ARIZONA PLAINS.

Thou white and dried-up sea! so old!
So strewn with wealth, so sown with gold?
Yes, thou art old and hoary white
With time, and ruin of all things;
And on thy lonesome borders night
Sits brooding o'er with drooping wings.

The wind that tossed thy waves and blew
Across thy breast thy blowing sail,
And cheered the hearts of cheering crew
From further seas, no more prevail.

Thy white-walled cities all lie prone,
With but a pyramid, a stone,
Set head and foot in sands to tell
The tired stranger where they fell.

The patient ox that bended low
His neck and drew slow up and down
Thy thousand freights through rock-built town
Is now the free-born buffalo.

No longer of the timid fold,
The mountain sheep leaps free and bold
His high-built summit, and looks down
From battlements of buried town.

Thine ancient steeds know not the rein.
They lord the land, they come, they go
At will: they laugh at man, they blow
A cloud of black steeds on the plain.

Thy monuments lie buried now,
The ashes whiten on thy brow,
The winds the waves have drawn away,
The very wild man dreads to stay.

Oh! thou art very old, I lay,
Made dumb with awe and wonderment,
Beneath a palm within my tent,
With idle and discouraged hands,
Not many days agone, on sands
Of awful, silent Africa.

Long gazing on her mighty shades,
I did recall a semblance there
Of thee. I mused where story fades
From her dark brow, and found her fair.

And yet my dried-up desert sea
Was populous with blowing sail,
And set with city, white-walled town,
All manned with armies bright with mail,
Ere yet that awful Sphinx sat down
To gaze into eternity,
Or Egypt knew her natal hour,
Or Africa had name or power.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

(*For the* CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

THE HONEY TREE.

A TRUE STORY.

In one of the western counties of Ontario where the country is but partially cleared, there lived at the time the following incident occurred, and only a few years ago, a miserly old farmer named Fisher. He was not much liked by his neighbours for they noticed that he managed to get more than the full value of either his money or civility and was withal surly and disagreeable about it.

At the time I speak of there were, and probably still are, wild tracts of woodland at the back of and belonging to every farm. These the farmers cleared out by degrees, turning out their cattle to forage in the uncleared parts where, however, the farmer had often to set men to clear away the underbrush to render it available even for that purpose. Old Fisher had long contemplated doing this on his farm, so in the fall after a plentiful harvest was garnered, and there was a lull in the active lives of those about him, he determined to have the bush cleared out without any more delay. Sending a round robin to all his neighbours, for everything is done in "*Bees*" in the West, the work was begun the next morning. Fisher undertook to line out where the bush fences were to run and shouldering his axe he soon left his companions far behind. Scrambling through the tangled branches, over hills, through steep hollows and muddy streams, often tripping over the jagged roots of the old forest trees and clearing a path way with his axe as he walked, was hard work and the old man stopped often to wipe his forehead and wish the day was cooler—for though it was autumn the weather was still warm. Stopping thus towards evening, he noticed to his right a large tree round which thousands of bees were swarming. With a cry of delight he ran towards it. Yes, there was no mistake about it, it was a honey tree and apparently a very rich one. Thanking his lucky stars for the fortunate discovery and carefully marking its position and distance from the house, he turned towards his companions, wondering what excuse he could give for stopping the work until he had secured his prize, as, did they know of its existence, by an understood woodland law it would be considered common property, but if he kept it to himself it would be very profitable. Bees are not kept in western Canada to the extent they are in the East; consequently honey is very dear, and in this tree were probably over a hundred pounds. Turning all this over in his mind the farmer, although he knew he would be thought meaner than ever, came to the conclusion that the plea of expense was the only one he could advance so as to accomplish his end.

As he anticipated, the astonishment and annoyance were great, but knowing his miserly nature, most of them forgot it after the first few moments; one alone of his work-men suspected there was something beyond. This was Wilson, a tall, dark-eyed, sunburnt youth of about twenty, possessed of a good deal of penetration as well as a dash of mischief-loving deviltry. Knowing by experience all the petty meannesses of Fisher's nature, and what worrying there was needed to get money from him for the necessary farming expenses, what family jars and squabbles there were when Jemima wanted a new bonnet (Jemima not liking to go to church again in the old one when Miss Brown, whose father's farm was n't half as big as their's had a new one two Sundays ago—Wilson knowing all this and his curiosity being roused, thought:

"I wonder what the old fox is after now? There's a deal more greed in his eyes than there was a while back; may-be he's found a pot o' gold in the forest. I guess I'll watch him any way."

Six o'clock! The fact is proclaimed by a long-legged, short-petticoated damsel on the top of the fence, ringing a big bell. I must not stop to describe the tea of which apple pies and slices of cheese were the principal features, nor the arrangements for the night when the lumbermen slept in the room tenanted the next morning by the Rural Dean of the district, nor how Fisher thinking them all asleep, noiselessly, but not so noiselessly but that Wilson heard and followed, crept out into the bright moonlight and away to the wood to gloat over his hidden treasure. All this I will leave and go on to the end.

About a week after the discovery of the honey, old Fisher getting most of the men out of the way, carried to the foot of his precious tree all the necessary appliances for cutting it down and securing the honey, then went to bed to wait until the moon rose.

Alas, for human expectations! Worn out with his nocturnal trips, he slept longer and more soundly than he intended, and waking, hurried on his clothes and sped away to the bush as silently and speedily as he could.

But why does he stop and listen? Why hold his breath? Why strain his eyes in the vain effort to see and then push on more hurriedly than before? He has heard the well known ring of the axe, the sound of chopping and seen the flicker of the blazing fire. Yes, his secret, his treasure has been discovered. But by whom? Who is the wretch who is robbing him of his property? He'd have him know that it *is* robbery, that there is no law to justify such, nothing but a tradition to go upon, worth nothing in a court of justice. Frantically he rushes on, and reaching the tree, sees, amid a number of blazing torches, about twenty men, their faces concealed under black masks, some chopping, some holding lights and others standing idly by. With a cry of rage and despair, old Fisher bursts into the midst of them, but with shrieks of laughter he is driven back. Vainly he tries to expostulate; each piteous appeal, each angry reproach is met by louder shouts of mirth; offers to divide the spoil are derided; protestations of previous good intentions jeered at, each burst well emphasized by uplifted clubs threatening the retreating or advancing figure of the poor old man. Fisher, thinking discretion the better part of valour, retired to the house to muster forces, determined, in the endeavour to save his property, to oppose force to force, but unfortunately he had reckoned without his host, for one old man almost past his work and only kept because his wages were small, two half grown lads and an old Irishwoman were all that remained of his numerous hands. However, nothing daunted, he made several sallies against the marauders, but his novel force and determined appearance merely excited fresh mirth and driven, back again and again to the house, the poor old fellow could only heap maledictions and threats of fierce revenge upon them. As day dawned some of them carried away the last of the honey, while the rest escorted or rather drove Farmer Fisher home leaving a sentinel on guard to prevent his following and discovering their names or homes. About a week after, there was a pot of strained honey left at the post-office addressed to Farmer Fisher with the compliments and thanks of the Black Masks. Roused into fresh rage the farmer went to L——, the largest market town near, and consulted a lawyer as to the best means of obtaining his revenge, but the lawyer advised him to let it alone, as he would lose more in such a lawsuit than he had by the loss of the honey. So he came back as wrathful as he went, for, though he had his suspicions, he had small hope of finding out who had really been the perpetrators of the lawless deed. He never did find out who they were. though from time to time for long there were other pots of honey sent as the first, and it was a noticeable fact that on the day on which they arrived the farmer's wife and daughters almost invariably took tea with a neighbour.

"OTTAWA."

[*For the* CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

OUR FLOATING COFFINS.

The present age is called the age of progress, and the truth of this assertion is daily impressed upon us by the triumphs of mind over matter we are so constantly witnessing. We are carried over the land at lightning speed by the locomotive, the steam ship spans ocean's space with a velocity and regularity astonishing even to ourselves, and that which in another shape scatters ruin, and terror is made amenable by science, in the electric telegraph, which is constantly flashing messages of kindness, and congratulation between the nations of the earth, securing to them a better neighbourhood. In the struggle for the commercial supremacy of the sea, science has contributed largely towards securing speed, cheapness, and comfort; but we have neglected to call her to our aid in securing safety. Man in his greed has lost sight of his own safety, and to-day chuckles over the fact of having secured a comparatively cheap ship, carrying a large cargo on a small displacement. Indeed as far as safety is concerned, we have made a retrograde movement. By way of example in support of this assertion, take the old Cunard boats, with their close frames, and thick planking, of good English oak, and teak, joining a side of twenty inches (in thickness), and compare the safety of a steamer so constructed, with the floating coffins now constantly hurrying to and fro across an area of Ocean obscured by fogs, and infested by icebergs, carrying thousands of human beings, with but one inch of iron between them and eternity. Such a state of things is too terrible to contemplate, without making some effort towards doing away with a class of vessels totally unfit (as far as safety is concerned) for the "North American" trade. In humbly suggesting the following description of vessel as being in every respect adapted for the North American trade, I do so with the hope that abler and more influential supporters may be found eager to render their aid and support towards the cause of humanity.

The diagram A represents the midship section of a steamer of 2780 tons, builder's measurement, as suggested by the writer. Such a vessel could be built at little or no additional cost as compared with that of the ordinary iron steamer. The keel B and bottom planking D are composed of rock elm, the planking being 5 inches thick. C represents the planking from the light water line up to two feet above the line of greatest immersion. It is composed of 5 inch teak, the upper strakes tapering so as to bring the upper strake E to a feather edge. The iron plating of the topsides F is wrought over the wooden planking, reaching four feet below the line of greatest immersion. The white pine ceiling or inner plankink C is 8 ins thick being equal to twice the depth of the angle iron frame H. This ceiling, as will be seen by referring to the diagrams A and B, is scored over the angle iron frames H, so as to meet the outside planking and is fastened thereto by the bolts of Muntzes' metal marked I, the whole of this ceiling to be well caulked. The bulkheads, forming the watertight compartments, should be composed of 6 inch pine connected to the sides by angle iron. Compare this vessel with the iron ship of to-day represented by the diagram D and C. In A, no matter how chafed or worn the outside planking may be, by coming in contact with ice, the ship will remain tight: from the fact of the inner skin or ceiling being caulked, should the vessel get ashore, the safety keel J can be slivered, and bruised by rocks, up to the seam of the guardboards K without taking water, and the tough elm planking of the bottom can stand when the iron plates forming the bottom of D would be ripped and torn like so much paper. Great monied interests have to be fought; and the prejudices interwoven with the present mode of building iron ships to be overcome. I therefore most earnestly entreat every one reading this to give five minutes thought, as to how he or she may assist in doing away with the present floating coffin, and secure to the world a safer class of vessel. Remember the moments of anguish caused by the detention of the *Polynesian* eight days in the grip of the inexorable ice; and before the silent footfall of time obliterates from our minds the loss of the *Vicksburg*, let us take warning and be up and doing; before we forget her brave Captain's fate who appealed in vain to the wretches who refused to save him, O! the hardly to be realised agony of that moment when he saw that he appealed in vain, and that in their cruelty they left him to die; he who worked so nobly in his efforts to keep that sham of a ship from cracking her egg-shell sides against the rolling ice. Think of that young mother described as being awakened while she lay with a child of four months at her breast, to be told that the ship was sinking. O! the agonising despair of those moments, when clasping her arms round her infant, they went down through those cruel waters into the valley of the shadow of death; with her babe clasped to her breast she sleeps within the iron sides of the *Vicksburg*, down in the fathom less depths of Ocean; another victim to iron ship building.

E. W. SEWELL.

Levis, P. O. Quebec, July 14 1875.

FORTUNES AND SINGERS.

Mme. Parepa-Rosa is said to have died worth some $250,000. She was a very thrifty woman, and looked well after the pennies. Mme. Nilsson-Rozeaud has certainly not squandered her means, and is reported to have $500,000 invested in stocks and real estate. Miss Kellogg is worth probably $200,000 well invested, and would be worth more if she were not so generous. She, or her mother, who acts for her, is close at a bargain, but liberal with money after she once gets it. Adelina Patti is extravagant and avaricious too. She makes a great deal of money, and spends a great deal as well. But she has saved a fortune. Mlle Albani is just beginning to make money; so she has not saved any so far. Mr. Gye, however, will see that she does not lose anything. Lucca is more like the old-fashioned prima donna. She does not save a penny, though she makes a great many. De Murska, also, is improvident. Adelaide Phillips is poor, through her generosity to her relatives, I am told. Miss Annie Louise Cary would save if she could get only a little ahead. But she is so kind-hearted. Mme. Anna Bishop belongs to the improvident, or rather, unfortunate generation. She has made fortunes, but only to lose them, and is a poor woman to-day. Carl Formes, Mario, Tamberlick, neither have anything left, not even their voices. Of the present generation, Wachtel is well off; so are Santley, Sims Reeves, Faure, and Niomann. Campanini saved; so did Carpi. Capoul did n't, neither did Maurel nor Brignoli, and the tenors and baritones of the second class are poorer than church mice.

A PRIMA DONNA AT HOME.

A correspondent writes: I spent my Fourth at Miss Clara Louise Kellogg's lovely home on the Hudson opposite West Point, the prettiest spot on all that beautiful river. The man who built Miss Kellogg's house must have known by intuition that it would eventually pass into her hands, for had it been built at her direction it could not have suited her better. The site is on the side of a mountain directly opposite West Point. On the right is a notch formed by the mountains Cro'nest and Storm King. In this notch the sun sets with a bang every evening. The bang is made by the cannon at West Point, but to the uninitiated it sounds as though the sun was going down with a thud. To the left there is a beautiful view of the river and the islands that make it so picturesque at that point. From the lodge-gate to the house there is a wide sweep of well-kept lawn, on which stood a number of hay-ricks on the day of which I write, and these, together with the busy laborers at work, made a truly rural scene. Around the house a grove of sturdy trees stand sentry, admitting or excluding the sunlight at their own fitful will. The house is built somewhat in the style of a Swiss *chalet*, and is completely studded with balconies and piazzas. The roof, which is pointed and overhanging, adds to the pictorial aspect of the place. The house is painted in a cool gray color, and the brackets and trimming are painted a pure white. The effect is one of airy comfort. Inside everything is as it should be, and the rooms are so arranged that they can always catch a breeze and a little sunshine at least once a day.

The greatest taste is displayed in the interior furnishing and decoration. A number of choice paintings and sketching adorn the walls, some of the former by the brush of Mrs. Kellogg, who is no mean artist. Miss Kellogg is the perfection of hostesses. She consults her guests' pleasure in everything, from the food they eat to the carriage they ride in. The butter at "Clarehurst" is one of its strong points, and its making is superintended always by the *prima donna* herself, who often bears a hand at the churn with as much grace as she plays the piano. Churning day came during my visit, and a jolly time we had. Each one had five minutes at the handle, and the time was enlivened by the others—the gentlemen whistling, and the ladies singing, playing the tambourine, piccolo, and other instruments. What butter could be long coming under such circumstances? And when it came, it was a poem. Then the buttermilk had to be drunk, of course. Miss Kellogg has horses and carriages to suit every taste. Of the lot, I prefer the low carriage, with old January between the shafts. In that four can jog around the country, up hill and down dale, the wise horse stopping at all the cherry trees, flag-root ponds, and the best places for winter-green. One of the pleasantest drives is that to Garrison's, and then across the ferry to West Point. The span, Faust and Mephistopheles, are generally brought ought out for this occasion, and they trot over the ground as though they were well aware of the honor conferred upon them. One meets any number of distinguished people in these drives, for so many have their summer homes in the neighborhood.

DOMESTIC.

HAM TOAST.—Mince finely half a pound of cooked ham with an anchovy, a very little cayenne, and mace; beat up two eggs, mix with the ham, add enough cream to keep it moist; heat to boiling point, serve very hot on toast.

TO MAKE UNFERMENTED CAKES.—Soak one pound of oatmeal for ten or twelve hours in one pint of sour buttermilk. Then rub one quarter of an ounce of carbonate of soda, and a little salt, into one pound of flour, and mix with the oatmeal. Roll it out to any thickness required, and bake in a moderate oven.

EXCELLENT MINCEMEAT.—Take a pound of lean beef, and boil it an hour, then chop it as fine as possible; suet, raisins, currants, and apples, one pound of each; two ounces of candied lemon, two ounces of candied citron, a quarter of a pound of almonds. Chop each separately until you cannot distinguish what they are, then mix the whole well, and add one pound of sugar and a gill of brandy.

MUFFINS.—Flour, one quartern; warm milk and water, one pint and a half; yeast, a quarter of a pint; salt, two ounces; mix for fifteen minutes; then further add, flour, a quarter of a peck, make a dough, let it rise one hour, roll it up, pull it into pieces, make them into balls, put them into a warm place, and when the whole dough is made into balls, shape them into muffins, and bake them on tins; turn them when half done, dip them into warm milk, and bake into a pale brown.

CRUMPETS.—Mix a quart of good milk, with water to make a batter, and a little salt, an egg, and a tablespoonful of good yeast, beat well, cover it up, and let it stand in a warm place to rise. Clean the muffin plate, or not having this, a frying-pan, while warm over the fire, and rub it with a greased cloth, or a little butter tied up in a piece of muslin, pour a cupful of the batter, into the pan or on the plate; as it begins to bake, raise the edge all round with a sharp knife. When one side is done, turn and bake the other side. Crumpets are generally now poured into proper sized rings of tin, which makes them all of a size and thickness. A little rye-flour is an improvement.

INDIGESTION IN CHILDREN.—The following may be useful to nurses and parents:—Slight derangement of the digestive or other functions is often sufficient to occasion temporary delirium in children, beginning during sleep, and prolonged after waking. The suffering is great, and the condition an alarming one to parents and friends. The mental excitement is so intense as to resist impressions from without to an extraordinary degree. It is here that the associations of smell can be used more effectively than any other to break up the morbid train. A good whiff of cologne almost always brings the little sufferer back to its ordinary world, or a little ammonia may be used. But an odour which is agreeable is probably more effective than one which is merely pungent. It is a common observation that mental associations are awakened by odours more than by the impressions of any other sense. In the case of nightmare the strong familiar smell seems to break up the train of abnormal mental excitement.