

**THE TWO MOURNERS.**

Low down the wasted sunset lies,  
One bar of golden red;  
Pale in the wintry gloaming rise,  
The still slabs of the dead.  
A silent mourner, watching late,  
Has turned at last to go  
Out through the little church-yard gate,  
Across the dreary snow.

And loudly, so the night may hear,  
Sounds his impassioned voice;  
"Farewell, unutterably dear,  
My second, priceless choice!  
O might our days of parting prove  
As men a moment brief,  
Soul that hast gladdened with thy love  
The black voids of my grief!"

"Thou couldst not hold the place of her  
Whose loss had slain my youth,  
Yet wert thou God's own messenger  
Of comfort, hope, and truth;  
Calming with counsels wise and sweet  
My spirit's dismal care,  
And trampling with victorious feet  
Its serpent of despair!"

His bitter words ring desolate  
Below the sombre skies;  
He slowly nears the church-yard gate,  
Then pauses in surprise,  
For there a dark-robed woman stands,  
Her white face dim to see,  
The mourner starts; with lifted hands,  
He murmurs, "Can it be?"

Softly the woman names his name,  
And sadly bows her head;  
"Our missions hither are the same,  
To mourn the noble dead.  
From yonder grave-mound gleams the fair  
Commemorative cross  
Of him who taught my life to bear  
The anguish of thy loss!"

Along the verge of western skies  
The last vague tinge is fled;  
Pale in the wintry gloaming rise  
The still slabs of the dead.  
Two mourners that have lingered late  
With quiet footsteps go,  
One through the little church-yard gate,  
Across the starlit snow.

For each is born a joy divine,  
For each the heavens are bright  
With jewels lovelier than line  
The corridors of night.  
Yet rarest is the joy that stirs,  
In lands beyond the sun,  
The souls of their dead comforters  
Who died to make them one!

**ON THE LAKE SUPERIOR.**

**THE PICTURED ROCKS AND THE GREAT CAVE.**

The Southern Shore of Lake Superior, especially around the Pictured Rocks, is haunted ground; for it is there that the scene of "The Song of Hiawaha" is laid. It is a fitting theatre for the strange and grotesque shapes with which the imagination of the Indians peopled it, and for the fantastic stories they connect with it. The most characteristic of these is perhaps the Hunting of Pau-Puk-Keewis, the Storm Foot—an incarnation of the sudden tempests to which the lake is subject, and which, raging far and wide, end, in this particular myth, in the Pictured Rocks. They called Lake Superior "Gitche Gumee"—the Big Sea-Water, but are not known to have given a name to the Pictured Rocks, although the term has been in use for a great length of time. It would seem that the first white travellers were more impressed with the novel and striking distribution of colours on the surface than with the astonishing variety of form into which the cliffs have been worn.

These rocks are, in general terms, a series of sandstone bluffs, extending along the shore of Lake Superior, and could, so far as relates to height or extent, not be ranked among great natural curiosities, although such an assemblage of rocky strata, washed by the waves of a great lake, would not, under any circumstances, be destitute of grandeur. To the traveller coasting along their base in his frail canoe they would, at all times, be an object of dread. The recoil of the surf, the rock-bound coast (affording for miles no place of refuge), the lowering sky, the rising wind—all these would excite his apprehension and induce him to ply a vigorous oar until the dreaded wall was passed. But in the Pictured Rocks there are two features which communicate to the scenery a wonderful and almost unique character. These are, first, the curious manner in which the cliffs have been excavated and worn away by the action of the waters, which for centuries have dashed an ocean-like surf against their base; and, second, the equally remarkable manner in which large portions of the rocky walls have been coloured by bands of brilliant hues. These colours are caused by the percolation of water impregnated with iron and copper, and show on the surface in bands, which are extremely brilliant at certain seasons contrasted with the yellow colour of the rocks. The latter have been worn by the action of the water into the most fantastic shapes, and pierced into thousands of caverns that frequently bear the most remarkable resemblance to Gothic architecture. They are situated at a distance of about seventy miles from the Sault St. Mary, which is at the eastern entrance to Lake Superior, where a ship canal connects its waters with those of Lake Huron. The line of cliffs extends about fifteen miles, and terminates at the eastern end in what is known as the Grand Chapel. This wonderful natural structure stands about fifty feet above the present level of the lake, and its arched roof is supported by two gigantic and beautiful columns, that appear to have been hewn and placed where they are by skillful hands. The backward reach of the roof rests upon the main cliff, and within the chapel is the base of a broken column, strongly suggestive of a pulpit. The roof is crowned with fir trees,

which maintain a terrible struggle for life with the storms which are so frequent here.

About half a mile west of the Grand Chapel is "The Great Cave," a huge rectangular mass of sandstone 250 ft. in height, projecting from the general line of cliffs some 300 or 400 feet into the water. The main entrance is on the lake side, through a beautiful arch one hundred and fifty feet in height (see illustration). There are other entrances on the eastern and western sides, but they are smaller and less imposing. The interior is partially filled with the debris of the distinguished walls, the surface of which, perforated by hundreds of smaller caverns, is covered with a brilliant emerald moss. The roof of the Great Cave, owing to the horizontal strata of the rock, has broken away in immense concave circles, which are also covered with velvet green mosses, and lit up by reflected light from the water below. The water of the lake is of a bright green colour, and is so clear that small objects are distinctly visible at a depth of thirty or forty feet. Agates of great beauty are scattered plentifully along the small strips of sandy beach that reach from the Grand Chapel to the Great Cave. The cliffs in the neighbourhood of the latter are covered with bands of red, green, and yellow, which run perpendicularly from the top to the water's edge, and produce the effect of gigantic eastern carpets of the richest dyes. Here is also Sail Rock, consisting of two immense flakes of sandstone, which have separated from the main shore, and at a little distance look like the sails of a large sloop. Sail Rock is visible in the background of our illustration. From the Great Cave to Miner's Castle, a distance of about eight miles, an unbroken perpendicular line of rocks plunges into deep water; and woe to the unfortunate vessel that is caught by a north-wester in the Channel between these dreadful walls and Grand Island opposite. Its fate inevitable. The only place where a landing can be effected is upon a small strip of beach at Miner's Castle. The latter is perhaps the most remarkable of the many resemblances to Gothic architecture by which the Pictured Rocks are distinguished. The natural masonry abounds with turrets, embrasures, and gateways, supported by hundreds of coloured columns. Bears, deer, beaver, and minks are numerous here; wild grape vines and other creepers decorate the great trees with festoons of fruit and flowers; and a picturesque waterfall tumbles from a high cliff into a forest of primitive growth. There are a few Indians on Grand Island, on the northern shore of which a light warns the mariner of the dangers of this rock-bound and storm-beaten coast. The chief features of the Pictured Rocks can only be effectively rendered by colour: enough remains, however, to inspire the artist for a translation in black and white, and to call forth the utmost skill of his pencil.

**HEAD-MASTERS AT WESTMINSTER.**

The appointment of a new head-master to Westminster School has given rise to some interesting anecdotes about this famous foundation, which existed long before Elizabeth's day, although she by bestowing upon it certain privileges has been commonly regarded as founder. The predecessor of the famous Dr. Busby was Lambert Osbolston. A letter of his to Laud's opponent, Bishop Williams, containing some obscure reflections on Laud, fell into the wrong hands, and the head master was sentenced by the Star Chamber to lose all his spiritualities, pay a fine of five thousand pounds sterling to the King, and a like sum to the Archbishop, have his ears nailed to the pillory in the presence of his scholars in Dean's Yard, and be imprisoned during the King's pleasure. Osbolston saved his ears by flight. "He hath gone beyond Canterbury," said the wits of 1633. The Long Parliament got him restored to his benefices, though not to his mastership, for which Busby was already approving his fitness.

Busby, born in 1606, ruled with a very high hand for forty-seven years. He was a champion flogger, and tradition avers extended his castigations even to outsiders. It is told how one afternoon when he was correcting themes there was a great noise of juniors playing. Busby twice sent down to stop the riot, but as this had no effect dispatched several big boys to bring up the chief culprits. A lean Frenchman happened to be standing in Dean's Yard. Him Busby's emissaries dragged, frantically resisting, up the school-room steps. "Horse him!" said Busby, when the young rogues had declared that this was the man who had made all the noise; and to the unspeakable delight of the whole school the Frenchman was well whipped and then hustled out. Boiling with rage, he hastened to the nearest coffee-house he wrote a challenge which he sent to Busby by a porter. The Doctor had no sooner read it than he said: "Fetch a rod and horse this man!" and the porter was served like his principal. He returned to tell what had happened, and this time the Frenchman could only exclaim: "C'est un diable!" It was Busby who receiving Charles II. excused himself for not walking bareheaded, on the ground that his authority over his boys would be gone, if they could suppose that there was a greater man in the land than he. During Busby's reign, a member of the ancient family of Wake took a flogging for a timid friend by assuming his offence. Years rolled by, and England became involved in troubles. Wake, a royalist, was brought before the whilom comrade whom he had befriended at Westminster, and who had become a Round-head judge. "One good turn

deserves another," and the judge now saved his school-fellow's life.

In 1764, Dr. Hinchcliffe was appointed, but resigned after three months, owing it is believed, to an anomaly which exists to this day. The King's or Queen's scholars—for they change their designation according to the sex of the sovereign,—are allowed access to the houses of Parliament during debates, provided they appear in academicals; but the privilege is not extended to masters. Dr. Hinchcliffe had been fond of attending debates when a boy, and becoming head-master tried to obtain the continuance of his privilege, arguing logically enough that where pupils are admitted the masters who have charge of them should be allowed to enter. But the Speaker could not see things in this light, remarking that boys who came into the House were under his charge. The Chancellor said the same thing as to the House of Lords, upon which Hinchcliffe, who had a high notion of his dignity, shook the dust of Westminster off his shoes. He was soon consoled with the mastership of Trinity, Cambridge, and in 1769 became Bishop of Peterborough.

Westminster has had one head-master, during the last half-century, of world-wide fame, Dean Liddel, of Christ Church, Oxford, joint author with the late master of Balliol of the standard Greek lexicon. The Dean was a Charterhouse man, and his successor at Westminster Dr. Scott (not his coadjutor in the lexicon), an Etonian. Westminster School has suffered much in popularity of late by being in London. A century ago, large open fields were in near proximity to it; but now all is built over for miles around, and English parents, as is very natural, prefer for their children schools in the country, where there is more light, air, and room for sports.

**MISCELLANY.**

A LUMINOUS idea has entered the mind of a German inventor; he proposes to make gentlemen's night cloaks luminous. There is no prowling Don Giovanni at night-time in the dark streets of the little German towns who don't want to be found out (?).

THERE is a scheme on foot for a London tramway of considerable length to be worked by an underground rotating rope or cable; the holdfast or clutch which connects the carriage with the rope passes through a small groove, too large to be clogged and too small to be an impediment that would cause horses to stumble. The projectors of trams are not always thus considerate.

It is very strange that so many writers cannot grasp the very simple rules with regard to titles of courtesy. Thus Lord Charles, Lord Marcus, and Lord William Beresford, whose names are often in the papers, are almost always incorrectly described under the generic title of "Lord Beresford." In the new play at Drury Lane one of the characters is the widow of an Admiral Piper, who, it is to be assumed, was a knight. She, however, is called "Lady Betty Piper," as if she were the daughter of a duke, marquis or earl. As it is a sort of low comedy part, and she behaves with a lack of good breeding, this could not have been the intention of the authors of *Freedom*, who are probably under the impression that a knight's wife prefixes her title to her Christian name.

LORD BEACONSFIELD would have been gratified could he have read the announcement made by the *Jewish Chronicle* of a Hebrew translation of his novel of *Tancred*. It has been made not from the original but from a German version, and the translator has prefixed to it an appreciative notice of the noble author. Of Lord Beaconsfield's affection for the nation to which he belonged by birth, the translator speaks in the most feeling manner. "He forgot not his people in his books, nor in his travels in the east were they ever from his thoughts. The sad lot of the Jews was as gall to him; but he did not satisfy himself merely with passive sympathy, for his whole strength was put forth on behalf of the race whom he never forgot throughout his whole career."

VEGETABLE-CELL CONTENTS.—The view hitherto entertained by most botanists that the chlorophyll and pigment grains as well as the nuclei and starch-formers of the vegetable cell are produced free in the protoplasm of the cell, receives no confirmation from the recent researches of the German botanists, Meyer and Schimper. From their carefully conducted investigations it would appear that all these more or less related bodies are present, or at least arise from distinct structures, termed "plastids," present in the cell from its earliest beginning, and that the differentiation which subsequently manifests itself in the distinguishing characteristics of these bodies is the result of gradual alterations produced in the protoplasm of the primitive plastids. All the intermediate stages between the colorless, deep-seated plastids ("leukoplastidia,") and the superficial or light-receiving plastids ("chloroplastidia,") and between these and the red and yellow grains ("chromoplastidia,") can be traced in many vegetable forms, as well in the flower and bud as in the stem and leaves.

AN instance of how easily foreign names become anglicized is related by General Jubal A. Early in reference to his own. General Early, as is well known, is of Irish extraction. His great-grandfather emigrated from Donegal, Ulster county, Ireland, in the early part of the

eighteenth century, to Culpepper county, Virginia, where he settled. The name of this ancestor, or grandfather twice removed, was McGuichie, which signifies "early rising," and was given, the general supposes, in those good old times when a man won a name by his character or deeds. The McGuichies were always among the first to uprising in those outbreaks which were of such frequent occurrence when Ireland was an independent nation composed of several small kingdoms. General Early's great-grandfather settled in Bedford county, some dozen miles from Lynchburg, where the old homestead still stands. Among the several brothers of the great-grandfather, one emigrated to Georgia, and was the father of Governor Peter Early. Bishop John Early, of the Methodist Church, was the son of another brother.

THE celebration of the quarter-centenary of Luther's birth is producing a crowd of books, pamphlets, photographs, oleographs and engravings upon Luther and Lutheran subjects in Germany. The hymn, "*Ein feste burg ist unser Gott*," has been adopted as a *fête* prelude, and choruses and part songs innumerable are being issued for the singing unions by various composers. Medals have been struck with the words, "Dr. Martin Luther, 1483-1546," and on the reverse his words: "Here stand I; I can no other. God help me." One artist has produced a portrait which is being printed in oil colors for the million, and he claims that the likeness is entirely new and original, shunning the antique and crude painting of Cranach, but retaining entirely the true portrait! Many of the books are issued for the colporteurs to sell amidst the masses at nominal prices, but studies of Luther's life and works of a higher and more expensive character are also very numerous. Statuettes after the various Luther monuments are also being largely manufactured for "hut and palace, school and house, poor and rich," and even lanterns for illumination with Luther's portrait are announced.

THE manuscript of Deuteronomy, claiming to date B. C. 800-900, the examination of which by experts at the British Museum has for some time past excited so great an interest, has been pronounced the work of a modern forger. This conclusion was almost simultaneously reached by Dr. Ginsburg, who had charge of the examination at the British Museum, and by Mr. Clermont-Ganneau, who had been sent to London by the French Minister of Public Instruction on a special mission to examine the manuscript. Difficulties were thrown in his way by Mr. Shapira, the owner or agent of the owners of the precious document, for which the British Museum was asked to pay one million pounds sterling. Mr. Clermont-Ganneau succeeded in obtaining sufficient evidence for his purpose. It has been proved that the forger had cut off the lower edge of one of the large rolls of leather containing the Pentateuch used in the synagogues, copies of which are occasionally to be met with in museums, this one being, perhaps, some two hundred years old. On these strips the learned rascal (the work could only have been done by a person familiar with Hebrew,) wrote with ink, making use of the alphabet of the "Moabite Stone," and introducing such "readings" as fancy dictated. It has furthermore been shown that Mr. Shapira first offered the bogus manuscript to the Royal Library at Berlin, which declined it as spurious after a very brief examination. He thereupon carried his treasure to the British Museum, and it at one time appeared likely that the trustees might purchase it.

**FOOT NOTES.**

THE introduction of the telephone into Russia was only effected a year ago, but its use has already become almost universal at St. Petersburg. Telephonic lines connect the most distant quarters of the town with the centre; cables are laid from the several islands at the mouth of the Neva to the town. Factories, warehouses, hospitals, even the Bank of Russia have introduced it; and public stations are being established in different parts of St. Petersburg at which persons can converse with each other at a distance for a small charge.

AMONG the recent interesting acquisitions made by the Berlin Museum of Art Industry, is the spinet once belonging to Duke Alfonso II. of Ferrara, the identical instrument upon which Eleonora of Este played to Torquato Tasso. The front of the key-board bears the name of the princely owner and the inscription: "Dum vixi tunc, mortua, dulces cano"—when alive (the wood) I was silent, now that I am dead, I emit sweet strains. The wood-work is richly lacerated in red and gold, the cover is painted, the sounding-board inlaid with ivory and ebony.

THE remnant of the royal whitelag of the Bourbons, which, attached to a bush, white lily, was laid upon the bosom of the Comte de Chambord while he lay in state at Frohsdorf, was the gift of Madame de Cussy, whose father, the Comte de Cussy, colonel of the Gardes du Corps, was one of the faithful adherents of Charles X. When that monarch was driven into exile the flag belonging to the Gardes du Corps was cut into pieces and distributed among the King's followers and the defenders of St. Cloud. Madame de Cussy's mother was the daughter of an English earl of an ancient Catholic family. The relic was deposited with all reverence within the coffin of the Comte de Chambord, and its origin duly inscribed upon the paper in which it was wrapped.