin to the effect that the old and childless Duke of Brunswick has transferred the succession to the crown of his duchy to the Hanoverian Prince Ernest Augustus, son of the ex-King George. The action of the Duke in this matter, and the alleged connivance of the Prussian Government to the arrangement, has excited some indignation among the "National Liberal" politicians in Berlin, who declare that it is "an un-German policy" thus to retard the unification of the Fatherland.

The *Figaro* tells a good story of the German occupation in France. A lady, it says, residing in the department of the Seine et Marne, had a Prussian quartered upon her from the commencement of the invasion. Fortunately he told her, on taking possession of his apartments, that he was deaf, so that the lady did not hesitate to talk before him as if he were not present, and she even played on her piano after the Prussian had gone to sleep, although he occupied the next room. At last the soldier informed his hostess that he had been ordered elsewhere. "Madame," he said, "je vous souhaite bien le bonjour." "Et moi," said the lady, smiling with exquisite grace, "je te souhaite de te casser le cou dans l'escalier, bandit, voleur, assassin!" "Oh, madame," interrupted the Prussian, "excusez moi, je n'ai pas pensé à vous dire que je n'étais sourd que par ordre du général."

Mr George Cruikshank, who has lived to see his etchings become classical, and the prize of many print collectors, has just brought out a caricature of the "Commune" which, whatever opinion may be entertained of its political discrimination, shows no falling off in vivid and vigorous delineation. A fiend with hoofs and horns, in a blood-stained cap of liberty, with a flask of brandy on one side of his belt and a flask of petroleum on the other, brandishing a dripping dagger and a flag surmounted by a death's head, is depicted, dancing with infernal glee among the mangled bodies and smoking cinders of the burning city. This is the "leader of the Parisian Blood-Red Republic," and the flag bears this inscription, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity: Atheism, or a disbelief in God; seizure of all property; and death to all who oppose the Red Republic." The cartoon is headed—"An awful lesson to the world for all time to come," and below is a suggestion for the suppression of "Red Republicans" in England. (Cruikshank is right.—Ed. C. I. N.)

At the present moment, when the Count de Chambord has at least a chance of being reinstated as King of France, the following description of him, taken from the Life of Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Bart., by Mr. C. Buxton, may be thought interesting. He writes to his daughter, Mrs. Andrew Johnston, from Rome, January 31, 1840: "At the dinner party at Lord Shrewsbury's I was introduced to the Duc de Bordeaux" (afterwards Comte de Chambord):—

Poor fellow! he has a sweet expression of countenance. Conceive Mrs. ——— with the same expression and the same extreme clearness and cleanliness of skin, but with broader features, and a stouter person, and a heavier eye, and you have a good picture of the man. The Pretender's course is not a smooth one. If he has either extreme of character he may do well. Let him be excessively quiet, devoid of ambition and

enterprise, that may do. Or let him be clever, daring, sagacious, ambitious, and commanding, and that, perhaps, will do. But, if there is any mixture in his composition—if the least dash of adventure is coupled with his love of ease, or the least love of peace is mingled with his ambition—he will assuredly be a martyr. One cannot see the Duke without liking him, and wishing that he may have the good sense to steer clear of turbulent politics.

Not far from Tappan, on the Palisades, the tree is pointed out from which Andre was hung. It is rather a notable feature in the landscape, and, as a local memorial, helps to break the refrain of the "house in which Washington slept." A traveller was under escort of a farmer thereabouts who pointed out the tree. "That's a famous tree, there." "What is it famous for?" "I don't remember exactly, but I believe a great General was hung there once." "What General—General Washington?" "Yes, that was his name." "What did they hang him for?" "Well, he captured somebody, I believe. I don't remember exactly." "Was it Andre?" "Ay, that was it; they hung him for capturing Andre. I remember now."

A charming anecdote worthy of the ancient days of chivalry is being whispered about amongst the higher circles in London. It seems that one of our young Catholic heroes of high life, always a great admirer of the Empress Eugénie, paid a visit to Chiselhurst last week previous to his departure for Paris. "What can I bring your Majesty from Babylon?" (the name by which the doomed city is always designated now by the Ultramontane party), said the young nobleman, as he bent low over Her Majesty's fair hand. "Nothing," replied the Empress sadly; then suddenly correcting her speech said quietly, "Yes, there is one thing I should love. Bring me a rose from the garden of the Tuilleries!" The young man promised to execute this apparently easy commission, and departed in sadness. Yesterday he reappeared at Chiselhurst with a case of purple morocco in his hand, which he reverently presented on bended knees to the Empress. It was the Golden Rose, gift of the Pope to Her Majesty, that he had brought "from the Tuilleries." How he had obtained it, or through what long course of adventure he had traced it to the party willing to part with it, will never be known, nor yet at what sacrifice it was obtained. But great was the joy of the illustrious lady on beholding it, and pardonable the feeling which induces her to hope that it will bring a blessing to last to her house and stay the wrath of Heaven. It had always formed part of the altar decorations of the chapel at the Tuilleries.—*Count Journal*.

THE USE OF A LONG NOSE.—The following good story is told of Mozart at the time when he was a pupil of Haydn:—Haydn had challenged Mozart to compose a piece of music which he could not play at sight. Mozart accepted the banter, and a champagne supper was to be the forfeit. Everything being arranged between the two composers, Mozart took his pen and a sheet of paper, and in five minutes dashed off a piece of music, and, much to the surprise of Haydn, handed it to him, saying, "There is a piece of music which you cannot play, and I can; you are to give the first trial." Haydn smiled contemptuously at the visionary presumption of his pupil, and, placing the notes before him, struck the keys of the instrument. Surprised at its simplicity, he dashed away till he reached the middle of the piece, when, stopping all at once, he exclaimed, "How's this, Mozart? How's this? Here my hands are stretched out to both ends of the piano, yet there is a middle key to be touched. Nobody can play such music—not even the composer himself." Mozart smiled at the half-excited indignation and perplexity of the great master, and taking the seat he had quitted, struck the instrument with such an air of self-assurance that Haydn began to think himself duped. Running along the simple passages, he came to that part which his teacher had pronounced impossible to be played. Mozart, it must be remarked, was favoured, or at least endowed, with an extremely long nose. Reaching the difficult passage, he stretched both hands to the extreme long ends of the piano, and, leaning forward, bobbed his nose against the middle key which nobody could play. Haydn burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and after acknowledging he was beaten, he declared that nature had endowed Mozart with a capacity for music which he had never discovered.

HOW TO COLLECT ODORS OF FLOWERS.—A fair floriculturist writes that those persons who would secure for themselves genuine odors of flowers, and at the same time pleasantly employ themselves, may do so in the following manner:—Roses, and all flowers containing oils—and most highly perfumed flowers contain a quantity of oil—may be made to yield their aromatic properties by steeping the petals or flower leaves in a saucer or a flat dish of water and setting it in the sun. The petals should be entirely covered with the water, which, by the way, should be soft—rain water would be the best. A sufficient quantity should be allowed for evaporation, and the vessel should be left undisturbed a few days. At the end of this time a film will be found floating on the top. This is the essential oil of the flower, and every particle of it is impregnated with the odor peculiar to the flower. It should be taken up carefully and put in tiny vials, which should be allowed to remain open till all watery particles are evaporated. A very small portion of this will perfume glove-boxes, drawers, apparel, &c., and will last a long time. The odor of musk blossoms is one of the most lasting, as well as the most pungent of floral scents, and is more delicate than, though not so lasting, as the animal product musk.

CHESS.

Solutions to problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 31.

White.	Black.
1. Kt. to Q. 7th. ch.	K. to Q. 4th.
2. B. to Q. sq.	P. moves.
3. P. to K. B. 4th.	P. takes P. (en pass.)
4. B. takes P. mate.	

CHARADES, &c.

ANSWER TO REBUS, No. 22.

1. Juggernaut. 2. Ostrich. 3. Iodine. 4. New Glasgow. 5. Tea. 6. Habeas Corpus. 7. Inch. 8. Gobi. 9. Helen. 10. Crag. 11. Orbit. 12. Mesquite. 13. Muslim. 14. Innocent. 15. Summer. 16. Sculpture. 17. Iowa. 18. Orient. 19. Navy. Joint High Commission. The Washington Treaty.