Summer Scenes.

Into the river they waded far,
Over the shallows with laugh and shout,
Standing at last on the rocks that lay
Bare when the afternoon tide was out.

Blue of the sea—it was in their eyes;
Gold of the sun—it was in their hair,
Fearless they laughed, did the maidens brave;
Why should they tremble, why need they care?

Ragged and rushing, as dark as night,
Only a twinkle of foam for crown,
Low at the base of the rocks so bare,
Strove the fierce breakers to pull them down.

Toss'd each maiden her sunny head
Proudly as empress her crown of gold;
Laughingly mocking the breakers' rage,
Baffled, defeated by maidens bold.

Ah, they forgot that the tide had turned!
Slyly and softly it quickly ran
Into the river now drained so low,
Over the shallows and up the sand.

Only a noiselessly rolling stream,
Only the turn of the evening tide,
Gently it moved as the prettiest dream—
When the maids saw it, hope quickly died.

Higher and higher it swiftly stole,
Covering ledges and beach of sand;
Deeper and deeper its waters roll,
Carrying sorrow to those on land.

Ah, there is gold in the surf to-night,
Twined in the silver of ocean's foam—
Carrying each other (we maidens drift)
White as the moonlight each face of stone!

Address to a Cat.

Sweet warbler, when the radiant moonlight falls
In mellow splendour on the haunted shed,
Oft have I listened to thy plaintive wails
And cursed thee from my sleep deserted bed.
E'er have I went to hear thy long-drawn shout,
"Morts! Oh Mr-ch-h! Comin' out-out!"

Why dost thou rage, vile cat, when sable night
Wins "dewy freshness like the silent air?"
Why dost thou climb the roof to yell and fight
And rip and rent and snort and claw and swear?
Dost thou not blush, sweet cat, when rosy dawn
Sees half thy fur clawed out and one eye gone?

Faith.

Fain would I hold my lamp of life aloft
Like yonder tower built high above the reef;
Stay that, though temperate rare or winds blow soft,
Clear, though the sky dissolve in tears of grief.

For darkest passes storms shall not abide.
A little patience and the fog is past.
After the throes of the ebbing tide
The singing flood returns in joy at last.

The night is long and dain weighs heavily;
But God will hold His world above despair.
Look to the east, where up the red sky
The morning climbs! The day shall yet be fair!

Henri V.

The "Fool of Frohsdorf" and His Surroundings.

In '48, when men were musing as to who would be the next ruler of France, Lord Normanby told Lord Palmerston that the Comte de Chambord was much respected by politicians of all parties, but that for the present "his chances were quite out of the question." And they always have been out of the question, except on one memorable occasion. In 1873 he could have become king of France had he willed it. After the overthrow of Thiers everything was speedily arranged for his restoration. A jeweller in the Rue de la Paix showed me a pattern of the general's sash which had been ordered for "his majesty;" a beautiful one it was, too, flashing with diamonds and gold. A state carriage had also been ordered. Then came the unfortunate declaration about the white flag, and even MacMahon sorrowfully acknowledged that the prince's injudicious speech had trebled the difficulties of the Conservative party. Yet there were men who fancied that had Henry Cinq boldly presented himself before the National Assembly in person he would have been proclaimed king by acclamation. It may be so. What strikes the warmest admirers of the Comte de Chambord is that a lack of imagination is the most serious defect in his character. Genius might almost be defined, in Aristotelian fashion, as the energizing of imagination. A man who thinks greatly, or even picturesquely, and is true to his thoughts in word and deed is a man of genius. If he has merely noble thoughts, minus their embodiment in action he is a dreamer, a lofty dreamer, if you will, but nothing more. "What happiness it would be," once said the Comte de Chambord to a friend, "to charge at the head of a regiment of French cavalry!" There spoke the old knightly and royal blood; then the black-coated gentleman of the nineteenth century added: "Of course I mean if war were absolutely necessary." He is brave enough, this descendant of Henri Quatre and of St. Louis, but smitten with that incurable modern disease of "bats and its and ands." In a word he falls below the courage of his convictions. It was this doubting spirit which estranged from the Royalist cause the Marquis de la Rochejaquelein, whose ancestors had repeatedly laid down their lives for the house of France. It is fair to add that M. de la Rochejaquelein gave rather burning counsels to his sovereign. But, as Arnold finely said, there are moments when folly is wisdom. Assuredly it is possible to count the cost too carefully; and after all even we peaceful English think more kindly of the Cathams than of the Walpoles of our annals.

His last hope of reigning has increased since the misfortune which has befallen Prince Louis Napoleon in Zululand. M.M. Rother, de Carayuac & Co., say what they may, will not transfer their allegiance to Plon-Plon. The ex-Bonapartists may consent to become legitimists, and then if the republic comes to grief Henry V. may possibly sit for a while on the throne of his fathers. One should add that he has never looked unkindly on the Bonapartes. Of course the two Napoleons were usurpers in his eyes, but they were not traitors like the Orleanses, and they tried to be civil towards the elder branch. Napoleon III. entertained a strange fancy that the Comte de Chambord might be induced to "adopt" the Prince Imperial, and so win for his son the suffrage of the legitimist party. Negotiations were actually set on foot for this purpose, nor did the Comte de Chambord show himself altogether indisposed to lend an ear to this remarkable "fusion" scheme. The Comtesse de Chambord was at least not hostile to the proposal. She hates the Orleans people even more cordially than her husband does, who indeed has forgiven them, or fancies he has. Moreover, enthusiastic partisan as she is of her husband's rights, her royal highness does not (in the opinion of her intimate friends) greatly care to see her husband de facto king of France. He is the lawful sovereign, and that is enough for her. Were he to exercise power, he might be assassinated, or there might be another revolution and some unpleasant little drama like that of '32 be re-enacted. One is not quite certain whether the Comte de Chambord himself is very anxious to live in the chateau of Versailles. He likes a good day's sport, wound up with a quiet rubber, and knows that as a reigning monarch, he would not have quite so much time for his favourite pursuits.

The distinction between ruling and governing is to him incomprehensible. And yet he would govern "constitutionally," only his royal highness is not particularly successful in his endeavours to trace the boundary line between prerogative and privilege. Practically M. de Chambord means that he wishes to have as much power as was enjoyed by Louis XVIII. and Charles X., but he would shrink from the autocracy of a Louis XIV.—probably, too, from the responsibility attached to an despotic sway.

He denies, too, that he is a "clerical." "I should not be a crowned monk," was his observation to a zealous liberal who ventured to question him on the subject of his religious opinions. Nor was the answer intended to conciliate—it was rather meant for a rebuke. As to toning down a single one of his principles to please men of modern ideas, the idea would never occur to him. It must not, however, be supposed that the prince is only a Catholic in name, like too many of the legitimists. He is not fussy, and is not always talking about the Church, understanding that he lives in the world, but for all that he is a sincere Christian in life as well as in profession. He is a model husband, perhaps the first of his line since the canonized king who can claim that merit. In a letter to the late Bishop Dupanloup it is noteworthy that he addressed that prelate as "Monsieur l'Evêque," not "Monseigneur," the assumption of which title by the French episcopacy has been slightly resented by the old royal line. Under the *ancien régime* the style of "Monseigneur" belonged only to princes of the blood, to ministers of state, to dukes and to archbishops whose sees had been formally erected into ducal peerages.

The prince's life at Frohsdorf is of the simplest kind. He gets up very early, sometimes at four or five, and, when he does not hunt, works hard till breakfast time, or rather luncheon, as we should say. Sometimes his morning is spent in writing, sometimes again in drawing. He paints very well for an amateur. His favourite authors are Montaigne, Molière and Mme. de Sevigne. He has studied the last with excellent results, and is one of the neatest letter-writers in Europe. But he can read dry books too. Two subjects upon which he is particularly strong are social economy and the organization of the German army—kingly studies assuredly.

After lunch, which is served at noon, the prince will often take a drive (in a closed carriage) with his wife. Dinner is at six, and rarely lasts more than three-quarters of an hour. At 6.45 coffee is served in the drawing-room and a humdrum evening of piano, cards and gossip closes the day. One evening Roger was present and was of course requested to play. By-and-by the prince joined him in a famous duo from "Fille du Regiment," but when they came to the passage, "O France, o ma patrie," Roger found he was singing alone. The prince had broken down and—to put it plainly—was having something very like a good cry. Perhaps such tears may be permitted to an exile.

Burns' Mary.

She was a nurse-maid to Gavin Hamilton's son Alexander, born in July, 1765, and she saw him through several stages of infancy before leaving his house. Her father was a sailor in a revenue cutter, stationed at Campbeltown, near the southern end of Cantire. She had spent some of her early years at Loch Ranza, in the family of the Rev. David Campbell, a relation of her mother. She left Burns on May 14, no doubt for Campbeltown, where she spent the summer. It is believed that she had letters from him, and the two songs, "My Highland Lassie O," and "Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary," are likely enough to have been sent to her there. Her mother's cousin was a Mrs. Macpherson, in Greenock. Her brother was to be apprenticed to Mr. Macpherson, who was a ship carpenter, and in the autumn Mary accompanied him to Greenock. Before leaving home she had agreed to take a place in Glasgow, at Martinmas, as that she had then given up the idea of sailing with Burns, though she may have been still willing to marry him before he left Scotland. After his apprentice supper, her brother became ill, and Mary nursed him and caught a fever, which hurried her in a few days to the grave. Before the boy sickened, Macpherson had "agreed to purchase a lair in the kirkyard, and it is likely enough that the purchase of the lair, which is registered on October 12, 1786, may have been completed between her death and her funeral. It was almost certainly concluded before the funeral, and a mere arrangement to purchase is not likely to have been completed by a superstitious Highlander while the boy or Mary were lying ill and the issue uncertain. I think the evidence of the burial-lair points to Mary's death as somewhere about Oct. 12. The story of the immortal verses "To Mary in Heaven," was given by Mrs. Burns to Mr. McDiarmid. Burns had spent one day in the usual work of harvest, apparently in excellent spirits. "But as the twilight deepened he appeared to grow very sad about something,' and at length wandered out into the barn-yard, to which his wife, in her anxiety, followed him, entreating him in vain to observe that frost had set in, and to return to the fireside. On being again and again requested to do so, he promised compliance, but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry. At last Mrs. Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet 'that shone like another moon,' and prevailed on him to come in."

Locusts as Food.

A recent writer on the curiosities of diet accords to the locust the first place, in the purely insect world, as a contributor to human aliment. From the remotest antiquity the locust has been used for food—witness the sculptures of Assyria—and at the present day they are devoured in enormous quantities by many different races. Yet there is a wide divergence of opinion regarding the value of the locust as food. Some travellers describe locusts as a desperate makeshift; others as passable; others again, as resembling shrimps in delicacy and flavour. They compete with meat in the market of Bagdad; they are called "terad" in Yemen, and "sane" in Dancali, and they are frequently used as food by the wandering tribes of Asia and Africa, who, after broiling them, separate the head from the body, and eat them as western nations do shrimps. In some parts of Africa they are ground and made into bread. In Senegal they are eaten by the highest classes. They are the main support of the bushmen of South Africa.

Brains Replaced.

Over a shop in the Rue Richer, Paris, appears the following announcement;—"Ici on remplace les mauvaises têtes." Ici repairs the heads of children's dolls! If this explanation were not given, it might lead to the belief that it was a branch establishment of the ingenious English surgeon who had invented a method of taking out any one's brains, setting them to rights in any way that was required, then replacing them, so as to be of use to the possessor, who had hitherto found them to be of no use at all, except for producing a crop of headaches! It is related of a man who went to see this clever surgeon to profit by his discovery, that the brains were taken out, and properly cleaned and improved. A week elapsed, and the empty-headed one never returned to have his brains replaced. Soon after the doctor met him in Pall-Mall. "Why," asked he, "have you not been for your brains? they are all ready for you!" "Oh," cried the brainless one, "I don't want them now; I have got an appointment under Government."

The Great Kung Foo Whing.

The Chinese have long regarded telegraph wire as a very convenient source of tea-box nails, while some of these child-like individuals caught in the act of cutting down the posts have been known to plead that they thought they grew there. The Celestials have hitherto shown a peculiar spite against the telegraph, both cable and land line, and it is satisfactory to learn that they are now much better disposed to it, the telephone having opened their eyes to its advantages. The fact is, they did not understand the former telegraphs, and they were unsuited to the Chinese language, which has no alphabet. But now the telephone enables them to converse, and transmits with peculiar fidelity the metallic twang of their monosyllabic language. They are vastly delighted with it, and have just discovered for the first time that it was originally Chinese, having been invented in the year 960 by Kung Foo Whing, an announcement which will satisfy their self-complacency without disturbing the equanimity of Prof. Bell.

M. Leon Say's Mint Bill, to make the coinage of money a government manufacture instead of a private undertaking (a system now in vogue only in France, Belgium, and Holland), has passed the Senate.

Insanity in England.

It is remarkable that the increase of insanity in England has occurred during the operation of a new and improved system of treatment. No one would return to the manacles and fetters of a former age; but it was expected that early admission to asylum treatment would produce more rapid recovery, and thereby diminish rather than increase the number of incurables. In expectation of speedier cure from this cause, vast sums have been expended on the construction of English asylums. A return recently published shows that during twenty years more than £6,000,000 has been thus employed. The repairs and extras may bring the sum to not much under £8,000,000; and taking into account the annual interest on capital, the maintenance of lunatics must cost the country £2,000,000 per annum. It is true that the worth of the expenditure is not to be reckoned by the money value alone. If, when the cost is highest, the care and cure of lunatics is the greatest, that system is the best. But when the cost is highest, and the cure and care lowest, there is some right to complain. For the last thirty years the Earl of Shaftesbury and the Lunacy Commissioners have had entire control; their recommendations have been carried out—their appeals to the humanity and liberality of the public have been complied with. All that money could yield, all that architecture could bestow, in obedience to the orders of the Government or the suggestions of the medical profession, has been freely, even lavishly, executed. Although the proportion of recoveries in all institutions, calculated on the admissions, has fallen between 1859 and 1877 from 35.12 per cent. to 30.33 per cent., and although the recoveries calculated on admissions to county and borough asylums show no improvement, remaining at 30 per cent., while those calculated in each year upon the total number under treatment have fallen from 9.6 per cent. in 1859 to 7.9 per cent. in 1877—yet the Commissioners in Lunacy appear perfectly satisfied with the results obtained. Thus, while expenditure increases and lunacy advances, they are content to see cure not merely stationary, but retrograde.

African Exploration.

Letters from Zanzibar up to the 2nd of June report the final start of Mr. Keith Johnstone and party from Dar Salam on the 18th of May, and as nothing has been heard of them since it is inferred that they are getting on well. The explorers will pass up the valley of the Lufigi and its affluents to Ubena, and thence to Nyassa and Tanganyika. The four elephants presented to the King of the Belgians by the Indian Government had arrived safely and were landed under Dr. Kirk's personal supervision near Dar-Salam, to which place they will march and there remain until Mr. Carter, who is in charge of them, gets his party ready. They will then be taken about two hundred and fifty miles inland to test their powers, and if this trial succeeds they will be marched back to take up loads. Mr. Stanley had examined the river Lufigi in two boats, but turned back after ascending about forty miles, his coal having run out and no wood was to be got on the banks, the river being flooded. At the point where he left the Lufigi it was still open in front. He has since gone north to visit Pagani, Mombasa, Lamu, Brava, Makdishu, and to examine the river Zubo. He took sixty-four men with him from Zanzibar, but whether the party returns thither or not is kept a profound secret, as are the ultimate objects of the expedition, albeit the general impression is that Mr. Stanley has commercial views and is acting as agent to a foreign company. The Sultan has given him letters of recommendation to his governors on the coast, but even His Highness is entirely ignorant of the future plans of the party. When asked for men to accompany Mr. Stanley he told him that he was at full liberty to engage as many free men as he required who were willing to go with him. [Since the above was in type the death of Mr. Keith Johnstone has been announced by telegraph.]

Escape of Monkeys at Rothesay.

The other week one of the large monkeys in the grounds at Rothesay, Scotland forced out one of the windows of the monkey-house, and, along with four others, made its escape to the wood behind the Aquarium. Their antics as they leaped from from tree to tree soon attracted a crowd of spectators. The scene was novel and amusing, and called to the mind those primeval days when our ancestors neither cooked their meat nor wore clothes. The crowd followed them along for a considerable distance, when fortunately the same ill took it into their heads to go back to the pleasure-grounds. All attempts to catch them proved futile, and for the whole night they enjoyed perfect freedom. They soon wearied of exercise, and turned to mischief. They assaulted the other animals in the grounds, jumped on the backs of the llama and donkey, unfastened the ropes of a swing, and to all intents and purposes thoroughly enjoyed themselves. In the morning a trap was made with a large box, into which three were induced to go for food. The fourth, and main delinquent, attacked the keeper, and severely bit his hand. During most of the next day they all slept, being no doubt wearied with their night's escapade.

Princes on a Cruise.

The British naval ship Bacchante, a fine iron corvette, cased with wood, has been selected by the Admiralty for the first voyage of the royal cadets, who are to sail from England, according to present arrangements, in September next. The two princes, sons of the Prince of Wales, Albert Victor and George Frederick, were entered as cadets on the same date, in June, 1877; and as the Admiralty regulations stipulate that cadets shall only remain for two years on board the Britannia training ship, it is only following the usual custom to send the princes to sea at the expiration of their term. A second captain is to be appointed to the Bacchante, besides her commanding officer, Capt. Lord Charles Scott, in order to assist in their instruction, while the voyage of the corvette will be of such a nature as to embrace most of the principal seaports of the world. She proceeds in the first place to the West Indies and Canada, and will thence, in all probability, steer south and double Cape Horn. The Bacchante is a large craft of 4,130 tons.

The Improvement in Steel Making.

Several experts, representing large ironworks in Austria, lately visited England in order practically to test the value of the new process for dephosphorizing iron, especially with regard to the quality of the steel produced. The representative of the Witkowitz Company has now returned home, and reports that the Bessemer steel which he saw obtained from phosphorous iron is entirely satisfactory in respect to hardness and elasticity, but he is doubtful whether the process will not prove too costly, at least for Austria. The cost of the process for that country will be increased by the circumstance that the patent rights for Germany and Austria have been sold to the Horde Iron Mining Association in Westphalia, and this company naturally demands an apparently considerable royalty per ton for concessions. In connection with the question of competition in the international market, this enhanced cost of the process abroad will seemingly be a considerable advantage to the Cleveland district.

W. E. Forster, M. P., says: "In dealing with the education of girls in the training colleges it has been found that they require little driving to work compared with boys, and that they are more susceptible to influences of ambition and a desire to succeed. The danger in the training colleges for elementary schools is from overwork. There is no fear that young women will not avail themselves of the opportunity offered."

An English State Concert

The palace concert room is a noble one, and it appears at its best when flooded with lights from ceiling pendants, and window casings (fitted with gas tempered by ground glass front-works), and the fourteen great golden candelabra. The gorgeous crimson satin panels give depth of colour, the blue and gold bring brilliancy, and the reflecting mirrors around the walls repeat the scene through endless vistas. In the forefront stand in a row, curving slightly inward, the golden, or it may be the gilt, chairs which none but royalty dare sit upon. Immediately behind are the crimson *fauteuils*, occupied by Cabinet Ministers, Archbishops, Lord Chancellor and Judges, and other such high and mighty dignitaries, their wives and daughters. On the right stretch the peeresses' seats, but scantily occupied to-night. On the left are those sacred to the diplomatic service, and in the body of the room are gathered together the general company, with many a lovely face lighting up the circle.

At about ten o'clock the company begin to arrive—slowly at first, but soon in a compact and seemingly never-ending stream. The assembling of the guests is by no means the least pleasant part of the entertainment. Everywhere arises the pleasant buzz of chat and gossip. Everywhere you may notice strange and picturesque groups—a bevy of fair English maidens pause to exchange salutations with the Chinese Ambassador; an elderly duchess detains a well known Cabinet Minister in affable conversation, sorely against his will, as all can see except her grace; and, over in the diplomatic ranks—brilliant as a parti-coloured flower-bed in early summer—Musurus Pasha, having by right of seniority taken possession—*beati possidentes!*—of the top front seat, is gazing earnestly up at Count Munster, who is detailing, as one may well imagine, the latest particulars concerning his Imperial master's progress towards recovery.

At length expectation is roused; there is agitation around the royal entrance. The goldsticks show signs of activity. The conductor stands, and raises his baton, the audience rises, and forth from a preliminary cloud of obsequious, backward-walking officers of the household, ladies in waiting, chamberlains, goldsticks and silversticks, beams forth the gracious presence of the Princess of Wales. Halting on the threshold, as though so brilliant a spectacle might well cause amazement, the future Queen of England bends low to her guests with a happy grace that of itself, by mere power of gentleness, would impress a stranger with a sense of her sweet and loving nature. Advancing, as it were half timidly, the graceful gesture is again and again repeated, with answering obeisance from all round, Musurus Pasha's gallantry causing him almost to brush the royal rebel with his fez crowned head.

Immediately in the Princess's wake come the Prince of Wales, leading Princess Christian, to whom is given the place of honour between her royal relatives and entertainers. Then follow Prince Christian, Princess Mary and her husband, the Duke of Connaught, and Hassan and Ibrahim Pashas. The royal party being seated, the hour being ten minutes short of eleven, at a signal from the Prince the concert commences. The programme is made up of selections from the works of Wagner, Mozart, Macfarren, Donizetti, Bellini, Auber, Beethoven, Benedict, Halevy, Flotow and Gounod, and the singers are Mdme. Albani, Mdme. Gerster, Mdme. Patey, Herr Henschel and Signori Foli and Gayarre. There is also a chorus and an orchestra led by Mr. W. G. Cusins.

Slowly the numbers succeed each other, until at last the Prince rises to his feet; everyone follows his example, and the National Anthem is sung, first as a solo, next as a quartet, and finally as a grand chorus. The concert is over. The three Princesses advance slowly to the platform, followed by the Prince. Each has a gracious word, and sometimes more than a word, of commendation for the singers, and then the royal party, with a slow reluctance that, whether real or feigned, is in itself a compliment, leads the way, as the splendid company, at twenty minutes to one, seeks the attractions of the supper room.

The Emperor Nicholas and Revolution.

The day of revolution dawned. Palace conspiracies had formerly been carried out in the dead of night. The New Russia, of which these patriots dreamed, was to be initiated in the light of the sun. This resolution—as most friendly writers aver—became fatal to the movement. "Better," they say, "would it have been had they chosen one of the long wintry nights of St. Petersburg for their bold deeds." A portion of the Guards, and several companies of the Marine Troops actually followed their officers to the public place. Count Milorodowitch, an honest worthy man, who had seen danger on many a battle-field during the Napoleonic wars, and who at first had pledged himself to Nicholas for the security of the town, now hurried to the Czar with the ominous words, "Sire! things are turning out bad! They surround the monument of Peter the Great. But I am going to address them!" In vain was he warned not to expose his life. He answered, "What good would there be in a Governor-General if he did not know how to sacrifice his blood in case of need?" Meanwhile, scenes of riot had been rife among the people. It was not yet a distinct awakening among the enslaved mass. No popular agitators came forward with words of fire on their tongue, or the promise of energetic deeds in their gestures. Yet, somehow, the sluggish soul of that inert multitude felt a sympathetic thrill. Gen. Milorodowitch, seeing the danger, rode toward and addressed the mutinous soldiers who had been drawn into the "constitutional" movement by the use of "Constantine's" name—words which among the more ignorant served as a helpful confusion. In the midst of his pathetic harangue, the aged warrior all at once sank down on his horse. His outstretched arm fell as if it were of lead. A pistol-shot fired by Lieut. Kahoffski had mortally wounded him. Masses of the population suddenly turned up now. St. Petersburg was in commotion. Cries arose for a charter. Shots were fired at Gen. Woinoff—ay, even, as Baron Korff's publication asserts, against the Emperor Nicholas himself, when he tried to bring back the troops to obedience. In this dangerous crisis, Prince Eugene of Wurtemberg displayed, as Russian army-leader, the sternest courage. He first advised a cavalry attack. When this proved of no avail, grape-shot was employed against the body of rebel troops that occupied the Senate-square. Before the word of command to discharge the guns was given, Gen. Sichossanoe, at the order of Nicholas, rode toward the insurgent soldiers, offering to spare their lives if they laid down their arms. He was received with the cry, "Have you brought the Constitution with you?" and with a volley of shots. "Your Majesty!" Suchosanoe reported, "these madmen call out for a Constitution!" The Emperor, shrugging his shoulders, and raising his eyes to Heaven—so he says in his own "Memoir"—now gave the order to fire, but immediately recalled it. On the final order being given, the gunner did not execute the command. "They are our brethren!" the simple soldier exclaimed. "And if I myself stood before the gun," the officer cried, "and you were ordered to fire, how could you dare to hesitate?" Upon this the shot was fired. The battle was begun. It ended with the defeat of the insurgents.

A Jewish gentleman has lately written to the London *Express* commenting upon the erroneous ideas prevalent as to the Jewish Sabbath. Intelligent recreation and even amusement is, when innocent, deemed perfectly permissible. Reading rooms, galleries, and museums are all places of lawful resort. On the other hand he says: "We are punctilious in regard to servile work. We would not, for instance, permit our servants to remain outside the church listening to the neighing of carriage horses, while the devout congregation inside were listening to the Bishop eloquently reminding his absent listeners that the rest of the Sabbath must extend to all."

The Frog's Transformations.

Nowhere in the animal kingdom is there so favourable an opportunity for peeping into nature's workshop as in the metamorphoses of the frog. This animal is a worm when it comes from the egg, and remains such the first four days of its life, having neither eyes nor ears nor nostrils nor respiratory organs. It crawls. It breathes through its skin. After a while a neck is grooved into the flesh. Its soft lips are hardened into a horney beak. The different organs, one after another, bud out; then a pair of branching gills, and last a long and limber tail. The worm has become fish. Three or four more days elapse, and the gills sink back into the body, while in their place others come, much more complex, arranged in vascular tufts, 112 in each. But they, too, have their day, and are absorbed, together with their framework of bone and cartilage, to be succeeded by an entirely different breathing apparatus, the initial of a second correlated group of radical changes. Lungs are developed, the mouth widened, the horny beak converted into rows of teeth; the stomach, the abdomen, the intestines, prepared for the reception of animal food in place of vegetable; four limbs, fully equipped with hip and shoulder bones, with nerves and blood-vessels, push out through the skin, while the tail, being now supplanted by them as a means of locomotion, is carried away piecemeal by the absorbants, and the animal passes the balance of its days as an air-breathing and flesh-feeding batrachian.

Ask Yourself these Questions.

Are you a despondent sufferer from Sick Headache, Habitual Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart? Have you Dizziness of the Head? Is your Nervous System depressed? Does your Blood circulate badly? Have you a Cough? Low Spirits? Coming up of the food after eating? &c., &c. All of these and much more are the direct results of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint and Indigestion. Green's August Flower is now acknowledged by all Druggists to be a positive cure. 2,400,000 bottles were given away in the U. S. through Druggists to the people as a trial. Two doses will *satisfy* any person of its wonderful quality in curing all forms of Indigestion. Sample bottles 10 cts. Regular size 75 cts. Sold positively by all first-class Druggists in the United States and Canada.

Origin of "Humbug."—This word is said to be of Scotch origin. Years ago, in the neighbourhood of the Mearn, there lived a gentleman of landed property, whose name was Hume, or Hoome, and his estate was known as the Bogus. From the great falsehoods that "Hume of the Bogus" was in the habit of relating about himself his family, and everything connected with him, it soon became customary when person heard anything that was remarkably extravagant or absurd, to say, "That is a Hume o' the Bogus." The expression spread over the whole country, and by those not understanding the origin of the phrase, and who applied it only to any extravagant action or saying, it was contracted into one word, and corrupted into "Humbug." Travellers, tourists and others who are changing their diet and water frequently, should always have a supply of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry with them. It is the great specific for summer complaints, and, by its low price, is placed within the reach of all. By its timely use the serious results of dysentery and Asiatic cholera may be averted, and it is an admirable curative agent in sour stomach, colic, cramps, sea sickness, vomiting, and other irritations of the stomach and bowels. The extract exhibits its most efficacious, specific, and salutary effect upon children, who are prone to suffer when teething. Colic, diarrhœa, and other fluxes of the bowels yield to its influence at once.

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Electric Belt Institution.

ESTABLISHED 1874.

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TORONTO, October 10th 1878.

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Entries must be made with the Secretary at Toronto on or before the undermentioned dates, viz: Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Poultry, Agricultural Implements, on or before Saturday, August 23rd. Grain, Field Roots, and other Farm Products, Machinery and Manufactures generally, on or before Saturday, August 30th. Horticultural Products, Ladies' Work, Fine Arts, etc., on or before Saturday, September 6th. Prize Lists and Blank Forms for making the entries upon can be obtained of the Secretaries of all Agricultural and Horticultural Societies and Mechanics' Institutes throughout the Province. JOHN B. CRAIG, Sec. Agricultural and Arts Association, Toronto.

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