

THE SOUTHEAST CHAMBER.

In the southeast chamber he lies;
And above him, after the rain,
Thro' the dark on the wall is shed
The moonlight, rippled and deep.

Closed are the beautiful eyes;
Dulled is the eager brain;
And over the book that is read,
Old age, like a child, asleep.

And the tidings of woe are whirled
From the chamber facing the south,
Horne on the sun sublime,
On the wings of the forests spread

To the ends remote of the world:—
"Serenus, seeker of truth,
The star of this latter time,
The man of our love, is fled."

Lonely indeed there lies
But the slave of a noble will,
But the house of thoughts that were pure,
For these can no longer stay.

Yet the sweet soul heavenly wise
Beyond us, shall touch us still,
As a song thro' our prison-door,
Enchanting, and far away!

LOUISE MOORE GUINNY.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

SNOW ON THE PLAINS.—A snow blockade is one of the most unpleasant adventures which travellers by railroad can encounter on the great plains of the West. To say nothing of the detention, which is always a nuisance, there is the danger of running short of fuel and provisions, especially when a train is blockaded on a wild stretch of thinly peopled territory. Instances have occurred where a train has been detained for several days before the track could be cleared, and the unfortunate passengers were nearly as much in danger of freezing or starving to death as if they had been wrecked on an arctic ice-field. Extra precautions are of course taken when there is danger of a snow blockade, and passenger trains are furnished with several powerful locomotives to enable the engineers to push their way through ordinary drifts. It often happens that a train meets with an accumulation of snow which baffles repeated efforts to clear it from the track. In such cases the train is backed a considerable distance, and then rushed at full speed into the opposing drift. This manoeuvre is sometimes repeated many times before success is attained. Our illustration will give the reader a good idea of the obstacles and perils that beset a snow-blockaded train.

MOOSE-HUNTING IN THE LOWER PROVINCES.

The artist to whose pencil our readers are indebted for the hunting sketches in this number spent several weeks in the forests tracking moose under the guidance of an experienced Indian hunter, whose wood-craft filled him with admiration. On striking a recent trail, the taciturn red man would lead the way in perfect silence through the sombre pine forest, over hill, through valley, and across frozen stream and morass. Sometimes fortune was kind, and the noble game was captured on the first day. At other times, several days would elapse before the hunters had a chance for a shot. Now and then the artist was fearful of being lost in the dense forest; but his guide, though unprovided with a compass, always found his way back to camp by the nearest way, no matter how devious and long had been their course. The permanent camp from which the hunting excursions were made was a rough log cabin, the interior of which is shown in the illustration. It was square in shape, each side composed of three large logs laid one on the other, and forming a wall about three feet high. The roof was made of poles running up to a centre point, and closely thatched with moss, twigs, and broad strips of birch bark. An opening in the roof served the purpose of a chimney. The first sketch shows the Indian guide testing the ice on a stream. The picture of a moose's head was copied from a specimen shot by an Indian last year. It measured five feet six inches between the tips of the horns. In sketch No. 3 the guide is supposed to be regaling the weary hunters after the day's sport with exciting stories of adventure in the forest.

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE IN THE CLOUDS.

The story I am about to relate happened during the Franco-Prussian war, in which the art of ballooning played so important a part. The city of Paris was formally invested on the 25th of Sept., and the imprisoned inhabitants had no means of communication with the outside world save by means of carrier pigeons and balloons. So complete, however, was the system carried out that every event which happened in Paris was duly chronicled at Tours, the seat of the governing powers, despatch balloons journeying to and fro daily.

It is six o'clock a.m. The morning is extremely fine, considering that it is late in October. On an immense open space in front of the large hall at Tours, a space set apart for the accommodation of the numerous experienced aeronauts then employed in the Government service, walks to and fro Monsieur Gustave Nadar, one of the most celebrated professors of aerostation. Occasionally he looks up at the heavens, as if taking a critical survey, and anon he turns his gaze in the direction of a huge balloon, then in course of being filled at a short distance from him. Anyone could see that Monsieur Nadar

was getting impatient. He is waiting the arrival of the private secretary of the Minister with important despatches, which he is to convey that day to Paris. It is a service of great danger. The intrepid voyager will have to pass over the Prussian lines, where thousands of men engaged in "grim visaged war" will watch him, and secretly hope for some fatality to befall him. His balloon, the Intrepide, aways about majestically, as though chafing under the restraint placed upon it.

All is prepared, when Monsieur Barré, the secretary, appears, carrying with him a packet of documents neatly tied up, and presenting them to Monsieur Nadar, speaks a few words of caution and explanation. The aeronaut takes the packet, and in company with the secretary hurries to the balloon. Nadar lightly springs into the car; he stoops and places the precious documents in a kind of secret pocket artfully concealed under the drapery. Having done this, he looked round thoughtfully at the necessary paraphernalia placed ready to hand, as though mentally assuring himself that his assistants had omitted nothing towards the means of carrying out his perilous voyage in safety. Finally he tightened a strong belt which he wore round his waist, from which could be plainly seen a pair of bright-looking six chamber revolvers. In a quiet but firm tone he called to the men, "Make ready." Then shaking hands hurriedly with Monsieur Barré, who wished him "success," the men grasping the ropes had eased the huge machine up some ten or fifteen feet, when directly came the sharp command, "Let go."

Away the entrepide rises straight and swift as an arrow from the bow. For the first ten minutes the balloon, although checked in speed, seemed as if it had not swerved a yard from a direct upward course. Soon the current of air necessary, and calculated upon by the aeronaut, was felt, and she drifted swiftly off in the direction of Paris. Steadily and quickly was the journey being accomplished. Eleven o'clock had arrived. Monsieur Nadar was three thousand metres in the air, and over the opposing forces of the Prussians, which appeared as though a lilliputian host had taken to the field, so minute did they appear by distance. Fort Charenton was reached, and Paris could plainly be observed. Monsieur Nadar quickly congratulated himself upon the ease with which he was apparently accomplishing his journey. He was taking but little heed of the surrounding prospect, his eyes being fixed intently upon the distant capital.

Suddenly an exclamation of surprise came from him. On his right hand appeared a huge balloon. He shades his eyes with his hand to gain a clearer view, for the sun's rays were bright and strong in illuminating the atmosphere around him. A second now came to view on his left hand. Monsieur Nadar became alarmed, although long before he had mentally resolved to die rather than suffer himself to be made a prisoner.

The French colours were soon flying from the car of the Intrepide. Both the stranger balloons immediately responded by exhibiting the same tokens of nationality.

"Friends, by all that's lucky!" cried the excited Monsieur Nadar. But vain were his endeavours to make out the faces of his "friends." They studiously kept them turned from him. Nearer and nearer the machines were drawn towards each other. The occupant of the car beneath the first balloon was now near enough to be hailed by Monsieur Nadar.

"Holloa!" shouted the aeronaut of the Government.

"Holloa!" answered the stranger.

"Who are you? What is your name, and what is your purpose?" were questions asked one after another in tones of hurried excitement. "I am beside you, Monsieur Nadar," came the reply; "you see I know you. As to my name, it is Carl Von Paek, principal aeronaut to the Prussian forces, now in thousands below us; and I am going to carry you a prisoner to them."

At the conclusion of the above remarks the Prussian banded in the French colours, substituting in their place those of his own nation. He had, in point of fact, been sent up by the Prussian commander less with a view to capture the aeronaut himself than to obtain possession of his despatches.

Monsieur Nadar, nothing daunted, quickly and fearlessly retorted, "Thank you; perhaps you will capture me first. And your companion yonder?" he added, pointing to the other balloon, as yet out of speaking distance.

"You will soon discover," replied his antagonist, at the same time firing at him from a revolver, the bullet taking effect by passing through the neck of the Intrepide, just above the Frenchmen's head. The gas poured out with a hissing sound from the bullet holes, but Nadar was equal to the occasion, for in a moment the punctures were stopped with a strongly adhesive substance which he carried with him to serve in case of emergency. It was evidently the desire of the Prussian to aim at the aeronaut rather than to destroy the balloon, for the second shot passed through cordage close by him. Swift as thought Monsieur Nadar thought of a ruse to deceive the enemy, for on the second fire he threw up his arms with a loud cry and dropped out of sight in the car. The Prussian, thus deceived, raised himself to his full height, and for the first time during the novel warfare stood exposed to view, waving his hat with joy in the anticipation of his prize. Nadar only requires this opportunity, for a well aimed shot from his revolver tumbled the fellow over with a fearful groan of agony. He directly poured five or six

successive shots into the body of the balloon, which instantly began to settle down on its way to the earth, bearing with it the dead body of its late exultant owner. Our hero's attention was now called to enemy number two, who had got near enough to fire, but who made no attempt to do so. Monsieur Nadar, conceiving that his intention was to grapple with him, flung out a bag of ballast, and quickly rose above the coming enemy. The slight alteration of altitude brought the Intrepide in contact with a fresh current of air, which wafted it, as it were, at an angle with the course before pursued. The effect of this was to cause the balloons to cross, the Prussian one at the time being below. It sealed his doom, for Nadar, watching his chance with breathless anxiety, made all ready, and at the very instant of crossing he cut away the grappling iron which hung extended underneath the car. With a crash it tore through the enemy's balloon. Thought could hardly be quicker than the flight to earth, a shapeless mass. M. Nadar, after this extraordinary victory, descended to the current of air he had before been journeying in, and although an hour behind the usual time for accomplishing the passage, Paris was reached by him, and his despatches were delivered in safety.

For this heroic act he received a unanimous vote of thanks from the then existing Government, besides a handsome monetary acknowledgement. Nadar performed many other journeys during the war, but none that brought him into such close proximity with the Prussians as this "aerial combat."

DECEIT.

Agreed, that many rambling shots have been fired, much twaddle talked upon this subject; yet, these oft-talked-of themes still hold sway—are the topics of to-day.

Progress, which all thoughtful minds aim for, advocate the cause of, can be made, even on the most every-day and homely words imaginable. Love! never yet a "tabooed" subject, never shall grow old, never become less engrossing through all time; so with our subject Deceit. As we go on through life nearing the allotted span of existence, we find our topic Deceit takes a large share in life. Yes, a subject oft talked against, not always assailed, however.

Who has not felt the prick of the pointed weapon Deceit in a trusted friend? Bulwer is right. "The pen is mightier than the sword," and the sting of a hundred battle-field wounds of glory, less torture than the bite of the sarcastic pen of a wounded, but, afortime affectionate, friend, whose very nature is outraged by the devil Deceit! provided it be a woman—withal a literary woman—upon whom deceit be practised. What the men are afraid of is such a woman. So surely as God made woman to be a helpmate to man, so surely did woman in her turn emphatically wed the friendship of a good and upright man to help her successfully over the pitfalls and shoals of this dreary path, called life! But, if that friend deceive! (Not to say that they are not even strong to the end, who are not afraid, who move "straight as a dart," do what they believe to be right, turned not aside by the sneers, the jeers, or the ridicule of a multitude, men who show forth by their lives that the high-minded thoughts which exalt them and aid the weaker sex predominate; act as balm on the weary-laden, but "ever onward" spirit of the woman.) Yet, so surely there is also the sting of the scorpion deceit, which not all the arts of the devil taken together, (there are other good points, however, in favor of the individual) can ever arrive at, or hope to attain for him forgiveness for this abominable treachery.

MAX MAURICE.

GOOD TALKERS.

The commonest errors in spoiling the art of conversation are the talking too little or too much. On the one hand, there are the people—for whom, in comparison, I entertain a greater degree of sympathy and respect—who talk very little. This is occasionally the case to an extent which is ludicrously exaggerated. They apparently confine themselves to monosyllables. They seem to think with the misanthrope that conversation is the bane of society. Turning into the by-ways of anecdote, I may mention a curious instance that is recorded of a man who wished to be hermit and misanthrope by deputy. This was the Hon. Charles Hamilton, who, in the time of George II., laid out at Cobham the famous grounds celebrated by Gray and Horace Walpole. Among other pretty things which he erected on his grounds was a hermitage, and he took it into his head that he would like to have a real live hermit to inhabit it. He accordingly advertised for a hermit, and offered seven hundred a year to any one who would lead a true hermit's life, sleeping on a mat, never suffering scissors to touch his beard or his nails, and never speaking a syllable to the servant who brought his food. A man was found for the place; but after three weeks he had enough of it, and retired. It is hard to see what good his seven hundred a year could have done him under such conditions. Still there are people whose tone of mind is essentially of a hermit-like condition. Keble says of all of us, "Our hermit spirits dwell and range apart." One meets with people whose social powers have died out from sheer disuse. They sometimes become sardonic in their monosyllables. They put in Burchell's "Fudge!" to most remarks they hear. Apparently they regard us poor trivial

talkers as being extremely shallow; and perhaps remind us of the saying that "speech is silver and silence golden; speech is human, silence is divine." For myself, I like the silvery sound of really human speech. It is just possible that these sublime beings do not talk for the simple reason that they have nothing to say. One remembers Coleridge's story of the man in the coach, whose dignified reserve, thoughtful face, and massive brow he regarded with mute admiration. The great being said nothing until they went in to dine at a hotel ordinary, when he plunged his fork into some potatoes, and exclaimed, "Them's the jockeys for me!" Unquestionably one often meets with people who are quite painfully shy and reserved, feelings which are quickened by their own knowledge of their defects. Addison was a notoriously poor talker. He himself knew it; but he also knew how much he had to set off against this deficiency; "I haven't got ninepence in my pocket," he said, "but I can write you a check for a thousand pounds." Goldsmith "wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll." I know people who possess an astonishing genius for repartee. But unfortunately it takes them a good many hours to prepare their repartee, and their answer is only ready when it is literally a day too late. Of course there are people who resemble those familiar birds of our childhood, that, unlike the birds of Aristophanes, can sing, but won't sing, and should be made to sing. They can talk, and they ought to talk, and they should be made to talk. Indeed, there is one class of men whom I confess I regard with some measure of suspicion and dislike. They are a peculiar race of listeners. They make it a point of hearing as much and saying as little as possible. They are the suckers of other men's brains; or, as Disraeli said of Peel, the burglars of other men's intellects.

A very good story is told of an eminent Oxford professor who at one time had very considerable influence over the minds of many of the young men of the university, and was supposed to pursue a Socratic method in eliciting the dormant powers of young men. The professor knew how to be silent, and also how to talk, especially in the salons of the great and wealthy. One day he invited a promising under-graduate of the great intellectual college to take a walk with him. The young gentleman was slightly flustered with the honor of the invitation, and was prepared to pick up any golden grains of truth which might be let fall on his account. They walked out as far as Iffley, but to his great surprise a stolid silence was consistently maintained by the mighty being whom he was prepared to accept as his guide, philosopher, and friend. At last, as they turned back from Iffley lock, the under-graduate ventured to observe, "A fine day, professor." The professor vouchsafed no reply, but strode back silent into Quod, and the young fellow did not have strength of mind to renew his attempt. As they entered beneath the archway the professor fixed his keen philosophic glance upon him, and mildly said, "I did not think much of that remark of yours."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

- THE Russian General Kaufmann is dead.
- ECUADOR is again in a state of revolution.
- THE French squadron at Athens has sailed for Alexandria.
- THE disabled steamer *Catalonia* has arrived at Queenstown.
- THE British and French squadrons have reached Suda Bay.
- THE Irish detective force is to be re-organized.
- THE French squadron at Athens has sailed for Alexandria.
- THE Khedive appears to be practically master of the situation.
- A SERIOUS affray is reported amongst white miners in Alaska, a number having been killed.
- EARL SPENCER declares his intention of pursuing a vigorous policy.
- A HEAVY fall of snow has damaged the cotton crop in North Carolina.
- THE coast of Western Australia has been swept by a destructive hurricane.
- AN eclipse of the sun was observed in Upper Egypt on Wednesday.
- DAMAGE done by the anti-Jewish movement in Russia is set down at £22,000,000.
- CANON MURPHY, while preaching in St. Kevin's Chapel, Dublin, on Sunday, suddenly expired.
- LIEUTENANT LUCKEHOFF, of H. M. S. *Cormorant*, has been murdered by natives of one of the New Hebrides.
- IN view of Parnell's apparent withdrawal from the extremists, he is to be asked to publish the Land League accounts for two years past.
- A FORM of special prayer, to be used during the present troubles in Ireland, has been adopted by the Upper House of Convocation at Canterbury.
- SPECULATORS have been buying up coffee from the wrecked steamer *Pliny* at 40 cents a bushel, and shipping it to New York. The Customs officials have demurred, and seized the stuff in transit.
- THE steamship *Pliny*, from Rio Janeiro for New York, went ashore on the homeward voyage, and will become a total loss. She was valued at \$250,000, and her cargo, consisting principally of coffee, at \$350,000. No lives were lost.