

A NATIONAL HYMN.

Father of nations! hear
Thy people cry to thee.
Hear us thou kind propitious power,
Thy love and strength we will adore in ecstasy.

Father of nations! see
Thy people at thy feet.
Behold, we reverently bow,
Endow thy creatures, prostrate now, with blessings meet.

'Twas in the earlier days
Our fathers crossed the sea;
Their hands have felled the lofty pine
That owns no other power but thine; by labour free.

And now, O God the Lord,
Our spirits soar to thee.
We yield to our loved monarch's rod,
This glorious land our fathers trod, for evermore.

Halifax, March, 1870.

ANON.

A GALE IN THE NORTH SEA.

[From the Graphic.]

"Oh, weel may the boatie row
... that earns the bairnie's bread."

Trawling in the North Sea is not quite the same thing as an early autumn yacht excursion down Channel and up the Mediterranean. A glance at our illustration will show that the occupation of fishermen on the north-east coast is no holiday work; but the hardships of the life they lead are more apparent than the dangers. The proportion of lives lost in fishing craft on our coasts is, however, very much less than among that class of labourers who dig in the bowels of the earth; and when Death does overtake the toilers of the main he comes under such circumstances of war between the outer elements as lends a certain dignity to the poor fisherman's fate. To be swept off and engulfed by the mighty waves is, if aesthetic or poetic ideas can have place, an end preferable to that of being choked in a coal-pit five hundred yards beneath the surface of the earth.

The North Sea fishery is probably the most considerable we possess, as respects the numbers of men employed, the amount of capital invested, and the produce obtained. Statistics are not easily to be got, nor are they to be relied upon: Government inquiries and permanent administrative boards have failed in this respect. But it may be said, without in the least depreciating the south-west and Irish fisheries, that the teeming wealth of the waters from Shetland to Yarmouth form the chief source whence the London and other markets are supplied with fish. Billingsgate was not many years back a synonym for everything of, in, and relating to, fish; but the monopoly of that famous mart for the finny tribe has been broken down; its trade, as well as its *lingo*, has been diffused, very likely to the great improvement of both. The railways now convey the produce of the fisherman's over-night toils into Birmingham, Manchester, and other wealthy midland towns, so that it may be served on the tables of the consumers the following day. And it may be well supposed that in consequence of these facilities for distribution the demand for so acceptable an article of food has increased more rapidly than the supply, for, as most of us know, the price of fish is higher now than ever.

Turbot, in capturing which the Dutch are our superiors, plaice, sole, codfish, ling, haddock, and herrings are what chiefly come into the nets of the North Sea fishermen. Of these, herring, as the song says, is king; not only as an esculent, but as the staple of a branch of industry turning over between two and three millions of money annually. Whole populations on the sea coast, the centres of which are Glan and Wick in the north, and Yarmouth in the south, may be said to live, move, and have their being in herrings. But although they dwell in the vicinity of a melancholy ocean, described by Tacitus as rising up like a wall—*adversus oceanus*—to bar the progress of mariners from the south, these North Sea fishermen are far from being discontented or unhappy. They are rough—and this applies equally to their more southern fellows: the life of the men being on the sea, the rule of the women on shore. It is true now, as it was half a century since, that these fishing villages afford examples of a gynocracy which, we fear, would scarcely please the advocates of woman's rights. The race of the Luckie Mucklebackits is not extinct; but rude manners and a ruder language serve to bring into stronger relief the warm-heartedness and intense affection of these people in their family relations. Such feelings, indeed, extend beyond the domestic circle, and a disaster to one boat's crew is a calamity to a whole population. The most abundant hauls of fish are made at that season of year when gales most prevail. What it is to be out in a gale in the North Sea in a boat of eighty or ninety tons may be faintly conceived by a glance at our engraving, from an admirable painting by Mr. Andrews in the present Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours. After all, however, the hardships of the fishermen's life are not so severe as might be supposed. As a class the men are robust, and are well fed and clothed. Beginning the occupation in boyhood, they become inured to the dangers and rough living incident to it; and they are probably never so happy as when, equipped in their woollen jackets and staunch jack-boots, and having ample provision of beef and spirits on board, they are battling with the furious elements and filled with hopes of an abundant take.

But every winter brings its painful record of disasters—whole fleets of boats are too often overwhelmed, and the fishermen cast as food to the fish. By our modern arrangements, the purchaser rarely deals direct with the producer, and at a fashionable fishmonger's little scruple need be felt in "chaffering" over the price. Still one cannot help remembering that same Luckie Mucklebackit's energetic apostrophe to the frugal-minded Monkbarne—"It's no fish ye're buying; it's men's lives!"

THE MARKET PLACE AND CHURCH OF ST. MARY, CRACOW.

In Cracow, as in all the old German towns, the Market Place, or Ring, as it is sometimes called, forms the centre-piece of the city—the axle of a wheel of which the streets are the spokes. In Cracow, however, the market-place is of unusual size, and is surrounded on all sides by large shops and stately dwelling-houses. One side of the square alone contains no less than 43 of these large buildings, and eleven streets radiate throughout the city with the Market Place as their centre. Among the principal buildings on the square, are the Church of St. Mary, a magnificent edifice originally built in the pure Gothic style,

and the Tuch-haus, or Clothiers' Hall, which stands opposite the church, to the right in our illustration. The Hall is a very old building, and is said to have been standing at the time of the storm of the city by the Tartars in 1281. It was renovated by order of King Casimir of Poland in the year 1358. Several additions, mostly in the style of the Renaissance, have been made to the church since its consecration in the reign of Casimir the Great. Its dimensions are as follows: length, 236 Polish feet; breadth 106 feet. The height of the tallest tower is 246 Viennese feet, nearly that of the towers of Notre Dame in Paris. The other tower has not yet been finished. The church of St. Mary is renowned for its beautiful altar-piece by Veit Stoss, and a magnificent reliquary by Hans Kulmbach. At the chief entrance to the church hangs a heavy knife, the fellow of which hangs at the door of the Tuch-haus. The legend runs that the architect to whom, together with his brother, was given the contract for finishing the church-towers, suddenly grew jealous of his brother and murdered him. Hardly, however, had he committed the rash act when he was seized with remorse, and put an end to his own life. The memory of this murder and suicide, the baneful effects of jealousy, is still kept alive in the minds of the citizens of Cracow, by the sight of these knives suspended at the entrances of the two principal buildings of the city.

THE BURIAL-PLACE OF THE HAPSBURGS.

From the great square of the ancient Imperial city, on which stands the magnificent cathedral of St. Stephen, sundry small, narrow streets branch off in every direction. One of these, a short and narrow *ruelle*, leads to a smaller square, on which stands one of the principal monuments of Vienna, that beautiful work of art, the Donnerschen Fountain. A colossal figure, representing the river Danube, forms the centre-piece of the fountain, and around this, on the brink of the broad basin that receives its waters, are four more figures representing the four principal tributaries of that river. But the fountain, beautiful as it is, sinks into insignificance in point of interest, by the side of that modest building at the corner of the square, the gabled peaks of which hardly overtop the surrounding houses. The occupants of the building, as testifies the figure on the angle of the roof, are monks of the Capuchin order. This celebrated monastery—the last resting-place of the members of the imperial house of Hapsburg, is well worth the inspection of the tourist. Should he be fortunate enough to gain admission, he will be received on entering by a monk, clad in the brown frock and white linen girdle of the order, who will act as his guide. Passing through a door to the right of the broad entrance hall, and descending a series of white stone steps, the visitor finds himself in the burial-place of the House of Hapsburg—a long, gloomy vaulted chamber that loses itself in the distance and darkness. Above, arch above arch, as far as the eye can reach, below, a grim series of coffins. To the left the light of day dimly penetrates through the narrow outlets in the wall, leaving the opposite side of the chamber in half-darkness. Here and there only a weird metallic gleam shoots through the iron grating that separates the two sides of this subterranean cemetery. A grated door leads into the division on the right hand, and down the middle of this stretches a narrow walk with iron railings on each side, separating the visitor from the sarcophagi. The whole passage is plunged into the deepest darkness, and those who undertake to explore these catacombs are of course amply provided with lights before descending. The first object that presents itself to the visitor on entering is a smooth and polished sepulchre, covered by a curiously worked lid—at each corner a grinning death's-head encircled by an imperial crown. This contains the remains of the Archduke Leopold I., to whom history gives anything but a stainless name. In a narrower passage to the left, between the grating and the coffins, lies a second sarcophagus, a miserable shell, adorned with dim shields and dusty trappings. Charles the Sixth reposes here, a prince that had but little at heart the welfare of his subjects. He sought to perpetuate his memory by erecting two monuments in the St. Veitskirche in Prague—one a tasteless silver figure of John Nepomuk, weighing seven-and-thirty hundred weight, for which his luckless subjects had to pay; the other, the beautiful marble statue of his predecessor on the imperial throne. By a third act he certainly succeeded in his object: the Pragmatic Sanction has attached anything but a desirable fame to the name of the Emperor Charles VI. His statue is not to be found in a single city or town in Austria. Three plain tin coffins come next, of which the first, entirely destitute of ornament, contains the remains of the emperor Matthias, that weak prince whose only crime was his inability to face the turbulence and lawlessness of his day. Next to him lies Ferdinand II., the cruel oppressor of Bohemia. Beside Ferdinand lies his son, the third of that name; then come members of the imperial family that never wore the crown, and last of all three coffins that stand side by side, at right angles to the rest of the row. The two outside ones are those of two sisters of Maria Theresa, and between them, their imperial sister's stewardess, Baroness Fuchs, the only one of less than imperial birth that shares the honours of this illustrious race of princes.

In the left-hand division the two principal objects of interest are the tomb of Margaretta of Spain, first wife of Leopold I., a solid structure of pure silver, weighing sixteen hundred weight; and the sarcophagus containing the remains of the consort of the emperor Matthias, the eldest in the building, where they were brought in 1618.

Having exhausted the contents of the lower vaults, the visitor ascends to a chamber above, warmer and better lit than those already visited. A row of pillars stretch down the middle of this chamber, arching off on either side, and thus forming a series of separate vaults. The first one contain a number of coffins arranged in a circle around a huge double sarcophagus, on which rest the emblems of sovereign power, the crown and ermine mantle. The folds of a rich purple pall cover the sarcophagus, hanging down on either side, and hiding the rich reliefs with which it is adorned. Here, in one grave, lie the remains of Maria Theresa, and her husband Francis I. Around them are the coffins of their children and nearest relations. There lies Duke Albert of Saxe-Teschen, and next him his wife Christine, the empress's favourite daughter. In the next vault is a wretched leaden coffin, without trapping or ornament of any description. On the lid is engraved an inscription—"JOSEPH II." Joseph's memorial—a right imperial monument—stands yonder on the Burgplatz, with the inscription: *SALUTI AVONUM NON DIX VIXIT, SED TOTUS*. And he himself chose this humble resting place; conscious of the justice of his works and his will, he preferred to lie humbly enshrined at the feet of his parents, and let his deeds alone speak for him. The next cell contains the family of the emperor Francis II.

Of all the House of Hapsburg this same Francis II. is the greatest bore. His name turns up at every corner in the streets of Vienna, on gates, monuments, schools and barracks. And even here on his showy sarcophagus of brown marble appears the inevitable "FRANCISCUS IMPERATOR," as the last testimony of his never ending pride. On the ground, in three corners of the vault lie the coffins of his first three wives, whom he survived. The fourth corner is destined for his fourth wife, still living, the Empress Caroline Augusta. On his left repose two of his relatives; his daughter, Marie-Louise, and the son of his enemy Bonaparte—his grandson the King of Rome. The second row of chambers contain the remains of the emperor Leopold the Second and his family, as well as the members of the imperial house deceased during the last ten years; and at the further end five members of the Toscani family. In the middle of the former lies the poor young Archduchess Matilda, who was burnt to death in 1867. Her coffin is covered with withered garlands and wreaths of immortelles. In the last cell to the right stands a single sarcophagus, on which stream a few soft-toned rays of light, sufficient to show the tasteful ornaments that cover the bier. At the head lies a large silver wreath, and at the foot another of the same description, but smaller; between the two a crucifix and wreaths of immortelles. From under the cushions on which the wreaths rest, broad embroidered ribbons of red and white silk hang down to the ground. On one of them is worked "Erinnerung" (Remembrance); another bears the inscription "Maximilian Ferdinand Max, Archduke of Austria, Emperor of Mexico." The others "Dem Edlen Holden," (To the noble Hero); "Dem Achten Christen," (To the True Christian); and "Dem Nie Vergesslichen Bruder," (To our never-to-be-forgotten Brother.) This is the tomb of the victim of Queretaro, the last in the trial of sovereigns deposed, condemned and executed by their own subjects. Our illustration represents a group of visitors at the tomb of the Emperor Maximilian.

MONTMORENCY FALLS—THE ICE-CONE IN WINTER.—There are few scenes even in the magnificent landscape of Canada which can rival that of the falls of Montmorency. Who shall say how often these wondrous falls, situated some ten miles below Quebec, have inspired the incoming emigrant with a feeling of love and admiration for the new country of his adoption? There is something stupendous in the very contemplation of a huge body of water hurling itself headlong down a mighty precipice 250 feet high. In the summer time it is a magnificent scene; but in winter, when the ice-cones are formed, then it truly baffles description. Our illustration shows the cone at its greatest height, usually reached in March, and a fair sprinkling of pleasure-seekers trying to enjoy the national tobanan when its steep sides. What could possibly be more enjoyable in the crisp winter air than a rapid rush down the steep banks of the Montmorency ice-cone?

DIVULGING A SECRET.

This is a pleasing little illustration of the troubles and trials of love and courtship. The elder of the two sisters has engaged herself to some gentleman friend, and has imparted the secret "in confidence" to her younger sister; whereupon the little mix, true to her sex, must immediately let out the secret to their old uncle, evidently, if we may judge by his amused expression, a wicked, witty old fellow, who is particularly hard upon his nieces in the matter of love, and never loses an opportunity of bantering them upon the state of their affections. The shy, half-impudent attitude of the elder girl, protesting against her sister's breach of confidence, is admirable; and the air of mystery with which the younger sister communicates her secret, as well as the amused look of the old gentleman are finely rendered. The original picture is by Otto Erdmann.

THE FAST OF MOHARREM AMONG THE SCHIITES OF TARTARY.

The Mohammedans throughout the world are divided into two great antagonistic sects, the Sunnites and the Schiites, or followers of Ali, Mohammed's son-in-law. The Schiites, or schismatics as they are designated by the Sunnites, by whom they are looked upon as little better than infidels, inhabit for the most part Tartary and the surrounding regions. Tartary, at all events, is looked upon by orthodox Sunnites as the hot-bed of Schiitism. They are a curious people, these Mohammedan schismatics, and have a great many customs and ceremonies peculiar to themselves. Among these latter is the celebration, in the month of Moharrem, of the sufferings and passion of two of their martyrs, Hassan and Hossein, who were slain by Yazid, king of Syria, in the year 61 of the Hegira, or 680 of the Christian era. The fast, one of the greatest among the people, begins on the tenth day of the month of Moharrem, and lasts for ten days, during which a strict fast is observed each day from sunrise to sunset. During the first nine days representations are given of the sufferings of the two martyrs, and on the tenth day a grand procession winds up the celebration. In point of art, these dramatic representations are wretched affairs. With the exception of the actor who takes the principal part, that of the murderer of the two Imams, and who generally is brought from Persia to play during the fast, the acting hardly deserves the name. The subordinate characters read their parts in a monotonous voice that is anything but real. Nevertheless the affair generally proves a success, and at all events fulfils its object of setting before the people in a plain and easily understood form the sufferings of the two martyrs whose death they celebrate. The procession is a horrible affair. First a long series of dervishes and penitents, beating and cutting themselves with swords and daggers; all aiming at inflicting upon their own persons the most painful and cruel tortures. After these fanatics are borne several litters, on which are effigies of the martyrs and their companions, and reliquaries containing their remains. The actors in the dramas of the preceding days, come next, each in his distinguishing costume, and are followed by a crowd of mollahs, or priests, dervishes, and penitents, who keep up an incessant yelling, shouting the praises of the martyrs.

In Persia, where the Schiites are also very numerous, the fast of Hassan and Hossein is also very strictly observed. The ceremonies are much the same as in Tartary, but there is less of that revolting bloodshed which characterizes the Tartar celebration. In Persia the martyr Hossein receives the lion's share of honour; and the great object of interest in the procession at Teheran is the litter bearing his effigy, and the reliquary containing his remains. This reliquary (of which