A WONDERFUL CEREMONIAL.

Cutting off the Long Hair of a Pretty Siamese Princess—An Eastern Ceremony of Purification from Original Sin—The Whole Siamese Court Taking Part in a Gorgeous Miracle Play.

(From the London Telegraph.)

BANGKOK, Jan. 17.—The Siamese Court has commenced the year 1879 with a brilliant show, rare even in Siam, the tonsure of a first-class Princess. Almost every Siamese, rich or poor, in youth has the topknot cut off with a certain celebration. In the case of children of rich people the ceremony lasts several days, and is attended with much display, feasting, theatrical performances, and religious services. In the case of princely families, the tonsure, called So-kan, is always an occasion for great processions in the palace, but the pomp is vastly increased when the So-kan is that of a Celestial Prince or Princess—one whose mother is of royal birth—which, if it occur during a time of perfect peace throughout Siam, is signalized by the erection on the palace lawn of an artificial hill, Mount Krailat, whereon part of the ceremony takes place. During the last hundred years there have been only five of these first-class So-kans, and this, the sixth, has therefore caused no little excitement in Bangkok, attracting vast crowds of sightseers. The Princess "Strangely-beautiful" (Si-wilaila), though not the daughter of a "Celestial," is great-granddaughter of the greatest subject of the King of Siam, the ex-Regent.

The Princess Si-wilai is a pretty girl, with large almond-shaped eyes, and only a few weeks ago had beautiful long black hair, but all was cut off preliminary to this ceremony, save a small tuft on the top of her head, which the Brahmans bound in three locks with sanctified white cotton threads. Each thread had grass leaves and a gold ring rolled up with it. All these locks were gathered up and fixed with a gold hair-pin.

KRAILAT, THE GOLDEN MOUNTAIN,

the home of Vishnu, was like the fairy set-scene of a pantomime, only it stood on the open lawn in the broad daylight, gleaming with the bright sunglow. It was a capital representation of a rugged limestone hill, with cliffs, caves, grottoes, boulders, lakes, and waterfalls. From base to top it was covered with tinsel and gold leaf. Two winding paths led to its summit, on which was a charming gilt pavilion, the palace of Vishnu. The whole might be sixty feet in height.

All around the foot of the hill, in many a cave and grotto, were models, set pieces, and figures moved by concealed machinery, illustrating episodes from the Ramayana and Inava, ancient and fabulous histories of India and Malayo, the favourite literature of the Siamese. Gazing at these, the people spent hours, and never seemed to tire of the roughness of the art. On all the hundred crags and pinnacles of the hill were the angels and gods of Hindoo and Siamese mythology, trees on which grew women and monkeys, and all that is pleasant and mischievous in magical botany, representing the strange or delicious flowers of the gardens of heaven.

The ceremony is one of purification at an important period of life. Every infant at the age of one month is shaved, except for one minute patch, which is left to this ceremony. The bathing and the complete shaving of the head are emblematic of the removal of all the impurities—the original sin—with which the child is born. During the purification white thread is worn round the head, and every person engaged is clad in the white robe of a devotee. Directly the shaving and bathing are completed, every one appears in red; the subject of the ceremony becomes a Brahmachari—a pure being—and the change of colour denotes the joy of men and angels at the achievement. As for the ceremonial, it is, indeed, a drama, acted before the people by their Princes and Ministers—a miracle play of State. On this occasion the highest born Prince in Siam, a Celestial—Prince Minister of the Interior—took the part of Vishnu, while the Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs were archangels. The King's private secretary, two Dukes, and other great personages were leaders of the escort of angels; the angels were all officials, and the houris of heaven were represented by members of the Royal harem and by the Royal ballet.

THE RITES COMMENCED

on the evening of Jan. 2, with a religious service in the great throne hall, when they lit the candle of victory—a wax torch one fathom high—which remained burning until the topknot was cut. At the east end of this hall was a throne, on which were relics of Buddha, a figure of Pra Siam, the patron deity of Siam, a large figure of Buddha cut out of rock crystal, the great seal of the kingdom, and all the chief insignia of Siamese royalty, the crown and slippers, the flapper, the discus, trident, and sword, the state umbrella, spears, and the great white shell—a huge whelk, spiralling reversely, of which only two exist in Siam, and which is fabulously valued. In front of this altar were several trays, with offerings of cakes and flowers. While the King and his daughter attended a religious service in this hall, and listened to the chanting of twenty-four Siamese Buddhist abbots, the Brahmins in another hall carried on their service. The priests in the great hall sat on a platform, from which white cords passed round and out of the hall and about the golden mountain. These cords were supposed to be efficacious in keeping out bad spirits. The abbots having commenced the chant, relays of priests maintained it day and night until the day of tonsure.

On the next afternoon was the first grand procession, escorting the Princess in royal state to attend religious service in the throne hall. The Siamese, with their usual courtesy to foreigners, had set apart a special pavilion, where they might watch at their ease. The Foreign Minister himself came from time to time to see that they were comfortable, and the good-natured Lord Siarax seemed never to tire of refreshing lady visitors with tea and sweetmeats and the gentleman with brandy and soda. The foreign diplomatic body was there in force. The representatives of Germany, France, Holland, the United States, and sometimes about a hundred merchants and others enjoyed this hospitality. On the lawn were about seven hundred noblemen, seated on ordinary iron garden chairs. The south side of the lawn adjoining the inner palace was reserved for Princesses and ladies of rank. The glittering Mount Krailat rose glorious at the east end of the lawn.

THE ASSEMBLAGE OF NOBLEMEN

was of itself a most brilliant sight. All wore gold brocade coats, and many sparkled with diamonds; one of those reputed wealthy, a Lord Pricha, came to talk to his friends among the foreigners. He wore a brocaded frock coat, gold on green silk ground, buttoning close to the neck, fastened with single diamonds, each half an inch in diameter. His broad gold belt had a huge diamond buckle. Instead of trousers he wore the national panung, which at a short distance looks like loose knee breeches. The panung was of chintz, the pattern denoting the rank, and white silk stockings and calf-boots completed the dress. He was followed by a train of men carrying a gold teapot, a spittoon, tray of betel nut cigar case, and other sundries, all of red gold. The foot of the hill was surrounded by troops of dancing women dressed in cloth of silver, with gilt high crowns, representing the Apsaras, or houris of heaven; and all the centre of the lawn was occupied by youths dressed in yellow, posturing with bows and arrows.

At about 3 p.m.

THE KING ARRIVED IN STATE.

He was borne on a silver-gilt seat along the course appointed for the procession. Around the King were carried several pyramidal standards, each formed of a series of rings of gold cloth, which foreigners call royal umbrellas, but over him was held a real umbrella of gilt cloth, about eight feet in diameter. Several of the King's children followed him, some borne in a litter, some on foot. His Majesty, young and good-looking, with a peculiarly bright eye and intelligent expression, was magnificently robed in cloth of gold and wore the collar of a grand Siamese order. He stepped at once from his lofty seat on to the wall.

The procession had reached the inner gat, and was close upon us; first came the Japanese guard in Japanese war dress, hideous black masks and deer's horns; then a company of Sappers in European uniform carrying axes, then military music. Some very beautiful girls, magnificently dressed, appeared before the King's pavilion, dancing the flower dance, waving branches of gold and silver flowers, a stately and ravishing minuet. Then paced two noblemen, archangels, all in white, with gold embroidery and crowns, surmounted by a white horn or spike about eighteen inches high, followed by about a hundred crowned angels of lower degree, and owning less gold embroidery, marching in two lines, and between them Indian musicians. Next came more angels of high degree in marvellously gorgeous robes. These were followed by representatives of the nations who will serve the Princess, all in their national costume. China boys in blue coats embroidered with dragons. Malays in gilt helmets and strange turbans, and Anamese in plain white robes. Now appeared some hundred children dressed in white, with little gold coronets on their topknots, and the thin Brahmin thread around the coronet. These were the children of noblemen, wearing their own family jewelry, heavy gold frontlets, and tier upon tier of bracelet, armlet, and anklet. A cluster of royal insignia preceded the beautiful Princess. There were eight of the above described umbrella standards, each about fifteen feet high, colossal fans of strange forms, royal spears, a trident, and the royal sword held above the head of the swordbearer.

THEN CAME THE PRINCESS HERSELF,

in white robes, with a small diadem encircled by white thread, seated on a gold throne borne on the shoulders of pages in purple. Beside her walked six of the greatest nobles of Siam, archangels in white and with white crowns, radiant with new gold embroidery. Twelve more queens, in shot gold and silver, followed close as her ladies of honour, bearing gold vases, containing royal robes and insignia; and then came another cluster of umbrellas and fans. Next ensued what may be supposed to represent the household of the present monarch. Fifty or more of the King's wives marched in rows of four, all dressed in snowy silk robes reaching to their feet, with silk silver-shot scarfs, and each wearing eight or nine massive gold chains over one shoulder and across their bosoms, the chains lying side by side, and thus appearing like a gold band about five inches wide. The only point of dress in which I recognized any difference among these ladies was in their boots, mostly black French kid, but in some cases coloured. One only wore Indian slippers. Few of them had shapely feet, few indeed were pretty, but some were very pretty.

All, however, had a ladylike, graceful carriage, and their expressions were generally gentle, modest, and pleasing. I cannot call them all pearls of loveliness; but the large harem of a

KING OF SIAM

is not the collection of a voluptuary, but a State institution, linking the monarch by private channels with the great body of his noblemen, each of the more prominent of them generally presenting one daughter. Many of these ladies are thus wives of the King only in name, dignity, and duty. They draw their yearly salaries and monthly allowances, and attend the King daily for three hours, but in most cases that is all. When they grow tired of such a dignified though dull mode of life they ask leave to retire from the palace and seek a husband elsewhere, the permission being scarcely ever refused.

When the Princess reached the wall where the King was he rose to receive her. She did homage by raising her hands above her head. Men with long French horns and other and other trumpets made shrill, wild music, the throne was raised a little, and the King lifted her from it, after which they stood together on the wall. The whole escort now made three bows with military precision, and then King and Princess passed into the throne room. The chief members of the royal family, the second King, and some of the Ministers followed them into the hall; the assembled Bishops chanted for about an hour, and then the Princess left in procession as she had come, the King following, but stopping, as he reached the foreign pavilion, to exchange a few words with the Consul of Germany. On the next day the Consul of the United States was honoured with the same compliment. These processions went on for three successive afternoons.

ON THE FOURTH AND GREAT DAY

the ceremony commenced soon after daybreak, in accordance with the mandate of the royal astrologers. The Princess arrived in procession as before described, and was led into the great hall to be shaved. Her hair, already arranged in three tufts, was solemnly cut off by three great princes with scissors, and then shaved with gold, silver, and steel razors. The candle of victory was extinguished. Then, still clad in white, she was carried in procession to the foot of Krailat, and seated on a marble bench in a pool representing the holy lake, whose waters spouted from the mouths of an elephant, a horse, a bull, and a lion. The pretty Siwilai began to shiver. The king took five jars of gold, silver, brass, bronze, and stone and poured holy water over her. She shook and almost cried amid her glories with cold. After the king—the greatest princes, princesses, and noblemen successively poured water over her with irritating deliberation, and for about half an hour she had to endure this trying rite. Then she retired to a curtained pavilion, and was dressed in magnificent royal robes.

The Prime Minister and Minister for Foreign Affairs,

GORGEOUSLY CLAD AS ANGELS,

escorted her up the mountain, and at the top she was received by the Celestial Prince, uncle of the King, as Vishnu. The King also ascended. In the Palace of Vishnu she was invested with a royal crown, received the blessing of the gods, and then descended in full royal state, covered with jewels, and was carried in procession thrice round the mountain, with her right hand next it. This was the Taskin ceremony, the ancient mode of showing respect to teachers, and now performed in honour of Vishnu. But at this instant the procession suddenly became dazzlingly gay and brilliant, the angels almost miraculously changed their colour. They arrived in white, but directly the tonsure was completed all changed to pink or rose tints. The ladies of the palace now showed gold and coloured scarves instead of silver, and coloured sarongs in place of white. The change of colour signified the joyous change of state. The white robes of the candidate were exchanged for the golden pomp and rich apparel of royalty; the white vesture of the angelic throng of her attendants became a joyous pink, colour of the love apple. Even the children transformed their dress to pink coats and pink stockings, and the white band round their topknots and coronets was replaced by a red one. The red silk netted robes of the archangels, covered with gold embroidery, appeared truly splendid.

In the afternoon she was again brought in procession to hear a religious service, but now the Buddhist monks and abbots ceased to participate in the ceremony. The Great Throne had been made over to the Brahmans, and each day there was a ceremony of passing flame round the Princess,

THE RITE OF WIEN-TIEN,

"turning the candles." In the centre of the hall, the plan of which is a cross of equal arms, on a throne of mother-of-pearl the Princess sat crowned, facing two pyramids, formed each of several gold vases of gradually diminishing size, standing one in the other, so as to rise in tiers. Behind them stood the two Chief Brahmans, with fifteen large wax candles, fixed on crystal, gold, or silver stands or handles.

The Brahmans lit the candles and passed them one by one to the ex-Regent, who, with a wave of his hand, guided the scented flame toward the Princess, and, immediately passed the candle on. So the fifteen candles were passed on from hand to hand round the vast hall, each one making the flame momentarily incline toward the Princess. Five times the candles passed round the building, and then were handed back to the Brahmans, who suddenly extinguished them, blowing the smoke toward the Princess. Then the chief priest handed her food, fresh cocoanut from the Bai-Si, of which she ate a small portion. The King poured on her hands holy water, which she passed over her head, and so ended the last ceremony in the hall.

For three days Wien-Tien was performed each afternoon, and then the Sokan ceremony ended, and the Princess resumed her ordinary dress and pursuits. During the last three days presents, mostly in cash, flowed in liberally to the lap of the almond-eyed Siwilai, and altogether she will have accumulated about $50,000. Every one who gave received some little souvenir in return from his Majesty.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Little by little the snow melts away,
The ulster is hung up to dry;
And men await the approach of the month
That bringeth the beautiful fly.

A PIMPLE is the coupon of a buckwheat cake.

RECORDS of crime furnish the sin news of many papers.

THE last language spoken on earth will probably be the Finnish.

INSTEAD of saying "it won't wash," state that "it won't laundry."

SOME young men are said to be expressly manufactured for "society."

HE sued for her hand before marriage, and her hand sewed for him after.

RUTH was a good girl, and she had as fine Boaz could be found in those days.

WHY is a dead duck like a dead doctor? Because both have stopped quacking.

A HAMILTON woman has married a Mr. Calico—has wedded prints as it were.

IN all well-regulated families it is the good looking hired girl who has to get up and dust.

THE pancake is like the orb of day, because it rises in the yeast and sets in the west.

WHEN the old folks try to sit out a young fellow and his girl they get discounted every time.

A CHICAGO woman is going to try to keep her mouth shut three thousand quarter hours.

THE man who is waiting for something to turn up generally finds it when he steps on a barrel-hoop.

WHY are your nose and chin constantly at variance? Because words are constantly passing between them.

THERE is no time when it is so instructive to read the hymn-book as when the contribution box is being passed.

THERE is very little difference between a man who sees a ghost and one who swallows a bad oyster, so far as looks are concerned.

PEOPLE who pay a dollar for a hot sulphur bath don't stop to think that they can get them free in the warm by and by.

TRADITION says that the devil parts his hoof in the middle. That's the reason, probably, that he lets the mule do all his kicking.

THE idea that fruit eaten at night is deleterious is proved by the bad effect it had upon Adam from eating an apple after Eve.

"WELL, Sambo," said the dying master to his faithful slave, "I've a long journey before me." "Neber mind, massa, him all down hill."

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK is a great authority on the habits of ants. His views on sisters and cousins have not yet been given to the public.

A NEW HAVEN editor announced that he had seen "a pure white swallow," and the Louisville *Courier-Journal* suggests that it was one of Holland gin.

"WHEN I die," said an editor to his better half, "I want to go where there are no fires to make." She cheerfully replied that she presumed he would.

A CERTAIN editor thinks when a single gentleman cannot pass a clothes line without counting all the long stockings, it is a sign he ought to get married, and the sooner the better.

YOUNG lady to Scientific Teuton: "But I thought you were also a physician, Dr. Kubelschneitzer!" Scientific Teuton:—"Ah! yaw! I am a medicine, but I do not operate."

A SPARKLING young debater, in a flight of eloquence, exclaimed: "Mr. President, the world is divided into two great classes, one learned and the unlearned, one of whom I am which."

A DUBLIN professional man addressed an artisan, who was waiting in his hall, rather brusquely: "Hallos, you fellow, do you want me?" The answer was neat: "No, yer honner, I am waiting for a gentleman."

NATURE may have intended men to drink water. It looks that way from the fact that she will freeze up the water pipes on the slightest occasion, and never meddle with a barrel of whisky when she can help it.

IT is said that there is one word which is never pronounced right, even by the best scholars, and that is the word wrong. It is only fair to observe, however, that there is another word which is never pronounced wrong, and that is the word right.

PROFESSOR, lecturing on psychology: "All phenomena are sensations. For instance, that leaf appears green to me. In other words, I have a sensation of greenness within me." Of course no harm was meant, but still the class would laugh.

IT has been calculated by Ritter that 75,000 years ago the sun radiated 1 per cent. less heat than at present, and that 700,000 years ago it gave out 10 per cent. less. Each kilogramme of the sun's mass contains, he thinks, about 43,000,000 units of heat.

"HUG me to death, darling," is the title of a new song. If the authoress is young and handsome, we will endeavour to comply with her request, if she will drop us a note, give the number of her residence, and the time when it will be most convenient for her to go to press.

IT is said that the reason why bigamy is of so rare occurrence in Hungary is that once on a time a man who was convicted of this crime was sentenced by the court to live for two years with both wives. The punishment was considered cruel, but it had the desired effect.

PETROLEUM acts as a specific for burns and stains of bromine. Silica takes up eight or ten times its weight of bromine, and Herr Frank, of the Berlin Chemical Society, proposes as a convenient means of handling and weighing this corrosive liquid to saturate infusorial earth with it.

THE CLEW—The child was evidently lost—cried bitterly—could not tell where its parents lived, or whether she was an orphan, or what her father was—or where she went to school. Enter intelligent policeman. Policeman (in a friendly whisper)—"Where does your mother get her gin, my dear?" (And the mystery was solved.)

A BAKER has just been arrested in Berlin for making a gingerbread caricature of Prince Bismarck, and the child who ate it was taken into the back yard and solemnly spanked for assimilating democratic ideas. The police are now on the trail of socialistic propaganda in barley sugar, and have made some important seizures of subversive gumdrops.

Surrounded by Zulus.

The Story of a Young English Officers Escape at the Battle of Isandula.

(From the London Times.)

RORKE'S DRIFT, Buffalo River, Jan. 25.—Since I wrote the first part of my letter a dreadful disaster has happened to us. It seems to me a pure miracle that I am alive to tell you about it. At about 3 o'clock on the morning of the 22d, the General sent for me and told me to convoy a dispatch to Col. Durnford, who was at Rorke's Drift, with about 500 mounted black fellows, as a battle was expected. When I arrived in camp I found the greater part of the column gone out with the General to meet the Zulu force, so that there were only left in the camp five companies of the first Battalion of the Twenty-fourth, two guns, about 600 Native Contingent, and a few servants looking after the tents; the Army Hospital Corps (13 men), and the sick in the hospital tents. The first Zulu force appeared about 6 o'clock in the morning. Two companies of the Twenty-fourth were sent out after them. The Zulus seemed to retire, and there was firing kept up at long ranges.

At about 11 the Zulus were seen coming over the hills in thousands. They were in most perfect order, and seemed to be in about twenty rows of skirmishers one behind the other. They were in a semicircle round our flanks and in front of us, and must have covered several miles of ground. Nobody knows how many there were of them, but the general idea is at least 20,000. Well to cut the account short, in half an hour they were right up to the camp. I was out with the front companies of the Twenty-fourth handing them spare ammunition. Bullets were flying all over the place, but I never seemed to notice them. The Zulus nearly all had firearms of some kind and lots of ammunition. Before we knew were we were they came right into the camp, assegaing everybody right and left. Everybody then who had a horse turned to fly. The enemy were going at a kind of very fast half-walk and half-run.

On looking round we saw that we were completely surrounded and the road to Rorke's Drift was cut off. The place where they seemed thinnest was where we all made for. Everybody went pell-mell over ground covered with huge boulders and rocks until we got into a deep sprint or gully. How the horses got over I have no idea. I was riding a broken-kneed old crock which did not belong to me, and which I expected to go on its head every minute. We had to go bang through them at the sprint. Lots of our men were killed there. I had lots of marvelous escapes, and was firing away at them with my revolver as I galloped along. The ground there down to the river was so broken that the Zulus kept killing all the way. There were very few white men; they were nearly all mounted niggers of ours flying. This lasted until we came to a kind of precipice down to the River Buffalo. I jumped off and led my horse down.

There was a poor fellow of the mounted infantry (a private) struck through the arm, who said as I passed if I could bind up his arm and stop the bleeding he would be all right. I accordingly took out my hanker-chief and tied up his arm. Just as I had done it, Major Smith of the artillery, came down to me wounded, saying: "For God's sake get on, man; the Zulus are on the top of us." I had done all I could for the wounded man, and so turned to jump on my horse. Just as I was doing so the horse went with a bound to the bottom of the precipice, being struck with an assegia. I gave up all hope, as the Zulus were all round me, finishing off the wounded, the man I had helped, and Major Smith among the number. However, with the strong hope that everybody clings to that some accident would turn up, I rushed off on foot and plunged into the river, which was little better than a roaring torrent. I was being carried down the stream at a tremendous pace, when a loose horse came by me, and I got hold of his tail, and he landed me safely on the other bank; but I was too tired to stick to him and get on his back. I got up again and rushed on, and was several times knocked over by our mounted niggars, who would not get out of my way, then up a tremendous hill, with my wet clothes and boots full of water.

About twenty Zulus got over the water and followed us up the hill, but, I am thankful to say, they had not their firearms. Crossing the river, however, the Zulus on the opposite side kept firing at us as we went up the hill and killed several of the niggars around me. I was the only white man to be seen until I came to one who had been kicked by his horse and could not mount. I put him on his horse and lent him my knife. He said he would catch me a horse. Directly he was up he went clean away. A few Zulus followed us for about three miles across the river, but they had no guns, and I had a revolver, which I kept letting them know. Also the mounted niggars stopped a little and kept firing at them. They did not come in close, and finally stopped altogether. Well to cut it short, I struggled into Helpmakaar, about twenty miles off, at nightfall, to find a few men who had escaped, about ten or twenty, with others who had been intrenched in a waggon laager.

H. SMITH-DORION.

Fighting Hand to Hand.

Brilliant Repulse of the Afghans by the Scinde Horse.

From the London Times.

ATTAKAREE (via Chaman), Feb. 27.—Col. Malcolmson was yesterday encamped at Khushk-i-Nakhud with 268 sabres of the Third Scinde Horse and 120 bayonets of the Second Beloochis Cavalry, and at 4 P. M. 1,500 of the Alizais, under Mijid and Abubuk Khans, suddenly swarmed over the ridge 1,000 yards distant, bearing down in two bodies on the camp. Their right wing—a column some six or eight deep—in dead silence made direct for our cavalry.

They advanced in true chivalric style, and arrived at charging distance just as the British officers had hurriedly, but calmly, told off their squadrons. Then followed the commands—"Gallop!" and "Charge!" The enemy unflinchingly accepted the shock, which, however, broke their solidity, and, fighting with fanatical desperation, they hurried toward the left flank of the camp disordered, developing into panic, when Capt. Maitland's squadron wheeled up, smashing in on their flank and rear. The combat and pursuit lasted two hours.

Major W. Reynolds fell early in the melee. While extricating his sword from a man's body, his charger stumbled, and four Afghans cut him to pieces, their own bodies immediately afterwards being stretched around his corpse.

Our casualties are one officer and four troopers killed: Col. Malcolmson (slightly) and 15 men wounded; while 150 Afghan bodies now lie scattered about the camp.

The Scinde Horse has dealt the enemy a terrible lesson. The enemy's left wing had their ardor lessened at witnessing the utter discomfiture of their comrades, and pushed toward the Belochis, who repulsed them splendidly, killing 30 men.

Col. Tanner, seeing the cavalry far off in pursuit, wisely abstained from following up this success and leaving the camp unguarded. One Afghan penetrated alone through the skirmishing line, and was shot dead near Col. Tanner.

Dost Mohammed, the Alizai chieftain, who had espoused our cause, and was in the cavalry camp when his clansmen surprised us disappeared during the confusion.

A ZURICH newspaper has the following "death notice:" "I communicate to all my friends and acquaintances the sad news that at 3 p.m. to-morrow, I shall incinerate, according to all the rules of art, my late mother-in-law, who has fallen asleep with faith in her Lord. The funeral urn will be placed near the furnace. The profoundly afflicted son-in-law, Brandolf Lichtler."

WHEN a boy walks with a girl as though he were afraid some one would see him, the girl is his sister. If walks so close to her as to nearly crowd her against the fence, she is the sister of some one else.

A Ruler of Princes.

Miss Kate Sanborn lectured in New York the other day on "Mme. de Genlis." Only France, said the speaker, that land of fascinating woman and phenomenal individualities, could have produced a Mme. de Genlis, brilliant, yet tedious, sensible, absurd, amicable resentful, eccentric, conventional; the author of nearly one hundred volumes—sober works on education and worldly novels of very questionable influence; poems and history; biography and botany; natural history and etiquette; religion and malicious scandal; alternating between court and convent for nearly a century; adored and hated; praised and ridiculed; regarded as a saint and a sinner, a shameless *intriguante* and a French Hannah More—such a captivating bundle of opposites was this woman. I cannot claim genius for my heroine nor a large amount of the piety and prudery she displayed, but as the governor of princes—for "governor" she would be called—as a writer for children, a popular novelist, an extraordinary and entertaining person, she is a marked woman, a power in her day; but in character a mass of contradictions, with vanity that was at once sublime and ridiculous.

She was born Jan. 25, 1746, on a little estate in Burgundy, so puny an infant that she was sewed up in a down pillow and laid in an arm-chair to struggle with life or die. After the ceremony of public baptism she was taken to the opera and life looked bright again. She was next received as a canoness of the noble chapter of St. Alix. Lovers came while she was in short dresses, and kept coming until she was an old lady. Her father, who was captured by the English, struck up an intimacy with a fellow-prisoner, Count de Genlis, to whom he read her bright letters and showed her picture. De Genlis was about to be married to a young lady possessed of 40,000 francs a year. After the death of the father of Felicite the count followed the daughter and the mother to the convent where they had retired, and was soon married secretly at midnight. It was a union with love on one side and pure ambition on the other. When he was ordered to rejoin his regiment, the bride, only 15, was placed in a convent, where her vivacity and love of excitement made her a favourite with the nuns. Here she was so happy that when her husband came to take her home, she pleaded for one month more, and met a decided refusal—which is a very Frenchy picture.

At 24 years she was made a lady of honour in the household of the Duke de Chartres, afterward Duke of Orleans, known during the Revolution as Egalite, a profligate patron and dangerous mischief-maker. Mme. de Genlis was a great favourite with all the gentlemen in the society of the Palais Royal and of all the ladies who were not envious or jealous. She kept up her studies, embroidery, painting, music, and continued to write comedies. During Gluck's visit to Paris she went to the opera every evening and played and sang for Gluck at her rooms, but feeling that "music, Gluck, and the opera" had acquired too great an influence over her, she resolved never again to go to the opera or the theatre, and kept her word. After five months' study of English, she read the poets easily. In 1775 she visited Voltaire and wrote "during the whole time of dinner." Voltaire was far from agreeable. He seemed always in a passion with his servants. Mme de Genlis was asked by the Duke and Duchess of Chartres to take charge of the education of their children. As a governess she was enthusiastic and practical, and taught the children useful mechanical arts. She wrote educational works. She who was afterward Mme. de Stael, when 16, visited Mme. de Genlis, who gives the idea that the former was a failure, but that if she had been allowed to educate her it would have been vastly different. During her visit to England, the queen, who greatly admired her, thought it unsafe to have any intercourse with her. During her visit to Hamburg, Klopstock talked to her steadily for three hours, mostly about himself, and then went home highly impressed with her conversational ability.

During the Revolution she remained in exile nine years. Being in need of money, she wrote plays and novels thick as the leaves of Vallombrosa. Napoleon gave her a pension, and requested from her once a fortnight a letter on politics, literature, finance, and morals. She was found dead in her bed in December, 1830, the last morning of the year, when she was 84. Men have reviewed her life and writings with great severity. It was said of her: "Mme. de Genlis has a very large portion of a very small mind, and that portion is particularly active." French women (always excepting Mme. de Sevigne) seem to be either fanatics or flirts. We fear Mme. de Genlis is no exception, yet it is impossible to read her own story, and not believe in her entire innocence. We must mourn that her character and her talents were marred by excessive vanity. This fault led her into a dangerous position and kept her there. It shadowed every virtue, every accomplishment, and makes us not unwilling to say good-bye to the Countess de Genlis. Jack of all trades, paragon of perfection.—*Gouverneur du Roi.*

Advantages of Courtesy.

A courteous man often succeeds in life, when persons of ability fail. The experience of every man furnishes frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers, divines, politicians, merchants, and, indeed, individuals of all pursuits. In being introduced to a stranger, his affability or the reverse creates instantaneously a prepossession in his favour or awakens unconsciously a prejudice against him. To men civility is, in fact, what a pleasing appearance is to women; it is a general passport to favour—a letter of recommendation written in a language that every person understands. The best of men have often injured themselves by irritability and consequent rudeness, whereas men of inferior abilities have prequently succeeded by their agreeable and pleasing manner. Of two men equal in all other respects, the courteous one has twice the advantage, and by far the better chance of making his way in the world.

Poetry of the Table.

More appetising than all patent tonics is a perfectly arranged table, sparkling with cleanliness. So let us be a little extravagant in our fresh table-cloths, when soap, water, and a little labour are all we have to pay. And now we must decide, shall we have the best china, and do with some stoneware for every day? or shall we pay ourselves the respect usually reserved for company? Clearly, we are the persons to whom it is of the most importance. Shall we sit down to odd plates and cracked saucers six days that we may enjoy gilded china the seventh? By no means. We will have plain white French china, which can always be matched when broken, and we will sit down to it every day. In the same way we will bring out the plated knives and silver forks, and partake of our food with a sense of our own deserts. We shall feel increased respect for ourselves, also, with napkins and butter plates; so those we will have.

A Gentle Hint.

In our style of climate, with its sudden changes of temperature—rain, wind and sunshine often intermingled in a single day, it is no wonder that our children, friends and relatives are so frequently taken from us by neglected colds, half the deaths resulting from this cause. A bottle of Boschee's German Syrup kept about the house for immediate use will prevent serious sickness, a large doctor's bill, and perhaps death, by the use of three or four doses. For curing Consumption, Hemorrhages, Pneumonia, Severe Coughs, Croup, or any disease of the Throat or Lungs, its success is simply wonderful, as your druggist will tell you. German Syrup is now sold in every town and village on this continent. Sample bottles for trial, 10c.; regular size, 75cts.

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The Toronto Steam Laundry, Toronto, is now prepared to execute all country orders for laundry work on the shortest notice. Goods can be sent from this city any time up to Wednesday, and have them returned the same week.

Merchants and storekeepers will find it makes a great difference in the sale of their goods to have them properly dressed. Goods a little shabby by being in the store can be dressed equal to new and bring a better price. We pay all express charges (one way) on goods sent us. Heads of families will find that by sending their washing to Toronto they can get them done better and cheaper than at home. We return goods same week as we get them. Address for particulars, G. P. Sharpe, Toronto Steam Laundry, Toronto.

Business Items.

THE man who, when he was given an inch of his lady love's golden hair, took a Nell, wishes he had married another girl.

VICTORIA HYPOPHOSPHITES extends its influence into every part of the human organism, commencing from the foundation, correcting diseased action, and restoring vital powers, creating a healthy formation and purification of the blood, driving out disease, and leaving nature to perform its allotted part. It is the finest nervous remedy known, and the greatest brain and blood food in the world. For sale by all dealers. $1.00 per bottle.

"To be or not to be, that's the question whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune, &c," were the words of the noble bard. Those who go to "Cooper's" for "Shirts" never suffer from a misfit. 109 Yonge St., Toronto.

TIME never sits so heavily on the aged as when they are ill and depressed. A heavy percentage of old people suffer from kidney complaints, etc., brought on by derangements of the secretory organs, who will hail with joy the great remedy prepared expressly to meet their cases—VICTORIA BUCHU AND UVA URSI. It can be recommended with confidence. For sale by all dealers.

READY FOR SPRING.—The new spring stock of Furniture now being shown by the Oshawa Cabinet Co. is ahead of anything yet offered. The latest styles of parlour sets from fifty dollars upward are very pretty and well got up. In walnut bed-room sets they have extra bargains. In chairs their prices are much reduced. Their wareroom is very tastefully arranged, and the four large flats are filled with every kind of Furniture. Oshawa Cabinet Co., 97 Yonge St., Toronto.

YELLOW OIL.—This name is familiar throughout the entire Dominion, and there are few families who have not found it at one time or another an angel of mercy in the household. It is the most popular and best liniment in this country, and no one who has once used it will do without it. Mr. Fred. Hills, of Toronto, the genial civil engineer, gives, unsolicited, the annexed certificate:—

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Yours truly,
FRED. HILLS.

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TORONTO.

Brush Manufacturer.
James Wilson, 56 Sherbourne street, Toronto.

Bankers & Brokers.
Lake & Clark, 41 Adelaide St. East.

Barristers & Attorneys.
Watson & Haggart, 30 Adelaide East.

Engravers.
J. E. Webb, 13 King East.

Rossin House.
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W. MORRISON, 37 Gould St., Toronto.

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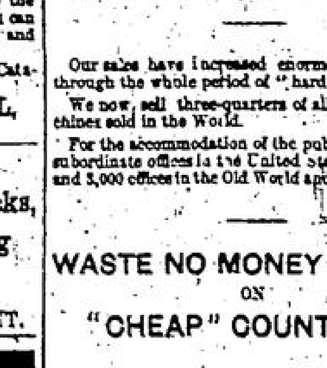

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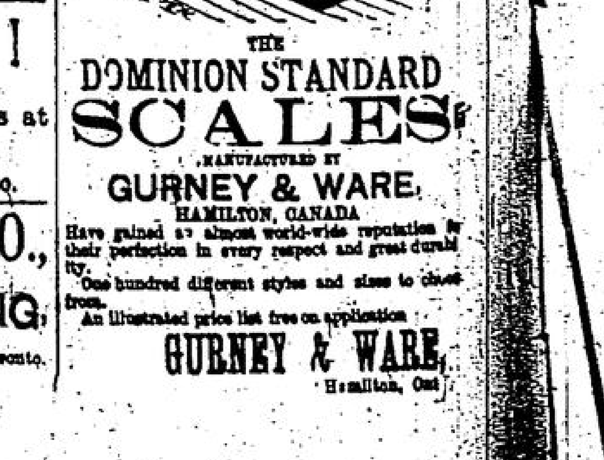

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