

AMERICA TO ICELAND.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

We come, the children of thy Vinland,
The youngest of the world's high peers,
O land of steel, of song, and saga,
To greet thy glorious thousand years!

Across that sea the son of Erik
Dared with his venturesome dragons' prow;
From shores where Thorfinn set thy banner,
Their latest children seek thee now.

Hail, mother-land of skalds and heroes,
By love of freedom hither hurled,
Fire in their hearts as in thy mountains,
And strength like thine to shake the world!

When war and ravage wrecked the nations,
The bird of song made thee her home;
The ancient gods, the ancient glory,
Still dwell within thy shores of foam.

Here, as a fount may keep its virtue
Where all the rivers turbid run,
The manly growth of deed and daring,
Was thine beneath a scantier sun.

Set far apart, neglected, exiled,
Thy children wrote their runes of pride,
With power that brings, in this thy triumph,
The conquering nations to thy side.

What though thy native harp be silent,
The chord they struck shall ours prolong;
We claim thee kindred, call thee mother,
O Land of saga, steel and song!

ARABESQUES.

Carlisle Iron.

There is a curious rumour in reference to the attitude which Germany is said to be adopting towards the Carlisle. At present the choicest of iron mines out of which the material for the famous Krupp guns has been procured is in the hands of the Carlisle, and for the present at least the manufacture of some of the large artillery for supporting Bismarckian politics is interrupted.

Retaliation.

The following curious specimen of German logic and arithmetic has, it is said, been expressed in a letter to Prince Von Bismarck from some working men. They have declared their determination to avenge any attempt on his life by murdering a Roman Catholic Bishop for every bullet which does not hit him, and two bishops for every bullet which hits; while the one which really killed him should cost the Pope his life.

Little Mortara.

Several years since the name was echoed throughout Europe of the boy Mortara, a Jew who had been baptised surreptitiously and taken from his parents in Rome. This boy is now Father Pius Mortara, an Augustine monk in the monastery of Notre Dame de Beauchêne, and on the 16th ult. he preached a sermon at Niort, in the department of the Two Sèvres, on the occasion of the festival of Notre Dame du Mont Carmel.

The Truth At Last.

A correspondent of the Woonsocket, R. I., *Patriot*, writes from a Swiss town: "I was much amused on looking over a visitors' book at the inn to find that under the heading 'Occupation' two German girls had written, 'Looking for a Husband,' and a stanza of poetry, the drift of which corresponded with the cry which the ancient American Miss Peck tells about in one of her stories—'How long, O Lord! how long!'"

The Splendours of the Vatican.

The world may not know the extent and magnificence of the Vatican Palace, in which the self-imposed seclusion of the venerable Pontiff is made. The gardens are unequalled in size and beauty. The museum and library contain the choicest and rarest examples of art treasures. There are twenty spacious halls for receptions, 15 magnificent salons, 2 chapels, 218 grand corridors, 8 grand staircases, 228 other staircases, and 11,500 apartments.

Working the Oracle.

The explanation of the King of Burmah's second coronation seems to have been an astrological prophecy that a new king was to come from the south. The present potentate circumvented the oracle by going out for a drive, taking a sweep round to the southward, and thus reentering his capital from that direction, and getting himself newly crowned. If his people were inclined to believe the oracle, we feel disposed to give the king credit for a smart manoeuvre.

Anti-Ritualism.

With a view to put a stop to ritualistic practices in certain churches in the English metropolis, an association is being formed with a view to take action under the provisions of the Public Worship Regulation Act. As a preliminary step to any direct proceedings, meetings and conferences will be held in various parts of the metropolis in connection with the National Protestant Institute; and, in order to meet the necessary expenses, a "Protestant Meetings Fund" has been established.

Curious Will.

It has often been observed that the character of a departed person can be read in his will; but what manner of person Joseph Mulley, of Clapton, can have been it is difficult to say. It contains the following curious legacy:—"I give unto my sister Susanna five pounds of money of Great Britain, one long hair broom, a dust-shovel, two hard brushes (both to be used at one time), and one pound of the best rappee snuff, which, I am sure, will complete her happiness in this world and the world to come."

Absent.

In the first volume of the *Bric-à-Brac* series the following capital story is told by Mr. Planche—Samuel Rogers, the poet-banker, being the narrator: "My old friend Maltby, the brother of the bishop, was a very absent man. One day at Paris, in the Louvre, we were looking at the pictures, when a lady entered who spoke to me and kept me some minutes in conversation. On rejoining Maltby I said, 'That was Mrs. ———.' We have not met so long she had almost forgotten me, and asked me if my name was Rogers.' Maltby still looking at the pictures said, 'and was it?'"

The Spanish Fleet.

The inactivity of the Spanish fleet remains unexplained. It consists of seven heavy ironclads, ten screw frigates, three ironclad turret ships, and five screw corvettes, besides not less than twenty-one advice-boats, collectively of 2,340 horse-power and with fifty-one guns; forty-eight screw gunboats, each with a heavy gun, and altogether of 4,040 horse-power, and twenty-eight paddle-steamers, with 109 guns, and of 5,500 horse-power. These last are specially adapted for coast service. Last spring nine advice-boats, seventeen gunboats, and six paddle-steamers were stationed on the north coast and in the Bay of Biscay.

Transformation.

The revival of *Janet Pride*, after many years, reminds us of an adventure of Mr. Toole's, the time he played the part of the clockmaker's boy in Boucicault's version of *Jeanne*. The popular comedian was booked one night to perform Jack Grinidge in the ever *Green Bushes*, at Sadler's Wells, after the above personation at the Adelphi. To save time he executed the quick change from boyhood to age in the cab, so that when the actor stepped forth the jarvey very naturally exclaimed, "Hullo! hullo, now! what ha' yer done with the kid, old 'un? You never got in at the 'Delphy, my boy!" The arrival of the stage door keeper put an end to the difficulty.

Paper Planks.

According to Dingler's *Polytechnisches Journal*, if a sheet of paper be immersed in an ammoniacal solution of copper (liqueur de schweitzer), prepared by treating copper filings with ammonia of 0.880 density, in contact with air, the paper becomes entirely impermeable to water, and maintains its consistency even under the influence of boiling water. When two sheets of paper thus prepared are passed together through rollers they adhere completely to each other, and by placing a number of such sheets together a board of great solidity is obtained, which may be still further strengthened by the interposition of fibres or tissues between the sheets; boards thus formed are quite equal to wood in solidity.

Panoplied.

A seaside belle in France is described as follows: "Imagine a vivacious brunette dressed in a buff *à la* linen costume profusely frogged with violet silk, and looped up over a violet underskirt. She wears amethyst earrings; a big amethyst brooch peeps under the long ends of her lace cravat; and round her waist is a belt with garnet knobs, supporting an *aumônière*, from which hang in a glittering cluster a fan, a purse, a smelling-bottle, a gold pencil, an enamel looking-glass, and a watch. On her head a white sailor's hat with violet streamers is jauntily set; and her small hands, covered with six-button gloves of *peau de Suède*, are occupied, one in carrying a pug dog, the other in holding a stick parasol four feet long."

Something like a Preserve.

A writer says: "The Spaniards have a mode of preserving which is quite peculiar to themselves. A slice being cut from one end of a large melon, the seeds and soft part of the flesh are removed, and into the hollow thus formed a luscious heterogeneous crowd of apricots, nectarines, and peaches, of oranges both sweet and bitter, of slices of pineapples, of strawberries, of raspberries, is pressed and closely packed; then all is steeped in the preserving syrup, the slice is restored to the end of the melon, reunited by the stickiness of the sugar. How long it remains under treatment, how often the syrup may be made to simmer, are details unknown to us; what we do know is that the final result is altogether the supremest form of preserved fruit."

Into the Wrong Hands.

A most interesting discovery is said to have been made a short time ago in the mansion formerly occupied by the French Direction du Génie at Metz, in which the German Fortification Bureaux are now located. A double ceiling was accidentally stumbled upon, leaving an empty space of about a yard in height between one of the upper rooms and the garret. In this space was found a great number of plans of French fortresses, &c., which had evidently been concealed there shortly before the capitulation, with a view of resuming possession of them at the conclusion of peace, when it must have been conjectured Metz would be given back to France. There are plans of all the fortresses formerly under the superintendence of the Direction du Génie at Metz, among others of Toul and Longwy. There are also some most interesting maps, giving special and minute details of the undermining of divers bridges and military roads.

Sartoris's Apparition.

A correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, writing from Green Bay, Wis., where Sartoris once sojourned says: "He had a bulldog that followed him everywhere. One rainy afternoon the pair retired for a nap in the hotel. Sartoris had made himself comfortable with divers brandy-punches, and retired with his dog at his heels for an afternoon siesta. In about an hour he rushed wildly into the office, his flaxen hair on end, his china-blue eyes starting from his head, his pale lips faintly ejaculating, 'The devil!' while the dog crouched at his feet in a panic of terror. There could be but one solution of this, thought all present. The man had gone crazy, and had frightened the dog; but the real cause of his terror, it turned out, was the apparition of an immense coloured washerwoman, who had entered his room without knowing it was occupied, and appeared at his bedside in a long waterproof, the black hood of which was drawn overhead and around her ebony face. Sartoris had been revelling in claret-coloured dreams, and the awakening was too much for him."

Piano Power.

Donn Piatt, writing from a secluded retreat, says: "We have here a piano-forte forty-horse power. We came near writing forty-jackass power, but we want to be polite. We detest a piano. We hate it almost as we hate those noodles who make themselves miserable over their respectability. The great enemy of man invented the rank-a-tank called a piano. For the better punishment of the wicked he has hell full of pianos, and we wish he had them all. There is no music in the thing, and every girl is taught to pound it. No house is furnished without a piano. One is never out of hearing of the detestable instrument of torture. It has done more to debase our social standard and fetch on the Tilton-Beecher business than anything else. This of ours never ceases. Women stop off for the next train and pound till it comes. An accident delayed the passenger train two hours here, and eighteen women took turns at the piano. We have three deaf people, and they alone are happy. We intend to serve this piano with an ounce of nitro-glycerine à la Irvine's hand-organ, and then the Glades Hotel, Oakland, will be a heaven on earth."

The Priest's Prophecy.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, speaking of the ruin of Kynost, says: "The great kitchen is still perfectly preserved, and in it one is told how the great General of Wallenstein's victory laughed over the astrological predictions of his evangelical priest. The priest consulted the horoscope, and told Count Ulrich he was to die by cold iron. The Count laughed, and asked him what was to be the fate of a lamb that was just being carried by. The priest ascertained the hour and day of its birth, again consulted the horoscope, and told the Count the lamb would be devoured by a wolf. In order to convince the priest how fallacious his prophecies were, the Count ordered his servants on a certain day to serve the lamb as a roast, and invited the clergyman to dine with him. On the day appointed, as the Count sat down to dinner with his guests, another roast was brought in. He enquired why his orders had not been obeyed and the lamb served. The cook, without a presentiment of the importance of his words, innocently answered he could not roast the lamb, for it had been carried away by a wolf. When the Count heard this he turned pale and said, 'The Lord's will be done.'"

"That's What I've Been Telling Emily."

Lord Dufferin, in his speech before the Toronto Club, tells the following good story: When crossing the Atlantic to take up the Government of this country, I found myself the fellow passenger of some hundred emigrants. As soon as they had recovered from the effects of sea-sickness the captain of the ship assembled these persons in the hold, and invited the Canadian gentlemen on board to give them any information in regard to their adopted country which might seem useful. Some of the emigrants began asking questions, and one man prefaced his remarks by saying that "he had the misfortune of having too many children." Being called upon in my turn to address the company, I alluded to this phrase, which had grated harshly on my ears, and remarked that perhaps no better idea could be given of the differences between the old country and their new home than by the fact that whereas in England a struggling man might be overweighted in the battle of life by a numerous family, in the land to which they were going a man could scarcely have too many children. (Cheers and laughter.) Upon which I was greeted with an approving thump on the back by a stalwart young emigrant, who cried out, "Right you are, sir, that's what I've been telling Emily." One of our Canadian "gags" or sayings will henceforth be: "That's what I've been telling Emily."

More than He Bargained For.

An English sportsman engaged a strong, powerful red-headed Highlander to act as gamekeeper on his English estate. The Highlander having been a considerable time at his post before there was any prosecution of poachers, his master began to suspect that after all the north-countryman was not such a good hand at catching poachers as he had been led to believe. Determined to find out whether he was vigilant or not, the gentleman one dark night disguised himself, took a fowling-piece, and went out to poach on his own ground. He had not fired above a shot or two when he was suddenly pounced upon from behind, the gun wrenched from his hand, his precious person subjected to a perfect hurricane of kicks and cuffs, hard blows, and harder Gaelic epithets, whereby he was knocked down and rendered half-insensible. On being able to explain who he was, the gamekeeper evinced great sorrow, asked a thousand pardons, and explained to his honour, "Ye see, I likes aye to send ta teevils hame wi' a sarkfu' o' sair banes, an' then they dinna come pack in a hurry; because, ye see, they canna, for some o' them, yer honour, are maistly ready for ta coffin be the time they get hame, an' syne they dinna gie us onie mair bother ava." The English sportsman went home, took to his bed, hovered between life and death for a fortnight, recovered at last, and raised his gamekeeper's wages 50 per cent.

"Cemetery Sam."

A Eureka, Cal., paper says: "His first appearance in Eureka was made the other night, and he introduced himself as 'Cemetery Sam,' gave the particulars of his receiving the patronymic, and stated that he was from Pioche, was a 'gun-fighter,' and asked if there were any who doubted his statement. He slashed around considerably during the evening, and by dint of suavity and terror—each applied as circumstances demanded—he succeeded in loading himself with nectar ere the midnight hour. Then he girded up his loins and declared his determination to start a corpse factory, but in order that his victims might know who they had the honour of being slain by, he thought proper to offer explanation, and in so doing carried on a sort of informal dialogue, asking the questions with formal and grave earnestness and answering with cunning lightness, thus: 'Who was it inaugurated the graveyard at Rocky Bar because a barkeeper refused him a drink? Guess it was Cemetery Sam.' 'Who was it caused the first orphan asylum to be started in Montana? Cemetery Sam was the feller.' 'Who was it made a public administrator rich in Eastern Oregon? I'm mistaken if it wasn't Cemetery Sam.' 'Who was it that—' Here some one present, who evidently thought the thing was becoming monotonous, smote Sam heavily, and the latter fell. When he arose he continued the monologue by asking: 'Who was struck by lightning just now? If my memory serves me right it must have been Cemetery Sam.'"