

the surgeon of the Czar were in attendance. The obnoxious book had been separated from its binding, and as an act of grace the margin had been cut off. The leaves were then rolled up, not unlike cigar-lighters. And there they were—a basketful. Now the meal began. Amid roars of laughter from the ignorant and degraded populace, the provost served the author leaf by leaf with his own production, putting the rolls of paper one by one into his mouth. He slowly chewed and swallowed one-third of the book, when the medical gentlemen concluded he had received into his stomach as much of the innutritious material as was compatible with safety. He was then re-conducted to his cell to digest his meal. The two following days the same scene was enacted, until every leaf was swallowed.

UP THE OTONABEE.

BY NELL GWYNNE, AUTHOR OF "ACORN LEAVES."

Where is the Otonabee? I think I hear some of my readers exclaim.

Turn to the map of Canada, and, on the northern shore of Lake Ontario, some miles east of Toronto, you will see the town of Cobourg marked, twelve miles north of which is an elongated body of water, known as Rice Lake, and that winding thread which connects it with an endless chain of upper lakes is the river Otonabee.

Many scenes less beautiful, though, perhaps, more full of interest than Rice Lake, have been immortalized for their beauty by poet's pen and artist's pencil. Here we have no moss-grown, unadorned ruin to add to the picturesque beauty of the landscape, while it tells its own tale of bygone glory. Dame Nature reigns supreme.

And while we gaze upon the towering forest trees, now all aglow with the gorgeous tints of autumn, our mind is carried back to days gone by, when season after season, silently and unnoted, they rained their glowing leaves into the rippling water until it became a drifting sea of scarlet and gold. And when Rice Lake, dotted with islands and streaked with yellow rice beds, and in all its glorious beauty of light and shadow, lay embosomed in an amphitheatre of purple hills, in the midst of a vast solitude, while the wild deer roamed about its shores at pleasure: when the golden rays of the rising sun flashed through the morning mists, we can imagine them coming from out the leafy forest, or through the dowy sea of wild flowers on the plains to quench their thirst and lave their feet in the limpid waters of the lake, over which a perpetual silence reigned, unbroken save by the cry of the water-fowl or the dipping of the Indian's paddle as he glided through the water in his graceful bark canoe. But alas! the glory of the Indian has departed.

The red man in all his bravery is among the things that were. To quote Flood Davin, in "The Irishman in Canada," "The Indian has passed away, and his ghost is dirty, and wears the cast-off clothes of his white brother."

We have seen the squaw in her wigwam, surrounded by her paposes. There might have been poetry in the fragrant hemlock boughs of which her habitation was composed, and over which the trickling sunlight flickered, and in the damp moss and drooping soft-flower at her feet, but though her voice is soft and mellow, and her manner as gentle as that of any high-born dame, it must be admitted that there is very little of the poetic element in this degenerate specimen of the aboriginal race. She is ragged and dirty, and, worse and worse, she smokes and gets drunk, and thinks nothing of getting a whacking from her lord and master. Even as we write, the shrill steam-boat whistle reminds us that our fathers came from over the sea and awoke the sleeping echoes in these wilds. With their good axes they laid low many a mile of trackless wilderness. As we steam across the lake, the receding shore discloses fair meadow lands and comfortable farmsteads, with here and there a cluster of houses, a glittering spire and a tall mill chimney.

Notwithstanding the inroads of civilization, Rice Lake still continues to be the haunt of the sportsman, the rice-beds affording a harvest for all sorts of water-fowl during the autumn. But woe betide the unwary mortal who allows his canoe to become entangled in their treacherous meshes. Many a body has been found floating among the rice at the breaking up of the ice in early spring-time, whose spirit had flown when the glowing overhanging world dyed the water crimson and caused it to shimmer like living jewels in the sun.

The rice first appears over the water like floating green meadows, and as the season advances it turns yellow, and streams through the water like long waving tresses of golden hair. When at maturity, it is a couple of feet above water, and rustles in the summer breeze like ripe grain waiting for the sickle, when the Indians put out in canoes from Hiawatha, the Indian village on the north shore, to gather it.

As we wind up the river we catch a glimpse of a tent here and there through the trees, and ever again we pass a sportsman skimming along in his canoe with dog and gun.

The river flows like molten bronze, and the reeds rise out of it in drifts of gold all flecked with scarlet.

Tall trees line the river bank on either side, and we are accompanied on our winding way by a magnificent panorama of brilliant autumn tints, which are so vividly mirrored in the water that the shadowed world appears to be divided from the real one only by a streak drawn through the trees. Light and glow and vivid flashes of colour greet us at every turn, and silent little showers of leaves are continually falling and strewing the water. The scrub oaks glitter in the sun like clouds of scarlet jewels all dripping with crystal, and mingle with great leafy drifts of pale gold, which flaunt their boughs far out over the water. Further on, a crimson shower of vines trail from the overhanging boughs into the water. As we go on and on, occasional gaps in the trees disclose miles and miles of glowing forests, with purple hills in the distance. As we move through this leafy world we encounter nothing more exciting than a flock of ducks swimming in a reedy covert, an eagle flapping its great wings over a bed of dead brackens, out of which we have startled it, or a sunburnt son of the soil, who pauses in his labour of turning over the soft brown earth with the ploughshare, to gaze at the passing boat. As we near the swing-bridge, we are rather surprised to see that that lumbering structure is opened by a woman, whose gown flutters in the soft breeze, while her arm whirrs about like the arm of a windmill.

Here the smoke from a neighbouring fallow floats in through the trees, and, strange to say, has a very beautiful atmospheric effect, softening the glare of the setting sun, and veiling the distance in a floating violet haze, which is mirrored in the water, mingled with streaks of gold. As we enter the locks, in the midst of all this glow and warmth of colouring, by some strange incongruity Poe's weird lines come into our mind:

"The skies they were ashen and sober,
The leaves they were withering and sore—
It was night in the lonesome October
In my most immemorial year;
It was laid by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty wild region of Weir,
It was down by the dark caves of Auber,
In the ghost-haunted woodland of Weir."

How an American poet could have conjured up anything so wondrously dreary in the most glorious month in all the year is rather extraordinary.

When we float out of this gaping cavern the moon is high in the heavens, and sheds a long silvery beam in our wake, though the shadows still glow in the waters, and the trees appear to be lit up by flashes of sunlight. We are followed by a shower of sparks from the engine, and a youth in a canoe, who has evidently come down the river with the intention of returning in the swell of the boat. He looks like a phantom as he flashes through the silvery waves, while the gloom of night gathers about the shadowy river banks.

The glory of the sunset still lingers in the west, and Little Lake lies before us, an untroubled sheet of dead gold, containing unathomable depths of purple shadows. Peterboro, instead of being a flourishing little country town, and lying among the hills, might be a city of palaces, as its lights gleam through the purple mist, which envelopes on every side. But the shadows are beginning to die out of the water, and the queen of night begins to assert her supremacy as we steam into Peterboro wharf.

Cobourg, Ont.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

A survivor of the celebrated ride into the jaws of death gives in the Boston *Commercial Bulletin* the following graphic picture of the charge: "Lord Cardigan's eye glanced us over; then spurring his horse forward a few paces he said: 'My men, we have received orders to silence that battery.' 'My God!' my brother ejaculated. Then grasping my hand, he said: 'Fred, my dear fellow, good-bye; we don't know what may happen. God bless you; keep close to me.' 'What more he might have said was lost in Lord Cardigan's ringing shout of: 'Charge!'"

INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.

"We went in at a trot; the trot changed to a canter, and the canter to a gallop. Through the lines I could see Lord Cardigan several horse-lengths ahead riding as steadily as if he was on parade. Now, to tell the plain truth, when we had ridden a short distance, say one hundred paces, I felt terribly afraid. The truth flashed upon me in a moment that we were riding into a position that would expose us to a fire on both flanks, as well as the fire from the battery in front of us, which we had been instructed to silence. I said to myself, 'This is a ride to death!' but I said it loud enough for my brother to hear, and he answered and said: 'There goes the first!'"

"The first was Lord Lucan's aide-de-camp, Capt. Nolan, who, after making a slight detour, was crossing our left to join us in the charge. A cannon ball had just cut him in two as my brother spoke.

"My heart leaped into my mouth and I almost shrieked with fear, but I restrained myself, and setting my teeth hard I rode on. A moment later the rifle bullets from the sharp-

shooters on the hillside began to whistle about our ears. Saddles were emptied at every step. Then came the whistling shot and the shrieking shell tore through our squadrons, mangle men and horse, ploughing bloody furrows through and through our ranks. Then my fear left me. My whole soul became filled with a thirst for revenge, and I believe the same spirit animated every man in the ranks. Their eyes flashed and they ground their teeth and pressed closer together. The very horses caught the mad spirit and plunged forward as if impatient to lead us to our revenge and theirs. At this time there was not much to be seen. A heavy dense smoke hung over the valley, but the flaming mouths of the guns revealed themselves to our eyes at every moment as they belched forth their murderous contents of shot and shell.

"Now a shot tore through our ranks, cutting a red line from flank to flank, then a shell ploughed an oblique and bloody furrow from our right front to our left rear; anon a ricocheting shot rose over our front ranks, fell into our centre and hewed its way to the rear, making terrible havoc in its passage. Oh! that was a ride. Horses ran riderless, and men bareheaded, and splashed with the blood of their comrades pressed closer and closer and ground their teeth harder, and mentally swore a deadlier revenge as their numbers grew smaller.

INTO THE GATES OF HELL.

"Alone and in front rode Cardigan, still keeping the same distance ahead. His charger was headed for the centre of the battery. Silently we followed him. Up to this time neither my brother nor myself had received the slightest scratch, although we were now riding side by side with comrades who at the start were separated from us by several files. We reached the battery at last. Up to this time we had ridden in silence, but what a yell burst from us as we plunged in among the Russian gunners! Well would it have been for them if they had killed us all before we reached them. They had done too little and too much. They had set us on fire with passion. Only blood could quench our thirst for revenge. We passed through the battery like a whirlwind, sabring the gunners on our passage. I don't believe one of them lived to tell the tale of that ride. Out of the battery and into the brigade—an army it was—of cavalry. Our charge was resistless.

"The Russians fell before our sabres as corn falls before the reaper. They seemed to have no power of resistance. And there was no lack of material to work upon. They closed in upon us and surrounded us on every side, but we hewed our way through them as men hew their way through a virgin forest, and only stopped when we reached the bank of the Tchernaya river.

BLOODY REMINISCENCES.

"Wheeling here we proceeded to cut our way back again. On the return ride I was assailed by a gigantic Russian trooper who made a strike at me with his sabre. I partially guarded it, but not wholly, and the next moment felt a stinging pain in my neck. It passed in a moment, however, and I was about to make short work of the trooper, when I heard my brother cry:

"'Ah! you would, would you?' and the Russian fell cleft to the chin.

"We cut our way through and once more entered the fatal valley. When half way back to our starting-point a cannon ball struck my brother and beheaded him. 'Tom, ah, thank you!'"

The colour-sergeant drained another glass. "When we formed up on arriving at our starting-point, Lord Cardigan, with the tears streaming from his eyes, said:

"'It was not my fault, my men.' 'And the men replied with one voice: 'We are ready to go in again, my lord, if you will lead us.'"

"Just then I became dizzy. My scalp had been lifted by the stroke of the Russian's sabre, the skin of my cheek cleft across to my upper lip, and I fainted from loss of blood.

"When my time expired in the cavalry I re-enlisted in this regiment. I am always proud to hear myself called one of the six hundred, but—poor Jack! fill that glass again, Tom." Thus ended the sergeant's story of this famous charge.

LITERARY.

TENNYSOON'S next play is entitled "Eleanor and Rosamund."

PRINCE METERNICH'S autobiography will be published simultaneously in Vienna, London and Paris.

MR. HENRY JAMES, the novelist, is thirty-six years old, and a native of New York city, having been born there in April, 1843.

AN English newspaper is now being published at Ali Masjid. It would appear that the 51st Foot have a regimental paper, rejoicing in the title of the *Bugle*.

MR. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, United States Minister to Russia, has received a leave of absence from the Government, and will visit America during the summer.

PROF. GOERTING, of Leipsic, who has been engaged on the third volume of his *Kritische Philosophie*, has committed suicide at Eisenach. Cause, over-study.

THE fourth volume of Mr. Theodore Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort* will, it is announced, be published separately in May, and the final volume towards the close of the year.

MR. BROWNING'S "Dramatic Idyls," which we mentioned the other week, will be six in number. The titles of the Idyls are "Martin Rolph," "Pheidippides," "Halbert and Hob," "Ivan Ivanovitch," "Tray," and "Ned Bratts."

THE poet Longfellow is in the habit of taking tea with his intimate friends in Cambridge in the most informal manner. The windows of his charming study look toward the famous Mount Auburn Cemetery, in which his lamented wife is buried.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH will bring out before long a new novel styled "The Egoist, a Comedy in Narrative." This work is in some degree an experiment, as it is a deviation from our later realism, and its point of view is the comic, in the higher sense of the word, instead of the sentimental.

ELIZA METEYARD, the English authoress, better known as "Silv'pen," is dead. She is known as the authoress of several stories—her earlier productions—and more recently as a writer on antiquarian subjects and sanitary measures, more especially in relation to extra-moral burial. She was for many years a contributor to the London press.

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS, poet, is now busy weaving and tinting, not a new poem in words or such stuff as dreams are made of, but lambrequins, curtains, and the like. In order to secure the tints he requires, and to be certain that the colours he obtains are permanent, he prepares his own dyes with a thoroughness that sends him through London streets one day with olive-green hands and the next day with hands of pale blue.

LEO XIII. has made a valuable addition to the Vatican Library in the shape of 135 volumes of the *Moniteur Universel* of Paris, containing the continuous issue of that newspaper without a break, from the day of the publication of its first number on November 15, 1789, to the end of the year 1861. The volumes were offered for sale at a recent auction at the starting price of 2,000 francs. The Pope gave an unlimited commission, and they were knocked down to him at 4,000 francs.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

GOLDBERG'S opera, "the Queen of Saba," has had an immense success at Turin. The composer was called before the curtain fifteen times on the night of the first performance.

SEVERAL ungalant press correspondents write that Janussek is becoming exceedingly bulky, and that it is not improbable that advancing years will compel her early retirement from the stage.

RUBINSTEIN'S success as an operatic composer has inspired him with fresh energy, and he is now hard at work on another opera, "Kupce Kalashnikov," which, as its name suggests, is founded upon a Russian subject.

MADAME ALBRANI will return to England about the 1st of May. Her success in St. Petersburg has been almost unprecedented, and at her farewell in "Sonnambula" she was so overwhelmed with bouquets, many bearing costly presents, that she was compelled to make a short speech promising her return to Russia next season.

MADAME NILSSON has undertaken to appear in Madrid for two months for 25,000 francs. It is rumored that in Mr. Mappes's forthcoming season she will sing in "Le Roi de Lahore." She has not, however, contracted any save the Spanish engagement—her husband, M. Rouzeau, having purchased a share in an Agence de Change in Paris and taken up his residence in that city.

A VIENNESE teacher of singing is said to have invented a toy, under the name of "Notenspiel," for teaching a child the musical notes, which, at the last Exposition Universelle, received honorable mention. The child is presented with a movable toy, through which the sense and taste for drawing is awakened. Through it the child gets acquainted with the whole musical system, and is enabled to set a whole chord, and even a musical phrase, from which it unconsciously learns to sing and play at sight. "We are on the high road now."

THE last week of "Our Boys" at the Vaudeville Theatre, in London, has been announced. It had grown to be as much a constant institution as Mme. Toussaud's, and the *Saturday Review* says it is not a little probable that some persons "may have acquired a habit of going to see 'Our Boys' as others get into the way of drinking a particular wine after dinner, and to them its withdrawal will assume the aspect of a personal grievance." No one attempts to explain its extraordinary success, but the *Review* says that at any rate it owed nothing of it to an unexquisite taste in either author, actors or audience.

MR. CHIPPENDALE'S benefit at the London Lyceum was a great success: every seat was taken, and £300 was the amount realized by the entertainment so generously provided for him by his fellow artists on his retirement from the stage. Mr. Chatterton made £400 by his benefit at Covent Garden.

Let him who'd sing in Pinafore
His choir connection sever,
He never more will raise a hymn,
That is, he'll "hardly ever."

Six nights of op'ra unfit
The mind for hymns and chants,
M— says his disciples think so, too,
And so do his cousins and his aunts.

THE ZULU WAR.—We are credibly informed by eye-witnesses of the recent disaster at Isandula that, upon the swarming thousands of Zulu warriors not one SHIRT was to be seen. This is scandalous. Common humanity calls on us to send them, at once, some of Treble's Perfect-Fitting Shirts. Samples and cards for self-measurement sent free to any address, TREBLE'S, 8 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full direction for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.