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OH, DARLING, WHEN YOU LOVE ME.

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

Oh, darling, when you love me
The sky is soft and bright;
Life asks no troubled question,
The world is safe and right:
I whisper happy secrets
With every flower and tree,
And lark, and thrush, and linnet
Sing all their songs for me.

Oh, darling, when you chide me,
The world is numb and cold;
The mists creep in the valley,
And all the year is old.
The fields are black and sodden,
The shivering woods are sere;
There is no face in heaven,
And death is very near.

Oh, darling, always love me!
The sky bends low to you;
The birds await your bidding
To clothe the world with blue.
Then keep the rose in glory
And make the wallflow stay,
And hold the year for ever
At Summer's crowning day.

THE VENICE OF THE EAST.

BY F. S. TAIT.

"Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere?" Yet of the many who have heard of the famous valley but few know, even by name, its picturesque capital, Srinagar—the Venice of the East.

The Vale of Cashmere may be shortly described as a shrunken lake, whose waters once extended to the steep, green, pine-clad hills that form the inner wall of the "Garden of Asia." Beyond these hills is an outer barrier of precipitous mountains, their summits covered with snow, their faces dark with precipices or glistening glaciers; and from every point in the valley the view is bounded by this snowy range which appears to encircle the horizon. Between these two ranges are numerous lovely side valleys, glens, ravines, and gorges, varying in length from fourteen to forty miles, and in width from four miles to a few hundred yards, each the channel of a foaming torrent, which in remote ages fed the vast lake, and now swell the river Jhelum—the highway of Cashmere.

When the Jhelum forced its way through the southern end of the mountain barrier, the lake was gradually drained. Its higher levels have become groves and orchard, meadows, and rice fields, parks and gardens green with the softest grass, bright with the gayest flowers. Iris of snowy white and regal purple, roses varying in hue from the palest shell pink to the deepest ruby, clematis and jasmine embracing every tree, and perfuming the air with their fragrant garlands; luscious with fruit—a dessert "without money and without price" spread for every comer; mulberries and cherries, apricots and peaches, apples and walnuts, each in their season rain down from the trees and give color to the legend that here indeed was the Garden of Eden.

The lower levels still spread their waters, expanding in some places into lakes, surrounding and intersecting the city and forming its streets and lanes.

Srinagar is situated in the center of the valley. The Jhelum, the great highway of Cashmere, which flows right through the "Vale," divides the city into two almost equal portions, branching off into numerous narrower channels which wind their tortuous way through a labyrinth of houses and shops, temples and mosques, emerging again to flow past fragrant gardens and laden orchards, and green "baghs" shaded by chenars—the most outrageous of trees.

The High street, or Grand Canal, is spanned by seven bridges, all built of piles of logs united by the trunks of trees, having planks across laid and protected by a railing. The wood employed is deodar, which is almost indestructible, so that the bridges are perfectly safe, as well as extremely picturesque. The narrower canals are crossed, some by stone bridges with a single pointed arch, others by slender wooden foot-bridges; but this is all that is required, for there is not a wheel in Srinagar.

And all these waterways are lined with picturesque three-storied houses, some built on piles driven into the bed of the shallow stream, others a little retired from the river's edge, leaving a space where the dark-eyed women come down to fill their red earthen pitchers, and the little brown children dry themselves in the sun after their bath in the clear tepid water. The houses are built of sun-dried bricks, with projecting wooden balconies and carved lattices; they have overhanging pent roofs, all, from the palace to the hovel, covered with waving grass mingled with flowers. No more delicious harmony of color can be imagined than may be seen here on a fine morning in spring, with the warm brown of the houses, their green roofs gemmed with the crimson of the poppy and the purple of the iris; the golden dome or glittering pyramidal roof of a temple gleaming through the dark green foliage of the chenars; the canopy of deep blue flecked with white above, the opal water beneath, and all around, framing the lovely picture, a glistening line of snow.

All the traffic of this fascinating city is carried on by means of boats. A boat conveys you from Baramoulla, at the entrance of the enchanted land, to its center, Srinagar, and as you approach the city the river appears alive with boats. There are the large grain boats slowly punted by a dusky half-naked man; barges level with the water and laden with the fertilizing river-weed or the river grass, which is dried and woven into mats, thick and warm and impervious to rain. These mats form the roof and walls of the *dungas*, or travelling boats. They are long, narrow, flat-bottomed boats, roofed and walled with grass mats suspended from a light scaffolding of bamboo poles. The dunga is divided into three parts: a tiny deck in front just large enough to hold a table and a couple of chairs; a broad, low step, which makes a comfortable seat, leads down into the middle compartment, which is curtained off with grass mats, and forms the bedroom; in a full sized boat two campbeds can stand side by side with about a foot space between them. Beyond is the "hold," where the boatman's family lives, for the boats are their homes. For married couple, with a little pressure the family will turn out, when the "hold" can be used as a dressing-room. Many visitors keep a dunga during the whole of their stay in Cashmere, employing the crew as servants when they are in the higher valleys. It can be made to look very cosy with a little trouble: a few hanging baskets filled with flowers suspended from the bamboo poles, and the addition of some of the embroidered curtains, cushions, and felt rugs, or *numdas*, which can be bought so cheaply in Srinagar; then the boats are always perfectly clean, and often beautifully carved inside, so they repay a little trouble in adornment.

The boats are propelled in three ways—either by punting, paddling, or towing, according to the state of water, the condition of the bank, and the direction in which they are going; the women and all children over twelve form part of the crew, and the latter seem thoroughly to enjoy their share of the labor. The rate of progression is extremely slow—a mile an hour going up stream, and about double that speed coming down, when, however, the boatmen are apt to become very lazy and trust to the current to carry the boat along. There is a kind of lazy enjoyment on a hot day in the slow, even motion of a dunga as it glides between the green level banks of the placid river, with the view of the encircling chain of mountains on every side; but you soon get tired of it, and a dunga is not a comfortable home; you gladly change it at the end of your voyage for the more stable and commodious shelter of a tent. Then lastly there are the small light boats called "shikarries," in which you are paddled up and down the canals on shopping, visiting, or sight-seeing expeditions. They are the gondolas of Srinagar, but very different in appearance, and very inferior in comfort, to the gondolas of Venice. There are no seats, so you sit or recline in the bottom of the boat, taking care to supply yourself with plenty of rugs and cushions. You are protected from the sun by grass mats stretched over a light frame-work of bamboo. In this little craft, propelled by the paddles of four or five oarsmen, you skim lightly and swiftly over the water, under bridges, past houses, and temples, and green baghs dotted with white tents, on through the *Dhal Darwaza*, or water-gate of the city, along a lovely water avenue bordered with willows, into the beautiful silver girt Dhal Lake.

Srinagar is situated in the broadest part of the Vale of Cashmere, the hills and mountains being at some distance from it; but the city is dominated by two isolated hills, the lower one crowned by the fort, the higher one, which rises 1,000 feet above the valley, by an ancient Hindoo Temple, built of massive unhewn stones. This hill—Takht Suleiman (Solomon's Throne) well repays the climb for the view it affords over the whole valley of Cashmere. At your feet lies the brown city embosomed in green trees, surrounded by verdant meadows or baghs, shaded by chenar-trees and dotted over with large white mushrooms, which on a closer inspection you see to be tents, intersected by blue water-ways fringed with green. There, beyond the city gate, whose wooden doors open in the water, lie the "shining levels" of the Dhal Lake with Chenar Island turning golden in the sunset till it looks like a topaz floating on the sapphire waters. And away beyond the outermost folds of the steep hills that shut in this peerless lake, is seen a streak of silver which is the far-off Wular Lake, the home of storms, the mirror of eternal snows. Turning to the other side you see below you the winding Jhelum coiling its shining reaches round green meadows and forming orchards, its graceful curves suggesting to the Cashmiri artists the famous "shawl pattern." And around on every side the towering range with its dark precipices and gleaming snow fields, that encircles the enchanted valley like a wall.

There is one element of picturesqueness wanting in Srinagar which is found in almost all Oriental cities—the dress of the natives; here it is dingy in the extreme. This is the result not so much of poverty as of fear. The uncertainty of taxation and the desire to escape it, are both so great, that the people avoid any apparent sign of prosperity, hence dirt and squalor reign triumphant in their persons and houses. For the rest they are a light-hearted, humorous, mendacious, and extremely avaricious people! There are no hotels in Srinagar. By a pleasant fiction all visitors are the guests of His Highness the Maharajah, who provides them with "quarters" in pretty one-storied bungalows facing the river. These used to be rent free, but owing to the influx of visitors a small rent is now charged. But these picturesque bungalows are far too few to accommodate the numbers who now flock into Cashmere as soon as the "leave season" commences. Nine-tenths of these are military officers, so much so that the natives speak of the visitors collectively as "officers," and a clergyman who had entered his name for an order in one of the merchants' books was asked to add his regiment.

In default of other accommodation most people either live in their boats or camp. The latter is far more comfortable, unless you happen to have a house-boat. The various baghs or meadow orchards in the vicinity of the city are available for camping. One bordering a lovely curve of the river, and shaded by magnificent chenars, is devoted to bachelors; another, scarcely less beautiful, is allotted to married couples. Two at opposite ends of the city are neutral ground and accommodate a mixed society. One, Ram Munshi Bagh, is a peninsula encircled by one of the wonderful sweeping curves of the Jhelum, and is covered with mulberry-trees, which rain down their ripe black fruit upon you as you sit under their shade. The other, five miles off, is Nassim Bagh, the queen of camping grounds—a grove of chenars, carpeted with the softest grass, decked with blue and white iris and washed by the lucid waters of the Dhal Lake, at whose head lie the famous Shalimar Gardens, the scene of the "Feast of Roses." In all or any of these lovely spots a delightful time may be spent, resting after the "journey in" or after a "march" through the higher valleys. Nowhere does one sleep as one does in a tent, and no life can be more healthy and invigorating to mind and body than the open air life of a camp. You rise early for the morning walk so conducive to health in the somewhat relaxing air of the Vale, coming back to your *al fresco* breakfast with an appetite which does justice to a meal substantial enough to carry you on to four o'clock tea, and in the interval you enjoy a delightfully lazy time, sitting under the trees with your book or your work or your scribbling, as the case may be. Perhaps a visitor strolls up from a neighboring tent to make your acquaintance. You discover mutual friends or exchange experiences of coolies and boatmen, and bewail the rapacity of your respective *khansamas*. Or, if the day is still and warm, and your morning walk has been longer than usual, you may doze peacefully, undisturbed by any of the sounds which the vicinity of a metropolis might suggest, for in Srinagar neither machinery nor vernacular traffic disturbs the tranquil air by their unpleasant vibrations. Awakening, you perhaps find a turbaned figure squatting close to you, armed with a huge ledger and a still larger pack. He is an emissary from one of the city merchants, who deal in the beautiful and artistic wares of Cashmere. You say languidly that you don't want anything, but he is not so easily repulsed.

"Only look. No buy!" he entreats. So, assuring him that you do not intend to purchase anything, you submit under protest to be shown glistening silver bowls and cups, flagons and trays of exquisite design and workmanship, some unadorned silver, others delicately outlined with gold. The shapes are copied from nature, or from the domestic art of the country. The beautiful chenar leaf is fashioned as a buckle or a brooch. The lotus flower and the water lily are salt cellars. The duck is made to do duty as a claret jug. The kangrees, or fire baskets, which the natives fill with charcoal and carry under their clothes in cold weather, are copied as teapots, sugar basins and cream jugs, and the tiny lamp that lights their boats through the narrow and tortuous canals is fitted with a socket and makes a candlestick You ask the price of the glittering wares, and are answered with the mystical words "by weight," pronounced in a solemn Pharisaical tone. They mean that the silver is weighed against rupees, three or four annas in the rupee being added on for workmanship. This sounds very fair and above board, nevertheless the Cashmiri prices are "Prix fixe, avec quelque rabais."

If you decline to give an order he is not in the least offended, but treats you, with an earnestness worthy of a better cause, to write your name at the top of a blank page in his ledger. "Only name!" he implores, till you feel it would be churlish to refuse so simple a request. He goes away quite happy, feeling sure that the magic inscription is a nest egg which will bring orders in its wake.

He makes his "Salaam," and with a sigh of relief you return to your book, but not for long; another vendor has been lurking in the background, not venturing to come forward until his rival has departed. He now approaches you, ledger and bundle in hand. He brings stones from Yarkhand. Creamy moonstones, and ruddy garnets, and lovely pebbles in red, blue, green or grey, or delicately pencilled with the semblance of mosses and ferns. Or it may be a cloth merchant, who brings rolls of soft pushmina cream and fawn and grey, made from the pusht or under-fleece of the long-haired Cashmere goat. Of this the embroidered shawls are made, the pattern worked by hand in silk the same color as the material. The Cashmiris are wonderfully clever at this embroidery. An ordinary Dirzee who works for you at eight annas (nine pence) a day will embroider your garments for you with any pattern you please.

But to return to the peddlars. A coppersmith comes on the scene. He brings lovely objects in beaten and enamelled copper. In the former are hanging lamps, trays, bowls and quaint candle-sticks, ornamented with exquisitely wrought bas-reliefs. In the latter, jars, long-necked bottles, bowls, vases, boxes, in which the copper is completely covered with enamel in turquoise and sapphire, filled in with gold. Next appears a dealer in papier-mache, very different in appearance and workmanship to the material we know by that name, with its shiny black ground inlaid with impossible flowers in mother-of-pearl. The papier-mache of Srinagar resembles inlaid wood, to which has been given a satin gloss. True, some of the coloring is very crude, and the animals' heads with which they are fond of ornamenting it, and which look like inferior woodcuts, are no embellishment; still much of the coloring is soft and delicate and the shapes artistic. Trays, jars, brackets, milking stools and small double octagonal tables are made in it. Or perhaps it is only a humble mochee, or leather-seller, who solicits your custom. He introduces himself as a sheepman, by which he does not intend to convey the idea that he deals in the flesh as well as the skin of the sheep, but that he sells his goods much under their real value, and so to disarm any intention on your part of cheapening them Nevertheless he will be found to be open to an offer of about 20 per cent. less than the nominal price of his goods, which are excellent of their kind, being rendered soft and durable by a peculiar method of tanning. He will bring writing-cases and portfolios, bags, and satchels, and last but not least chaplies, the unique and comfortable Cashmere shoe, made only in Srinagar and its immediate vicinity, and for which, when once worn, all other footgear will be discarded. Chaplies consist of two parts, a sock and a sandal. The sock is made of very soft unlined leather, it laces up in front and should come well above the ankle. The sandal is an open, flat, heelless shoe with a curled toe, a network of straps crosses the upper part of the foot, while a broader strap passes round the ankle through a loop at the heel and buckles at one side. The soles are thick and slightly roughened, so that they are equally good for walking on rough or smooth ground. At first sight they look uncouth and unserviceable, and you feel as if you were walking in Bath slippers, but a short trial soon convinces you of their merits, the soft flexible leather makes them the coolest and easiest of shoes, and those who wear them habitually declare that they are also the safest; moreover, they combine cheapness with excellence, for you can get a pair for 2s. Perhaps some one of the various pedlars may have induced you to make a purchase. Then he will request you to enter it under your name in his book. If you have beaten him down much, he will ask you not to enter the price, and solemnly charge you not to tell any other officer or *mem sahib*, as the case may be, at what a ruinously low price—probably 20 per cent. more than it was worth—he let you have it. Then he will ask you for a "chit" or written testimonial, and he will kindly save you all the labor of composition by dictating to you the terms of your recommendation: "You write I good man, or I sheepman, or my work best." You laughingly decline to put your name to such unfounded eulogies, and content yourself with entering your purchase. At last you have got rid of the importunate tribe. The air is sensibly cooler, the shadows have begun to lengthen, and the kitmutghar is filling the kettle for afternoon tea.

The famous shawls which furnish Her Majesty with so many wedding presents are not hawked about in this manner. To see them you must pay a visit to one of the many shawl merchants whose shops line the Grand Canal. They are made in the villages near Srinagar. The hair of the Shawl Goat is spun into fine threads and stretched upon a rude wooden loom suspended from the ceiling. This forms the ground, and is of the natural color, cream, fawn, or black. Upon these threads the pattern is woven by hand. Innumerable bobbins wound with silk of every hue are passed in and out of the mesh. To watch the process of the impression of inextricable complexity, but slowly the pattern grows under the hand of the worker. It often takes a year to make a full-sized shawl. When finished they are washed in the river, and then stamped, for they pay a tax to the Maharajah. They have sadly deteriorated in color, crude blues and magentas being now woven in with the soft Oriental coloring.

LUCK OF A PEARL FISHER.

Once Driven Overboard by a Brutal Skipper, but Now a Vessel Owner.

Robert J. Holloway, who is a pearl fisher hailing from Thursday Island, was recently in San Francisco on his way back to his sea-girt home on the other side of the Pacific. Mr. Holloway gave a Chronicle man some highly interesting facts relative to his dangerous but occasionally highly lucrative occupation.

"I scarcely know what made me take to fishing up oyster shells as a profession," he said, "but I suppose it presented opportunities for adventure and excitement which fascinated me. Twenty-three years ago I was an apprentice on board an English ship trading in the Polynesian Archipelago, and used to envy the pearlers and inter-island traders their free and careless life among the beautiful tropical islands. As is often the case, I had a brutal skipper, and this helped me to resolve to run away from the vessel and throw in my lot with the pearl fishers. One dark night when we were at Batavia I dropped over the side and went ashore. Here I had no difficulty in getting employment on one of the small luggers which was to sail at daybreak. I spent two years on this little vessel and saved what I earned, and having by that time what I thought sufficient experience, I started in a small way for myself, pearling and trading in 'beche de mer' with the natives. Sometimes we had trouble with the savages; but, taken all through, the risks incurred were well compensated for by the large profits in the trade.

"In 1879 I had become the owner of a fine lugger and I employed eight divers, all Kanakas, who used no diving apparatus whatever, and can remain under water for several minutes at a time. This season I was operating in the bay of Carpentaria and was extremely fortunate in getting pearls, although I lost three of my men by sharks. These men take great risks, seeming to have no fear of the swarms of sharks that infest the water. The divers have a large stone attached by a cord to the boat. With this weight in their hands they dive overboard and sink rapidly to the bottom. Then grabbing all shells within reach they fill the network bag hung around their necks and come to the surface with their cargo."

"What percentage of the shells contain pearls?" asked the reporter.

"Well, there is no rule," explained Mr. Holloway. "Sometimes we don't get a decent pearl in a boat load, and again we make a rich haul in a handful of them. The small opaque pearl is common enough and of really little value. One good big pearl is worth a pailful of them. After fishing on the coast of West Australia for a couple of years I tried the New Guinea fisheries. Here I was very successful, and in '78 I settled down at Thursday Island, determined to make that my headquarters while my boats went in different directions. By this time I had three large pearling vessels and employed about fifty men. At the present time I run eleven boats and pay about a hundred men. Of course, all the vessels are not equally successful, some of them often running me into loss for the year. Pearls are now very fashionable in Europe, and there is a great demand for the best sorts. I have just been to Vienna, Paris, and London, where I have disposed of some extraordinarily good specimens at prices which I have not received for years previously. I do most of my business with Amsterdam, and I have it on authority of my agents there that three of the finest pearls in a necklace worn by the Princess of Wales are from my fisheries."

The Tomb of Mother Eve.

The Arabs claim that Eve's tomb is at Jiddah, the seaport of Mecca. The temple, with a palm growing out of the solid stone roof (a curiosity which is of itself a wonder of the Orient) is supposed to mark the last resting-place of the first woman. According to Arabian tradition Eve measured over 200 feet in height, which strangely coincides with an account of our first parents written by a member of the French Academy of Sciences a few years ago, who also claimed a height of over 200 feet for both of the tenants of the Garden of Eden. Eve's tomb, which is in a graveyard surrounded with high, white walls, and which has not been opened for a single interval for over a thousand years, is the shrine of thousands of devoted Ishmaelites, who, according to Notes and Queries, make a pilgrimage to the spot once every seven years. It is hemmed in on all sides by the tombs of departed sheiks and other worthies who have lived out their days in that region of scorching sun and burning sands. Once each year, on June 3—which is, according to Arabian legends, the anniversary of the death of Abel—the doors of the temple, which form a canopy over this supposed tomb of our first mother, remain open all night, in spite of the keepers' efforts to close them. Terrible cries of anguish are said to emit from them, as though the memory of the first known tragedy haunted the remains which blind superstition believes to be deposited there.

Prussic Acid.

Prussic acid, which in a mild way is used to flavor sweets, and is a very common medicine, is never sold by chemists except diluted with fifty times its own quantity of water. The pure acid is such a deadly poison that supposing a small bottle of it were broken in the center of a crowded theater, only those nearest the door would escape with their lives. Inhalation of the fumes alone would be sufficient to cause instant death.

A CAT with its fur ruffled doesn't feel fur-straight.

MUSICAL FLASHES FROM ABROAD.

BY DR. WALDTERN PECG.

It is a remarkable fact that very few composers of the present period have created such antagonistic controversy as M. Charles Gounod. One begins to wonder and be amazed at these violent contentions, and then one *dreams that perchance it has come to pass that one of the conditions* of celebrity is to be violently discussed. Although M. Charles Gounod has, times innumerable, been wantonly and absurdly assailed, he never thought it worth his while to retaliate, and it gives him incalculable pleasure, as he has often remarked, in being able to state that he has never attacked anyone. In contradistinction I will mention the German composer, Richard Wagner. The reader must distinguish between the kind of contention provoked by M. Gounod and that caused by Richard Wagner. One is apt to think that the most powerful enemy of Richard Wagner, the being who contributed more than anyone to delay the recognition of his qualities, and who caused the dragging to the surface of his many defects at the cost of the recognition of his abilities, in a word, this man who so impeded his own progress in the profession and his name from being more universally esteemed, was Wagner himself. He was ever giving way to his unreasonable, blind passion, continually railing against and condemning almost every contemporary composer, ridiculing and striving to defame those composers who had gained great reputation as the result of their undoubted merit. Richard Wagner showed the most revolting ingratitude to Meyerbeer, this grand genius had kindly helped him (Wagner) and supported him when the musical world looked with ineffable contempt upon him, and no one would acknowledge his works as meritorious. Richard Wagner assailed everyone who was not of his opinion; egotism apparently was grafted into his very bones, and any work that was not his own, he viciously abused and attacked it, which could not but make him many and powerful enemies. Wagner had the additional misfortune to have friends and patrons, who as maliciously assailed works that were not his, as Richard Wagner had done himself. Had it not been for the everlasting cry which all these polemics aroused, and which caused Wagner to be the most discussed composer, perpetually kept before the public, whether ridiculed by the enemies he Wagner had made, or seriously assailed, it did not matter which. Had Richard Wagner met with professionals and otherwise whom he had made his enemies and they had been more diplomatic so as not to reply, not to discuss, not even to mention his (Wagner's) name for good or evil—he would have have been silenced to death, for the tumult which his antagonists caused and kept going, was the very thing for the making of his name. M. Charles Gounod, in disposition quite the converse, his natural pliability, his skilful humoring of those fractious ones whom he met and whom perchance he fancies may be of use to him. This social quality one calls diplomacy, is styled Jesuitism by many, which met in a consummate union of the two in Talleyrand. This velvet tiger's-paw touch of every dangerous subject of conversation, the unbounded amiability of a disposition nearly always of the opinion of his questioner, have made Charles Gounod many friends, and not of that *charming, sweet* kind from whom one fervently prays to the Lord to deliver one. The public as a rule think all authors are enigmas—well, it will do us no harm to let them continue thinking. But there is a doubt concerning the age of M. Charles Gounod. The year he was born is given by Vapereau and Fetis, the year 1818, and this was copied in all journals and dictionaries. This is an error, as I have heard him declare he was born in the year 1811 in Paris. Charles Gounod's memory is singularly unreliable as to dates and he is not quite sure whether the year was 1811 or 1812, his father being a painter and his mother one of the most distinguished ladies of the period. It was she who gave Charles Gounod his first instruction in music. He entered the Conservatoire (Paris) in the year 1836 and in 1837 won a second prize; in 1839 he won the first prize, the *prix de Rome*—which entitled him to the journey to Italy.—He took with him a mass, the forerunner of his early favorite pursuit, sacred music.

He was a pupil of famous old Halevy in contra-point, and Reicha in harmony. His second mass he wrote in the year 1841 was a decided success, and gained him the title of *Maitre de Chapelle honoraire* for life, a distinction until then never conferred upon a *pensionnaire de l'Academie*. M. Gounod began life very successfully, although at first he composed many operas without attaining the desired object. But at least Goethe's grand conception and masterpiece, "Faust," was adjusted to his requirements by Messieurs Barbier and Michel Carre, who in many instances copied Goethe's words *verbatim*. What I mean is, the authors translated Goethe's identical words; but then abruptly changed, and, instead of gilding copper they coppered gold, transforming scenes of glorious philosophy into insignificant farce. For instance, why does Mephisto, when Valentine attacks him with his sword, and his sword is instantly shattered without any visible reason, that his companions begin to suspect evil influence, draw an enchanted circle around himself, which cannot be entered; and Mephisto, who is shown the cross to strike him therewith, deliberately walks out of the enchanted circle, abandoning his advantage. Still, the companions of Valentine, indignant, exasperated almost to frenzy, do Mephisto no harm! However, one must admit that, whatever the faults of the libretto (or book, I should say) and the heresy of desecrating a *monumentum* of classic art, the libretto fulfilled its purpose—it provided M. Gounod with rare opportunities and situations for musical treatment, which all thorough librettists strive to make. If there are no natural opportunities furnished by the librettist, how can a libretto be skilfully treated by the composer or be successful. "Faust," no matter where it was performed, was a great success. The beautiful *duo* in the garden scene, the music "*amour*" in the second act, military music in the third act, the sacred element in the fourth act, and the heroic *trio* in the prison scene, act last, are all splendid scholarly conceptions indeed. "Mirelle," the opera *a la couleur locale*, M. Gounod wrote after "Faust," is perchance a more homogeneous work, although not so strikingly effective as "Faust." It made, strange to state, little sensation in Paris, and it did not gain the favorable opinion that "Faust" achieved. Such, sometimes, is the fate of fine works. M. Gounod has written over fourteen operas (grand and comique) and only one really had a universal success, whereas two comique operas, "Le Medicin Malgrelin" and "Philemon and Baucis," are constructed skilfully and have that original fine se and charm which show the composer is a consummate master of the divine art. It was, I think a curious sign of the period when he obtained such prices as four thousand pounds (£40.0) (twenty thousand dollars) each for the English right of two of his oratorios.

He called the "Redemption," his last oratorio but one, "*opus vitæ meæ*," he called the one that followed "*mors et vita*," now, one, is almost afraid nothing will be described but the ghastly terror of Hades.

I may add Charles Gounod's elevation of style in his sacred works results from the intense serious studies he pursued at the commencement of his career, and his minor works he has composed are varied and full of refreshing originality, and minor only quantitatively, and not by any means in quality. Charles Gounod's superposing a melody, of which he was the first to conceive the idea, to the first preludium in Bach's twenty-four preludes and fugues, was originally composed for the pianoforte, violin and harmonium for his friend Lefebure-Wely, an admirable performer on the organ. This work met with unbounded success. Then he set to music the words of the Ave Maris, for soprano voice; it was performed at Baden-Baden, Mme. Miolan Carvalho being the vocalist, Vieuxtemps performing on the violin, grand old Thalbergon the pianoforte, and Berlioz conducted the chorus, four harps accompanying. It was a gigantic success. Another admirable work is his song entitled "La Serenade" with Harmonium accompaniment. This song has been hackneyed to death all over the world from the time Gounod gained his prix de Rome. For over five years, (between the years 1844 and 1849), none of his friends or acquaintances knew where he was or what he did. The busy bodies of the public, of course, circulated "sweet pleasant fairy tales" accounting for his disappearence which did not do much harm. In a certain coterie a pretty (very) and romantic explanation full of interest has been gently wafted about. I will not relate it because I am not quite sure it has any true foundation, and I question the delicacy of the act should any brother or sister artist divulge it and make this private affair an open secret, between friends and brothers, *absit invidia*.

This subject will be continued in a future issue.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

A MID-WINTER LUNCHEON.

The "winter table" was all white in decoration, with the exception of its centre-piece of holly, the dish concealed by a wide white satin ribbon, writes Mrs. Burton Kingsland, in a charming description of a luncheon representing the four seasons in the February *Ladies' Home Journal*. Many thought this the prettiest table of all in its chaste simplicity.

The name-cards were white, glistening apparently with frost work, the effect produced by mica, and painted in one corner of each was a sprig of bright holly berries. On the backs were quotations about the season; for instance:

"Fair Winter, clad in bridal white
Chaste virgin of the year!"

"Bluff old Winter, brisk and jolly,
Bringing Christmas in his train:
Crowned with spruce and fir and holly
Welcome back again!"

The ice cream represented snowballs, perfectly round, and coated on the outside with colorless lemon ice.

The favors were round boxes, white and glistening, surmounted with sprigs of artificial holly.

PLANTING SHADE TREES.

Under this head the *American Agriculturalist*, gives the following timely advice: The two best seasons for planting shade trees are early spring and autumn, and we would emphasize the "early" in both, although in practice to delay is the rule. For most hardy and hard-wooded trees early fall planting, or as soon as frosts have killed the foliage, is not only safe but often preferable to the spring, because the late rains in autumn and winter will thoroughly settle and pack the earth about the roots, and in spring the trees are in a position and condition to to make an early growth. To set out trees just as the ground is freezing up is not a safe time, because they will not get the benefit of the usual autumn rains. The elm is a more rapid-growing tree than the sugar maple, but the latter is certainly preferable, because it is a cleaner tree in the way of scattering its leaves in summer and the wood is more valuable; besides its roots will not run all over a farm in search of food and moisture like those of the elm. The imported elm leaf-beetle has for several years been at work on the elms in many of our Eastern States, and will probably migrate westward, and when it does you will not care to have many elm trees for shade or other purposes.

HYDRANGEAS.

If any one were to ask me to name the most popular hardy shrub, says Eben E. Rexford, in January *Success With Flowers*, I would unhesitatingly reply, *Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora*. It is being planted everywhere. It succeeds under almost all conditions and kinds of treatment. It is to the shrub garden what the Geranium is to the window garden. Those who only see it growing on the lawn, in single plants, get but a faint idea of the possibilities of the plant. They should see it growing *in fields* as I saw it last Fall; row after row of it, like waves crested with white foam. It was a sight not easily forgotten. When seen in masses, as I saw it, one understands that in order to produce the best results with it, it must be planted in clumps. Four, five, half a dozen plants, should be set so closely together that, when developed, the effect may be that of one large, spreading plant. Planted in this way, you get a mass of branches four or five feet in height, and ten or twelve feet across, covered in blossom-time with great panicles of white flowers that make the stalks bend beneath their weight. *Then* you have a plant—or, at least, what appears to be one plant—that produces a grand effect. Single plants are good, but very weak in effect compared with a group of them. In order to grow this shrub well you must give it a rich soil. Dig old, rotten manure in about its roots, in Spring, and keep weeds and grass away from it.

HUMOROUS SELECTIONS.

GATHERED BY OUR PATENTED REAPER.

Jokes of Preachers, Lawyers, Doctors, and Editors—Some of Them Very Dry and Others Somewhat Juicy—They Will Aid Digestion if Perused After Meals—Do Not Read Them Upon an Empty Stomach.

A Safety Cyclone.

"Ever had a cyclone here?" asked a Kansas man who was visiting a country aunt in the East. "A cyclone! Oh, yes," said his aunt. "Deacon Brown's son brought one from Boston a spell ago, but, law! he couldn't ride it. Tumbled off every time he tried it."—Southron.

The Train Was Near Enough.

Mrs. Medders—You told me the lot I bought was only a stone's throw from the train. The station is fully three miles up the track. Landslide—Well, well; I didn't say the train stopped, did I?—Browning, King & Co.'s Monthly.

Feminine Economy.

Mrs. Bargin—Henry, I saved a clean $25 to-day. I bought a winter coat for $25, which had been reduced from $50.

Bargin—But, my dear, the season is over for winter coats, and the moths will eat it up before next winter.

Mrs. Bargin—Ah, I was too sharp for that! I added $5 to the $25 I saved, and bought a cedar chest to keep it in!—Puck.

A Real Professor.

Stranger—I noticed you called your fried professor. Is he really a professor? Bowerville—I should say so. Why, dat feller swallers a sword eighteen inches, stands on his ear and eats glass out of a churn. Professor! Well, I should just smile.—New York Herald.

Not in So Many Words.

Dr. Thirdly—Surely Enpec didn't say he wished his wife was dead? Elder Berry—Not in so many words. He said nothing would please him better than to contribute to the church a new memorial window.—Browning, King & Co.'s Monthly.

An Unlucky Number.

Mrs. Roughlake—Mrs. Breaker is so superstitious lately. Mrs. Seawall—In what way? Mrs. Roughlake—Here she is really hesitating about getting a divorce just because it happens to be the thirteenth one she has applied for.—Exchange.

For Economy's Sake.

Husband—Mercy! what have you got all the gas turned on full force for? Wife—As a matter of economy, John. I want to consume $1,000 worth this year so's to get the discount of 10 cents a thousand.—Boston Transcript.

Fine Writing.

Mrs. Cashmere—Your husband writes very easily, does he not. Mrs. Barnes (wife of literary person)—My husband writes easily? You ought to see how hard it is for him to write out a check!—Browning, King & Co.'s Monthly.

She Stands Corrected.

Photograph-seller, saturated with modernism, to fair customer: She—Have you a photograph of Washington Irving? He—Yes, ma'am! But if you will pardon my correction, his first name is Henry.—Southron.

The Honest Dealer.

Coal Dealer—Jim, how much did you send Mrs. Goodheart for that last ton? Jim—Seventeen hundred pounds. Coal Dealer—That's right. Now come and paint these pebbles black.—Judge.

How Those Girls Love One Another.

Priscilla—You never seem to like any man that I like. Prunella—No. Isn't it a lucky thing for you?—Truth.

A Parting Injunction.

Young Callowe—I expect to start for London and Paris to-morrow. Can I do anything for you? Prunella—Yes: be sure not to miss your steamer.—Life.

The Triangulation of Fashion.

—Life.

Advice Is Ready Made.

Mrs. Primmins—My dear, if you will let me give you some advice—Miss Giddings—Will you alter it to fit, without making a fuss?—Puck.

Very Nice.

Mrs. Tonsey—Whom did you dance with at dancing school this afternoon? Little Edith—Robby Norris. Mrs. Tonsey—And was he nice? Little Edith—Oh, yes, mamma! just as nice as a girl!—Puck.

What It Sounded Like.

Mrs. Windleigh—Gracious me! that stone-crusher sounds like pandemonium. Courtney—I think, mama, that it sounds more like a dentist buzzing a hole in your tooth.—Puck.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Duty is soul's fireside.

—The new year ages rapidly.

—Ocean cables stretch 120,250 miles.

—The new year is only the old prolonged.

—Good resolutions ought to keep but they don't.

—Every town in Mexico has a public oath house.

—They refoot stockings in England at a small expense.

—There are a great many promising people who never pay.

—Many a man who is honest enough to apologize is too stubborn.

—A horsefly will live for hours after its head has been pulled off.

—Genius is independent of its temporal and material surroundings.

—Let us resolve that we have done better; and that we will do better.

—The man who is too good for anything is apt to be good for nothing.

—Wine is frequently used instead of water in Spain in mixing shoe blacking.

—A little learning is a dangerous thing, but not half as bad as none at all.

—If a man could have a wife made to order he would find fault with her.

—An electric railway in Russia from St. Petersburg to Archangel is being planned.

—The forests of Germany pay an annual Government revenue of nearly $25,000,000

—An Alaska Indian declares that within a year he has seen a live mastodon running wild.

—More mushrooms are raised in the vicinity of Paris than in any other place in the world.

—Brussels, belgium, boasts of a clock which is never wound by human hands. Wind power does it.

—The receiving reservoirs of the Croton Aqueduct have a joint capacity 1,180,000,000 gallons.

—Six localities have been proposed for the Paris Exposition of 1900, Auteuil being apparently the favorite.

—Many of most appetizing soups that delight the palate of man are said to have been invented in the middle ages.

Dvorak, the composer, thinks everybody should learn to play some sort of a musical instrument.

The claim is made that there is an increasing number of willful bachelors both in England and this country.

—An English grape grower has twenty-five acres of vines under glass. He gets fifty cents a pound for his grapes.

—The most perfect block system on a railroad will not secure it from accident unless it is accompanied by ceaseless human vigilance.

—A hunting horn in Limoges enamel, made in 1530, and believed to have formerly belonged to Horace Walpole, was sold recently for $31,500.

—The historic chateau, at Cirey France, has been sold to a rich manufacturer for $700,000. It was once the home of Voltaire.

—Captain Samuel Barron, who died at Norfolk, Va., recently, was a grandson of Commodore James Barron, who fought the celebrated duel with Stephen Decatur in which Decatur was killed.

—There is a tribe in Central Africa among whom speakers in public debates are required to stand on one leg while speaking and to speak only as long as they can so stand.

—There are 4876 students at the University of Berlin this term the largest number in the history of the institution. This is about 2000 more than are in attendance at Harvard.

—Boston is to have a new Union Railway station for the north end roads, which will have for notable features twenty tracks and a train lobby nearly five hundred feet wide.

—The famous thoroughfare of Berlin Unter den Linden, is the best lighted street in the world. It is illuminated by three lines of electric arc lamps which are separated by two lines of lime trees.

—A tax on street organ grinders is proposed by two London vestries. They suggest that the holder of the license should exhibit a number on his organ for purposes of identification.

—The Nebraska Commissioner of Industrial Education has collected answers to inquiries concerning the cost per acre of making a crop of corn from every county in the State. The average of all the figures is $3.44 per ac