

ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF OLD IRISHWOMEN'S RHYMES.

THE MAID OF MELROSE.

'Tis morn; and the Highlands are covered with snow,
And dark, cold and drear are the Lowlands below!
Lo! Elgin's young chieftain comes forth to disclose
His last, sweetest love to the Maid of Melrose.

The guests are assembled, the bride's-maids gay
Flock round, and wish joy to the chief of Murray,
As to the high altar he joyously goes,
To wed lovely Ellen, the Maid of Melrose.

Elated and raptured, all blushing, they kneel
With hand joined in hand, at the joy that they feel—
The ceremony over, the clergy propose
A "long life to Elgin, long life to Melrose."

"Long life to Elgin," it shall not be so,
Cries one, rushing forward, "for I am his foe!"
Before the high altar now Elgin's blood flows:
A virgin and bride is the Maid of Melrose.

She wept long and lonely, she wept but in vain:
Her lover a word never uttered again:
O'er the cold clay of Elgin, bewailing her woes,
Died young, lovely Ellen, the Maid of Melrose.

MA COLLEEN O'GUE, REMEMBER ME.

Brightly as sinks the sun's last beam
In ocean's azure, with golden gleam,
And leaves a ray, to linger still
Along the top of yonder hill,
Which glows a while, but cannot stay,
And faint and fading dies away:
Thus lingers still my heart with thee,
Ma colleen o'gue, remember me.

Bright as at morn the solar ray
Disperses the night-clouds dark away,
And wakes the world with wave of light,
So grand, so radiant, purely bright:
Thus shall our hearts glow bright with bliss,
When next we meet—my dear, thy kiss—
Mine be till then sweet thoughts of thee,
Ma colleen o'gue, remember me.

RETROSPECT OF ALLAN.

How fleet the days of boyhood years,
When love's romantic dream
Drew blissful hope's pathetic tears
Along mine every theme:
When moonlit evening seemed to me,
Saw woman's smiles were there,
And every beauty I could see
Was "mong the winning fair!

But love's illusion now is gone,
Too late, alas! too late!
And I but live to wander on
The cloudy maze of fate.
Smiles, sighs, and tears alike are vain,
And dull are beaming eyes:
Who looks on such with proud disdain,
Is ever truly wise.

Montreal.

"DUNBOY."

LINDY.

"Oh, daddy!" called a clear, childish voice.
"Yes, Lindy; what's wanted?"
"Ma wants to know how long it'll be 'fore
you're ready."

"Oh, tell her I'll be at the door by the time
she gets her things on. Be sure you have the
butter and eggs all ready to put in the wagon.
We're makin' too late a start to town."

"Butter and eggs, indeed! As if Lindy needed
a reminder other than the new dress for which
they were to be exchanged."

"Elmer and I can go to town next time, can't
we, ma?" she added, entering the house.

"Yes, Lindy; I hope so," was the reply.
"But don't bother me now; your pa is coming
already, and I haven't my shawl on yet. Yes,
Willur; I'm here. Just put this butter in,
Lindy; I'll carry the eggs in my lap. Now,
Lindy, don't let Elmer play with the fire or
run away."

And in a moment more the heavy lumber
wagon rattled away from the door, and the chil-
dren stood gazing after it for a while in a half-
forlorn manner. Then Lindy went in to do her
work, Elmer resumed his play, and soon every-
thing was moving along as cheerfully as ever.

After dinner Elmer went to sleep, and Lindy,
feeling rather lonely, again went out of doors
for a change. It was a warm autumnal day, al-
most the perfect counterpart of a dozen or more
which had preceded it. The sun shone bright-
ly, and the hot wind that swept through the tall
grass made that and all else it touched so dry
that the prairie seemed like a vast tinder-box.
Though her parents had but lately moved to
this place, Lindy was accustomed to the prairies.
She had been born on them, and her eyes were
familiar with nothing else; yet, as she stood,
to-day with that brown, unbroken expanse roll-
ing away before her until it reached the pale
bluish-gray of the sky, the indescribable feeling
of awe and terrible solitude which such a scene
often inspires in one not familiar with it stole
gradually over her. But Lindy was far too
practical to remain long under such an in-
fluence. The chickens were "peeping" loudly,
and she remembered that they were without
their dinner.

As she passed around the corner of the house
with a dish of corn in her hands, the wind al-
most lifted her from the ground. It was cer-
tainly blowing with greater violence than dur-
ing the morning.

Great tumble-weeds went flying by, turning
over and over with lightning-like rapidity;
then, pausing for an instant's rest, were caught
by another gust and carried along, mile after
mile, till some fence was reached, where they
could pile up in great drifts and wait till a brisk
wind from another direction should send them
rolling and tumbling all the way back. But
Lindy did not notice the tumble-weeds. The

*My young maid.

dish of corn had tumbled from her hands and
she stood looking straight ahead, with wide-
open, terrified eyes.

What was the sight that so terrified her?
Only a line of fire below the horizon. Only a
line of fire, with forked flames darting high into
the air and a cloud of smoke drifting away from
them. A beautiful relief this bright, changing
spectacle, from the brown monotony of the
prairie.

But the scene was without beauty for Lindy.
Her heart had given one great bound when she
first saw the red line, and then it seemed to
cease beating. She had seen many prairie
fires; had seen her father and other men fight
them, and she knew at once the danger her
home was in. What could she, a little girl, do
to save it, and perhaps herself and her little
brother, from the destroyer which the south
wind was bringing straight toward them?

Only for a moment Lindy stood white and mo-
tionless, then with a bound she was at the well.
Her course was decided upon. If only time and
strength were given her! Drawing two pails
of water, she laid a large bag in each, and then
getting some matches hurried out beyond the
stable. She must fight fire with fire; that was
her only hope, but a strong, experienced man
would have shrunk from starting a fire in such a
wind.

She fully realized the danger, but it was a
possible escape from otherwise inevitable des-
truction, and she hesitated not an instant to
attempt it. Cautiously starting a blaze she
stood with a wet bag ready to smother the first
unruly flame.

The great fire to the south-west was rapidly
approaching. Prairie chickens and other birds,
driven from their nests, were flying over, utter-
ing distressing cries. The air was full of smoke
and burnt grass, and the crackling of the flames
could be plainly heard. It was a trying mo-
ment. The increased roar of the advancing fire
warned Lindy that she had but very little time
in which to complete the circle around the
house and barn; still, if she hurried too much,
she would lose control of the fire she had started,
and with it all hope of safety.

The heat was intense, the smoke suffocating,
the rapid swinging of the heavy bag most ex-
hausting, but she was unconscious of these
things. The extremity of the danger inspired
her with wonderful strength and endurance.
Instead of losing courage, she increased her al-
most superhuman exertions, and in another brief
moment the task was completed. None too soon
either, for the swiftly advancing column had
nearly reached the wavering, struggling, slow-
moving line Lindy had sent out to meet it.

It was a wild, fascinating, half-terrible, half
beautiful scene. The tongues of flame, leaping
above each other with airy, fantastic grace,
seemed cat-like, to toy with their victims before
devouring them.

A sudden, violent gust of wind, and then with
a great cracking roar the two fires met, the flames
shooting high in the air as they rushed to-
gether.

For one brief, glorious moment they remained
there, flapping the air with their fierce, hot
tongues, then, suddenly dropping, they died
out; and where an instant before had been a
wall of fire was nothing now but a cloud of blue
smoke arising from the blackened ground, and
here and there a sickly flame finishing an ob-
stinate twit of grass. The fire on each side,
meeting no obstacle, swept quickly by, and
Lindy stood gazing, spell-bound, after it as it
darted and flashed in terrible zigzag lines farther
and farther away.

"Oh, Lindy!" cried a shrill voice from the
house. Elmer had just awakened.

"Yes, I'm coming," Lindy answered, turn-
ing. But how very queer she felt. There was
a roaring in her ears louder than the fire had
made; everything whirled before her eyes, and
the sun seemed to have ceased shining, all was
so dark. Reaching the house by a great effort,
she sank, faint, dizzy and trembling, upon the
bed by her brother's side.

Elmer, frightened and hardly awake, began to
cry, and, as he never did anything in a half-
way manner, the result was wonderful. His
frantic shrieks and furious cries roused his half-
fainting sister as effectually as if he had poured
a glass of brandy between her lips. She soon
sat up, and by and by color began to return to
the white face and strength to the exhausted
body. Her practical nature and strength of will
again asserted themselves, and instead of yield-
ing to a feeling of weakness and prostration, she
tied on her sun-bonnet firmly, and gave the
chickens their long-delayed dinner.

But when, half an hour later, her father found
her fast asleep, with the glow from the sky re-
flected on her weary little face, he looked out of
the window for a moment, picturing to himself
the terrible scenes of the afternoon, and then
down at his daughter. "A brave girl!" he
murmured, smoothing the yellow hair with his
hand, brown hand—"a brave girl!"—*St. Ni-
cholas.*

NIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE.

If you stand here and peer through the dark-
ness you can see it all. There is the wagon of a
lone emigrant family, its cover weather-worn
and rent to prove that the journey has been
long and weary. Ten feet away are the embers
of the fire on which the evening meal was
cooked. Between the wagon and the fire is the
rude bed of robes and blankets on which mother
and children are sleeping. On the other side of
the vehicle stand the horses, munching at the

short, sweet grass, or listening to the far-off
voice of the wolf.

This is the background. In the foreground a
sentinel sits with his back to the solitary cot-
ton-wood. At his right hand runs a little brook
—at his left is the boundless prairie o'er which
night has spread her mantle. Forty feet away
are wife and children trusting in his vigilance.
Overhead gray-white clouds are driving across
the star-lit heavens, and the moan of the wind
has an uneasy, nervous sound. Away out on
the prairie the wolf gallops from knoll to knoll
and snuffs the air, and the coyote gnaws at the
bleached bones of the buffalo and utters his
short, sharp cries of hunger.

Is there danger? All day long as the tired
horses pulled the wagon at a slow pace, the
emigrant has carefully scanned the circle about
him, but without cause for uneasiness. He
knows he is in the Indian country, and for the
last twenty-four hours his nerves have been
braced to hear their dreaded war-whoop and to
catch sight of a band riding down upon him.

It is midnight as we find him. His ear has
been as keen as a fox's and his eye has not
rested for a moment. The stakes are human
lives—his life with the rest. The odds are ten
to one against him.

The brook babbled and the man slept. Aye!
the sentinel who had five lives in his keeping
slept and dreamed, and in his dreams wandered
back to the old home and heard the old,
familiar sounds.

Sh! It was a rustle in the grass! Turn to
the left a little more. There it is! Thirty feet
from the sleeping man a rattlesnake rears its
head above the grass and looks around. Its
eyes gleam like stars. The neck swells, the
tongue flashes in and out, and it coils and un-
coils itself as if in fierce combat. Now it is ad-
vancing—now it swerves to the right—now to
the left—now it halts and coils itself to strike.
It might creep up and bury its fangs in the
flesh of the sleeping man, and it will! It creeps
again. It glides through the grass like a gleam
—now to the right—now to the left—now
straight ahead.

"S-s-s-h!"
The serpent halts. Twenty feet more and it
could have struck the sleeper, but some move-
ment of his has alarmed it, and it glides away
for fifty feet, as fast as a shadow travels.

Now look beyond the snake. Is it a second
serpent worming its way over the ground to
surround the sleeper with peril? Is it wolf or
panther creeping forward to make a victim?
Now you can see more clearly; there is the
scalp-leek and feathers, the dark face, the gleam-
ing eyes, the shut teeth, and bronze throat of a
blackfoot warrior. A courier from one branch
of his tribe to another, he has discovered the
encampment, circled around it twice, and is now
creeping upon the man, who sleeps instead of
watching.

How softly he moves! A panther stealing
upon a listening doe would not exercise more
care. Almost inch by inch, and yet he is slowly
approaching. He was a hundred feet away, now
he is ninety, eighty, seventy, sixty! He can
see a dark mass at the foot of the tree, and he
knows that the sentinel must be asleep or he
would not be in that position.

See the rattlesnake! It has faced about. If
it was daylight you could see a fierce gleam in
its eye—a tightening of the cords and muscles—
a fierce flash of the red tongue. A straight line
of sixty feet drawn from the Indian to the tree
would pass over the snake. Now the warrior
creeps forward again—not a word breaking—
not a rustle to prove his presence. Two feet—
four—six—! See the snake! Its head is thrown
back—its eyes shoot sparks—there goes the
deadly z-z-z-z-z of his rattle. The head of the
Indian is not three feet away as he hears the
ominous sound. He draws back, but there is a
dart, a flash, and something strikes him full in
the face, and is not shaken off until he springs
to his feet with a cry heard for half a mile around,
and rushes away in the darkness.

What was it? The sentinel is wide awake and
upon his feet. Wife and children have been
startled from slumber to grow white-faced and
tremble. Even the horses have raised their
heads and are peering into the night. There
was a single cry—the wild scream of a human
being suddenly terrified.

"It was nothing—nothing but the howl of a
wolf!" whispers the sentinel, as he walks over
to comfort wife and children, and by and by all
is quiet and peaceful as before. The night grows
apace—the stars fade—daylight breaks. As the
sun comes up the wagon moves on its way, and
the brook and the camp and the cotton-wood are
left behind.

"Yes, it was the howl of some wolf prowling
about," whispers the emigrant to himself as he
walks beside his wagon and cautiously scans the
prairie.

Three hundred feet to the left is coiled a
snake, which darts its enormous tongue at the
passing wagon. Half a mile beyond lies the dead
body of the Blackfoot—swollen, distorted—
a horrible sight under the morning sun. Over-
head circles three or four vultures of the prairie,
and creeping through the grass come the lank,
hungry wolves to the feast. The wife laughs,
the children frolic, the husband regains his light
heart. Night wrote the record of the serpents
in the grass, and he will never read it.

We are sometimes tempted to think that the
prejudices of a thoughtful life are quite as bad
as the notions of an ignorant one. Certainly
they are as hard to change.

IRISH OYSTERS.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE CELEBRATED BEDS OF SNEEM.

I recently paid a visit to the celebrated oyster
beds of Sneem, writes a correspondent from
Kenmare, Ireland. Kenmare oysters, or rather
Bland's oysters, have quite a reputation, and
bring the highest figure in the oyster market.
Mr. Bland is the proprietor of the beds, and
owns a large property in the neighborhood.
Commencing with this season, he has formed a
limited liability company for the more profitable
working of this valuable fishery. The oyster
beds are twenty acres in extent—produce some
three hundred thousand annually, which are
selling now at 10s. (\$2.50) per 100. During the
past years they have been sold at 12s, 14s, and
up as high as 16s. per 100, wholesale. They are
shipped in boxes, generally containing about
eleven hundred, to Killybegs (thirty-five miles),
and from there by rail and boat to Cork, Dub-
lin, London, Liverpool, etc.

As may be judged, oysters are at present be-
yond the reach of men of even moderate in-
comes. They have been rising in price every
season until they have reached a point when it
is found a cheaper hospitality to take a friend
into club or first-class restaurant, and give him
a good dinner, than to ask him to have an oys-
ter lunch. I was rowed over the oyster beds,
which at the time of my visit were covered with
from ten to twelve feet of water, shown how the
seed was laid down, and the gradual growth and
development from the "spat" to the matured
oyster. The "seed" is brought from the French
coast, price varying from 3s. to £2 per 1,000,
according to the size and age. The coast of
Brittany is the great source of supply for the
English and Irish fisheries. This seed is placed
in trays 6 by 3 feet four inches in height, made
of fine galvanized woven wire, and divided each
into six compartments. The frame is of thick
slate; over it is placed a tight fitting frame,
called an "ambulance," the frames are well
tied over with boiling pitch, and in this con-
dition are placed on the beds.

The second season these are picked over, the
large ones taken out and placed in ponds or
"parks," which are sections fifteen by twenty
feet, under water, formed by strong wire. Here
they are left for another year, when they are re-
moved to the regular bed as required. It takes
four years—two years in these nurseries and two
years in the regular beds—before the oyster is
matured and fit for market. With the old na-
tive spat the Irish oyster grew to a larger size
than is produced by the foreign seed, although
the superior flavor and excellence of the latter is
admitted. A large staff is kept employed at the
Sneem beds, and the oysters are taken up from
the middle of September to the end of April.
The drive from Kenmare to Sneem is one of the
most delightful among the many charming
drives in this part of the south of Ireland.

FOOT NOTES.

THE other Saturday evening Mr. George R.
Sims paid for a box at Drury-lane to see *A Sailor
and his Lass*. Soon after the rise of the curtain
a messenger arrived from the stage with the fol-
lowing letter:—"Dear Sims,—I return you
your money. I can't think of letting you pay
to see me yet.—Yours, Augustus Harris." G. R.
S., appreciating the compliment, pocketed the
money, and scribbled the following acknow-
ledgment while the messenger waited:

I paid to see Augustus act,
And he returned my L. S. D.;
Let critics sneer—it is a fact—
Augustus acted well to me.

MR. JOSEPH FORSTER, in his latest work on
the Royal lineage of our noble and gentle fam-
ilies gives "the descent of William Ewart Glad-
stone, P.C. First Lord of the Treasury, from the
blood Royal of England." It appears, according
to this profound antiquary, that Anne Robert-
son, who, in the first year of the present century,
married Sir John Gladstone, and gave birth to
William, was descended from John, second Earl
of Athole, and through him from King Edward I.

MADAME TREBELL is new to the Americans,
and it is, indeed, a common fact that she has
never been tempted to cross the Atlantic by
dollars hitherto. She is still in full song-power
and for style she is far and far away beyond the
reach of modern artists in general. Her delivery
of the part of Azucena in *Il Trovatore* is thus
criticized by the *New York Herald*:—"Mme
Trebell is an almost absolute mistress of her
art, and knows well how to conceal from ordi-
nary observation these slight defects by giving a
beauty of phrasing, a delicacy of expression, an
artistic finish to the music that she sings that
makes her a delightful artist to listen to. She
is a contralto endowed by nature with a rich,
full and sympathetic voice, sweet and clear in
the upper tones, and grandly effective in the
lower register. Art has highly embellished
this natural gift in a wonderful degree, adding
elegance of style, smoothness and finish, and
her own highly dramatic temperament has
taught her how to use her voice with great effect
upon the lyric stage. A finer performance of
Azucena has not been witnessed here for a long
time than that given by Mme. Trebell, and
long before the evening was over she had estab-
lished herself firmly in the good graces of her
new public both as an actress and a singer."