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Goddesses in Disguise;

OR,

WOMEN IN MASQUERADE.

The Sexes with their Costume Reversed.

A Long List of the Possibilities of Dress.

THE ETHICS OF CLOTHES.

Women in the Garb of Men.

Historical Examples Thereof.

The Poetry of Female Manhood.

THE MASKING MANIA.

A Woman's Club (which is not Connected with Sorosis.)

Getting Ready for "the Grand Duchess."

AN ARTICLE ON APPAREL.

SHAKESPEARE asked, or made one of his characters ask for him, "What's in a name?" and with equal force might be interrogated, "What's in a dress?"

And the answer to both questions might be, with equal truth, "Nothing—much—everything," according to circumstances.

As for the item of dress, so fickle, so insatiably fickle, so various, so infinitely various, are its styles, that if man or woman artificial, or man (or woman) dressed, instead of man or woman (natural not to say undressed) were the objects of dissection, and philosophical study, humanity would become a more difficult branch of research than comic sections.

AN UNRESSED PHILOSOPHER IN A DILEMMA.

There is a quaint old poem in which an English philosopher is depicted as standing in *deshabille* before a piece of cloth, with a pair of scissors in his hand, trying in vain to decide in which of the thousand possible varieties of costume he shall hide his nakedness, and singing while he deliberates—

Now I will wear this;
No I will wear that;
And now I will wear—
I know not what.

Now, while it is perfectly true that the diversities of human dress have been the fruitful theme of human satire in all ages, and while it is equally true that in the majority of instances this satire was deserved, yet two things are certain, first, that dress of some kind is an absolute necessity, and, secondly, that dress in itself, or in its applications, has a greater or less degree of decency or indecency, morality or immorality, connected with it, and that therefore there is such a thing as

THE ETHICAL ELEMENT IN DRESS.

It may seem to make but little difference whether we array ourselves in the cloak, or the chlamys, or the toga, or the peplos, or the pallium, or the shawl, or the cossack, or robe, cope, dalmatica, surplice, pelisse, mantle, or mantilla; whether we go abroad or stay at home wearing a coat, waist-coat, frock-coat, blouse, jacket, spencer, jerkin, doublet, super-tunic, autoun, gown, bodice, kirtle, chemise, or skirt; it may appear to make no great matter whether we envelope our limbs in pantalons or pantalettes, whether we wear breeches or aprons, or petticoats, or jupes, sous jupes, jupons, kilts, or farthingales; there may, a priori, seem to be no choice between

gaiters, shoe-buckles, strings, straps, hats, caps, hoods, bonnets, turbans, tiaras, mitres, crowns, chepewns, cauls, cowls, plumes, crests, veils, wimples, coiffures, commodes, obaplets, filets, frontals, periwigs, perukes, combs, muffers, stockings, boots, gaiters, buckskins, thonges, shoes, slippers, moccasins, socks, gaudies, gloves, or mittens. The morality of armlets, a-klets, collars, cravats, braccetoletta, tippetts, brooches, clasps, buckles, hooks-and-eyes, cords, ribbons, or knots may seem alike equally infinitesimal; and whether the surface of our garments are embroidered, peopled, flounced, trolloped, or puffed, and whether their borders may be furnished with fringes, lappets, fags, frills, arguetales, fals, ruf-fassels, callop, sashes, or any other finish, may seem to matter not a whit in the way of decency or morality; and yet it is these trifles, or the combination of these trifles,

AND DRESS IN ITS THOUSAND AND ONE VARIETIES, which in reality constitute a very important, some would say the most potent, influence in the morale of society.

In other words, there seem to be certain forms of attire, or styles of dress, which are appropriated to children, and other forms of attire and styles of dress which seem to be equally appropriate to men and women, or children of an older growth; there appear to be peculiar varieties of costume which are generally considered significant of the male sex, and certain other peculiar varieties of dress which are generally regarded as equally significant of the female sex; and as symbols are often mistaken for the things they symbolize, it so happens that the style in which age or sex dress is generally taken or mistaken for certain ethical qualities presumed to be characteristic of the age or sex which adopt them, and therefore it occurs that when a man assumes the attire of a woman he is presumed to be derelict in the qualities of true manhood, just as when a woman assumes the garb of a man she is supposed to be lacking in the especial and characteristic modesty of her sex.

In one third of the cases, perhaps, this supposition is false, but undoubtedly in the other two thirds of it, it is strictly true.

Consequently, then, the question of the sexual attire becomes more or less a question of sexual morality.

The recent excitement in London concerning the so-called Boulton Masqueraders' in which a number of young men were detected by the police arrayed as women, is an instance in point.

THE BOULTON MASQUERADE REVERSED.

While in our article of to-day we would call attention to some cases in New York in which the Boulton Masquerade is reversed, and women have appeared as men.

We may here remark, introductory, that in ancient times the dress of the women approximated more closely than at present to that of the men. Most of the eighteen garments which, according to the Talmud, formed the clothes of the Jews from head to foot, were worn by the females as by the males. And Jewesses of a superior condition wore over their inner dress a mantle resembling that of the men, only fitting the person more closely. Among the Romans, while the males wore the toga, the females wore the stola, which resembled the former being only more elegant, and reaching to the ankles or the feet.

Later in the course of time, we find that the petticoat is first mentioned as such in the 15th century, and was then worn alike by women and by men, so that this century at least may be said to have been

LITERALLY UNDER PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT.

while in the eastern countries the attire of the women and the men has in many respects closely assimilated since the beginning of recorded time. The male Turks wear full trousers reaching to the ankles, and the ladies of Persia wear trousers too, only they wear several pairs. In India a fine cloth wound about the head in the manner of a turban is the head dress alike of both men and women, while the Japanese dress, which has remained unchanged, consists of a number of coats of wool or silk, of which the men wear four or five, and the women nine or ten, the one over the other.

It may be here also parenthetically stated that many of the manliest of men, many of the bravest, boldest, and most poetical of misers have from the earliest periods adopted costumes closely resembling female apparel. Thus the Albanians, a noble tribe of semi-Greeks, wear, as a part of their masculine costume, the petticoat, or something analogous thereto, while the Highlanders, proverbial for their bravery, have been clad in a semi-petticoat from the days of Bruce, ay, and long before.

HISTORICAL EXAMPLES OF WOMEN IN THE GARB OF MEN.

As for the appearing of women in the apparel of males in civilized and so-called Christian countries, the history of the middle ages presents us with one noticeable example—that of the Pope or Poppess Joan. This creature was born in Mentz, and came to Italy with an English lover. In order to facilitate her designs, she assumed the garb of a man, and thus, having access to all the avenues of the learning of her day, became an accomplished scholar, attained holy orders, lived with out suspicion, and finally succeeded Leo IV. in the Pontifical chair.

Another historical example of woman in the garb of man was presented in the case of the illustrious and ill-fated Joan of Arc, who, when leading the armies of France to victory, wore the full suit of armor of a captain, and in this guise

drove the enemy from the land, which finally rewarded her glory by the flames.

THE WOMEN-MEN OF SHAKESPEARE.

Literature, as well as history, has its women-men. The idea of the female in the costume of the male has been a favorite one with poets, and especially with the poet of all time—Will Shakespeare. Witness his dainty Rosalind—his superb Portia—and his charming Imogen—and certainly there are not three more truly womanly characters than these in all the range of literature. Who for a moment doubts the purity of this triumvirate of graces, though each individual member wandered through the wide, wide world awhile as man. Was Rosalind the less of a glory because she donned the garment of another sex? Was Imogen less of an ideal softness because she had disguised her beauties? Was Portia less worthy of all love because she had appeared as a lawyer before a judge? So think not the world, who have read about them, these generoso—so we trow will not the million of Shakespearean readers and critics and adores yet to come.

But to return to that branch of our subject which most deserves our attention at the present time: the masquerading of women in men's attire in this city of New York, and in this nineteenth century.

THE MASKED BALL MANIA.

A growing fondness has recently been observable in social circles for the bal masque and the bal d'opera which has made Paris famous. And the chief feature which has of late years distinguished this ball mania among us, Knickerbocker, has been the appearing of all sorts of women, in all sorts of page, and other masculine dresses.

There are a number of handsome women, and a number of women who are not handsome, in New York, who have never attended a masked ball in the costume of their own sex, but always in that of the other. Names could readily be mentioned, but to mention these names might seem invidious.

The cavalier dress of King Charles the Second's time has also been a favorite costume of many fair and female masquers, and with very good reason, too, for it is a very showy garb, and in it a pretty woman shows still prettier.

Now, the effect, upon the eyes, produced by this feminine masking of masculinity is generally very pleasing.

THE ROUNDED LINE.

of woman is an artistic object of contemplation, and the graceful form of woman is equally delicious to behold, and then there is something (to a man) in the knowing that what seems to be a man, is really a woman, that what appears to be like himself, is like, but different, which has an indefinable attraction. But when, as too often is the case, an ugly, thin, scraggy female calls attention to the angularity of her proportions by exhibiting them to the public, *nolens volens*, as a man, when a thin female will persist in revealing her thin legs in breeches or tights, and when a scantily developed female will call the notice of everybody around her to the fact of her scantiness, by appearing in that costume of all others that renders it most apparent, then, and only then, does this female masquerading as man, strike us decidedly unpleasantly—even in an artistic point of view.

THE MORALITY OF MASQUERADEING.

As for the morality of this assumption of men's attire by women, there can little be said, one way or the other.

There is no positive evil in it—certainly there is no positive good—and while on the person of a pretty woman or a decent one, the masculine attire looks even better than it does on a man, or the person of an ill-formed, or ill-mannered female, it looks much worse.

But the question of morality is not ours to decide.

Suffice it for us to record the fact, that there is a growing penchant among females to appear in public, whether in ball, or on the stage, as masculines, and to show whatever physical perfections, or imperfections they may be blessed or cursed with, to men, as men themselves.

In our spirited engraving entitled, "A Female Club in the Masculine Line," a truthful representation is given of a party of merry young ladies who reside in East Thirteenth-street, attire themselves *en masquerade* for a ball at the Grand Duchesse Rooms, New York City, where entertainments of a lively character are held at stated intervals.

From about eight or nine o'clock in the evening, until about four or five in the morning, these gay girls will be gay men, and then they will sleep the next day, and be women again until the next ball, when they will be men once more.

"Thus runs the world away."

"Two are Company, Three are None."—A Tale of the Tiger of Paterson.

A lonely beast, some say a Royal Bengal tiger roams the woodlands of New Jersey at large, in the romantic neighborhood of the Passaic Falls. His roar mingles with the roar of the cataract, or rather it would so mingle if that graceful waterfall had not been quite dried up in consequence of the recent drought. Whether he be native there and to the major born, or whether he be a fugitive from some menagerie, has not been ascertained; but his live, real presence in a Jersey jungle is vouched for by respectable witnesses.

Last week two lovers wandered hand in hand along the byways, up the bill sides, and down the rugged cliffs that overhang the Passaic River. Seeking a sequestered nook, they sat them down upon a green sward, beneath the foliage and tattered brushwood of the ravine. Yielding to the

serene loveliness of the spot, they talked of love; and then there intervened pressure of hands, perchance even one chaste kiss. With faltering lips, the young man whispered a question in her ear; and just as the maiden murmured "Yes!" a fierce, low, horrible growl burst upon the perfumed air. It could not have been the maiden's wrathful sire, for he was hard at work in one of the factories that enhance the charm of that picturesque locality. What was it then that disturbed the soft delights of their wooing? They turned, they saw, and they reeled over. It was the mysterious tiger of Paterson. He glowered upon them with hungry eyes. He gaped at them with discursive suggestion of an extraordinary appetite. He raised his paws, but the lovers stood not upon the order of their going but went at once; and the condition of that rattle maiden's garments, and the loss of that young man's hat attested that they traveled down the briary sides of that ravine with other thoughts than those of dreamy, languid love.

"Among the Angels."

The Pleasures of the Pretty Treasury Clerks.

PIC-NICS IN PARADISE.

And Paradise near Washington.

How General Spinner takes his ease among the Angels.

How the Treasurer of the United States enjoys himself in company with the Treasury Girls.

AN EPISODE OF A PIC-NIC AT CAMP HALCYON.

A "HEAVENLY" CHILL.

THE Government of these United States of America, presents many curious phases.

And none are more curious than those which relate to the employment of women, many of them young and pretty, in the Treasury Department at Washington.

The details of the organization of the work of these "dear" creatures have been previously treated in this journal, but we will now take an opportunity to describe them in their hours of leisure.

Every season the fair Female Treasury clerks at Washington enjoy themselves hugely, picnicing and camping out at an island on the Potomac, called Camp Halcyon.

A correspondent recently paid a visit to this rural and watery Paradise, and thus somewhat poetically narrates his somewhat picturesque adventures.

"Having heard much about Camp Halcyon, I lost no time in discovering its whereabouts. Accordingly, I employed a trusty charlie who could not tell me much about the position of the camp, although he was sure it was a day's ride from Willard's, and was equally confident that it lay somewhere near the Great Falls, that it was on an island on the Potomac, that it was uninhabited during the winter months, and that during the days when the dog-star rages it was the abode of the

LIVELIEST, JOLLIEST, AND LOVELIEST PEOPLE ON EARTH.

At an early hour we set out to find the camp. We passed the historic bridges of the Potomac, and skirting the line of the canal, kept in view far many miles the queer amib-nosed barges that plowed it, and watched with more than ordinary interest the spasmodic movements of the mules on the tow-path, and the steady, unchanging, and refreshing indolence of the people who sailed the boats, and made them picturesque by their want of clothing, and the grace and repose of their various attitudes. About

ONE FULL SHIRT

to four men and boys was an average allotment, and it is not an exaggeration to remark that a gown and a half served to cover four large women. As to the dozens of little children on those remarkable boats—well, nothing need be said.

At last we reached the lock through which the canal is supplied with water from the Potomac. Here we were greeted by

DICK.

Now, Dick bears a very important relation to the important parts of this narrative.

Dick is Gen. Spinner's coachman of the United States, is a public officer of so much importance, that to drop him would be to render invaluable, or rather valueless, those paper squibs of the Government which call for the payment of sundry cents and dollars due to the citizens of the R.-public.

Dick transports the General in safety from point to point; and when occasion presents, he carries one, two, three, or more of the General's clerks from the Treasury Department, or from their respective homes, to the camp, or therefrom to the Department or their homes, as the case be. These clerks are usually of

THE GENTLE SEX.

There are 400 of them; and when the season in

camp is good, they are thirty strong on the island, taking turns, as it were, until fully one-half of the force take active part in the festivities.

Dick was crooning and watering the General's horses, a fine pair of well-bred bays.

He was on the Maryland side of the Potomac, and intently engaged in his legitimate business, two boats being under his hands on the bank of the canal, and the carriage hard by, with a swarm of flies making music around it.

"Dick," said I, after a formal introduction to the General's dusky pilot, "where can I find the camp?"

"I don't know, sir," said Dick, politely, pointing a cury-comb in his dexter hand as he spoke, "unless you hire a guide, and cuts across the feeder."

"This was soon done. A young Marylander stepped forward, and offered his services. He was

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLDER,

and rather more intelligent than the ordinary full-grown Montgomery county people. He led me across the feeder, and through a dense undergrowth of weeds, short and tall, up hills and through valleys, over stone heaps and around places where the river water was splashing over the side-ban rocks.

Dick's birds of night plumage were making the air wild with their melody, and the wind was playing gladly merry tunes through the trees which kept the sunlight from the narrow path, while the rough weeds waved and rustled responsive to our tread.

After a mile of wild and tiresome tramping, my guide brought me to the foot of a hill, up which wound a

TORTUOUS STAIRWAY,

built into the side of the declivity four years ago by the hands of the jury Treasurer and his chosen aids, just after the war had ended, and men knew that the days of peace had arrived.

In a few minutes I was at the crest of the island hill, when there burst upon my gaze a most lovely sight. First, there was the broad Potomac, winding down upon the east over rocks and shoals; and to the north the noisy stream breaking over the falls with the sound of a Wagnerian crescendo.

Then there were glorious hills in the distance, and here and there a break in the monotony that seemed to lead to pleasant shades and glades beyond the roar of the waters. On the summit of the hill, which I reached by a series of tiresome windings, I found

AN ENVOI-MENT OF TENTS,

as picturesque as those of Wallenstein's and therein such a galaxy of beauty as might have made Mohammed mad. Twelve maidens fair gazed the view when the grand picture of the mountain and river had crossed the horizon of my vision.

One lay in a hammock, and slumbered as if she slept on dromedary pie with a saucer of syrup of poppy, and she snored like a gentle porpoise. An other, who lay at her side wide awake, and sung like the mermaid "that lay along the scooped side of a hollow wave, singing such dulcet songs that the ear, like a wooed damsel, trembled with delight."

Off to the south, as I have said, were the falls, and eight miles beyond the great "Cabin John Bridge."

THE GREATEST STONE SPAN IN THE WORLD.

Between the Island (High Island by name) and the falls, the river winds majestically, throwing its waters over the intervening rocks with the pealant roar of a giant beating his way. They come down growling, as if sent from the cave of Aeonis on an errand of wrath; but as they reach Camp Halcyon, they are as quiet as if nursed by Argenta or regularly tutored by the goddess Tactia.

In the broad expanse of green waters stretching east and west and north and south, more like a bay than a running stream, there lie scores of little wooded islands, and coves, and points, and points about a mile above the camp is a dam connecting the shores of Maryland and Virginia. This was built three generations ago, during Washington's administration. It is a very rude-looking structure, and I believe answers all purposes for which it was designed, and keeps the old canal well supplied with water. High Island is inhabited only by the

WARM DAYS OF SUMMER.

There are no hotels, no stores, no dwellings. There is not a house on any one of its many acres of solid ground. But when the summer comes it puts on the appearance of an improvised city. Large tents are pitched upon the ridge, which commands an extensive view of the broad river and the dark hills on the Virginia side; canvases are thrown up here and there; hammocks are swung, flags flung out; and by the 15th of June, as was the case this year, the camp holds a happy garrison of from twenty to fifty as

JOLLY PEOPLE

as one would wish to see.

The officer in charge is Gen. F. E. Spitzer, Treasurer of the United States, the gentleman whose portrait adorns the fifty-cent notes, and whose remarkable signature is stamped upon every greenback issued by the Government. General Spitzer holds the island by right of discovery, having taken possession of it during the late war, at a time when he was the only civilian privileged to navigate the Potomac from Washington to Great Falls. He commands the camp by the unanimous vote of his guests, who are for the most part the ladies employed in the various divisions of the Treasury Department. They are all

FAVORITES OF THE GENERAL,

and to them he is the embodiment of all that is good and jolly and

Ever since the close of the war it has been one of the pleasures of the General's existence—second only, perhaps, to that of issuing stacks of greenbacks and millions of fractional notes—to make up parties of young women connected with his department and take them down in summer to fish and make merry on his little island. And I've wanted just that kind of a lady class who do his biding during working hours, never are

better satisfied with obedience to order than when they promise to give timely notice to the command to appear at Camp Halcyon arrayed and equipped for wood life. They run up in carriages and boats, the General himself always acting as chief of command, and when the hour of departure is made up, and the tents are filled and the little disputes about beds and seats at the board are over, the host, not more careless than the rest of roysters from Dan to Bersebaeth than the pretty girls who when the echoes in the hills and vales of High Island. One Sunday there was

A GRAND TIME

at Camp Halcyon, but unfortunately I was not present to enjoy it; but blue-eyed Katy, sparkling Ettie, saucy Nell, Jenny with the auburn curls, eight-footed Belle, and all the rest, gave each such a glowing description of the affair that just as many times as I heard the story, I felt that just so often had I been on the spot in spirit if not in body, and that my loss was not so great as that of him who had neither seen nor heard. Present on that occasion, as invited guests, were, among others, Gen. Harcy, Gen. Myers, Gen. Acting Secretary, and Gen. Secretary, and later, by the way, the only member of the United States Government in Washington. On the day of the jollification at Camp Halcyon

THE ADMINISTRATION HAD NO REPRESENTATIVE

within the limits of the Federal Capital, or within many miles thereof. This fact did not in the least mar the enjoyment of the meeting.

When I reached the camp I was greeted most heartily, much to my surprise. I had thought that I might be running a risk in venturing uninvited into this quiet and summer spot. But the General gave me a cordial welcome, and in a few minutes I was thoroughly at home with the ladies, of whom there were at the time some eight or ten, and the gentlemen, who were, for the most part, the other a lovely brunette of flashing eye, occupied

A SWINGING HAMMOCK

near the main tent; and grouped around this centre of attraction sat the other members of the galaxy of wit and beauty. Some were singing, some chatting, some preparing for a sail in the General's boat, the Osprey, which was in the breeze over our heads. Some were Southern, as could easily be known by their speech and their queenly walk; some Northern, some Eastern, some of the West, but all were happy, and all thoroughly intent upon securing the largest possible addition to their happiness in the shortest possible time.

The gentlemen of the party, with the exception of the General, were out on the river, not having yet fished their morning sport with rod and line. After a little while two tired fishermen appeared near the main tent, and were greeted with cruel jeers for all they could show for their days work was one poor little black bass that had hooked himself accidentally as the hungry and fretful sportsmen were drawing in their lines.

THE COSTUMES

worn at Camp Halcyon were of the most independent character. There was not a chignon to be seen, and the lines, and no hoop except the one on the provision barrels and on a remarkable-looking and seemingly inexhaustible keg in close proximity to the ice box. No trains swept the ground, there were no flourishes, no furbelows, none of those unpronounceable things without the existence of which one could not write a readable fashion article. As to the ladies' toilets, they were extremely simple, and I can truthfully say that I never saw a more comfortable and comfortable a skull cap, a threadbare black coat, and a pair of drab trousers turned up at the bottom. One of the fishermen sported about three-fourths of a skirt, and the other, like Mr. Greeley's old one. He was a sort of puss-in boots to me when I first saw him, for he was hidden up to the waist of him in ponderous cowhide, and gloried in a once-masochistic. This was the unfortunate fisherman who had come home empty-handed. The other was encased in a funny bow-tailed coat and a necktie of crimson silk. When I caught sight of his coat, and had taken in a fair estimate of the dimensions, more especially its reach between collar and braid-line, I was reminded of those unhappy officers of Israel whom Hasmun, King of the Ammonites, punished by cutting their hair. When they ventured to wonder whether any of those abbreviated garments had ever crossed to our continent with the Lost Tribes, and been handed down through ages in a generation to deck a part of the form of a modern amateur fisherman in this year of grace on the banks of the Potomac.

HOW WE FISHED.

As the General said, "There's nothing to be got now—a days unless thou canst fish for it." A great poet and philosopher put those words in the mouth of a lowly man many years ago; but the remark is as applicable to day as it was when the Prince of Tyro first heard it. Of course, at Camp Halcyon, one of our chief pleasures is the taking of bass and fall-fish. These cannot be brought ashore without patience and skill. Our young folks here are not skillful, nor are they by any means patient; and therefore our stock of fish is rarely an ample one, unless I myself go out, or some of my steady people go out for me. Suppose you try your hand down at the landing, and when you return in time for dinner, you will be welcomed with smiles.

If the party was soon formed, and down the hill and through the woods we went. On the way the girls kept up a perpetual popping of gay repartee, like so many baskets of champagne, and their words, mingled with the crackling and answering jets of foam. Hilarity reigned, and the woods rang with frequent laughter, which accounted for the fact that the nimble squirrels were amazed, and the rabbits frightened, and that when we reached the fishing ground, neither bass nor fall-fish would respond to our quiet hints. So then we gave ourselves up to jollity, and in the cool damp shadow of the forest trees, and by the aid of the swift stream that gurgled and laughed merrily in answer to our noisy rovery, we rolled until the horn blew, and, without the shadow of a sigh, or catching a lay upon the altar of science, we towed to land, where hungry people waited our coming.

THE GENERAL'S SILVAN FEAST.

A pleasant repast had been prepared by the General's servants, and this was enjoyed as *à fresco* meals usually are. We had fish, chicken, and turkey, and beef, and all the vegetables and fruits of the season, and, and the way that the ladies, a sort of sweet extract of all speech that held the ear in blissful slavery, there were frequent libations poured from a dainty demijohn, and nut-brown ale, and a glass of wine from a bottle with a very loud neck, that contained a num-

ber of sovereign in its power against melancholy. Here the head flew by like minutes. Meats flanked by waters alive with pussant force gave strength to the feast. The charming boat moved round, and sprang the wit of the rovers until the Cheean god shone in their eyes, and the spirit of jollity was in every breath of the pleasant air.

AN EPISODE AND THE GENERAL'S MURDER.

After dinner, which lasted a long time, we took to the woods, where we watched the wild birds, and down by the feeder, where we studied the rapid current, and where the tender-hearted marksmen plied the impaled manna and the captured fish. Then we wandered up to the ridge again, where, alas! we found our *adelantado*, our *rez symphonist*, the gracious and glorious Treasurer of the United States, in the agonies of a chill. To be sure, he was carefully attended by many fair creatures, to whom his every shake was a pang; but the miseries of the hour could not be allayed by food and sympathy, and at the soft time when the day is wont to meet the night in sweet embrace, we dispersed for Washington, and the happy season at Camp Halcyon was over.

A Swimming Tournament.—National Exercises and Fancy Floating by Female Swimmers at the Free Bath, foot of Charles street, New York City.

On September 21st, in the free bath at the foot of Charles street, Mr. Krack's young women pupils engaged in swimming races and trials of skill in the water. Admission was gained by ticket; at the appointed hour, a large number of persons of both sexes, generally of a very respectable appearance, assembled in the bath as spectators, the males being placed on the roof and the gentler sex occupying the lower balcony.

For some reason the sports did not begin until nearly half-past three, at which time the contestants made their appearance. The first exercise on the programme was a race for a silver castor, twice around the bath, a distance of 700 feet. The entries were Mary Jane Hill and Susan Waters, the former of whom won after a spirited contest.

Several young girls, from 15 to 18 years of age, next plunged in, and swam around the bath twice for the fun of the thing. Several gave up before the finish, and the race excited very little interest.

Three women then displayed their skill in floating. They first floated from the top to the bottom of the bath, a distance of 100 feet; they then turned around singly several times in the water, still on their backs; they then touched the soles of their feet each to the other's shoulders, and in this manner again described the length of the bath; finally, one of them still kept on her back and another crept on top of her, and the first, thus weighted down, floated about, the spectators applauding.

Now came another race of the same distance as the first for a set of jewelry. The entries were Jane Stevens, Anna Price, Emma Carey, Lucy Fisher, and Catherine Underwood. Stevens won after a gallant struggle.

The next thing on the programme was diving from the top of the bathroom railing, seven feet, and jumping from the roof, twenty feet. Then came diving and jumping backwards and forwards and sideways, rolling sideways of the platform floor, and turning summersaults in the water.

The next thing was a trial of endurance in swimming for a long time under water. Then came the science of the day, fancy figure floating, by four experts. They lay on their backs and touched toes in the form of a star, and in this position they paddled around in the water in a circle.

After the distribution of the prizes, Mary Jane Hill, the winner of the first race, addressed the multitude, and after this the assemblage dispersed.

The bathing season at the public baths closed last week.

WHISPERS ABOUT WOMEN.

The most popular physician at St. Petersburg is a woman—Mach me Sneloff.

Mrs. LYDIA ARMSTRONG, Grant County, Indiana, is making "Money," she says, "is no object, but he must be healthy and willing to work."

A Miss HANSEL, of Berlin, raised an Amazon company, numbering fifty-three, to serve in the Prussian army; but the ungallant authorities refused to accept their aid, even for garrison duty, and they were obliged to ingloriously disband.

Miss ALCOOT is living quietly at Box, in the neighborhood of Vevey, in Switzerland, since completing her journey through France, and with preparing for an Italian tour in the autumn. Her health is better than it has been for years, and as the *doce far niente* is difficult for one who so busy a brain, we expect to hear of her resuming her pen ere long.

The dress worn by Mlle. Nilsson at her first concert was said to be one of the most exquisite ever seen in this country. It was a heavy white gros-grain silk with long skirt, trimmed with flounces of lace, looped over at each side with vines of morning-glories. Her hair was dressed very simply, and ornamented with a single morning-glory, with a diamond humming-bird and butterfly lighting on the flower. Necklaces of pearls and diamonds, and heavy gold bracelets set with diamonds, completed the attire. She wore, it is said, all over Europe, for her exquisite taste in dress.

MADAME AMELIA MEZZARA, wife of the well-known sculptor of San Francisco, started from that city on Tuesday last week for France, where she will devote herself to the care of the wounded during the war. It is not the first time that Mezzara has thus devoted herself. For four years, during the epoch of the attempted secession, she acted as a Sister of Charity, without pay, and with diamonds, she spent her life with American ambulances, by the couches of the vic-

tims of that fratricidal war. That which she did for America, she now proposes to do for her compatriots.

A SERENADE IN VENICE TO THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

On the evening of that first day of mine in Venice, I was told there was to be a grand serenade in honor of the Empress Eugenie, who was staying there. What a serenade meant to me, I could only conjecture. Floating visions of a trout-bait with a guitar, singing lullabies under the Empress's window, seemed scarcely satisfactory, and suggested the Christmas wails! But a serenade of any kind was a novelty to me, and having fastened my eyes all night, it seemed that I should feast my ears all night; and as, towards 8 o'clock, I saw every one stepping into a gondola, I followed the lead, and stepping into the first, I could not condescend myself entirely to the mercy of my boatman for that evening.

A few strokes brought uson to where the Grand Canal opens out into the broad Laguna, and there I defy any description to exaggerate the extraordinary scene. They say that there are over 4,000 gondolas in Venice; not one, I warrant, but was out that night. No boatman who was not at the point of death, stayed at home; the whole town flocked to the festa.

As to the Empress, no one appeared to know where she might be. She was in the yacht, on shore, *incognita*, somewhere. The attraction of the spectacle lay in the lights, the glitter, the music. In the middle of the Lago alone two large brilliant-illumined barges, with all manner of fanciful decorations, in colored glass, flowers, &c. One contained a military band; on the other were assembled the chief opera singers; these were to be the Imperial serenaders, and towards this point all the boats flocked; rowing was out of the question, so closely were they packed.

The music then began, a vocal and instrumental piece following after another, and the two barges moved on slowly up the Grand Canal, surrounded by the floating mass of gondolas, and till past midnight this strange scene continued without break or variation.

Every balcony, every window, every flight of steps, was crowded. Rockets, lime-lights, fireworks, were let off at intervals, sometimes from the boats, sometimes from the shore, shining for a few moments and vividly lighting up each face in the crowd, and then suddenly extinguished.

How the glory of this world vanishes! Eugenie is the Empress of the French no longer; a brilliant Court over which she presided has vanished like a scene from a fairy spectacle—the imposing fabric of the Second Empire having disappeared with the suddenness of a dream—her man a prisoner of war in a foreign land, and her own an exile in another!

The continued story, "Worse than Death," is carried over one more chapter, which we confess we find to be quite enough of it.

The two illustrations to this month's *Brilliant Court* have murder for their motif—in the first duellists being represented, ready posed, waiting for the word to shoot each other on the seashore and by moonlight; and in the other the human wrecks that strew a battle-field are shown—their ghastly effects of moonlight.

A COMPLIMENT.

"I would I were a bird," said Chloe's liquid voice; "Which, when the poet heard, Said he, 'Not such my choice! I would that I might be A smile' world that eclipse: For I should be, you see, For ever on your lips!"

RIPPLES OF ROMANCE.

A smart girl in Minnesota popped the question to her lover, and the consent of his parents, procured a marriage license, ordered the wedding breakfast, the carriage to convey them to the depot, and had a private conversation with the parson, all on the same day. The young man had occupied seven years in the effort to ask her to have him, and had failed every time. She finally noticed that he had something preying upon his mind, and having in the meantime heard Miss Anthony, assisted him to get rid of it in the manner described.

A young lady of New York, now in London, who owes a large fortune to her father having struck off, has hit upon a startling ornament to be worn at the theatre. Unable to enter society, she gratifies her vanity by attracting public attention. Her last freak is to appear at the grand opera without jewels or flowers, her only ornament being a live snake coiled around her wrist. The snake is constantly climbing up and down her arm, or nestling in her hand, enjoying her fan and words of endearment. Every opera-glass is fixed on her and the snake. The lovelies are all crazy for the possession of such an ornament.

The Lorraine peasant loves to narrate the story of the "Woman of Stenay," who offered a barrel of wine to a detachment of Austrians, saying: "You are thirsty friends; drink! you are welcome to all my store," drinking, as she spoke, a supful in their honor. The soldiers accepted with pleasure, and in a few minutes four hundred men were writhing on the ground in agony. Then the "Woman of Stenay" rose, and, with her drying gamp, shrieked out: "My friends, 'Vive la France!' fell back a corpse. This is the legend of Lorraine, and the memory of its heroine is revered by the peasantry as highly as that of Charlotte Corday.

The landlady of an inn near Metz pretends to recognize in the young Frederick Charles a tourist, and a few years ago, made a very heavy pension through the Voges and along the Moselle. She then took him for a medical man, as he pretended to be a lover of Botany, who, with an old gentleman, extremely like the young man, Moltke, explored in search of fine specimens of Aisatian flora every pass and forest in the department. They looked like military men; indeed, she thought so at the time, but the young man, incompatible with their alleged profession, for every Prussian she knew was a soldier. The young gentleman innocently picked flowers, and the old one had a passion for geology, and expressed his knowledge of the science by scanning every wall and cutting. The nephew most conscientiously walked through the passes and over the hills and the uncle took drives in various directions. They were in the neighborhood for more than a month, says this worthy woman, and then paid their bills and went away quietly, but she swears that she recognized the old man when he came up with his army to fight Bismarck.



THE WAR.—ALSATIAN LADIES TENDING THE WOUNDED.—SEE PAGE 311.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

A FRENCH paper relates the following incident of the war, and vouches for its truth:

One of the sturdy race of peasants inhabiting the Vosges, seized with patriotic fervor, shouldered his chasse pot, and set out to defend his country from the invader. He was detailed as a picket, and had scarcely taken his post of observation before fortune favored him.

It was morning, and he had finished cleaning his gun, which he loved almost as well as life itself, when he observed a cloud of dust obscure the horizon. Our peasant sniffed the conflict afar off, and his piercing eyes soon recognized a body of German Uhlans, or lancers, fully armed and equipped, about twelve hundred (1,200) metres (1350 yards) distant from his post.

To bring his chassepot into the hollow of his arm and take deliberate aim at the leader was the work of an instant, and when the smoke had died away the lancers were without a leader.

A second shot, an-



A WATERING-PLACE EPISODE.—"LOOKING OUT FOR PRUSSIAN CRUISERS, INDEED—ALL PRUSSIAN CRUISER HIM!" SAID MRS. McN—.

other lancer, leaving eight. A German son for every shot, and when they had advanced to within one hundred metres the troops had dwindled down to two Uhlans, who, boiling over with rage at finding themselves so resolutely foiled by a single individual, rushed upon the brave peasant at full tilt, but not before another had gone to his last account.

There was now only one left, and he was made prisoner, and carried triumphantly into camp as a trophy of his prowess. The hero received a severe sword cut from the last lancer, but it is not a dangerous one.

Mr. SUMNER CLARE, of Cornville, Maine, a few days since, was digging a ditch through a piece of low land, and when at a depth of three or four feet he struck a vein of pure water, that gushed out two inches or more in diameter. As he stood looking at it, a fish, six inches long, appeared, and at length he gathered thirty. The fish resembled what is usually known as a chub.



A FEMALE CLUB IN THE MASCULINE LINE; BEING AN ASSOCIATION OF YOUNG LADIES IN NEW YORK CITY WHO DISGUISE THEMSELVES IN MALE HABILIMENTS.—SEE PAGE 307.



A SWIMMING TOURNAMENT.—NATATORIAL EXERCISES AND FANCY FLOATING BY FEMALE SWIMMERS AT THE FREE BATH FOOT OF CHARLES STREET, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 306.