

**SHADOWS.**

The moon a light-hung world of gold,  
Low-drooping, pale, and phantom-fair;  
The fresh pomp of the summer leaves,  
And fragrance in the breathing air,

Beneath the trees flat silhouettes  
Mute idiot shapes that shun the light,  
Weird, crook-kneed things, a fickle crew,  
The restless children of the night.

In idle vacant pantomime  
They nod and nod for evermore,  
And clutch with aimless fluttering hands,  
With thin black hands, the leaf-strewn floor.

Quivering, wavering there forever,  
On the bright and silent ground  
Meshed and tangled there together  
While the rolling earth goes round.

And the gold-tinged airy ocean  
Ripples light in many a breeze  
O'er the sweet breathed purple lilac,  
O'er the tall and slumbering trees.

But comes the dawn,  
The spell is done;  
Weird spirits flee  
At rise of sun.

—W. S. KENNEDY, in *Harper's*.

**OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.**

**ANNUAL BALL OF THE LIEDERKRANZ SOCIETY.**—The twenty-ninth fancy dress ball of the Liederkranz Society of New York was held at the Academy of Music, on February 9th. The decorations of the Academy was chiefly floral, and were not numerous. The lobby entrances to the balconies were flanked with large vases, covered with silver foil, and filled with tall lilies and roses and other cut flowers, while over the doorway of the main aisle, and hanging between two similar vases, was a large wreath of smilax and roses, in the centre of which were the letters "L"—"K" set in tiny crimson buds. The edge of the dancing platform was ornamented with vases of cut flowers also, and between the vases at the various entrances stood guards in arms on sentry duty, with spears in their hands. Boxes ranged at the back of the stage converged in a bower or throne over the heads of the dancers. In the alcoves underneath these boxes there were displayed large cartoons of members of the society. The ball was opened at ten o'clock with a procession of thirty-two couples, dressed to represent various characters, and led by Prince and Princess Carnival and R. Steiner as Louis XIV. and master of the ceremonies. There were also represented a Louis XIII., and there were numerous other kings, queens, princes and princesses of other nationalities, besides several Don Carloses, a Lord Barleigh, a Count Egmont, a Henry of Navarre, a Sir Walter Raleigh and a Mary Stuart. After the procession there were the usual scenes of utterly antagonistic characters dancing together—nuns with demons, priests with gypsies, Oscar Wilde and Isabella of Spain, and "Michael Strogoff" and the "Colleen Bawn." There were dominoes of all shades and colors, men in German uniforms, several "Patiences," fat boys, vivandières, Roman costumes, Chinese mandarins, Mexicans, Poles, post-office carriers, the "Two Orphans," and harlequins. Van Dyke and the Jack of Spades were closely pursued by "the lively grasshopper." The ladies' orders were quite pretty in design, and were gotten up in crimson and gold. The design was that of a money purse of crimson velvet, and on one side two masqueraders were dancing in front of a golden lyre. On the other, Cupid, attired in a pair of gaudy wings, was shooting an arrow at a target, with two turtle-doves flying in front of him. One of these orders was given to each lady on her arrival. Twenty-seven dances occupied the attention of the participants until nearly daylight.

"THE LONG, LONG INDIAN DAY."—These engravings are tolerably self-explanatory, but we may observe that the titles underneath are taken from a poem which is, we understand, very popular among young military men in India, and which is called "The Long, Long Indian Day." Its poetical merits are not considerable, and it probably owes its popularity chiefly to the uncompromising spirit of disgust and discontent with India by which it is pervaded. But this growling is, we suspect, to some extent, affected, neither the civil nor the military services can really be unpopular, or there would not be such a host of candidates for them, while the rigours (can we apply the word to heat?) of the climate have been greatly mitigated by the accessibility (thanks to steam) of England and the Hills. We quote one stanza as a specimen:

Breakfast from nine till one,  
Sleep, till the setting sun  
Warns that the day is done,  
Then to the Band we run,  
And scandal talk with beauties tawny;  
The mess again at two  
Till half-past one or two  
Meanwhile a "peg" or two and brandy pawnee.

The scene of these engravings is laid in Bombay, and Mr. E. R. Penrose, Lieutenant, King's Own, the maker of the sketches, says, concerning the Parsee in his buggy: "The rich Parsees in Bombay drive very smart traps with fast-trotting Arab, and every evening they line the shores of the Bay to get the sea-breeze."

A DASTARDLY outrage is reported by Albanians on Commander Selby, of the British man-of-war *Falcon*.

**THE SHARK FISHERIES AT NEW SMYRNA, FLORIDA.**

(SEE ILLUSTRATION.)

Our illustration represents a somewhat noted shark fishery near New Smyrna, on the Florida coast. The sharks are caught for the oil they afford, one sometimes gives seven or eight gallons. Some attempts have been made to collect the fins for exportation, but it does not pay. About \$100,000 worth of fins are yearly taken to Bombay and shipped to China. The line are about as large as a clothes-line, the hook being a foot long and connected to a three-foot chain by a swivel. The season commences the last of March or April, and at this time, every morning at sunrise, a boat-load of negroes can be seen rowing out toward the mouth of the river to the place where sharks most do congregate. The men generally keep time to the oars with song and laughter, and, in fact, the business has more of a sporting character than falls to the lot of many. Arriving on the ground, the boats are hauled up, the fires started, and the lines spread along the beach at a distance of about 200 feet from each other. They are now baited with fresh shad or bass, and taking the coil of line and slowly whirling the heavy hook around his head, the "line" man steps quickly to the edge of the water and puts the bait out beyond the breakers into the channel that here runs close to the bank. From forty to fifty feet of line is generally thrown over, and one hundred more kept as a reserve to play the fish, if he proves a large one. The line is coiled near the edge and passed over a crotch of wood and caught tightly; this is done to all the lines. After throwing over the decayed remains of the catch of the previous day to bait up the game, the men lie on the sands and wait for a bite, and their patience is not generally taxed. The shark usually bites very softly, sometimes nosing the bait and producing a tremor in the line; and then it is jerked up, and the fish slowly moves off. Now the line must be allowed to run out at least twelve feet to give him a chance to attempt to swallow it. Four or five negroes have it well in hand, and when the leader thinks the time has come, he gives the word and they stop paying out; in a moment it is taut, and with a yell they jerk the hook into the fish and then the sport commences. As he feels the cold steel the shark rushes towards the deep water, dragging the men sometimes in knee-deep before they can stop his headlong rush. Now he makes a rush to the right, stopping suddenly and running right at them; with a leap cleaving the water and showing his whole length, and shaking his ugly maw in vain efforts to get rid of the chain, down he comes with a terrible splash, only to find himself deeper in the coils, as the men have taken in every inch possible. Now, perhaps, another line is seen going out, and two men are obliged to leave it short-handed and attend to that; this gives the shark a better chance, and he pulls the men fairly into the waters suddenly slacking and sending them all down in heap, and as quickly starting off again; but the men, finally weary of this treatment, and giving him more line, run down the beach, dragging him through the surf to and fro, until, half-drowned, he grows weaker, and getting close to the chain, they run him, flapping and gnashing his teeth upon the sand. All but one now go to the help of the other line. The one left takes a sharp knife—carried by all—cuts the hook out, severs the head, rips open the stomach, and soon has the liver out. The fins are cut off by the boys, and the vertebrae are saved for canes.

**MUSICAL.**

The St. George's concert on Thursday night was attended of course by a large and appreciative audience. As the daily papers have for the most part confined themselves to a description of the addresses delivered on the occasion, it may perhaps be in order to say a few words about the music, which for an entertainment of the kind was unusually good. Mrs. Rockwood's singing is well known in Montreal, and I have had occasion to express my opinion of it more than once. But to Mrs. Rockwood the Society owed a double debt on Thursday. One of her pupils, Miss Josephine Stanley from Boston, appeared in Montreal for the first time, and was eminently successful in pleasing an audience, which if not very critical as a whole, contained amongst them several of our best musicians. Miss Stanley has a full round contralto voice and is mistress of Mrs. Rockwood's method, which is enough to say that her phrasing and vocalization are good. I believe the two ladies are to appear together in several concerts during the winter, and I hope to have the pleasure of hearing them. The other vocalists on Thursday night were Miss Lizzie Scott, Mr. W. Maltby and "Tom" Hurst, all of whom are favorites and best left alone on that account, and Miss McGarry read with a small voice, but great deal of humour and spirit.

"Patience" was duly sung as announced by the ladies and gentlemen of St. James' Episcopal Church in the Albert Hall on Tuesday, Canon Norman presiding at the piano. "Patience" without dresses or scenery seemed to me, I confess, a little like the accompaniment to a song without the song itself. Still what there was of it went well and did much credit to Canon Norman and his "company." One thing I can heartily praise and that is the reading of Mr. King, who rendered the dialogue in a way that did much to remove the objection to its omission from the stage. Financial success I ought to say, immense.

**ROUGH SHOOTING.**

For those who care more for sport than for an enormous bag, there is a great deal of enjoyment to be pick'd up in a day's rough shooting; and this is to be had in perfection in an island we wot of. It is a lovely, bright December day when we start for our island, the recent storms have cleared the air, and we can see with almost startling distinctness every trifling hollow, every slight difference in color in the range of hills immediately in front of us. Away to the left is the wide-stretching heath, where we can see big pools of water shimmering and glittering like stray jewels cast haphazard on a dark ground. Every tiny cloud that flits rapidly over the sky before the north-west wind is reflected in these pools, and their shadows drift over the heath itself like faintly-defined ghosts, passing before we could say they were there. On the right is the wide grey harbour, with the sea breaking in over the sandy bar, where the gulls are swooping and shrieking as if prophesying another storm not far off, and as we reach the shore in the punt ready for action, we note the heavy yellow-white clumps of foam lying on the sand that tell us that even in this sheltered spot the tempest has raged in no common manner. The island itself is covered with rough furze bushes and dead brown fern, with occasional sandy patches, that tell us that rabbits have been at work, and with bare places where the fern has been cut away boldly for bedding for the horses. And as we get out of the punt and haul our dog after us, we see him recognize the place, and in a few minutes he is off with his ragged old tail wagging furiously as he plunges wildly into the first furze bush he comes to. Cheapside is with us to-day, he has been fired with emulation, and has determined for once in his life to rough it in our company, and though our man sniffs contemptuously and is heard to mutter something about not wanting no "parlor-gents out with he," Cheapside lends him a new gun, and at once is partly forgiven for his existence. But poor Cheapside does not enjoy himself much. We wait on a little elevation while Joe and Bill investigate the bushes in what is at present an unsuccessful scarce after rabbits, and as we see nothing save four donkeys standing in a half-ring with their backs to the wind, gazing at three larks sitting silently on a thorn tree, he begins to think he has come to the island under false pretences. Presently, however, a tiny rustle is heard behind us, as of something creeping cautiously past; then a white tail attracts our eyes; there is an explosion, a great barking from the dogs, who are not as well educated as they might be; and the four donkeys dash wildly away, heels and tails waving in the air; the larks have vanished altogether, and two little gray bodies lie below our feet spasmodically kicking, an action soon stopped by our man, who takes them up by the hind legs, stretches them out straight in some mysterious and highly-successful manner, and then puts them away in his coat, the pockets of which are made to contain somehow or other any number of rabbits without appreciably altering the shape of the garment itself. We get about eight rabbits, and then Cheapside becomes restive; rabbits are "ojous," he says, and is there nothing else he wonders? "Well," says Charley, scratching his head, "I did know of a couple of burrow-ducks; but I'd allow they won't return until 'flight,' when we are sure to get them; but we can look for a hare in the hollow, and there's nearly sure to be snipe in the marsh. Ah! you should have come here in the old days, sir, shouldn't he?" added he, appealing to us; "those was times, before the gunners was so free; now everything gets shot up; and soon we shall not have any wild fowl left. Now, I remember—" But here we put a stop to his reminiscences, for Charley being a true sportsman is apt to romance over the days that are no more. And we want to do a little more walking before Cheapside quite gives in. The walking is rough, there is no doubt of it. The dead dry heath is in places as high as our knees, and we tramp through it for miles. The dry fern emits a queer pungent odor as we tread on it, and we destroy numerous cacoons, the feathery white balls of which are put away in sheltered spots for the winter. Doubtless these belong to the oak-egger moth, for earlier in the season we found thousands of the caterpillars, that on being touched curled themselves round tightly and refused to uncurl until we left them to their own devices. In the hollow we bag the promised hare, and in the marsh three snipe that get up like a flash of lightning and almost frighten Cheapside into a fit. And at the extreme end of the island we see some silver plover, that with judicious stalking we are able to add to our bag.

Then Cheapside marmurs food, and produces the very king of pies, which he presses upon us, imploring us to take "a bit of the lid," by which he means to insinuate that the crust is good to eat, and by the time we have consumed it, "lid" and all, the short December day begins to alter. The air gets suddenly chill, every tiny bit of water fishes and glows all at once, a faint red gleam begins to creep over the farthest hill, and we think of looking for the burrow-ducks, otherwise called sheldrakes, who build or rather put their nests in the rabbit-holes in the island, and take their local name from this fact. But Cheapside is very miserable, he has seriously galled what he calls his heels, and he wants to get home. However, he yields to our entreaties, and consents to wait just a little longer. The cold gets colder, a purple gloom climbs higher and higher over the

hills, the water becomes a luminous silver sheet, all red fades, and suddenly the moon begins to climb very, very slowly up from the clump of firs out yonder. "It did ought to be a full moon," says Charley, "what's come to 'en then?" We looked; where the full orb should have shone resplendent came up a curious crescent, the crescent in the wrong place somehow, and all over the rest of the moon was what looked like a crumpled veil. Then, as it rose higher, the dark travelled more and more over the crescent until the moon looked like a round, black ball, with a thin luminous line round the face. The light from it was so extremely curious that we forgot the birds, and only watched the eclipse, which presently took a red hue, and the whole atmosphere became darkly luminous. Then across the otherwise clear sky flashed a magnificent meteor, like a silver ball cast from hand to hand in some angelic game of play, going out all at once as it seemed to fall among the fir trees. Five minutes after there was another, then the light altered a little, and the sky became darker, showing out a myriad smaller stars. "They ducks has passed," said Charley, impressively; "Drat the moon; we were looking at her and missed them; but we may get a wideon if we look out—that's to say if there's one left." Cheapside shivered and looked pathetic. We had got a fair amount of game. We had a long row, to be followed by a longer drive, and we wanted to watch the great shadow that still clung silently to the moon's countenance, and so we set our faces homeward. As we went along the water, the shadow began slowly, very slowly, to become thin; it did not pass away from side to side, as in our ignorance we expected it to do, but it looked as if layer after layer of mist was taken away, until nothing remained save what appeared to be a thin sheet of black tissue paper, through which a flood of golden light was poured out over the whole earth. By the time we had got to the sea this had gone, and the little fishing boats that had been out after sprats a mile or so from shore came sailing swiftly past us towards the harbour; each brown wing seeming full of luminous moonbeams, and each side of the boats glimmering as if made out of diamonds that in misty lines hung about every bush and twig capable of sustaining a dew-drop on the cliff, where presently a sheet of mist lay like some vast winding-sheet.—*Quiz.*

**NEWS OF THE WEEK.**

- SLAVERY in Egypt is to be totally abolished.
- THE Spanish pilgrimage has been abandoned.
- MICHAEL DAVITT, now in prison, is to be elected for Meath.
- HANLAN has got himself down to within 7 lbs. of his rowing weight.
- THE coronation of the Czar of Russia has been postponed till September.
- H. R. H. Princess Louise has become Patroness of the Women's Emigration Society.
- RESTER BROS., of Munich, have failed for a quarter of a million sterling.
- THE reported arrival at Moville of the steamship *Sardinian* was an error.
- FIVE hundred and seventy-two suspects are incarcerated in various Irish prisons.
- JAMES O'CONNOR, Henry Burton and Mallon have been released from Irish prisons.
- THE King of Burmah is taking steps to abolish monopolies and re-establish relations with India.
- AN explosion in a colliery at Rhondda Valley, Wales, on Saturday night, has thrown 2,000 miners out of work.
- EIGHT persons were injured by explosions of infernal machines contained in boxes addressed to parties in Edinburgh.
- THE steamer *Northern Light*, while on the passage from Pictou to Georgetown, (P.E.I.) got stuck in the ice off Cariboo, where she now lies.
- THE ship *Constantine*, which sailed from New York on the 18th of November for London, is supposed to have been lost with the 22 persons on board.
- PROFESSOR JACKSON'S pyrotechnic works at Chester, Pa., were blown up recently, causing a loss of some 20 lives, and wounding some 60 or 70 other persons.

A METHODIST minister travelling in Michigan was entertained by a family whose hospitality was greater than their means, and who were short of meat. In order to spread a good dinner for the parson, it was decided to slay the pet hen which belonged to the little boy of the family. This was a sacrifice, but the interests of religion and hospitality seemed to demand it, and so the bird's neck was wrung. After dinner the minister was asked to lead in family devotions, which with true clerical courtesy he consented to do. The family being called together, he knelt down on the floor, which was all boards, literally a-lorced with knot holes. While the prayer was going on, a lonely little chicken, one of the children of the deceased hen, came running under the house, lamenting the loss of its mother. The afflicted little lad put his mouth to the knot-hole, and sympathetically said to the chicken: "Peepy, peepy, I didn't kill your mother. They killed her for that big old preacher's dinner." That "big old preacher" was startled out of all sense of prayerfulness, and suddenly brought his devotional exercise to a close.