The Chamber Over the Gate.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW,

Is it so far from thee
Thou canst no longer see
In the Chamber over the Gate
That old man desolate,
Weeping and wailing sore
For his son, who is no more!
O Absalom, my son!

Is it so long ago
That cry of human woe
From the walled city came,
Calling on his dear name,
That it has died away
In the distance of to-day?
O Absalom, my son!

There is no far nor near,
There is neither there nor here,
There is neither soon nor late,
In that Chamber over the Gate,
Nor any long ago
To that cry of human woe,
O Absalom, my son!

From the ages that are past
The voice comes like a blast,
Over seas that wreck and drown,
Over tumult of traffic and town;
And from ages yet to be
Come the echoes back to me,
O Absalom, my son!

Somewhere at every hour
The watchman on the tower
Looks forth, and sees the fleet
Approach of the hurrying feet
Of messengers, that bear
The tidings of despair.
O Absalom, my son!

He goes forth from the door,
Who shall return no more;
With him our joy departs;
The light goes out in our hearts;
In the Chamber over the Gate
We sit disconsolate.
O Absalom, my son!

That 'tis a common grief
Bringeth but slight relief;
Ours is the bitterest loss;
Ours is the heaviest cross;
And forever the cry will be,
"Would God I had died for thee,
O Absalom, my son!"

—Atlantic.

Success.

BY EMMA LAZARUS.

Oft have I brooded on defeat and pain,
The pathos of the stupid, stumbling throng.
These I ignore to-day, and only long
To pour my soul forth in one trumpet strain,
One clear, grief-shattering, triumphant song,
For all the victories of man's high endeavour,
Palm-bearing, laurelled deeds that live forever,
The splendour clothing him whose will is strong.
Hast thou beheld the deep, glad eyes of one
Who has persisted and achieved? Rejoice!
On naught diviner shines the all-seeing sun.
Salute him with free heart and choral voice,
Midst flippant, feeble crowds of spectres wan,
The bold, significant, successful man.

CLEVER MEN'S WIVES.

(From Chambers' Journal.)

It has been said by "George Sand" that love and courtship end together: so that he who would be always in love must be ever a wooer. Such, however, was *not* the opinion of the famous physician Dr. Abernethy, whose courtship, like his prescriptions, was short and to the point. The Doctor had been attending a lady for several weeks, and had observed during those hurried visits certain qualities in the daughter which he considered would render her invaluable as a wife. Accordingly on a Saturday, when taking leave of his patient, he addressed her to the following purport: "You are now so well that I need not see you after Monday next, when I shall come to pay you my farewell visit. But in the meantime I wish you and your daughter to seriously consider the proposal I am now about to make. Is is abrupt and unceremonious, I am aware; but the excessive occupation of my time by my professional duties affords me no leisure to accomplish what I desire by the more ordinary course of attention and solicitation. My annual receipts amount to —— pounds, and I can settle —— pounds on my wife; my character is generally known to the public, so that you may readily ascertain what it is. I have seen in your daughter a tender and affectionate child, an assiduous and careful nurse, and a gentle and a ladylike member of a family. Such a person must be all that a husband could covet, and I offer my hand and fortune for her acceptance. On Monday when I call I shall expect your determination; for I really have not time for the routine of courtship." It would have been interesting to know how this was received by the patient and her daughter. The blunt intimation of annual receipts; the "my character is known to the public, so you may readily ascertain what it is;" then the declaration, "and no time for courtship," "shall expect an answer on Monday;" all this must have been somewhat startling to the patient "who was now so well." To medical men, who above all others long to kill two birds with one stone, the above prescription may prove a useful one, and might with advantage be placed with the Pharmacopœia. It was at least thoroughly successful in the case recorded, for "a happier couple never existed."

A woman of mean intelligence, one might imagine, would seldom be chosen by men of great intellect as a life-long companion. Yet such *mesalliances* seem to be the most fascinating for our greatest geniuses. The wife of Dr. Johnson is described as a vulgar woman. She was fifty years of age when the Doctor (who was only twenty-seven) married her, and according to Garrick she was very fat, with swelled cheeks of a florid red, produced by thick painting, and increased by the liberal use of cordials. She was flaring and fantastic in her dress, and affected both in her speech and general behaviour. It must be admitted, however, that Johnson himself was not a "braw wooer." "He was then,' Miss Porter (the lady's daughter) tells us, "lean and lank, so that his immense structure of bones was hideously striking to the eye, and he often had seemingly convulsive starts and odd gesticulations, which tended to excite at once surprise and ridicule." But as Johnsaid to Beauclerk with much gravity: "Sir, it was a love-marriage on both sides." It certainly was so on the Doctor's part; and his affection and esteem for 'Tetsy' remained as strong up to the day of her death as it was on that of her marriage.

But if Johnson with his rugged exterior could scarcely hope for a great prize in the lottery, no such remark can be made of the courtly, handsome, intellectual Goethe. This great man, an intimate friend of his Prince, and the idol of the Weimar court, was captivated by a girl in humble life whose father was a drunkard, and who herself made artificial flowers for a livelihood. So sensible was the girl of the *mesalliance* that she herself refused Goethe's offer of marriage. The marriage did take place, however, but not till the lapse of years had stolen away all her charms, and the family complaint—drunkenness—had seized upon her. Still Goethe's affection remained, and the great poet worked patiently, if sorrowfully, by the side of a foolish and drunken wife.

Such another bride did Rousseau choose, and he himself gives the following account of her abilities: "I wished from the first to form her mind, but my toil was in vain. I do not blush to avow that she has never been able to read; though she writes fairly. When I went to live in the Rue des Petits-Champs, there was a clock opposite my windows upon which I strove to teach her to distinguish the hours for more than a month. She does not quite know them now (after twenty years). She has never been able to follow the order of the twelve months of the year; and knows not how to do the simplest sum, notwithstanding all the trouble I have taken to teach her. She does not know how to count money; and has no idea of what coin to give or how much change to get back in any marketing transaction. What she says is often the opposite of what she wishes to say. At one time I made a dictionary of her phrases for the amusement of Madame de Luxembourg; and her 'Qui pro quo' have become celebrated in the circles I frequented." One would think that with such a catalogue of defects, the husband could scarcely much esteem the wife; what follows sufficiently enlightens us on this point. "But this person, so shallow, so stupid if you will, is an excellent adviser upon difficult occasions. Often it has happened in Switzerland, in England, and in France, in the misfortunes which had overtaken me, she has given me advice which was the best in the circumstances; she has removed me from dangers into which I was blindly rushing; and before women of the highest rank, before nobles and princes, her good sense, her replies, and her conduct inspired universal esteem; and compliments, which I knew to be sincere, were repeatedly addressed to me upon her merit." And to the end of his life the philosopher loved and admired his Thérèse, as he did in his younger days when they lived in their Parisian garret, looking for hours together upon the pale moon, until the mother-in-law came upon the scene and broke the spell.

It certainly appears from the evidence which we possess on the subject of such marriages, that one of two conditions is necessary in order to secure abiding domestic comfort. The lady must be unusually simple or stupid; or she must be unusually intelligent and wise. The very habits of abstraction and self-study of a man of genius lead him frequently and sometimes for long away from all communion with his family. Thus it is necessary, in order calmly to suffer such neglect, to have an intense sympathy in the work and with the genius which demands it; such sympathy, for example, as we find the wife of Niebuhr giving evidence of on her death-bed. Niebuhr had never spoken to her of her approaching death, much as he longed to receive her parting wishes, because the physician forbade all excitement. Once only, a few days before her death, as he was holding her in his arms, he asked her if there was no pleasure he could give her, nothing that he could do for her sake. She replied with a look of unutterable love: "You shall finish your *History* whether I live or die." That was her only desire.

Or, as we have said, failing such nobility of mind, it would appear that the *next* best hope of happiness for the genius is to be found in the opposite extreme—that is, perfect humility or simplicity, or in the down-right stupidity of his wife. An example of this latter success, more particularly and striking than those we have given, is to be found in the life of one of the greatest of German authors. He was subject to fits of the fiercest passion, in which he denounced his wife (a simple creature) in torrents of the most tragical and scathing language. Any woman of a finer susceptibility or better education must have trembled with terror under such paroxysms of rage; but this lady listened with calm admiration; she did not understand a syllable of the speech; but the unhesitating flow of high-sounding words and the expressive gestures captivated the mind of the simple woman, and the torrent of abuse which should have overwhelmed her with grief, only drew from her some ingenuous expressions of sincere admiration. She was always under the impression that at these moments her husband was but rehearsing to her parts of the play he had just written; and she was no doubt flattered too in her little way with the rôle of critic apparently assigned to her. Obviously, passion which had so entirely missed its mark could not be continued with any reasonable hope of success; besides the failure was not more signal than comical, and it never failed to restore the good-humour of the choleric author.

Now if we turn to instances in which men of great genius have married women who have been neither distinguished for sense nor for the want of it—whose mental calibre has been of a mediocre kind—we cannot but be struck with the frequent unhappiness which has followed. Such ladies are not foolish, as the term is usually understood; they perform the duties which they imagine belong to their station, and they expect the privileges also which pertain to it. Thus they make excellent partners for our business men, whose duties and whose pleasures they understand and generally share. But if such a lady thinks of uniting herself to a man of great genius, let her reflect upon the fate of her sisters who have made that experiment. Take first the experiences of Dryden our great English poet, and of his wife Lady Elizabeth. The lady, though belonging to the aristocracy, and therefore presumably well educated, had no sympathy with the genius of her husband—a genius that required his retirement so frequently from the family circle; she was, moreover, a woman of a violent temper and of but moderate intelligence. Dryden had suffered much from that temper; and "his invectives," says Malone, "against the married state were frequent and bitter, and were continued to the latest period of his life." And as Sir Walter Scott gently remarks: "His excursions to the country seem to have been frequent; perhaps the more so as Lady Elizabeth always remained in town."

Milton's unfortunate matrimonial engagements are well known to all; and his *Treatise on Divorce*, which his domestic misfortunes stung him into writing, has been widely perused by all classes. But in this instance we can feel less sympathy for the austere Milton than for that girl of seventeen, who was brought up in a home where there was plenty of company and merriment and dancing, and who when she came to live with the author of *Paradise Lost* found it so solitary! No merriment and dancing in Milton's house assuredly; but all studying as if for their lives—the great poet reading, writing, and conversing in a dozen or more languages; his nephews struggling hard with two or three. A veritable mill this new house of hers, from attic to basement; and the never-ceasing grinding of verbs and declensions a plague to her ears. What would the poor child not have given to have had it changed into a real mill; the one, for instance, near her home at Forest Hill, in Oxfordshire; and instead of hearing the valuable opinions of Lucretius and Epictetus and Demosthenes, how her heart would have thumped with joy to have heard the voices of Tom and Jerry shouting to the terriers! Some such thoughts the young bride must have had, for after a few weeks she fled back to her country home, promising to return—some day, as all children do, on the eve of their release.

And now in conclusion, may we venture to ask the young ladies who may read these lines to reflect before giving their hands to genius—let genius press them ever so eagerly. Let them ask themselves if they are stupid enough for such a fate; or are they clever enough. Perhaps no better test in the matter could be applied than that above mentioned. Having duly reflected, let the young lady say to herself: "Do I feel certain that I shall *always* prefer Epictetus and Lucretius to Tom and Jerry and their more active pursuits?"

Snakes as Pets.

Of all ungrateful, illconditioned, disagreeable reptiles, the black snake takes the lead, and with the exception of the common water-snake is the most pugnacious of all serpents I ever handled; it would bite fiercely when caught, and, further, it would bite in captivity whenever the temptation offered. We could not tame it to any extent, until by beating it smartly and repeatedly, we at length succeeded in getting it to a state of sullen, reluctant decency. Its bite caused some blood to flow, but otherwise amounted to nothing. The water-snake (*Nerodia sipedon*) was as snappish and unappeciative of kindness as the black snake, would bite when first captured and also afterward during captivity, though in this latter state not always, but as the caprice seized it. The copper-head (*Ancistrodon contortrix*) we had only in two instances. One was brought to us half dead, and died the same evening. The other we captured alive by placing the foot (well booted) on the reptile's neck, and inserting the snake by degrees into a box. It was always an uncivil, untamable animal, utterly indifferent to the comforts and allurements of civilized life. We contented ourselves with letting him alone and looking at him through the wiregauze front of his box. A large rattle-snake (*Crotalus durissus*) was sent us from the Blue Mountains, but it had been so long in captivity before reaching us, that all the spirit was out of it. It had large fangs, but never showed any disposition to use them, and though we took it from its box a dozen times a day and handled it sometimes not over-delicately, still it never resented any of these liberties. Twenty-five years have since passed away, yet when I now think of our temerity in this instance, it is never without a shudder. What I did then with impunity and without thought, I would not now repeat for a million of money.—*Science News.*

Family Quarrels.

Avoid family quarrels. Such quarrels possess great vitality; indeed, when once healthily established, they generally last at least one generation. The difference invariably springs from one or two causes—money or marriage. Probably few are implicated in the quarrel at first. The father and his son, then the married brother, are drawn in; the sisters espouse sides, and all is in train for a fine old-fashioned dispute. Indeed, a family quarrel resembles a cyclone; it continually moves in wider circles, and involves even distant branches of the stock in the affray. Daughters-in-laws and connections who would fain avoid all complicity are compelled, sooner or later, to take sides and wrangle. Indifference and neutrality only draw down the hatred and contempt of both contending factions, just as no one suffers so much in a revolution as those who refuse to join the extreme parties. A quarrel with a neighbour, when once patched up, does not forbid the two becoming cordial in future. But a family quarrel never again admits of intimate and trustful relations. Both sides in it have their pet skeletons; and though these may be locked up in dark closets, still their remembrance lives and is cherished.

A NEW method of tanning is proposed by Prof. Knapp. Instead of oak-bark or other similar material, he uses a basic ferric sulphate. To a boiling solution of copperas enough of nitric acid is added to effect a peroxidation of the iron, and when that is done more copperas is introduced. When the solution is cold the hides are suspended in it, and the desired change is produced in two or three days.

A Little Domestic Matter.

We often wonder if it ever occurs to the majority of men that their wives have an interest in the family finances. In many cases, certainly, no such thought seems ever to have entered their heads, and the results are evil in many ways. When two people marry, it is fair to assume that they wish to be happy, and that each intends to labour to that end. They have certain resources, and can count upon an income of so much. They have been accustomed to a certain style of living, and the nature and extent of their wants are determined by their circumstances.

Now the natural and proper thing for them to do is to so regulate their mode of living that their expenditures shall fall within their income, and at the same time satisfy their wants as fully as people in their circumstances can afford to have them satisfied. Indeed every married pair must do this if they are to get on at all in life. We all want more than we can have, but we want some things far more than others, and with a limited ability to buy, we should select for purchase from the whole list of coveted comforts, those things which are most essential to our happiness and well-being. But to do this judiciously it is necessary that there shall be a complete understanding between the two purchasing powers; that each shall know the extent of the means at command, so that the expenditures of each may be regulated accordingly.

In too many families the wife knows nothing whatever of the husband's income. Some men think it none of their wives' business. Others wish to spare their wives the trouble and annoyance incident to money matters, and some are weak enough to desire that their wives may think them richer than they are. In all such cases it is probably true that "the money question is a sure rock of offense," as an esteemed lady correspondent thinks it is in the majority of families. The wife deceived, uncertain as to the income of her husband, either spends more than she should, or, in terror of transcending the unknown limits of the family exchequer, denies herself many things which she ought to have and can afford to buy.

Women are not fools, and the majority of them are more careful of the future than men are. The wife who would knowingly wreck her husband and herself by extravagance is the rare exception to an almost universal rule. But when the husband wears broadcloth, and smokes three or four twenty-cent cigars a day, the wife, who has no other way of guessing at his income, is certainly not to blame for thinking that he can afford her all of the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. Should he tell her plainly what their income really is, she would in almost every case deny herself all luxuries, and match any little retrenchment he might make in the matter of cigars or patent leather boots, with a far greater saving from her own bills.

The woman equally with the man—nay, the women far more than the man, is interested in the preservation of the family solvency, and the laying by of savings. Extravagance on the part of either means ruin to both, but the ruin brings a sorer sorrow upon the woman than upon the man. Poverty makes little alteration in his work or in his surroundings during a great part of every day, while it stares her constantly in the face. Painfully close economy always falls upon the wife's side. The man must be dressed comfortably and decently, in order that he may go to his work; but the wife, who stays at home, can cut her own expenditure down to the starving point with nobody the wiser, and hence, where ruin has come, she is always the greater sufferer. Is she not entitled, then, to a fair chance to do her best for the prevention of that ruin. As the one most interested, is she not entitled to know from the very first just how much money her husband has, just how much he can make, and just how much he expends, in order that she may regulate her share of the spending accordingly? Is it just, is it fair, is it wise, that she shall be made to walk in the dark, and then be censured for stumbling?

Extravagance and economy are only relative terms, depending for their meaning upon the condition of the bank account of the person using them, and every man who desires his wife to practice economy should at least give her the data from which she can determine what is and what is not meant by the term. There are many things which every family should have, but which any family can do without, things which go to make home pleasanter, brighter, and happier than it otherwise would be, and these it falls to the lot of the wife to buy. If the family be able to have such things, the mother fails in her duty to her children, to her husband, and to herself when she excludes these from her list of purchases. On the other hand, if the family income will not warrant the indulgence, the wife who buys them is guilty of extravagance. But if she is left in ignorance of the exact length of the family purse, how is she to do her duty in the matter?

We men are very unjust to womankind, and that, too, when we mean to be kindest oftentimes, and this is one of the ways in which we are most apt to do them wrong. Every marriage should be a complete partnership of heart, purse, and life. We know of no moral law which gives the husband any right that his wife has not, and that family is a badly-regulated one in which the husband is supposed to graciously *give* the wife the money she spends. No family is safe in which there is not a perfect unity of purpose and a complete harmony of action, and this can never be secured if the wife be kept in ignorance of the financial condition of the family, or be taught to think that the money made and used is less truly hers than her husband's.

GENERAL.

SWITZERLAND is experiencing the hardest times she has seen in a quarter of a century.

THE Lord Provost of Glasgow reported three weeks ago that 25,000 persons in that city were destitute.

MR. CHAS. A. CROSBY, the business agent for Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, will, during the latter's absence in Europe, be manager of the Scott-Siddons Combination.

BY a decree of the Emperor of Austria, an additional sum of 12,000 florins a year has been placed to the credit of the Pension Fund of the Imperial Opera House, Vienna.

MR. W. H. PREECE gives the three characteristics of an electric light which will supersede gas for general lighting purposes, but which are not yet combined in any known system of electric lighting. The first is a brilliancy far exceeding that of any known lamp; the second is a durability greater than would be required for night work, and the third is absolute steadiness of the light.

ANOTHER massacre of Christians has taken place in China in a district bearing the name of Pou-ngan-tcheou. It is the same old story of opposition of the litterati, the exciting of the populace by them, the indifference of the mandarin, the loss of life, and destruction of property. Eleven persons were killed, their wives carried off, and their houses razed. Two children were among the victims.

A TRAGIC death occurred in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, in New York, not long ago. The church was crowded with a brilliant assemblage to witness the marriage of a happy young couple. The bridal party had taken their places before the altar, and the priest—Rev. Alphonsus P. Pelletier—was in the midst of the ceremony, when suddenly his voice faltered, and he fell to the floor. He was removed to the vestry, but life was extinct. He had died of heart-disease. Meanwhile the young couple, not understanding the fatal significance of the priest's failing voice, calmly waited until another clergyman appeared and completed the interrupted ceremony, and then the bridal party and the guests and witnesses left the church, not knowing that the priest lay lifeless in his sacredotal robes.

A NEW YORK paper says: "An uncommonly curious case is that of Mrs. J. S. Tylee, soprano of the Musical Union of Patterson, N.J. Through a carriage accident her nose was broken. After the fracture had healed, it was found that the displaced bone had so affected her voice that she could not sing. A surgeon of this city was confident that by a series of painful operations he could restore the lady's voice. She bravely took up her residence here, and for months, during which she underwent as many as three operations a week for a long time, was under the supervision of that surgeon with a hobby. At last her voice was seemingly restored, but it required a public appearance to thoroughly test it. In Patterson, a few evenings since, she came before the public for the first time since the accident, singing in a concert tendered Professor Florian Obouski, founder and conductor of the Musical Union. Her voice was proved to be as perfect as ever; but the test, additionally trying because the surgeon was among the audience, was too much for her nerves, and she has since been in bed."

PERSONAL.

THE late Prince Henry of Holland left an estate of $41,000,000, and it is understood that the stipulations of the marriage settlement were very favourable for the interests of his young widow.

THE late Seth Adams, of Boston, left a bequest to the Nervine Asylum, and the trustees under the will have purchased for $35,000 the estate of the late J. Gardner Wells in West Roxbury, Massachusetts. The grounds and buildings cost $70,000 twelve years ago.

THE late Mrs. Grote desired that her body should be borne to the church by four villagers, where the funeral services were read by the rector of the parish, and the latter portion over the grave by Dean Stanley. By her desire, neither hearse, mourning coach, pall, nor hat-bands were used.

PHELPS, the eminent tragedian, was very kind to young actors in whom he detected merit. Twenty-two years ago such a one was introduced to him, and recited Othello's address to the Senate. "Don't go on the stage, sir," said Phelps, "it is an ill-required profession. But the aspirant was undaunted. "Well" said the great actor, "come here and I'll give you £2 a week to begin with," and the youth, now world-known as Henry Irving, accepted the offer.

THE employment of female clerks in the government offices in Washington has become an established thing, and purely on merit. At the present time there are employed in the departments 1,300 women, at salaries ranging from $900 to $1,800. But one receives this highest amount, though many receive from $1,200 to $1,400. Few of them resign, and few leave their places to marry and settle into domestic life. The greatest experts in counting money and detecting counterfeits are among the lady employees. The appointment of women to these places was first made by Secretary Chase in 1862, and the highest salary paid was $600. Their usefulness and aptness for the work being demonstrated, they have steadily increased in numbers, and have been able to command wages approximating the salaries of men who formerly occupied these places. Few of the many ill things prophesied as the results of such an innovation have occurred, and the heads of departments would seriously object to making any change now. It is a gratification to see new fields of usefulness opening up to the women of the land, more especially when they prove themselves so fully competent as in the departments at Washington.

THE Princess Louise loses no opportunity to make herself admired and esteemed by the people of Canada. She is constant in good works, especially in church matters, Sunday-schools, and for the relief of the poor. She recently entertained at Rideau Hall all the teachers and pupils of the Sunday-school connected with the church which she attends. The servants were dismissed, and the hungry children were served by the Princess, the Marquis, and their suite. Addressing a pretty little girl, the Princess asked her if she would not take more cake. The little guest declined with awe, and her hostess, fearing that bashfulness was standing in the way, pressed her again. Again she declined. Her Highness, struck by the sweet modesty and child-like simplicity of the pretty creature, cut a large slice from the cake, and said: "Well, my dear, you must at least take this home as a present from me; let me put it in your pocket." The child hesitated, blushed, and exhibited a decided unwillingness to accept the proffered gift. And the more unwilling she seemed, the more charmed the Princess became with her innocent look and blushing diffidence. Using a gentle force, she found the pocket of her young visitor, when, lo! to her infinite astonishment she discovered that it was already filled to overflowing with cake which this bland little Heathen Chinee had stealthily abstracted from the table. So says *Harper's Bazar.*

THE funeral of the Princess Hanem Zeinub, a favourite daughter of the Khedive of Egypt, who died at Alexandria, at the age of fifteen years, was attended with ceremonies of a most magnificent description. The body was taken to Cairo, and placed for a time in the Kasr-el-Nil palace. The interment took place in the Rilah Mosque. Twenty-four bullocks, thirty camels, and twenty waggons were in the funeral procession. These animals were laden with bread, dates, cooked meats, and vegetables; the waggons carried casks of water and of syrup, and all along the route distribution of the provisions was made to the poor. Four hundred and fifty thousand pieces of silver coin were thrown to the people who thronged the street. Three thousand priests, some clad in rich vestments of gold and silk, others half naked, followed the waggons, repeating prayers and clapping their hands. After them came the family of the young princess and the high officials of state, then the coffin, borne by officers of rank. Behind this walked three eunuchs bearing on golden shovels copies of the Koran, to be buried with the deceased. The coffin was of simple rough-hewn wood, and upon it were placed the jewels of the princess, worth a million and a half of dollars. After the burial the priests slaughtered the twenty-four bullocks before the mosque, roasted them, and ate them. They then remained for seven days in the neighbourhood of the grave, to pray for the soul of the departed.

IN Dean Stanley's address on America, recently delivered before the Birmingham and Midland Institute, he recalls to us the following "personal" of three personages who first sprang into fame in Virginia: "What can be more stirring or more primeval than the account of those brilliant adventurers who, in the dazzling glory of the Elizabethan age, were fired with the hope of perpetuating the name of the Virgin Queen on a new continent? Look at the first projector of the scheme—statesman, poet, historian, discoverer—Sir Walter Raleigh. He lies in a nameless grave at Westminster, but his true monument is the colony of Virginia. Look at the strange figure, well known in America—dimly, I fear, recognized in England—of him who, though bearing the homely name of John Smith, was the life and soul of that early settlement, and whose career both before and afterward was checkered with a series of marvellous risks which might well have belonged to a Grecian Argonaut or a mediæval crusader. Thrice was his life saved by the interest which his presence inspired in three princesses to whom he encountered in these various hazards—Culaneta, the lady of Hungary, Tragebizonda, the lady of the Turkish harem, and Pocahontas, the young daughter of the Indian chief Powhatan, who threw herself between him and her father's anger. It is by a singular fate that whilst Pocahontas, the earliest or almost the earliest Christian convert of the native tribes of North America, lies buried within the parish church of Graves end, where she closed her life, the remains of John Smith, after his long and stormy career, should repose in the solemn gloom of the Church of St. Sepulchre in the city of London. 'Here'—such was his epitaph—'he lies conquered who conquered all.'"

Deer in the Adirondacks.

In a communication to the Hartford *Churchman*, Mr. Robert Shaw, of Long Lake, ridicules the assertions of a correspondent of the Utica *Herald* respecting the slaughter of deer by dogs in the Adirondacks. He writes: "The idea that 400 deer are daily killed Adirondacks during the fall months by dogs, or in every other conceivable way, is too preposterous to be believed for a moment. Moreover, it is very doubtful whether that number was killed in all the wilderness during the past September, October, and November. I know what I say when I remark that no deer have been sent to market from the town of Long Lake this fall or winter, unless about 30 saddles sent by guides to their several parties about the country should be styled sending to market. I have dealt in venison for the last 18 years, but this season have not known of any venison being sold to jobbers—not one saddle. I am very much opposed to the hunting of deer with dogs; but as a rule one man who is skilful in hunting equals five men and as many dogs in the destruction of deer. It is reported upon pretty good authority that a party of men living in the western border of Adirondack wilderness, who do not hunt with dogs, but are experts at still-hunting, are doing their best to get rid of dogs as a means of hunting deer for the purpose of laying up a stock of jerked venison during the months of June and July for summer use, and of making money in the fall by still-hunting for market. From some of these persons, perhaps, have come the wonderful revelations alluded to. The same club formed here last winter did a good work in the spring. It prevented the slaughter of deer on the crust, and the early hunting on the shores and marshes of the lakes hereabout; but since the 10th of July no notice has been taken of the killing of deer."

IT has been said that no one ever laughed aloud at a thing really witty.

A Wild Boar at Bay in the Bush.

Narrow Escape of Sir John Hay, who is Wounded by the Infuriated Beast.

(From the Gibraltar Chronicle.)

The following are the particulars of the serious accident which occurred to his Excellency Sir John Drummond Hay, K. C. B., when boar hunting at the lake of Avara, some miles from Tangier, on the 16th. It seems that a big boar was started which gave the hunters a good gallop, Mr. Wood eventually getting the first and Mr. Matthews, jr., the second spear; but, although very badly wounded, the beast managed to get away into the thick covet. After the beat was finished, Sir John, unwilling to lose this addition to the bag, got the hounds down to the thicket into which the boar had retreated, where they soon came across him; but he stuck obstinately to his refuge and would not leave the covert. In the meantime the horsemen had posted themselves round the thicket, and Sir John went to where he heard the dogs giving tongue, and there he found the boar at bay in the thick bushes on some sand hills.

He directed some of the Moors to go in with their guns and put an end to the pig, but they all refused, and Sir John accordingly, with his usual gallantry and determination, taking a double-barrelled gun from one of the Moors, and unheeding their remonstrances that he should not face the danger, boldly went in to give the animal the coup de grace. Sir John was accompanied only by Moors at the time. He crawled into the bushes, saw the boar at bay at about fifteen or twenty feet distance, and taking a steady aim pulled the trigger, when to his horror the result was merely a puff, and the boar rushed immediately to attack him. As the animal came on he pulled the trigger of the second barrel with the same futile result as the first, as the gun had evidently been loaded for some time, and also with Moorish powder. The charge of the infuriated beast threw Sir John to the ground, where he was attacked chiefly about the legs, with which he was endeavouring to defend himself. On calling out for help, a young Moor, armed only with a small hatchet, crawled in to the rescue, and the boar immediately left Sir John, walking over him, and attacked the new comer; but on receiving two or three good blows about the head with the hatchet he turned away.

In the meantime three others of the beaters came to the rescue, one of them only being armed, who, with his long gun, put an end to the boar. Sir John, feeling that he was badly wounded, determined to proceed straight back to Tangier, only reaching there at 9 o'clock at night. It was then found, on cutting off his boot, that he had received a severe wound in the calf of his left leg, between four and five inches long and about an inch and a half deep, and also a slighter wound lower down the leg. Most fortunately he had received no other injury, although the gaiter on his right leg was badly torn in two or three other places. The boar was a very big one, with large tusks. It is said that the boars this year are very savage, every one that was hunted after charging the horses generally before they had been touched by a spear. Six were killed by the party altogether; two escaped badly wounded. It was a great relief to the anticipations of the hunting party when they found that the wound, although severe, was not so serious as was at first feared.

A Common Error.

There are a good many wrecked lives in the world, of which nobody takes any account. We see people every day doing mind-ling work for a bare living, who might be doing excellent work, and making considerably more than a support. They are people who have mistaken their calling, and who in consequence of that mistake will never do anything of any moment for themselves or for others.

We are not writing now of geniuses in obscurity. There may be such. But geniuses are rare at best, and they can wait for other people to find them out. There may be undeveloped poets behind dry-goods counters, but we suspect that there are a good deal more people writing poetry who ought to be doing something else. Men who ought to be lawyers or doctors rarely get into a trade by mistake, but almost everybody knows very poor professional men who might have been very excellent mechanics, and this is the form in which the error usually takes. It should be the effort of every man to find his proper level. Every one ought to do his best work in the world, and this is only possible to people who devote themselves to the doing of that for which they are by nature best fitted.

We know a man who has kept books all his life, and who will continue to keep books as long as he lives, simply because he failed to discover, until it was too late, that his Maker intended him for a mechanician. As a book-keeper he is not remarkable by any means, while in a machine-shop his talents would have borne rich fruit, and he would have given the world the full work of an able man.

But most of the people who mistake their callings are found in the learned professions, or on their outskirts, engaged in a hopeless effort to maintain themselves in positions for which they are utterly unfit.

Sooner or later, too, nearly all of these try to secure a foothold in journalism, and some of them, by dint of influence, or by other means, manage to hang on to the skirts of literature year after year, making a precarious pittance, and fondly imagining themselves illused by an unappreciative world. Some of these might do well as book-keepers, others would have made good mechanics, a few might have succeeded as engineers, and occasionally there is one who ought to be sawing wood. Not one of them is at his proper business, and for that reason alone their lives are utter failures.

We all talk of the dignity of labour, but apparently there are very few of us who really believe what we say on the subject. You are ready enough to advise your neighbour to put his son at a trade, but in the case of your own son, you persist in spoiling a good carpenter for the sake of making a poor lawyer or an incompetent physician. The fact is that, with all our boasting, we have not yet freed ourselves from the old-world prejudices which we inherited from our forefathers, if indeed Canadians are not importing new stocks of these prejudices with every invoice of goods which comes to our shores. The man who can make a horse shoe better than he can do anything else, ought certainly to make horse shoes as a business, and the system which makes it less respectable for him to do the work which nature intended him, than to blunder on at something else, is an essentially false one. Out of it grow many of the social problems which vex philanthropists and lawgivers the world over. When we shall learn to recognize as our best men the ones who do the work which is best for themselves and for the world; when we shall come to practice the social doctrines which we preach so constantly, we shall have done much to shorten the annual crop of "poor devils," whose hard lots we now try in vain to make easier.

The St. Gothard Tunnel.

It has been held that the workings in the Nevada silver mines are the hottest in the world; nor is this remarkable, seeing that the said workings are driven in what may be termed the crust of a recent volcano. If the stories which reach us from the St. Gothard Tunnel be true, the heat in the heading must be even greater than that in silver mines. The total length now bored is 13,500 yards from both ends. The workmen, we are told, are subjected to such a temperature that "they can wear no clothes whatever. They return to the mouth of the tunnel streaming with perspiration, their faces are yellow and ghastly, they cannot bear the light of the sun, they walk with bent shoulders, and stagger if carrying burdens too heavy for their strength."

This seems to denote phenomena which deserves attention. In the Nevada mines the temperature is high for very good reasons. In deep mines it is high because the nearer we approach the centre of the earth the hotter things get, for reasons not too well explained. But in the St. Gothard tunnel there is no approach to the centre of the earth, and the constant escape of cold air from the perforators ought to make the place chilly, rather than the reverse. Can it be that a volcano may be tapped before the tunnel is finished? Speaking seriously, says the *Engineer*, there would appear to be some very great defect in the ventilating arrangements, in consequence of which the lights used exalt the temperature. If it can be shown that the heat is as great as it is said to be, the matter should be investigated by some competent authority, as the results of such an investigation may throw light on certain questions now very obscure.

MARRIAGE—a union of two souls, offensive and defensive—with a tendency at times to be a little more of the former than the latter.

Lost Children.

A Sea Captain's Search of Fourteen Years for his Children Rewarded at Last.

(From the N. Y. Tribune.)

The account given in the *Tribune* a few days ago of the peculiar restoration to a father of a son who was lost for nearly fourteen years, has brought information leading to the probable identification and recovery of his two other children, lost at the same time. The father referred to is Capt. Charles S. May, one of the oldest seafaring men in this city. Capt. May had married in Liverpool in 1858, and returning to America had settled in Williamsburg in 1863. His wife and he lived happily together until 1865, when Mrs. May left her husband. She also abandoned her children. This broke up the captain's home, and being about to start out on a voyage, he gave the three children to the care of an intimate acquaintance. The oldest child, whose name was Charles, was 6 years of age; Edward, the second child, was 2 years old, and the third, Fanny, was a mere infant. Since Mr. May's departure for sea at that time he has seen nothing of his children.

He recently saw in one of the New York papers an account of the sufferings of a crippled boy, who gave his name as Charles May, and who, at his own request, had been sent to prison in Newark, N.J. Being deeply impressed that the boy was the eldest of his three children, he went to Newark, identified him, and brought him to his home in this city. Charles had been sent to Randall's Island when very young, and afterward had been placed on a farm near Terre Haute, Ind. He had walked all the way from Indiana to Newark.

Yesterday a statement was received at the *Tribune* office of H. F. Niles, of Elmira, whose attention had been called to the account of the recovery of the oldest child. Mr. Niles says he can possibly enable Capt. May to find the boy Edward, and also the daughter Fanny. The cripple Charles he knows nothing of. "Some years ago, about 1866," he writes, "two children were taken from the Howard Mission in New York city, one of whom was a boy named Edward May, 3 years old, and the other a girl named Fanny May, then 2 years of age, the children of Capt. Chas. S. May. They were taken to Elmira, N. Y. Edward came to live with me when he was eight years old, and has since remained in my family. He will be 17 in March." Mr. Niles has in his possession a photograph of Capt. Charles. S. May, Edward's father, and thinks without doubt that the Capt. May in this city must be the father of the boy in his family. As to Mr. May's daughter, he says the captain can get a clue to her by coming to Elmira.

The statement of Mr. Niles was shown to Capt. May by a *Tribune* reporter last evening, who found him at a restaurant on Monroe street, taking his supper. The captain seemed quite overcome with emotion on being told of Mr. Niles' statement.

"It is a piece of information," he said, "that I have been seeking for years, and it gives me great comfort to know that my lost children are actually alive and probably well cared for." He stated that he had received a letter from a friend in Waverly, N. Y., that his two children, Edward and Fanny, were in Elmira, but nothing definite had been learned about them. Capt. May then rehearsed the story of his separation from his children after his wife left him. No man he believed, with his tender affections, ever had a sadder domestic life. His wife, he always supposed, ran away with another man, though he never knew the fact. On Dec. 14 she appeared to him suddenly, and demanded that he should live with her, which he refused to do. She had him arrested and brought before a magistrate on a charge of refusing to support her, but he was discharged when he told of her desertion of him and his children. He was arrested a second time and taken to Brooklyn, but was again discharged. Capt. May speaks in the most affectionate terms of his children, one of whom he says he now knows, for a fact, is in Elmira. He will be delighted to see his children, he says, and will probably visit his son at once. At the light work in which Capt. May is engaged in a shipping office on William street, he earns only $5 a week, and as he cannot support his children on this sum, he will allow them to remain where they are if they have good homes. Charles, Mr. May says, went to Virginia on Tuesday in care of an agent of the Children's Sewing Mission in Fourth street, and will probably find a good home there. Mr. May is now about 60 years old, and bears a good reputation. He looks like a genuine "old tar;" he is short and stout, but his speech and manners are so tender and affectionate as to lead one who was not acquainted with his history to doubt that he ever had been exposed to the hardships of a sailor's life.

At the Howard Mission it was learned that the children, Edward and Fanny, were brought to the institution in 1866. Edward was four years old in March of that year, and Fanny 2 years of age in April. They came from Tottenville, S. I., and they were entered as the children of Charles S. May, a sea-captain, who, it was believed, was dead. A third child of Charles S. May, named Charles, who was two years older than Edward, was spoken of at the time Edward and Fanny were brought to the mission, but he was retained by the person who brought them. Charles, it was stated by Capt. May, ran away after being separated from his brother and sister, and nothing had ever been heard from him. Edward and Fanny, it appears by the Howard Mission books, were taken by families in Elmira. Edward remained four years with one family, and afterward was given in to the care of H. F. Niles, in Elmira, in whose family he is at present.