

LOLA MONTEZ ON BEAUTY.

The fair Lola has done almost all things, in almost all countries, but the last noticeable feature has been her recent lecture in Canada, upon Beautiful Women. It was given at Hamilton, before a crowded audience. Lola herself has been a beautiful woman in her day, and can speak more knowingly on this subject than most others. She is now passing into the serene and yellow leaf of life. But a Canada reporter, who was present, saw her at a distance, which lent enchantment to the view, and he writes as follows:—

Lola is a living lecture on beauty. She is an example of a beautiful woman. Her face is remarkable, especially the forehead, eyes and nose. Her movements are graceful in the extreme, and the way she handled a fan was a lesson to the Canadian fair. Her history is evidence of the power of beauty; as also, perhaps, of its frailty.

Her lecture on "Beautiful Women" is open to criticism. It is hardly one to please a general audience; for its allusions cannot be understood and admired without a more intimate acquaintance with the literature of ancient and modern Europe than is possessed by the great majority of our population. Lola introduces most appropriately an elegant old story. When nature had given valor to man, swiftness to the hare, horns to cattle, apportioning to the various creatures various qualities, she was unmindful of woman, until her supply was well nigh exhausted. Then, suddenly reflecting, she atoned for her neglect by the gift of beauty, which indeed rendered woman superior to all the others.

One fine passage acquired additional force from the experience of the speaker. The was asking wherein beauty lay. "Where," she said, "shall we look for this source of power? Often perhaps, in a mere dimple, sometimes in the soft shadow of a drooping eyelid, or again, beneath the tresses of a little fantastic curl. Alas!" and she spoke it most impressively, "alas, I am ashamed to think what small things will often move the strongest and bravest of men! Many times in my life, in the company of kings and nobles, have I been forced with sadness to reflect on the words of the sublime Milton, in which he speaks of woman's

Fair, no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cherishing, thy honor and thy love,
Not thy subjection.

Lola considered the English, Irish and Scotch women to be the handsomest. Speaking of beauties, she gave the palm to the well known Duchess of Sutherland, who moved a natural queen, and was the paragon among the beautiful aristocracy of England.

Lady Blessington was a marvellous beauty; kings and nobles were at her feet. In Italy they called her La Diva—the goddess. She was voluptuous, with a neck that sat on her shoulders like the most charming Greek model. She had a wonderfully beautiful hand, and an eye that when it smiled captivated all hearts. She was a far more intellectual style of beauty than even the Duchesse of Sutherland.

The present Duchess of Wellington (when Lola saw her, Marchioness of Douro) was an admirably beautiful woman, with little intellect or animation. She was a fine piece of sculpture, and as cold as a piece of sculpture.

The most famously beautiful family in England was the great Sheridan family. There were two sons, both, said Lola, known to herself, who were considered the handsomest men of their day.—There were three daughters—the Hon. Mrs. Norton, well known on this side of the Atlantic through her poetry and her misfortunes; Lady Blackwood and Lady Seymour, the latter of whom was the Queen of Beauty at the famous Eglinton tournament. These three were called the three Graces of England.

Speaking of French beauties, Lola first praised the Marquise de la Grange, and afterwards the Empress Eugenia.

When Lola last saw Eugenia, she (Eugenia) was certainly one of the most vivacious, witty and sprightly women in Paris. All the portraits in this country greatly exaggerated her size; for Eugenia was really a short woman. Before her marriage with the Emperor, and when she was the belle of Madrid, she evinced a high admiration for Louis Gottschalk, the pianist, who, by the way, had carried off, unwittingly, half a million hearts from the United States. Eugenia caused him to be received into the most aristocratic families of Madrid.

Lola decried all cosmetics. She recommended three things—temperance, exercise and cleanliness, as preservatives of beauty. The bath, she said, which was universal everywhere but in Britain and America, was the best "wash" that could be desired, although indeed it was mentioned that tincture of benzoin, precipitated by water, was used by the beauties of Charles II's reign.

A debating society in Schenectady, the other day, the subject was: "Which is the most beautiful production, a girl or a strawberry?"—After continuing the argument for two nights the meeting finally adjourned without coming to a conclusion—the old ones going for the strawberries, and the young ones for the girls.

AN INCIDENT OF THE PANIC.—Karl Dunlop, an aged German residing in Williamsburg, had \$1,400 in the savings bank. When the panic became contagious, he caught it, and was among the first of the crowd that besieged the bank. He drew out his money all in shining yellow boys, and carried it about with him, day after day, in a leather bag. Its weight was troublesome, and the old man was in a fever of fear, lest he should lose it. He suspected every man he met to be a thief or a pickpocket, and when he went to bed at night with his bag of gold under his head, he hardly dared to close his eyes, lest he should awake to find a hand at his throat and a sharp knife gleaming before him.

On Saturday night last a brilliant idea flashed upon old Karl. His frau was snoring by his side, and without disturbing her he arose, lit a lamp, went down into the basement kitchen, and after carefully closing the window-blinds, proceeded to drag out the stove, remove the fire-board and loosen a brick from the back of the chimney.—The bag of gold was deposited in this secure receptacle, the brick replaced, the fire-board and stove restored to their places, all the mortar and dust removed, and the old man went to bed and slept soundly, resolved to keep his secret even from his wife. The next day being Sunday, he locked up his house, and with his wife on his arm paid a visit to a larger bier garden. The day was passed in quaffing, smoking and talking, and if once or twice Karl thought of his gold, it was only to chuckle over the complete safety of his investment.

Returning home rather late in the evening, Karl thought he would look into the kitchen and see that all was safe. Observing mortar, lath and other rubbish lying loose upon the hearth, he became greatly alarmed. Brushing round like a crazy man, he instantly shoved away the stove, took down the fire-board and found the loosened brick upon the hearth, and his money gone. Although every exertion has been made to arrest the robber, no clue to his identity has yet been discovered.

WEARING FLANNEL.—In our climate, fickle in its gleams of sunshine and its balmy airs, as a coquette in her smiles and favors, consumption ushers away every year the ornaments of many social circles. The fairest and loveliest are its favorite victims. An ounce of prevention in this fatal disease is worth many pounds of cure, for when once well septic, it mocks alike medical skill and careful nursing. If the fair sex could be induced to regard the laws of health, many precious lives might be saved, but pasteboard soles, low neck dresses, and filippian hats worn annually, the seeds of a fatal harvest. The suggestion in the following article from the Scientific American, if followed, might save many with consumptive tendencies from an early grave.

Put it on at once, winter and summer, nothing better can be worn next to the skin than a red flannel shirt, "laces," for it has room to move on the skin, thus causing a circulation which draws the blood to the surface and keeps it there; and when that is the case no man can take cold; "red," for white flannel frills up, mats together, and becomes tight, stiff, heavy and impervious. Cotton wool merely absorbs the moisture from the surface, while woolen flannel conveys it from the skin and deposits it in drops on the outside of the shirt, from which the ordinary cotton shirt absorbs it, and by its nearer exposure to the air it is soon dried without injury to the body. Having these properties, red woolen flannel is worn by sailors even in the midsummer of the hottest countries. Wear a thinner material in summer.—(Hall's Journal of Health.)

THE CAMEL EXPERIMENT.—The Washington Star says: The latest advice received here concerning the progress and promise of the camel experiment of the Government in the military operations on the frontier, confirms to confirm the highest hopes of its friends. From the day the animals were landed on the coast of Texas to this hour the experiment has proved an eminently successful one; until the experience had with them as beasts of burden has been such that all concerned in their management and use are unanimously of opinion that they suit, as beasts of burden, the requirements of our great western plains as well as those of Asia and Africa.

In persevering to obtain from Congress the means of making these experiments, and in his sagacious arrangements to consummate them to the best advantage, the late Secretary of War has certainly conferred a benefit on his country second to none other for which the nation has so far been indebted to a gentleman in a similar official position. In twenty-five years hence camel trains will be as common in the far west of the United States as on the most travelled routes of the East. By this time next year they will doubtless be imported on private account, and be in actual use by citizens crossing the great North American desert. As yet, the national advantage to result from this idea of Secretary Davis are not to be calculated.

"Well, marine," said a "teeth doctor" to a salt water customer, "which tooth do you want extracted; is it a molar or incisor?"—"If the upper tier on the left-hand side. Heat a hammer, you swab, for it's nipping my jaw like a bloody lobster."

BE CAREFUL OF YOUR MONEY.

When life is full of health and cheer,
Work, work as busy as a bee;
And take this gentle hint from me—
Be careful of your money!

The single grain cast in the mould
May spring and give a hundred fold;
More precious than its weight in gold!
Be careful of your money!

The grain you sow, to stacks may grow;
Be careful of your money!
But do not shut sweet Mercy's door,
When sorrow pleads or want implores;
To help to heal misfortune's sores,
Be careful of your money!

To help the poor who seek your door,
Be careful of your money!
Would you escape the beggar's lot,
The dole-bed of the flipping cot,
And live in sweet contentment's cot,
Be careful of your money!

And if you need a friend indeed,
Be careful of your money.

RECOVERING CANARY BIRDS.

Many of our ladies in the course of the summer may have to lament the escape of their birds. The following from the Hartford Times indicates a possible way of recovering him:

"About a month since, a lady who resides on the Windsor road, was hanging her cage, containing a pair of canaries, upon the outside of her house, when the bottom of the cage fell off, and the birds flew away to a neighboring orchard.—Great pains were taken to secure them, without avail, when a lady in the vicinity gave the information that by wetting them they could be easily caught. A syringe and a bucket of water was taken to the orchard, and the little fellows were soon so wet that they did not attempt to fly, and were easily taken. This plan may be of use to those whose birds may hereafter escape."

POETICAL CURIOSITY.

A curious performance is given in the following poem of different biblical texts:

Cling to the Mighty One,	Ps. lxxix. 19
Cling in thy grief,	Heb. xii. 11.
Cling to the Holy One,	Heb. i. 13.
Be grieved not,	Ps. cxvii. 9.
Cling to the Gracious One,	Ps. cxvi. 5.
Cling in thy pain,	Ps. lv. 4.
Cling to the Faithful One,	I Thess. v. 24.
He will sustain,	Ps. cxviii. 1.
Cling to the Living One,	Heb. vii. 25.
Cling in thy woe,	Ps. lxxvii. 7.
Cling to the Loving One,	I John iv. 16.
Through all below,	Rom. viii. 28. 3.
Cling to the Pardonng One,	Is. lv. 7.
He speaketh peace,	John xiv. 27.
Cling to the Healing One,	Exod. xv. 26.
Anguish shall cease,	Ps. cxviii. 3.
Cling to the Bleeding One,	I John. i. 7.
Cling to His side,	John xx. 27.
Cling to the Risen One,	Rom. vi. 9.
Let Him abide,	John xv. 4.
Cling to the Coming One,	Rev. xxii. 20.
Hope shall arise,	Titus ii. 13.
Cling to the Reigning One,	Ps. cxvii. 1.
Joy lighten thine eyes,	Ps. xvi. 11.

HOW TO TELL THE AGE OF LADIES.—Of course all our readers are aware to ask a lady her age, is equivalent to a direct declaration of war.

We have always looked upon it as such, still we have felt an irresistible desire to know the ages of some young ladies, but bless their dear souls, we would not ask them for the world. We have at length come across a method by which the sweet ones may be made to divulge the great secret, without knowing what they are about; and thus young gentlemen can at once learn whether they are paying their devoirs to seventeen or thirty.—The following table will do it. Just hand this table to the lady and request her to tell you in which column her age is contained. Add together the figures at the top of the columns in which the age is found, and you have the great secret. Thus suppose her age to be seventeen. You will find the number seventeen only in two columns, viz: the first and fifth, and the first figures at the head of these columns make seventeen. Here is the magic table:—

1	2	4	8	16	32
3	5	6	9	17	33
5	6	6	10	18	34
7	7	7	11	19	35
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
23	23	23	27	27	43
25	26	28	28	28	44
27	27	29	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	48	48
35	35	37	41	49	49
37	38	38	42	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	44	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	53	57	57	57
53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	60	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62
63	63	63	63	63	63