

"PULVERIS EXIGUI JACTU COMPRESSA QUIESCUNT."

So used the Roman Virgil  
To hush the strife of bees,  
When hive with hive contended  
Beneath his Matuan trees:  
They meet like human armies,  
Like men they charge, they thrust:  
To quell the war, you sprinkle  
A handful of dry dust.

O fitful man's emotion,  
O changeful hopes and fears,  
O tears that end in laughter,  
O laughter worthier tears,  
O stormful fateful passions,  
Ambition, hatred, lust,—  
How very still ye slumber  
Beneath how little dust.

—G. A. Chadwick.

A RUSSIAN VERSION OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE CHARGE.

REUTER'S special correspondent now in Russia met in the course of his investigations a steward, Ivan Ivanovitch, who had been through the Crimean War. He was wounded at the battle of Balaclava, and gave the correspondent a vivid description of the charge of the Light Brigade. "We were so sorry for them," he said, "they were such fine fellows, and they had such splendid horses. It was the maddest thing that was ever done. I cannot understand it. They broke through our lines, took our artillery, and then, instead of capturing our guns and making off with them, they went for us. I had been in the charge of the Heavy Brigade in the morning, and was slightly wounded. We had all unsaddled and were very tired. Suddenly we were told 'the English are coming.' 'Confound them,' we said. My Colonel was very angry, and ordered his men to give no quarter. I was lying at some distance with my wound bandaged when I saw them coming. They came on magnificently. We thought they were drunk from the way they held their lances. Instead of holding them under their armpits they waved them in the air, and, of course, they were easier to guard against like that. The men were mad, sir. They never seemed to think of the tremendous odds against them, or of the frightful carnage that had taken place in their ranks in the course of that long, desperate ride. They dashed in among us, shouting, cheering and cursing. I never saw anything like it. They seemed perfectly irresistible, and our fellows were quite demoralized. The fatal mistake we made in the morning was to receive the charge of your Heavy Brigade standing, instead of meeting it with a counter-shock. We had so many more men than you that had we continued our charge downhill, instead of calling a halt just at the critical moment, we should have carried everything before us. The charge of your Heavy Brigade was magnificent, but they had to thank our bad management for the victory. We liked your fellows. When our men took prisoners they used to give them our vodka. Awful stuff it was, more like spirits of wine than anything else. Your fellows used to offer us their rum in exchange, but we did not care for it; it was too soft and mild. The Russian soldier must have his vodka."—*Public Opinion.*

ALASKA.

ALASKA contains an area of 580,107 square miles. From extreme north to south it is 1,400 miles in an air line, or as far as from Maine to Florida, and, from its eastern boundary to the end of the Aleutian Islands, 2,200 miles in an air line, or as far as from New York to California. The island of Attu, at the end of the Aleutian chain, is as far west of San Francisco as Maine is east, so that between the extreme eastern and western sections of the United States San Francisco is the great central city. Alaska is as large as all the New England and Middle States, together with Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Kentucky and Tennessee combined, or as large as all the United States east of the Mississippi River and north of Georgia and the Carolinas—nearly one-sixth of the entire area of the United States. It has a coast line of 25,000 miles, or two and a-half times as much as the Atlantic and Pacific coast lines of the remaining portion of the United States. The coast of Alaska, if extended in a straight line, would belt the globe. Commencing at the north shore of Dixon Inlet, in latitude 54° 40', the coast sweeps in a long regular curve north and west to the entrance of Prince William's Sound, a distance of 550 miles, thence 725 miles south and west to Unimak Pass, at the end of the Alaska Peninsula. From this pass the Aleutian chain of islands sweeps 1,075 miles in a long curve almost to Asia, the dividing line between Russia and the United States being the meridian of 193° west longitude. North of Unimak Pass the coast forms a zig-zag line to Point Barrow, on the Arctic Ocean, and thence south of east to the boundary. Alaska is a great island region, having off its south-eastern coast a large archipelago. The southern portion of this great archipelago is in Washington, the central portion in British Columbia, and the northern portion in Alaska. The part in Alaska has been named the Alexander Archipelago. It is about 300 miles north and south, and 75 miles wide, and contains several thousand separate islands. The aggregate area of these islands is 14,142 square miles. Six hundred miles to the westward of Sitka is the Kadiak group, aggregating 5,676 miles, then farther westward the Shumagin group, containing 1,031 square miles, and the Aleutian chain, with an area of 6,391 square miles. To the north of the

Aleutian Islands is the Pribiloff group (seal islands), containing, with the other islands in Behring Sea, 3,963 square miles. The total area of the islands of Alaska is 31,205 square miles. It is the region of the highest mountain peaks in the United States. These peaks form the Aleutian chain of islands. Unimak, the most eastern of the chain, has that magnificent volcano, Shishaldin, 9,000 feet high; then Unalaska, 5,691 feet; next, Atka, 4,852 feet; then Kyska, 3,700 feet; and Attu, the most western of the group, only 3,084 feet high. In the Alaskan range are the highest peaks in the United States—Mount St. Elias, 19,500 feet high; Mount Cook, 16,000 feet; Mount Crillon, 15,900; Mount Fairweather, 15,500, and numerous others. Alaska abounds in hot and mineral springs. There are large springs south of Sitka, on Penosa Bay, on Amagat Island, and at Port Moller. On Unimak Island is a lake of sulphur. Near the volcano Pogrumnoi are hot marshes. Boiling springs are found on the islands Akun, Atka, Unimak, Adakh, Sitignak and Kanaga. For years these latter have been used by the natives for cooking food. In the crater of Goreloi is a vast boiling, steaming mineral spring eighteen miles in circumference. Alaska contains one of the largest rivers in the United States. The river Yukon is seventy miles wide across its five mouths and intervening deltas. At some points along its lower course one bank cannot be seen from the other. For the first thousand miles it is from one to five miles wide, and in some places, including the islands, it is twenty miles from bank to bank. Navigable for 1,000 miles, it is computed to be 2,000 miles long.—*Sheldon Jackson, in Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine for February.*

COLUMBUS.

BEHIND him lay the grey Azores,  
Behind the Gates of Hercules;  
Before him not the ghost of shores,  
Before him only shoreless seas.  
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,  
For lo! the very stars are gone.  
Brave Adm'rl, speak; what shall I say?"  
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"  
"My men grow mutinous day by day;  
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."  
The stout mate thought of home; a spray  
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.  
"What shall I say, brave Adm'rl, say,  
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"  
"Why, you shall say at break of day,  
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"  
They sailed, and sailed, as winds might blow,  
Until at last the blanched mate said:  
"Why, now not even God would know  
Should I and all my men fall dead.  
These very winds forget their way,  
For God from these dread seas is gone,  
Now speak, brave Adm'rl, speak and say—"  
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"  
They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate:  
"This mad sea shows its teeth to-night;  
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,  
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!  
Brave Adm'rl, say but one good word;  
What shall we do when hope is gone?"  
The words leapt as a leaping sword:  
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"  
Then pale and worn, he kept his deck,  
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night  
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—  
A light! A light! A light! A light!  
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!  
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn,  
He gained a world; he gave that world  
Its grandest lesson: "On! and on!"  
—*Joaquin Miller.*

AN ENGLISH ENGINEER IN THE SERVICE OF THE AMEER.

MR. T. S. PYNE, who is described as engineer-in-chief to the Ameer of Afghanistan, recently passed through Bombay on his way home on leave, and, in an interview with a writer of the *Times of India*, gave some interesting information in regard to the Ameer and to Cabul. It is now about five and a-half years since Mr. Pyne first entered the Ameer's service. At that time he was the only European in Afghanistan, and the material he had to work with was very raw. The people were most conservative in their ideas, and everything new was regarded with suspicion. The coinage of the country was of the most crude description. The rupees and other coins were all hand-stamped, but the people seemed very loth to change them. However, Mr. Pyne, at the instigation of the Ameer, established a mint, and very soon succeeded in putting into circulation a neatly-coined rupee and other coins similarly well executed. When the mint had been fairly established Mr. Pyne began a cartridge factory, and this, too, was speedily placed in satisfactory working order, so that the Afghan workmen are now turning out seven thousand cartridges a day, while their maximum daily output is placed at ten thousand. Then came a rifle factory, and, although the work-people had all their lives been accustomed to rely on the work of their hands and to be entirely independent of anything like steam machinery, they very soon learnt to appreciate

the value of the improvements introduced by Mr. Pyne, and at the present moment they are producing the smaller firearms. After the rifle factory had been established, a forge, a boot and shoe manufactory, and an English tailoring establishment were put in working order. Asked how the Afghans took to these new introductions, Mr. Pyne said that at first they were a little backward, but now they are taking to them with great enthusiasm, and nobody is more enthusiastic than the Ameer himself. In some respects they were of a very inventive turn of mind. For instance, about half a dozen of them set to work to make a steam engine of a quarter-horse power. No one but Afghans had anything to do with the work, and when the Ameer saw the result of their labours he was so delighted that he gave them several thousands of rupees in order to stimulate others to follow their example. "I think," said Mr. Pyne, "it would be hard to find a more thoroughly courteous ruler than the Ameer, or one who is more ready to do everything in his power to develop his country. I cannot speak too highly of him. He is certainly one of the most fascinating men that you could wish to meet. He is very anxious to improve the condition of his people, and is quite satisfied not to receive a penny return on the money he has laid out on new works." Mr. Pyne added that the Ameer was very anxious to visit England, and will do so as soon as he receives an invitation.—*The Times.*

THE MAORI VERSION OF THE DELUGE.

ACCORDING to the tradition in the Nga-i-tahu tribe of Maoris, men had become very numerous, and evil prevailed everywhere. The tribes quarrelled, and wars were frequent. The worship of Tane was neglected, and his doctrines were openly denied. Men utterly refused to believe the teachings of Para-wheneua-mea and Tupunui-a-uta respecting the separation of heaven and earth by Tane, and at length cursed those two devout men when they continued their teaching. Then these two teachers were very angry, and got their stone axes and cut down *totara* and other trees, which they dragged together to the source of the river Tohinga (baptism). They bound the timber together with vines of the *pirita* and ropes, and made a very wide raft. Then they made incantations, and built a house on the raft, and put much food into it—fern root, kumar (sweet potato) and dogs. Next, they repeated their incantations, and prayed that rain might descend in such abundance as would convince men of the power of Tane, and prove the truth of his existence, and the necessity of the ceremonies of worship for life and for peace, and to avert evil and death. Then these teachers—with Tiu Rete, a female named Waipuna-Nau and other women, got on the raft, Tiu, who was the priest on the raft, prayed that the rain might descend in great torrents, and when it had so rained for four or five days and nights he repeated his incantations that it might cease, and it ceased. The raft was lifted by the waters, and floated down the river Tohinga. All men and women and children were drowned of those who denied the truth of the doctrines preached by Tane. The legend then gives a detailed account of the wanderings of the raft, and the doings and adventures of its occupants. Once they saw goddesses wandering on the face of the ocean. These came to make a commotion in the sea, that the raft might be destroyed and those on it might perish. The sea was boisterous, but the raft and its occupants were not overwhelmed. When they had floated about for seven moons, Tiu spoke to his companions, and said: "We shall not die; we shall land on the earth." In the eighth month the rolling motion of the raft had changed: it now pitched up and down and rolled. Tiu then said that the signs of his staff indicated that the sea was becoming less deep, and he declared that that was the month in which they would land on dry earth. They did land at Hawaiki—the place from which the Maoris, according to their traditions, migrated to New Zealand.—*The Colonies and India.*

THE famous oath of the Gallic chieftain has been discovered, according to M. Arbois de Tubainville, in an Irish text of the second century of our era. At the last sitting of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres the following translation of the oath was given by M. de Tubainville: "The heavens are over us, the land below us, the ocean around us—everything in a circle about us. If the heavens do not fall, casting from their high fortresses the stars like rain on the face of the earth, if shocks from within do not shatter the land itself, if the ocean from its blue solitude does not rise up over the brows of all living things, I, by victory in war, by combats and battles, will bring back to the stable and fold the cattle and to the house and their dwellings the women that have been stolen by the enemy."

A NATIVE statistician has computed that in the United States there are eaten every day 2,250,000 pies. Each week, 16,750,000. Each year, 819,000,000, at a total cost of \$164,000,000—an amount greater than the internal revenue, and more than enough to pay the interest on the national debt. If the pies eaten every day were heaped one on top of another, they would make a tower thirty-seven miles high. If laid out in a line, they would reach from New York to Boston. With the yearly pie product of the United States a tower 13,468 miles high could be erected, and stretched in a line they would girdle the earth three times. These pies of a year would weigh 803,000 tons. And if, as has been so often stated, figures don't lie, then certainly pie is a great institution.—*The Colonies and India.*