

The scorching flames, with their ill-omen'd light,
Sadly illumed the features of the knight.
His blood, which erst was for his country shed,
Still trickled; but, alas! in vain he bled;
That blood his nation's fortunes to restore
Served not; he lives, his country is no more!
Despised and banish'd from his home at last,
He is a branch torn by the wintry blast
From off the parent tree whereon it grew,
And wildly hurried on, the wide world through.
The tempest bore him onward, tarrying not,
But when his footsteps reach'd the sacred spot
Where erst his country's boundary stone did stand,
He threw himself upon the burning sand,
And there the last drops of his tears he gave
Unto the earth, now made his people's grave.
Tears were his only fortune now, so he
Must needs expend them only sparingly.
He then arose, to wander far and wide,
His mute grief like a shadow by his side.

2.
When weary with his wanderings, and distress'd,
Within a silent vale he sought for rest,
In a strange country, 'midst a foreign nation;
And there it was his secret consolation
That death would find him out more easily
Than if he wildly roam'd o'er land and sea.
The greatest prize upon earth's face the knight
Full surely deem'd to be death's blossom white.
For this he waited in the vale each day
Whither he came, and where he now would stay.

3.
Within that valley lived a maiden fair,
A very paragon of beauty rare;
And yet the knight her beauty could not see,
His soul saw but his country's misery.
He saw not how upon his countenance
The maid was wont to cast her timid glance;
He was unconscious of the fiery glow
That glance was wont upon his face to throw,—
So pass'd the maid's sad days within that vale,
Her face grew paler than the lily pale
With the fierce pain of yearning long suppress'd;
For she, the peasant maiden, ne'er confess'd
(Although she was of wealthy race) that she
Did love the high-born knight so tenderly.

4.
In that same valley lived a homely youth,
Honest but poor, of humble birth in truth;
He spent his days in hopeless misery,
And would have surely perish'd, had not he
From time to time his drooping strength restored
By gazing on the maiden's face adored.
Only in secret he her charms dared view
Which o'er life's gloom their magic lustre threw,
For he, who deem'd himself well off when'er
Somewhat more food than usual was his share,
How could he tell the wealthy peasant maiden
How with love's pangs his heart was deeply laden?
Yet he was happy and of cheerful mien,
Could he but see her at a distance e'en.

5.
At length the solemn hour arrived which bore
The hapless knight to that eternal shore
Where 'gainst brave nations no proud tyrant churl
His puny thunderbolts has power to hurl.
Back to his mother earth his corpse they gave,
But, ah! no stone was there to mark his grave.
The maiden's heart, with speechless grief oppress'd,
Was turn'd to stone already in her breast;
And when the heart hath lost its feelings thus,
What charms can this vain world hold out to us?
She died, borne down by her great sorrow's burden,
And slept where pain was still'd, and peace her guardon.
And the poor wight, disconsolate and lonely,
How could he live a life of sorrow only,
When she, for whom alone he lived, had died?—
He healed his bleeding heart by suicide!

6.
At midnight, when the graves give up their dead,
The poor youth rose from out his narrow bed,
And wander'd forth to seek the grassy dell
Where they had buried her he loved so well.
That face now glorified he fain would see,
Whose earthly eyes had beam'd so tenderly.
Yet in her tomb he found her not; alone
Had she along the spirit pathway gone
To the knight's grave, once more to see him there:
His grave was empty, vain was all her prayer;
The knight had gone to a far land, to see
If his dear native country yet was free!

THE ENGLISH EXHIBITING THEMSELVES AT THE FRENCH EXPOSITION.

In his paper "La Colonie Anglaise" M. Lemoine observes that while in Paris there are Englishmen and Englishwomen, there is no English society properly so called. The English never care about making each other's acquaintance, though they do make acquaintance, with strangers, very freely. When they quit England it is not to fall in with their country men; it is to see new men and new things. Even when a Frenchman understands their language, Englishmen prefer speaking their bad French, because they travel to improve themselves, not others. The foreigner must be utilized; he is good only for that. The Englishman is so impregnated with his nationality, it is so kneaded up in him, that he is actually tiresome and offensive. An Englishman is in himself England. Says M. Lemoine,—

"How well these pretty Englishwomen, white and red, bear their sherry and their champagne! Look at them going to a pastrycook's in the middle of the day to take coffee, chocolate, ices, and all sorts of cakes and sandwiches. What an astonishing quality of little pies they contain! It is pleasant to behold, particularly when one knows that such an appetite is no bar to sentiment."

A Frenchman who has had experience of a Sunday in England during church time will understand the relief of an Englishman on finding that all is open to him in Paris, Versailles, St. Germain, everywhere. There are a few English families who will not "receive" on Saturday night, because pleasure might encroach on Sunday; but that which is a sin in England

is not so in France, and Englishwomen make no scruple of remaining past midnight in French saloons. There are many things the English would not do at home, but which they do abroad without feeling the slightest shame. Once they cross the Channel, they fling all restraint to the winds. In London they will not go to the opera but in a black dress; in Paris they go *en negligé*. He says:—

"Behold Englishmen on the Boulevards, looking dislocated, with their paletots from ready-made shops, the product of the Belle Jardinière! Such jackets, such an appearance, such legs, such beards, and such moustaches! One of the peculiarities of the Englishman of our days is the resemblance he seeks to give himself to an APE OF LARGE SPECIES. He is of the past, the Englishman carefully shaved, correctly dressed, antipathetic to anything that resembled the soldier, and who thought he was not washed if he had but one day's beard."

This military fashion dates from the Crimean war, and it reached perfection with the Volunteers. With this negligent appearance, their aspect like a virgin forest, those legs of immoderate length made still longer by the schoolboy jackets, those great arms that push through all crowds, those capacious stomachs that engulf all sorts of eatables, Englishmen let loose on Paris look like barbarians entering a conquered country. It is impossible to show more complete contempt for the natives of the country which they visit. Neither can it be said that in acting thus at their ease they only act as if they were at home. No such thing; they never would think of doing so at home.

Englishwomen are quite as strange as the men:—

"When Paris has not yet produced on them the effect of the Garden of Acclimatization, the women seem to belong to another species. They are recognizable by their incredible travesties in dress—bonnets that look like cabbage-gardens, *casaque* gaudy in color, impossible crinolines, French cashmires, so called because they are worn only by Englishwomen! None but Englishwomen are capable of wearing straw bonnets in January and furs in July. Look at them as they stride along the Boulevards, and step out like the Cent Gardes!"

THE BRETONS.

Three classes of the popular songs and ballads of Brittany are distinguished. The first of these consists of mythological pieces, historic and heroic legends, and popular ballads concerning popular or domestic events; the second contains love songs and festal ditties; and the third comprises religious canticles and legends. Among the first of these categories are found the earliest and most distinctively national of Breton poems. One of the most striking, as well as in all probability one of the oldest, fragments of Celtic literature is called *Ar Rannou (Les Series)* and is a sort of catechetical dialogue between a Druid and a child. It is made up of a kind of recapitulation, in a dozen questions and answers, of the Druidical doctrines on destiny, cosmogony, geography, chronology, astronomy, magic, medicine, and the metempsychosis. An entire Christian counterpart to the whole has been met with in Latin. It is certainly strange to find mothers still teaching their children, without knowing it, the mysterious song which the Druids of old taught their forefathers. This song is most popular in the Cornouaille district. It was taken down by the editor from the lips of a young peasant of the parish of Nizon, whose mother had taught it him "to form his memory." The Armoricans, having nearly all become Christians by the end of the sixth century, as attested by Procopius and others, this curious pagan relic goes back to a date more remote, when the Druid order had still its colleges and schools for the priesthood. At the same time there is no trace in it of certain doctrines peculiar to the Druids anterior to the Roman invasion, while in other points it reflects the mythological tenets of the Cambrian bards, their successors. On these grounds M. de Villemarqué is probably right in referring it to the early part of the fifth century. The "Prophecy of Gwenc'hlan," ("pure of race") is attributed to a bard of the same century, who was blinded and left to die in prison by a foreign prince. There is a grim sublimity in the blind bard's prediction of the rout and slaughter of his enemies. In his tomb he dreams of the eagle calling to her young, and to all the birds of heaven:—"It is not the putrid flesh of dogs or sheep; it is Christian flesh we seek." The same fierce pagan thirst for blood and vengeance breathes through the "March of Arthur" (*Bale Arzur*), which M. de Villemarqué obtained from Mikel Floch, an old mountaineer of Leuhan. More ruthless than the old Semitic demand of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, the wild Breton chant lays down a more terrible rule of *lex talionis*:—

Be't head for hand, and heart for eye,
Death-wound for scratch—a law, on high—
Matron for maid, and man for boy!

Stone-horse for mare, for heifers steers;
War chief for warrior, youth for years;
And fire for sweat, and blood for tears.

And three for one—by strath and scour,
By day, by night, till near and far
The streams run red with waves of war.

MIND.

The very first thing necessary for the student of mental science is to form a just conception of what is meant by mind. The metaphysical conception of it as a peculiar entity, the laws of which can be known in a way peculiar to themselves, must be discarded. Upon this abstraction, an imaginary substance, the supposed source of power and self-sufficient cause of causes, have been built all the endless and contradictory systems of philosophy. On the other hand, the crude proposition of Cabanis, that the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile, is not a true expression of the facts. Mind may best be described as a natural force or energy manifested to us only through certain changes in matter. As there are different kinds of matter, so there are different modes of force in the universe. We rise from mere physical matter, in which physical laws hold sway, up to chemical matter and chemical forces, and from chemical matter again up to living matter; so we rise in the scale of life from the lowest kind of living matter up to the highest kind with which we are acquainted—namely, nerve tissue, with its corresponding nerve force. The highest development of force is necessarily the most dependent, as to its existence all the lower natural forces are indispensably requisite. All exaltation of force is a concentration of it. As one equivalent of chemical force corresponds to several equivalents of inferior force, and one equivalent of vital force to several equivalents of chemical force, so in the scale of tissues the higher kind represents a more complex constitution and a greater number of simultaneously acting forces than the kind of tissue below it in dignity. The highest energy in nature implicitly contains all the lower kinds of energy. The idea of organization is therefore necessary to the interpretation of every manifestation of life. The mind implies a plastic power ministering to a complex process of organization during which

what is suited to a development is assimilated, what is unsuitable is rejected. Looking at man as a small and subordinate part of a vast and harmonious whole, the history of mankind is the history of the latest organic development of nature. In the evolution of the human mind nature is undergoing its consummate development. The law of this development is the law of progressive specialization and increasing complexity.—*Maudsley.*

STICK MAKING.

The first requisite being, of course, to cut the stick, a small pocket hand-saw is the best tool for the purpose, care being taken to get a bushy stem with the lowest branch at right angles, or nearly so, to serve for a handle; trim and boil, either in the coppers or in some other convenient place—this destroys the sap and at once seasons the wood; then strip off the bark whilst wet and hot, rubbing the stick well afterwards with clean canvas, to ensure the inner bark being thoroughly detached; finally, round off the knots, sandpaper them, and polish. Instead of boiling them in the coppers, we used occasionally to put them into the engineer's bath, with six inches of water in it, and then introduce a jet of steam for two or three hours, afterwards allowing them to soak awhile in cold salt water. This used to give them a most delicate tint, a sort of pale pink. Occasionally we would put them into a boiler for two or three days, when we were condensing, and that would give them a chocolate color. But the most ordinary method of tinting them was, after they were trimmed and ready for polishing, to whitewash them, allowing the lime to remain on all night, or a few hours or minutes, according to the degree of staining required. This would give them every shade of color, from a deep red to a delicate orange; and, by mixing the lime with sise, as it is sometimes done for whitewashing the beams, the color will turn out a most beautiful mauve.

BUTLER AND THE NEW YORK COPPERHEADS.

General Butler, when sent in 1864 to command the military force in New York, was considered on all hands as remarkably successful in controlling the lawless elements. It is reported that after ascertaining who the leaders in the lawless element were, he sent for them and said to them:

"There is a good deal of apprehension here of a riot on election day. Such an occurrence would be a great calamity and disgrace. It is of the utmost importance that the election will pass over without disturbance. I have ascertained that you have great influence with that portion of the population from which the disturbance is apprehended. I have called you, therefore, to request that you will use that influence for the preservation of order; and I have no doubt you will be able to do what is necessary to this end, for your influence is sufficient. If there should be a riot, I should feel it my duty immediately to seize you and hang you on the most conspicuous lamp-post. And I give you my word that I will do that."

FRENCH ASYLUMS FOR THE INSANE AND IDIOTIC.

What especially strikes a foreigner, both in the Bicetre and the Salpêtrière, is the vastness of their size. The former is a species of combination of our union workhouse with the asylum, and contains, including officials and servants, nearly 3,000 persons, of whom about 800 are afflicted with insanity and idiocy in all their terrible varieties. The management is on the whole admirable, and shows the gift of the French nation for organization in every detail of life. In the matter of the awakening of a certain amount of intellectual life in the imbecile, the success of the French system is said to be inferior to that pursued at the Earlswood Asylum, to the wonderful success of which the French physicians are in the habit of doing ample justice. The Salpêtrière is exclusively for women and girls, as Bicetre is for the other sex. Its size is enormous, the buildings and grounds extending over more than sixty-five acres, and the whole number of inmates, including officials and servants, is about 5,600. Of these nearly 2,000 are idiotic or insane. The principal cause of mania among the inmates is stated to be the exhausting effects of over much needlework, especially when carried on at night. The brain gives way under the severe demands made upon it, and all the more readily from the want of sufficient food and fresh air. It is the same in Paris as in London, or rather it is worse, inasmuch as the passion for dress among French ladies is more unsparring and exacting than among English women. Of the semi-idiot, a large proportion come from the class of the "unfortunates;" and it is said that since absinthe has come to be drunk in such quantities by the lower classes in Paris the increase in madness both among men and women, has been fearfully on the advance. There are fete days and amusements in these asylums, as in England, but scarcely to the same extent. French ladies, a recent visitor was told, never go over the establishment, dreading the sight too much. But German, Swedish, and American ladies are by no means unknown as deeply interested visitors, and there is no difficulty in obtaining permission to visit both of the institutions.

FRESH BEEF.

A correspondent of "Public Opinion" thinks that South American meat might be preserved sweet for European use by dipping it in melted wax. When a snail or a mouse gets into a hive, the bees sting the intruder to death and cover its body over with wax. A mouse thus preserved will, he has been told, keep sweet for years. As beef has been growing dearer and dearer in Europe for many years, tidings of cheap and abundant meat at the Antipodes has been more and more exciting the query, "How can we get it to eat?" Jerked beef appears to have been a failure. Liebig's extract is excellent; but having fallen into the hands of the chemists for retail, has been burdened with their rate of profits, and kept dear. Australian beef in tin cans is now offered for sale by the grocers; but the question, how the experiment will turn out, remains to be determined. Meanwhile, the wax process might be tried. Not that we are able to avouch the statement that the mice are by this process preserved sweet for years, for we know not the testimony on which it rests, often as we have heard the story; but we see no improbability in it, and believe that the bees have not selfishly protected their process by taking out a vexatious patent.

NOTICES.

Goodspeed's Gold Pens.

The Chicago Tribune says, "We have used these pens, and find them to be all that they are represented. Send us five gross."