

SONG OF A FELLOW-WORKER.

I found a fellow-worker when I deemed I toiled alone;
My toil was fashioning thought and sound, and his was
beating stone;
I worked in the palace of my brain, he in the common
street,
And it seemed his toil was great and hard, while mine
was great and sweet.

I said, O fellow worker, yea, for I am a worker too,
The heart nigh fails me many a day, but how is it with
you?
For while I toil great tears of joy will sometimes fill my
eyes,
And when I form my perfect work it lives and never
dies.

I carve the marble of pure thought until the thought
takes form,
Until it gleams before my soul and makes the world
grow warm;
Until there comes the glorious voice and words that
seem divine,
And the music reaches all men's hearts and draws them
into mine.

And yet for days it seems my heart shall blossom never
more,
And the burden of my loneliness lies on me very sore:
Therefore, O hewer of the stones that pave base human
ways,
How canst thou bear the years till death, made of such
thankless days?

Then he replied: Ere sunrise, when the pale lips of the
day
Sent forth an earnest thrill of breath at warmth of the
first ray,
A great thought rose within me, how, while men asleep
had lain,
The thousand labours of the world had grown up once
again.

The sun grew on the world, and on my soul the thought
grew too—
A great appalling sun, to light my soul the long day
through,
I felt the world's whole burden for a moment, then
began
With man's gigantic strength to do the labour of one
man.

I went forth hastily, and lo! I met a hundred men,
The worker with the chisel and the worker with the
pen—
The restless toilers after good, who sow and never reap,
And one who maketh music for their souls that may not
sleep.

Each passed me with a dauntless look, and my undaunted
eyes
Were almost softened as they passed with tears that
strove to rise
At sight of all those labours, and because that every
one,
Ay, the greatest, would be greater if my little were
undone.

They passed me, having faith in me, and in our several
ways,
Together we began to-day as on the other days;
I felt their mighty hands at work, and, as the day wore
through,
Perhaps they felt that even I was helping somewhat too:

Perhaps they felt, as with those hands they lifted
mightily
The burden once more laid upon the world so heavily,
That while they nobly help it as each man can do and
bear,
It did not wholly fall my side as though no man were
there.

And so we toil together many a day from morn till night,
I in the lower depths of life, they on the lovely height;
For though the common stones are mine, and they have
lofty cares,
Their work begins where this leaves off, and mine is
part of theirs.

And 'tis not wholly mine or theirs I think of through the
day,
But the great eternal thing we make together, I and
they;
Far in the sunset I behold a city that man owns,
Made fair with all their noble toil, built of my common
stones.

Then onward, as the task grows light with all the
labour done,
The single thought of all the day becomes a joyous one;
For, rising in my heart at last where it has lain so long,
It thrills up seeking for a voice, and grows almost a song.

But when the evening comes, indeed, the words have
taken wing,
The thought sings in me still, but I am all too tired to
sing;
Therefore, O you my friend, who serve the world with
ministry,
Among our fellow-workers' song make that one song for
me.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

RANDOM SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

BY A CANADIAN COMMERCIAL.

A TRIP TO FRENCH RIVER.

(Continued from our last.)

Now we round a bend in the stream, and come
in sight of three or four, (four I think it was),
shed-like shanties rattled together with a few
pine boards and a few kegs of ten-penny nails,
the only wisdom shown in their construction
being that the builders have followed the ex-
ample of the wise man in the parable, and
"built their house upon a rock," a thing, how-
ever, which they could not well avoid, having
no other foundation. Little interest is displayed
in these ephemeral structures by those who have
not been here before till they are informed by
Mr. Robertson, the genial and gentlemanly
purser, that this—is the village—ay! the
town, the future city of French River!

We are too dumb with astonishment to make
any comment. Where is the bustling village of
my dream? Where the streets and shops? Where
the foundation laid for the Town Hall, and the
big, broad new hotel? Yes, and where are the
engineers and surveyors and land speculators, and
and—and the shops and shopkeepers. Gone,
alas! all gone, for they never were here. Gone.

And like the baseless fabric of a vision
Left not a rack behind.

My feeling of disappointment over, I laugh
heartily at myself, and proceed in company with
the rest to make the best of the situation. There
are a few now grouped about the little wharf,
waiting for the boat to come in, and there is not
a little curiosity manifested by the ladies on
board to single out "those three surveyors."
Noticing this curiosity and the phrase "those
three surveyors" coupled with it, I am impelled
to ask for an explanation which is instantly, and
with much mirth, vouchsafed. A few days be-
fore, an advertisement had appeared in some of
the Toronto papers, the purport of which was
that, "Three young gentlemen located at French
River, on the C. P. survey, wished to correspond
with an equal number of young ladies, &c., &c." The
names given by these disconsolate Lotharios
were, of course, fictitious. Mr. Robertson, how-
ever, was in the secret, and at once volunteered
to introduce them to the ladies, an offer that was
of course accepted. Nor were the pining youths
at all backward. But their faces which had
lighted up with joy and self-gratulation on seeing
so many pairs of bright eyes peering at them
from the deck of the boat, changed quickly into
countenances on which dismay and horror were
expressed, when the fun-loving Mr. R., introduced
the first candidate for introductory honours by
his assumed name. The unfortunate and em-
barrassed youth blushed to the ears. However,
under the almost forgotten feminine influence,
they soon regained their composure, and turned
out to be very pleasant, gentlemanly young
fellows. Some of our party at once betook them-
selves to fishing, and fine sport it was; no miser-
able, poverty-stricken three inch perch such as I
was accustomed to catching in Toronto Bay.
Pickerel, weighing from three to seven pounds
seemed to be the staple fish, although black bass
of about the same weight were very plentiful,
and some magnificent specimens of pike were
hauled in. Nearly all the fishing was done by
trawling lines, and the prey bit greedily. The
boats of the vessel were lower for fishing
parties, while others had brought skiffs with
them, and others again enlisted the service of
the boats belonging to the surveying party. One
boat had three lines out, and as an instance of
rapidity with which the hook was seized—the
owner of each line felt a simultaneous bite. "I
have him," said one, as he began hauling in the
victim. "No, I have him," cried another. "I
think it's I who have him," quoth the third, as
he, too, felt the tug on his line. There was no
need for dispute. They all "had him," and
three fine fish were sprawling in the bottom of
the boat at once. Similar incidents were num-
erous. It was a perfect piscatorial Eldorado.
Your correspondent along with a friend and three
ladies induced a Mr. Cole to lend us his boat and
to accompany us and act as guide for the nonce.
Mr. Cole fully sustained the character we had
heard attributed to him years before, in the days
of infancy.

"Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he—"

Although he did not "call for his pipe," there
being none at hand, he showed no indisposition
to "call for his bowl." He was a rare guide,
and by his assistance we, taking into considera-
tion the presence of the ladies, made a very re-
spectable show of fish. Upstream we fell in with
the boat containing the "midnight serenaders," and
the quick eye of my friend caught sight of sundry
flasks and bottles stowed away beneath the seats.
This magnetic influence at once impelled us
towards them, and our request for a "drop of
something to keep the chill off" was responded to
with a cordial liberality only to be met with
among Owen Sounders. And now I had an op-
portunity to inspect the various shaped flasks
and bottles in which "the dog" had been con-
veyed. Conspicuous among them all was a flask
reposing comfortably in the bows of the boat. It
was a perfect Brobdingnagian flask—it resembled
a crystal beer-barrel, while its gigantic size gave
it an air of indescribable importance. It was
Aldermanic in its proportions and filled—filled to
the stopper, and was evidently being reserved for
afternoon emergencies. Our desires, however,
were tempered and regulated by the cautions and
admonitions of our fair companions.

Previous to our fishing trip, I strolled up the
rocky banks to gather some of the magnificent
mosses that clustered on the surface of the stones.
These mosses presented to the eye the most beau-
tiful and various tints and were intertwined in a
rich luxuriance that made the eye, as I gazed,
revel in delight. To tread on it was a pleasure,
for its soft and springy elasticity made the foot
rebound lightly from it, and seemed to lend an
airiness and buoyancy to our very steps. I had
laid down my burthen of mosses and taken a
seat on the fallen trunk of an old pine tree and
beside the lady who accompanied me, whose
better taste and discrimination were required to
select the mosses, when we were startled by hear-
ing a breaking of under-brush and then a very
audible "thud" on the rocks beneath us. Look-
ing down, after a close scrutiny, I discovered a
man in a sitting posture on a large flat rock on
which he had evidently dropped from the rock
some three or four feet above. His dress was
somewhat disordered, doubtless owing to the un-
expected "drop," while the only emotion which
his features betrayed was that of intense aston-
ishment. The silence of this—shall I say pic-
turesque group—was broken by a loud "hic-
cough" from the surprised gentleman, which at
once betokened to me the cause of his fall. He
was not in the least damaged, for he picked him-
self up and after gazing at the rock from which
he had fallen, with puzzled expression, he caught
sight of us, and on the instant, straightened

himself up and assumed an air of great sobriety
that was intensely ludicrous. Staring stupidly
at us for a few moments in order to get us well
in his line of vision, he remarked, "(hic) stones
'r rather hard (hic) hereabouts (hic)." Having
expressed this sapient opinion, he then stumbled
towards us, and after a good deal of climbing
and more of falling back again, he stood in front
of us, carefully balancing himself, and with all
the outward evidences of being very drunk.

That he had been a fellow-passenger on the boat
I knew, for I had seen him frequently in Owen
Sound, but for the life of me I could not make
out where he had put himself when on board,
for neither I, nor, I think, any one else had seen
a sight of him on the trip. After surveying us
in an owlish manner, blinking and winking his
eyes till he had steadied his vision sufficiently,
he began: "Come up here (hic) to locate farms
(hic) for m' three (hic) sons (hic)." Here his
hiccoughs so completely overpowered him that
he involuntarily and abruptly reduced himself
to a sitting posture. "Yes, but," I remarked,
"you have come to rather a rocky country for
farms." After a good deal of gulping and strain-
ing, he essayed a reply. "Eh, zur, rather (hic)
rocky country (hic)." Then, contemplatively,
"but, zur, three fine (hic) boys, zur (hic) ez,
zur, three fine boys." Another pause, then a
bright idea has apparently arisen in his fuddled
brain, for his face lightens up. "Mighty good
place (hic) for stone quarry" (hic again). "Good
business (hic), stone quarry business (hic) zur?"
To this remark I assent, when the young lady
who has till now been a silent and amused
spectator asks him if he does n't think it would
be a good place to go into the gravestone busi-
ness. His answer shows him to be possessed of
a vein of grim humour. With a low chuckle
and a perfect overtone of hiccoughs, he says,
"Ez, mum, ez, (hic) bully place mum (hic) for
gravestone business—git folks up here—sure
death (hic)—then bury um." This idea so
tickled him that he was seized with a paroxysm
of hiccough and laughing, until, showing symp-
toms of strangulation, I had to slap him on the
back to bring him to. Recovering slowly, he
renewed his conversation with my companion—
"Got (hic) darter, too, mum (hic) got darter
older than I am." Now, I think, we were justi-
fied in regarding this circumstance as somewhat
unusual, so we asked him in one breath how he
came to possess so extraordinary a phenomenon
as a daughter older than he himself was, which
elicited the explanation that his darter "was
not older than he was, but older, mum, older
(hic) an what you is." (This I could readily
believe.) Our inebriated friend now showed a
disposition to leave our company, so we did not
press him to remain, and he departed, while we
resumed our moss-gathering.

All earthly joys must have an end. The truth
of this axiom I acknowledged when about six
o'clock that evening, being engaged in fishing
up the river, I heard the long, low warning
whistle of the steamer, the signal for our depar-
ture. Reluctantly, the various boats turned
their prows down stream, and slowly the lines
were drawn in over their sides. The first were
given every chance to take a farewell bite, a
chance they did not profit by, although, had the
fish-roll of French River been called that night
there would have been many of the finny tribe
who would not have responded. Then we had a
rare supper of fried fish—fish that had been in
its native water but a few hours before, now
placed before us smoking hot—a fishy feast, that
would have made the mouth of an epicure water.

But alas! and alas!—what a passage we had
back. What a contrast to the calm and untroubled
surface of the water the night before. From a
balmy air it passed by quick gradations to a
breeze, then a "stiff" breeze, then a wind, then a
blow, then a high wind, and then—well, then
passengers disappeared from the cabin in a silent
and inexplicable manner, until groans and other
ominous sounds, proceeding from the state-rooms,
betrayed the cause of their exit. All had gone
but your correspondent, the purser, Mr. Robert-
son, and a venerable, but very jolly and white-
haired old gentleman from Leith; when, having
occasion to cross the revolving shaft of the boat
(dubbed by some one the axle-tree) I stumbled
over the prostrate body of a man lying in the
swash of the water from the paddle-wheels.

Examining his features, I found him to be my
colloquist of the morning, the gentleman who
fathered the freak of nature in the shape of a
daughter "older than himself." When hoisted
on his feet, we found him to be exceedingly
tipsy, (as a consequence utterly incapable),
but still very obstreperous. He developed a
blood-thirsty desire to fight—"could (hic) lick
ny two men 'n the (hic) old boat (hic)." Here an
appalling hiccough abruptly terminated his
speech, so we placed him on the re-
volving shaft and allowed him to revolve with
it, thus getting him over it in a most expeditious
manner. We then locked him up in a state-
room, and left him to his own devices.

I, at length, go to bed myself, but do not get
sea-sick, and after a sound sleep wake up about
six in the morning to find the boat at Leith, and
the hale, old gentleman who sat up so late the
night before stepping off with his son and
daughter.

A few minutes after, we are at the dock in Owen
Sound, and the sleepy passengers are gathering
up their traps and passing ashore. Among them
is your correspondent, very sleepy and very
squeamish at the stomach; but, fully satisfied
with his trip to French River.

Clifton, Sept. 12, 1875.

THE GLEANER.

THE German papers assert that Prince Bis-
marck has proposed that Dr. Dollinger should
accept the Patriarchate of the German Catho-
lics.

THE Marquis Beuse de Cavour, nephew of the
great Italian Minister, and the possessor of his
papers, is dead, and the name and family of
Cavour have thus become extinct.

THE French Ultramontanes are endeavouring
to make up a capital of 30,000,000f. by the
issue of shares for the construction of a railway
from Jaffa to Jerusalem.

New kinds of tents, knapsacks, cans, cartridge-
boxes, and other accessories of military life are
to be experimented upon during the manoeuvres
of the French Army. All these improvements
are principally based upon rendering the soldier's
accoutrement lighter than it is at present.

PARIS is delighted with its new American
tramways, which are well patronised by people
of all classes. The most successful of the new
lines is that on the Boulevard Malesherbes, its
cars being well filled at all hours of the day. The
cars used in Paris are small, and are painted in
dark brown picked with red.

It is supposed that hitherto the culinary value
of cats has been confined to China and Japan.
Our Eastern friends may have long held this
monopoly, but the Parisians now follow suit.
There are a few cat-butchers in that city of gour-
mands who will give a good price to the rag-
pickers for a puss dead or alive, provided it be
fresh and fat; their skins are sold to the furriers,
their fat to the frying-shops, and their flesh to
the low eating-houses. Englishmen are excellent
customers—unawares.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

WAGNER is to the fore. It is said that in
nearly fifty theatres one or other of his operas will be
heard this winter.

Le Gaile Musical states that Wagner has
written a new introductory scene to his Tannhauser,
which will be heard for the first time at the Vienna opera
shortly.

Mlle. TITIENS is engaged to sing in New
York on the 4th of October. For a six month's en-
gagement she is to receive £20,000, in addition to the expense
of herself and her suite.

A telegram from Melbourne says:—The visit
of the prima donna Mdlle. Ilma de Murska to the Colo-
nias has evoked extraordinary enthusiasm. There was
a good torchlight procession in her honour.

MDME. THEO has signed, says a Paris paper,
an engagement at the Bouffes-Parisiens for three years,
at about six hundred a year. And Mdlle. Theo is con-
sidered among the best paid of Parisian actresses.

MARIE IRMA is said to be incapacitated from
continuing her public career by some affection of the
throat, but gives lessons instead. This is a prosaic en-
ding to a life all shrouds, winks, garish lights, and blonde
wigs.

AMBROISE THOMAS, the well-known French
composer, is leading a retired life in his villa at Argen-
teuil, and giving the final touch to a grand opera which
is shortly to be produced, under the title of *Francesca
Rimini*.

A NEW composition by Franz Liszt for solo,
chorus, and orchestra has been published. The
subject is "The Bells of Strasburg Minister," and the
words are by Longfellow, to whom the musician has de-
dicated the work.

ONE might suppose that there were not many
in New York, by name Tietjens, whereas the directory
gives fifteen resident families of that name. The world-
renowned cantatrice, while still in Europe, hearing that
this was the case, changed the spelling of her name, to
have it uncommon, and so we have Terese Tietjens.

AMONG the papers left by an inhabitant of
Stargard, in Pomerania, twenty-three manuscripts of
Mozart have been discovered. In the number was a
Latin Comedy, with a melodrama, "Apollo and Hy-
acinth" (1766), a magnificent concerto for piano and or-
chestra (Vienna, 1744), and several symphonies composed
at Salzburg.

It is announced that the Kiralfy Brothers
have engaged Richard Wagner to come to this country
next year, and give or direct thirty monster concerts;
and that they are now building a "grand palace of
amusements" in Philadelphia, to be opened at the same
time as the exhibition. Wagner is to be the lion of that
occasion.

Mlle TITIENS, just before her departure for
this country, performed the ceremony of laying the first
bricks of the new National Opera house on the Thames
embankment. The bricks were firmly placed in position
and were carefully "plastered" by the eminent artist
whose name is so inseparably connected with Her Ma-
jesty's Opera.

ONE side of Geo. L. Fox's face has become
paralyzed, and he is no longer able to control his facial
muscles, and therefore will be obliged to quit the stage.
It has been Fox's custom to plaster his face nightly with
paste of French chalk, bismuth and cold cream. His
physician warned him against the bismuth, but Fox did
not believe that he could be hurt by it. He was under
engagement at Booth's to play in a Christmas panto-
mime, but his friends fear that he cannot fulfil it.

MR. GREINER, of Wezlar, has succeeded, after
ten years of hard labor, in inventing a new piano of a
peculiar character, destined to create quite a *furor* in
the musical world. He will send it to the exhibition
next year. The instrument is shaped like a piano, the
construction being quite different. The tones are pro-
duced by numerous violin bows, and are said to be full,
perfect, and sublime, and may be multiplied into fifths,
octaves, and tenths, and it is entirely in the power of the
player. It has all the eighty-five tones (seven octaves),
and by ingenious contrivances the tones may be lowered
prolonged, or increased in power. The construction is
very durable.

ALL persons holding Puritanical notions with
regard to the stage should read the autobiography of
Macready. Puritans believe that an actor is necessarily
in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity. Yet
we find the double-dyed sinner—for he was a theatre
manager as well as an actor—teaching his children their
hymns, hearing them say their prayers, holding family
worship, going to church, and when entering upon a new
theatrical speculation imploring the Divine blessing
upon it. And there was not the smallest cant or hypo-
cricy in this. Macready believed as much in the sacred-
ness of his calling as the late Bishop Hamilton believed
in the sacredness of his. He held that he had a mission
to regenerate the stage, and did his best to fulfil that
mission.