

plate) "*quand M. le jeteur, standing dans sa boîte (in his box) prepares to jeter. Pitchers are right and left-handed.*" The French-Canadian horse-reporter speaks disrespectfully of a "south-paw twirler" by calling him: *M. le rotateur-avec-la patte-au-sud!*

"Now, if *M. le batteur* strikes the ball he flings down his batte and runs *envers-le sac-premier*, unless *M. l'Arbitre* admonishes him that the ball was *un balle injuste*"—otherwise in plain English—a "foul ball." In which case the batsman returns à *la plaque*. If, however, *M. le rotateur* makes or gives a *dés-appointement* (a balk) the batter can *marche* (he must trot) to the first bag without the necessity of striking the ball.

"In making the circuit of the bases, it is required that the player so doing shall reach the base before the ball. It is often imperative, then, that he should *glisser* (slide), and this advice is gratuitously given by *M. le conseiller* (the coacher), whenever he deems it expedient, and the case urgent.

"It often happens that the opinions of *M. l'Arbitre* and *M. le-jeteur*, or some other player, do not agree as to matters of fact, and in these cases, should the discussion wax warm, and the player who objects make what is known as a pronounced *coup-de-pied* (a kick)—this is of course metaphorical—*M. l'Arbitre* imposes what is called *une amende* (a fine) usually about 20 or 30 *trente-sous*, for each *coup-de-pied*.

"Players are paid as high as 15,000 piastres for a season, and are bought and sold, or released as if they were mere slaves or chattels. Baseball is truly *un jeu magnifique!*"

I have thus given a somewhat fragmentary account of the wonderful and fearful appearance which baseball presents when served à *la Française*, and can only conclude with the hope that the unusual and star ling idioms and phrases which are necessary to make baseball known to the French people will not interfere with their noble enthusiasm on its behalf which I myself witnessed this summer, and of which the above account is the first-fruits.

THE HORSE-REPORTER.

THE HIDDEN STREAM.

Hast thou heard of the stream that floweth
Deep under the noonday sands;
Where the hot wind never bloweth,
And weary-footed bands
Are treading above it their painful path,
Nor dream they of the river,
That, far below, doth onward go,
And, deep from the sun-god's fiery wrath,
Flows cool and peaceful ever?

But apart in the lonely valley,
Aside from the beaten way,
It gusheth forth; and the pilgrim,—
That, worn, hath chanced to stray
From the busy tracks of traffic,—
Drinks, and his soul is strong;
And the "little flowers that love the shade"
Dot all its banks along.

Hast thou heard of this stream that floweth
Deep under the desert heat;
Whose banks unseen are ever green,
Untrod by fretful feet?
And none knows whence it cometh,
Where goeth it, no one knows,—
Would'st find this wondrous river?—
In thy brother's heart it flows.

DAVID MACDONALD.

POT-HOLES.

Curious name, indeed, for a still more curious natural phenomenon!

It was on a summer Sunday afternoon that one of our party first stumbled upon them. We had taken passage *per* row-boat from Penetang, northward, and on this particular afternoon, about three o'clock, we were coming near the end of a Sabbath-day's journey, which was to bring us, as we imagined, to the mouth of the "Go-Home" river. An antiquated aboriginal of doubtful veracity, and with strange notions of lineal measurement, had given us clear and succinct ideas of the route to our desired haven. That we took four days and a French-Canadian guide to find the place—six miles away—is proof positive of the value of his information.

It is well known that Sunday travelling exercises a deteriorating influence upon the bodily energies. It may have been this fact, coupled with the ill effect of the Episcopalian morals of one of the party upon the strict Calvinistic principles of the other two, that made all three cast suggestive eyes upon our tackle as we passed through a cool deep channel, where a gentle current flowed listlessly between the rocky shores of two neighbouring islands. We were tired of the lazy motion of the boat, the water seemed indeed "pleasant to the eyes," and—in short, we yielded. We landed on the left bank of the Cut, and there we caught our supper and found the Pot-Holes.

It was, of course, out of the question that we should devote any part of Sunday to the pursuit of geologic science. Besides,—the maskinonge at the "Go-Home!" Accordingly, we pushed on, straining our ears to catch the roar of the falls at the river-mouth, which, our Indian misinformant had told us, was plainly audible at long distances, and an unmistakable indication of their whereabouts. Our adventures in search of them; our curses, not loud but deep, upon the perfidious red man; our conversations with that linguistic oddity, a Frenchman who talked English, Gaelic, and Chippewa, matter not here. Suffice it to say that when we again found ourselves on the banks of "Bell Island Cut," the pot-holes, which had been there for centuries, were there still. A solitary frog, of minute dimensions, poked his nose through the green scum which covered the surface of one and croaked a feeble but friendly welcome.

The sight of these freaks of nature affected one of our number in a curious manner. He assumed a learned and majestic air, together with a dialect wholly unknown to the others. He informed us of his previous acquaintance with pot-holes, and proceeded to impart to us all his information on the subject. We have a lingering idea that he said the rock was of the oldest known formation; also that it was azoic. Howe'er it be, we were convinced when we came to lie upon it some hours later,—not a twig or a clump of moss intervening,—that it had certainly had ample time to harden.

It was not, however, till the next afternoon that the Savant really reached the height of his scientific frenzy. By that time he had resolved to explore the pot-holes' awful depths. Then did Dollinger—for so did we name our pilot-man—protest. He felt no drawings of spirit towards the yawning chasms of those pre-Adamite excavations. He felt no interest in science, as represented by a circular pool of concentrated liquid malaria. His delicate olfactories rose in rebellion. In vain—the Savant was inexorable. Dollinger divested himself of his prejudices and his coat, assumed at once a leaky tin-pail and a