

IN EXILE.

The sea at the crag's base brightens,
And shivers in waves of gold;
And overhead, in its vastness,
The fathomless blue is rolled.
There comes no wind from the water,
There shines no sail on the main,
And not a cloudlet to shadow
The earth with its fleecy grain.
Oh, give in return for this glory,
So passionate, warm, and still,
The mist of a Highland valley—
The breeze from a Scottish hill.

Day after day glides slowly,
Ever and over the same;
Seas of intensest splendour,
Airs which smile hot as flame.
Birds of imperial plumage,
Palms straight as columns of fire,
Flutter and glitter around me;
But not so my soul's desire.
I long for the song of the laverock,
The cat's paw's leap and flash,
The sweep of the red deer's antlers,
The gleam of the mountain ash.

Only when night's quiescent,
And peopled with alien stars,
Old faces come to the casement,
And peer through the vine-leaved bars.
No words! but I guess their fancies—
Their dreamings are also mine—
Of the land of the cloud and heather—
The region of Auld Lang Syne.
Again we are treading the mountains,
Below us broadens the firth,
And billows of light keep rolling
Down leagues of emerald heath.

Speed swift through the glowing tropics,
Stout ship, which shall bear me home;
O pass, as a God-sent arrow,
Through tempest, darkness, and foam.
Bear up through the silent girdle
That circles the flying earth,
Till there shall blaze on thy compass
The lode-star over the North,
That the winds of the hills may greet us,
That our footsteps again may be
In the land of our heart's traditions,
And close to the storied ash.

Miscellaneous.

Ancient Laws of Massachusetts.

Some of the ancient laws of Massachusetts are worthy of consideration at the present day. In 1642 there was a law providing that "those who do not teach, by themselves or others, their children or apprentices, so much learning as may enable them perfectly to read the English tongue, and knowledge of the capital laws, shall be fined twenty shillings for each neglect therein." In those days it was also thought proper that no interference should prevent suitable marriages. A law of 1641 reads that "if any person shall wilfully and unreasonably deny any child timely or convenient marriage, or shall exercise any unnatural severity toward them, such children shall have liberty to complain to authority for redress in such cases."

A Child's Dying Request.

A touching incident is related in the *Memphis Ledger*: A little package was sent to the Mayor's office one morning by a merchant who had been active in obtaining contributions for those who had been stricken with fever. It was tightly rolled up in not very white letter-paper, and contained five dollars and five cents, nearly all in one, two, and three cent pieces and nickels; also two faded pieces of paper currency of the old five and ten cents issue. Evidently this was some child's treasure, the accumulations of months or years. On the inner wrapping was written, "Little Lilly's money, to go to a poor child." On the outer paper, written in a different hand, "From little Lilly, for the Memphis sufferers—a dying request." No other explanation was given.

Not in Earnest.

In Peeblesshire there was a half-witted man who had a notion that he was rather religious, and who was in the habit of saying his prayers in the field behind a turf-dyke. One day he was followed to his retirement by some evil-disposed persons, who, secreting themselves on the opposite side, prepared to listen to what he should say. Jack commenced his devotions, and, among other things, expressed his opinion that he was a very great sinner, and that even were the turf-dyke at that moment to fall upon him, it would be no more than he deserved. No sooner had he said this than the persons on the other side pushed the dyke over upon him. Scrambling out from the debris, he was heard to say—"Heh, sir, it's an awful world this; a body canna say a thing in joke, but it's ta'en in earnest."

A Prince "on the Boards."

Imagine the surprise of the director of the Ambigu Comique, Paris, some years ago, when he received an intimation from his *jeune premier*—a promising young man named Florestan—that he must leave the theatre, because he had succeeded to a throne. "What throne? What do you mean?" cried the astounded director. "The throne of Monaco," was the answer. "I am the son of the Prince of Monaco; I have had news of my father's death, and instructions to repair to Monaco to govern my subjects." The director would not believe the story for some time; but on the prompt appearance at the theatre of another *jeune premier* (who afterwards became the famous Marshal Saint Arnaud) he consented to cancel Florestan's engagement, and the following announcement was inserted in the programme and placards: "Mr. Florestan, who is absent on a question of dynasty, will be replaced by Floridor."

An Unaccustomed Sensation.

A good story is told of a gentleman in—well, we will not mention the place—who has been unfortunate of late in his financial affairs. While walking one evening in a lonely spot, he was met by a ruffian, and told to "stand and deliver." We must let the victim tell his own tale:

"I never was so pleased in my life. The idea that I had anything to deliver was exceedingly gratifying, and I thanked the fellow for the compliment with all my heart. It showed that all confidence in me was not lost, notwithstanding that little affair in stocks, and I felt once more, with Mr. Micawber, that I could look my fellow-man in the face. It may not be exactly the thing to officiate as a town-pump, at which any and every second-rate may be accommodated; but it was very pleasing to know that this fellow thought I had money, and to enjoy the sweet thought that he might even have taken me for the entire Water Commission."

Music Hath Charms, &c.

A beggar who presented himself at a restaurant on the Paris Boulevards, with a clarinet under his arm, said, "Will you allow me, gentlemen, in a humble tone of voice, to play a tune? I am only an amateur, and if you prefer giving me a trifle, I will spare you the annoyance of listening to me." Every one felt at once for a few stray coppers, and the musician departed with a profound obeisance. This answered so well that he tried it on the next evening, when a young man asked him in a friendly manner to give them a tune, let it be good or bad; he wanted to hear him. "But I am afraid, sir, I shall disappoint you." "Never mind that—give us a tune." "But I am a very poor player, and I have a very poor instrument." "No matter for that—I want to hear you." "Well, sir, since you insist upon it," said the poor man, "I will tell you that I don't play at all. I carry this clarinet merely for the purpose of threatening people with my performance."

Birthdays.

There is an old prophetic rhyme, which exists in as many languages as versions, concerning the results of being born on a certain day in the week. One reading runs thus:—

"Monday's child is full of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child has toil and woe,
Thursday's child has far to go,
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for his living,
And the child that is born on the Sabbath-day,
Is happy and lucky and wise and gay."

Here are a few tests. Byron was born on a Tuesday; so was Napoleon I.; Napoleon II. (M. Rochefort's ideal Emperor) on a Wednesday; Napoleon III. also on a Wednesday; Pope Pius IX. on a Sunday; Garibaldi on a Wednesday; Bismarck on a Friday (the first of April); the unhappy Emperor Maximilian also on a Friday; his Empress on a Sunday; Mr. Gladstone on a Friday; and Mr. Disraeli on a Saturday.

Anecdote of Landseer.

An anecdote of the late Sir Edwin Landseer may not be uninteresting to our readers. Upon one occasion, when staying at one of the ancestral homes of England, a little boy, the son of the host and the hostess, got into great trouble by breaking a large plate glass window in the state drawing-room, and which had only recently been put up. Young Lord A— was summarily sent to bed for playing at ball in a room evidently not meant for such games, and when he appeared next morning, told Sir Edwin a most piteous tale, adding that he feared he was not to be allowed to come into dessert that evening. "I'll see what I can do," said the kind-hearted artist. The drawing room in question had two corresponding windows to the one that had been broken, and which, until another pane of plate glass could be procured from London, had been closed with a shutter. Landseer, finding himself in the room, took a wax candle, and, smearing it over one of the most prominent panes, quickly produced a likeness of a starved glass. So true was it to nature, that, when the noble owner of the house entered, he immediately exclaimed, "What! another pane broken? Where's young Lord A—?" The supposed culprit made his appearance, and

was questioned as to whether he had again made the drawing-room a play room. "Tell your father," said Sir Edwin, "that as you broke one pane of glass, you will mend this." The youth repeated the saying, when Landseer gave him his handkerchief, and desired him to rub the pane gently. In a second the star disappeared, Lord A— was freely forgiven, and again made his appearance after dinner.

Literary Habits of Literary Men.

"When do you find time to think over your sermons?" asked a country archdeacon of the late Bishop of Winchester. "When I am shaving," was the answer; and that is the only time that many men of his habits have for thinking. The Dean of Westminster is one of these men. He carries MS. in his pocket, thinks in the station, and jots down his thoughts in his fresh and picturesque English at the table of the first waiting room he enters. It is not long ago that he was seen sitting quietly at the corner of a table at the Charing-cross station writing a sermon for Westminster Abbey on Sunday afternoon or a paper for *Good Words*. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol acts upon a similar plan. All his correspondence for the day is cleared off before breakfast. At the recent Church Congress an important subject was announced to be introduced by an active and able clergyman of this class, who is trying to find out how many hours a day a man may keep body and mind at work and yet keep outside the walls of a lunatic asylum, and a reporter called upon him at ten o'clock the night before to ask for his MS. "I should be very happy to oblige you," was the answer; "but the fact is the paper has yet to be written. You may have it at seven o'clock to-morrow morning." More than one man of letters in London acts upon Dean Stanley's plan, and takes a handful of copy paper about with him and writes wherever and whenever he can. Fancy, and luxuriate in the idea of not having to do it, ye sound and gentle sleepers, the case of a literary man who pulled himself together about a quarter to three in the morning, extinguishing his cigarette, and saying it was time for him to go to work. "He had promised the printer copy at nine o'clock." It was quite a characteristic case.

An Anti-Sheriff Sled.

The New Orleans *Times* asserts that "of all men living, none have perhaps had more thorough or more distressing acquaintance with sheriffs' officers than Dan Rice, the clown and showman," and goes on to recite the following circumstance which occurred in 1869: "Among Dan's creditors there was one whom he promised to pay before his departure, but failing to do so, his creditor determined to capture the showman, and to that end, procuring a writ of seizure against the circus, despatched to Carrollton a sheriff's officer, who, reaching there as the boat was about to cast off, hurried aboard, and, looking up Dan, told that festive lad that he must come to time or be tied up. Dan couldn't pay, and told the man so, intimating to the latter, however, that he could seize away to his heart's content. In response to a request to point out certain property, Dan took the officer to where the horses were kept, and, after designating four noble chargers, he called especial attention to the fifth, a handsome animal; and, managing to place the minion of the law directly behind the beast, Dan suddenly made a loud, unintelligible exclamation, the horse let fly his heels, and lo, the sheriff's officer lay on the deck, knocked as senseless as a hammer. Hurriedly calling assistance, Dan carried the man ashore, and before that luckless chap could recover had cast off his lines and was soon steaming up the river. It will be in order to remark that the horse in question had been trained by Dan for the express purpose of getting rid of sheriffs in the manner above recited—the exclamation given in that instance being the signal for the onslaught. More than one sheriff bit the dust in the same style, when he thought he had a sure thing on Dan, and many a time has the showman got out of an unpleasant predicament by the use of that pair of heels."

The Fruitfulness of Canada.

Mr. Clayden, who accompanies Mr. Arch in his visit to Canada, writes: "We have heard much of the splendid fruits of the Niagara region, but the half had not been told us. In one garden of, say one-quarter of an acre, we found vine after vine, laden with what we should call in England the most delicious hot-house grapes. I never tasted such fruit in my life, and not a piece of glass in the garden! A few miles further on we came to an orchard. Entering it we found tree after tree laden with splendid peaches. Hundreds of bushels, the owner told us, he gathered every year; and as for apples, I thought I had seen some good apples in Somersetshire, but these beat all that I had ever seen anywhere. One fine fellow that was given me I had the curiosity to measure, and found it just a foot in diameter. The whole neighbourhood was fragrant with the perfume of fruit. We left Niagara and its falls for the township of Pelham, a fifteen miles' drive. The ride was, as usual, very delightful. Orchard after orchard of laden fruit trees appeared on either side of the road. The whole appearance of things was quite different from what we had seen in the eastern townships. The farms were better cultivated, and their owners manifestly a superior class. The secret we found to be the absence of French settlers. English and Scotch enterprise was there, and of course there was progress. Those poor easy-going, happy-go-lucky French-Canadians in the Quebec province appear to have a profound reverence for that formula of the English Church, "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen." Hence the unfavourable impressions of Canada which their half-cultivated farms convey to visitors. It is only those who take the trouble, as we have done, to penetrate into the very heart of the country, where sturdy Scotchmen, Englishmen, and Irish have settled, that really know what the country is capable of."

A Word to Young Ball-Goers.

The London *Society* gives the following hints to tender youths just entering into the gay round of ball-room festivities: "Be very careful not to put down your shirt-sleeves, or up your collar, or, in fact, to do anything to your costume as you enter the ball-room. It implies nervousness or uneasiness with yourself to do so; and your one great endeavour in all societies should be to appear thoroughly at your ease, and satisfied, without vanity or coxcombry, with your dress and appearance. Do not stand idle; but do not dance overmuch. The one implies a small number of friends; the other wastes valuable time and prevents your keeping that constant lookout all round you which is essential to success. Be introduced to knowable people quietly; there is no necessity to advertise to bystanders that you did not know them before. Never talk much to a woman you have only just made the acquaintance of, nor eagerly. She may be allowed to suppose you wished to know her, but not that her acquaintance is any particular acquisition to you. Above all things, my dear boy, I entreat you not to stand in the doorway, nor herd with other men upon the landing. It is simply advertising yourself a failure. Tie yourself to the veriest wall flower, gossip with the dowdiest mother, dance with the most disappointed of the maidenhood, rather than sink to this. Sitting in the corners comprises a very large subject, or, rather, array of subjects. To know how to sit in corners well and prudently requires a vast experience and a steady head; so, until you have much extended your acquaintance and your knowledge of humanity, I would recommend you to avoid that most agreeable of the pleasures of ball going. It is not for a novice at once to penetrate to the inner depths of fashion's mysteries, and I shall therefore put off my advice on this subject until I come, in a future letter, to the great subject of flirting, which, of course, comprises the art of sitting in corners."

Preparation and Preservation of Mushrooms.

Dr. Remsch, in *Les Mondes*, proposes to cover the fungus with a film of collodion and place it in an airy position. He states that the contraction of the mushroom is equal in every way, and that the chemical and anatomical constitution remains the same. An exact form, preservative against the destructive action of oxygen, and also against insects and germs, and the keeping of the substance for future experiment, are the advantages obtained.

The Spectrograph.

The name is given to a simple device for copying drawings, exhibited in the French Department of the Vienna Exposition. It consists of a board, near the middle of which is a piece of window glass fastened at right angles to it by means of two grooved wooden uprights. When placed near a window, with a drawing or copy on the end of the board nearer the window, its reflection in the glass causes it to appear upon a sheet of white paper on the opposite side of the glass. In this way quite an accurate tracing can be made by one who is no draftsman.

Useful to the Last.

Let those whose anxiety for the public weal makes them wish to be useful in death as well as in life take pattern by the example of a deceased Parisian. M. D., who had always been working for the good of his fellow-creatures, died a few days since, and on his will being opened, a clause was found wherein the deceased requested his body should be given to the Parisian Gas Company, and placed by them in a retort for the purpose of distillation, so that, having sought during his life to enlighten the masses by his mind, he might in death continue to light them by his body.

Modern Magic.

A very singular trial is to take place—that of a real sorceress, who for five years has been making a fortune. She was denounced by a young woman who paid her two francs for a lock of hair of a young lady who died of love at the age of twenty; the talisman when attached to her chinon was to bring back her lover—a *sauvez-moi jeune homme*. But the lover married another in a fortnight. The books of the hag have been seized, proving she has had rich lady customers, and who must appear as witnesses. Her collection of charms and philters is extensive. She also sold talismans for the success of the Commune.

Breaking an Idol.

The unreserved idolatry with which Shakespeare has been praised, has sometimes produced reaction, even in English literature. Dr. Johnson always refused to regard Shakespeare as beyond or above criticism. All the early commentators were moderate in their praise; so it will be remembered was Voltaire. Our modern critics, both English and German, have adopted the opposite tone of unbounded eulogy. Now comes German protest. Rodolick Benedix, the dramatist lately dead, has left a MS. against "Shakespeareomania." He rates the Bard of Avon, somewhat lower than Goethe and Schiller, and has no patience with the idea of Shakespeare's "supremacy" and unattainable poetical sovereignty.

Proposed Tunnel between Scotland and Ireland.

For many years there have been projects more or less before the public for uniting Scotland and Ireland by means of a tunnel; and the scheme has recently been again put forward, this time, however, with some reasonable probability of its being carried out. A single line tunnel, 15 feet wide at base, 25 feet wide at the maximum, and 21 feet high, the side walls of which would vary from 4 to 7 feet in thickness, is estimated by the present projectors to cost nearly \$23,000,000, with the approaches. The length of the tunnel would be about twelve miles, and it would extend from a point on the north shore of Ireland, near Belfast, under the Irish sea, to the extremity of the peninsula opposite in Scotland.

Taking the Conceit out of Him.

At Vienna a story is told of a very conceited but scarcely popular actor to the effect that sitting one evening in a *café*, the waiter informed him that there was a gentleman outside who wished to speak with him. Forthwith the actor stepped into the street, only to find himself in the presence of a noted Viennese wag and inveterate practical joker, with whom he was, by the way, familiarly acquainted. "Well?" said the actor inquiringly. "Well?" echoed the wag, coolly. "Did you call me?" asked the comedian, somewhat puzzled. "I did," was the response. "What may have been your motive?" the other went on to say. "To encourage you," answered the practical joker; "for at the theatre I don't remember that you were ever called out." Whereupon he nodded, winked, and departed into the night; and the conceited actor returned into the *café* to finish his thoughts and beer.