

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

A DREAM.

Beware, beware; in my sleep last night
I dreamed a dream of thee,
And the hazel light of thine eye was bright
With an elf's own witchery.

I saw thy curls in shining fold,
In glowing ripple and wave,
The priceless gold of a wealth untold
That the hand of beauty gave.

Thou wert a princess, dwelling alone
In a castle by the sea,
But the moon that shone on its stately stone
Seemed not more cold to me.

And the sparkling waves where tempest slept
In the sunlight's silver sheen,
And the winds that swept where the sea-kelp wept
Were not more cruel, I ween.

And many the princes that sailed the sea
To woo and to win for their own,
But a smile from thee was never to be
They crossed the wide waters alone.

And the rocks grew grimmer along the shore
And grimmer grew the sea,
And each tide bore one suitor more
To win a smile from thee.

And each tide bore one suitor away,
For the princess would not weep,
And the waves' wild sway had a sound of woe
In the sighing words it said.

But now thy lips have paler grown,
Thy cheek hath lost its light,
For though the red of mists a sail
Has met thy startled sight.

Black looms the sail and black the mast
And black the company,
And gloom fast the ship doth cast
Black shadows on the sea.

A siren knocks at the castle gate,
"The princess, who is she?"
My black death-wait and my crown is Fate,
Frown meek, unbear to me.

Slowly the death ship sailed away
And slowly broke the sea;
But the sound to-day of its waves' wild sway
Falls mockingly, mockingly!

Edmund Spenser.

P. O. Chester, N. Y.

SHALL WE SEND OUR CHILDREN AWAY FROM HOME
TO BE EDUCATED.

The *Commons* published at New Haven says on the above subject:—The notion is quite prevalent that it is a good thing for children to go away from home while acquiring their education, so that they may see the world and learn new other folks live. There is doubtless much to be learned in seeing the world, and we would, by no means, deprecate the enlargement of mind which comes by travel; but the natural place for children is home, and their best society that of their parents and brothers and sisters. The teacher of a boarding school has the double office of teacher and parent, and, however well he may fill the former, it is impossible for him to fill the latter to the perfection which the parent can, and often does attain. The child almost knows instinctively that the love of a parent is disinterested, that his advice is without any selfish motive, and that his command must be obeyed. He therefore trusts his parent with a confidence, and obeys him with a good will, which he is not ready to yield to a stranger. It is the duty, therefore, of parents to keep their sons and daughters together at home till their minds are well disciplined by study, their principles well established, and their habits formed, and then they can safely see the world, and profit by the lessons it teaches. The high school enables us thus to do. The young men and women graduating from our high schools find the same incentive to action in society that they found in the school, and do not have behind them the forces which thus far have impelled them. There is no such violent change as must occur when one graduates from a school exclusively devoted to one sex.

EXTRAORDINARY PROCEEDINGS IN A DURHAM
CHAPEL.

The Durham (Eng.) *Chronicle* is responsible for the following narrative of certain extraordinary proceedings at the Jubilee Chapel:—The singular manifestations, which have caused no end of talk in the city and neighbourhood, may still be witnessed at the above place of worship, especially during week night services. On Saturday evenings, a service is held known as a "band meeting," and young persons may be seen walking about the chapel, and others flinging to the ground. These prostrations even extend to some of the lay preachers, for on Sunday morning week the preacher—a person from Framelgate Moor—while conducting the service at the Jubilee Chapel, fell in the rostrum, and the service remained at a stand-still till he recovered. Other preachers have fallen in the pulpit at several chapels in the circuit. The attendance at the Jubilee Chapel has lately increased, and now on Sabbath evenings large congregations worship within its walls. The number of enrolled members has increased to a surprising extent, and the society is now in a very prosperous state. At Shirecliffe Colliery, Gilesgate Moor, Framelgate Moor, and other chapels in the circuit, the same scenes as mentioned above have occasionally taken place; but the climax was reached on Sunday evening at Carville. Mrs. Thompson preached morning and evening, and in the afternoon a lovefeast was held, at which many persons testified to the happy change that had taken place in their lives, and related with questionable minuteness their particular vices before conversion. The lovefeast passed off very pleasantly. Before evening service commenced the chapel was crowded to the doors. The service had scarcely begun before a shrieking and a stamping of feet made it evident that the "manifestations" had commenced. Young men and women walked about the chapel with eyes closed and arms extended. Some nervous people at first were seriously alarmed, and evidently considered the outside of the chapel preferable to the interior, but egress was difficult owing to the crowd of persons. A perfect tumult ensued. One young man moved about the

chapel at a rapid rate, and when seized by parties who wished to calm him, dashed them from him as if they were so many children, upsetting several forms in his travels. Something like order was at length restored, when Mrs. Thompson told the congregation not to be alarmed, as "it was the Lord's doing." After the ordinary service a prayer meeting was held, when the prostrations and walking about were resumed on an unlimited scale. Two girls attempted to force their way to the rostrum, but were kept back by a worthy brother, who apparently had an objection to allowing them to occupy such an exalted position. One of the girls, finding her attempts fruitless, at last made a vigorous onslaught on the man, and dealt him a severe blow, in pugilistic fashion, on his nasal organ. The unfortunate brother put his hand to his face to see if there were any signs of blood. The girl had her eyes shut during the time, and appeared to be ignorant of what she had done. At times the noise was very loud, praying, singing, stamping, and falling being beautifully intermixed. Two girls sang a hymn very sweetly while stretched on the floor of the chapel. Mr. Jos. Snowden, of Gilesgate Moor, was of great assistance in "keeping the fire burning" during the meetings. On Saturday and Monday, ten meetings were held in the chapel at Carville, and were well attended. The last service in which Mrs. Thompson officiated at this place was prematurely brought to a close, in consequence of the disgraceful conduct of several young men, who were present for the purpose of annoying the congregation.

A SIEGE COOK BOOK.

A French woman has published a book on the art of living in a time of siege, which contains a number of recipes not found in the usual works of this character. The *Paris Presse* copies a number of choice specimens. The ass—*Pâ*—by the tenderness of its meat, is admirably adapted for service at the most epicurean feast. Ass meat is, according to the author, "far more tender than beef, and, like mule flesh, deserves to remain in permanent use, as it bears cooking in every style." She says of the cat: "This domestic animal, the ornament and consolation of the attic, and the spoilt fondling of the parlour, is one of the most highly prized and consequently rare dishes of famine times. The meat is white, fine, and tender, only it must, before use, be kept at least forty-eight hours. It can then be served up the same as hare, as a ragout or as a roast. Horse flesh looks and tastes exactly like beef, and not only can with difficulty be distinguished from it, but is in fact preferable to it. It is better, however, the same as cat meat, to put it in pickle for thirty-six hours." Here follows a list of horse dishes—horse *p-tan-jen*, boiled horse meat, *cheval à la P-tan-jen*, *cheval à la mode*, horse hash, horse steak, horse brains, etc. Dog meat, when properly prepared, resembles mutton and even deer. Dog *cotelettes* and dog *filet* are prepared. Finally, the rat is not forgotten, but, in consequence of the danger from the *trichina* worm, cannot be recommended. The object of the author was to enrich our kitchen *répertoire* by a number of dishes learned from cruel necessity; and, even if she fails in this, her book must remain a literary curiosity.

ICE FLEAS.

During a recent rumble upon the Morteratsch Glacier, I turned over some of the isolated stones which lie upon its surface, partially imbedded in the ice, under many of them I found hundreds of a minute jet black insect, which jumped many times its own length at a single spring, in a manner somewhat resembling the performance of a common flea. The ice flea is about one-twelfth of an inch long. Viewed through a pocket lens, it was seen to have six legs, supporting a body obscurely jointed like that of a bee, and furnished with two jointed antennae. The total length of the insect appeared to be about six times its thickness, the antennae being about one-fourth as long as the body. The insects were not found under every stone; they generally occurred under flatish fragments of rock, presenting a surface of about a square foot, and having a thickness of from two to four inches. Stones of this size are sufficiently warmed by the sun's rays to melt the ice beneath them more rapidly than it is liquefied by the direct solar beams. A surface of rock absorbs luminous thermal rays better than does a surface of comparatively white ice, and it transmits these rays to the ice beneath it, partly by conduction and partly by radiation from its under surface. The stone thus melts its way an inch or two deep into the ice, forming for itself a kind of basin. Sometimes these cavities are watertight, and then any space between the stone and the walls of its basin is filled with water derived from the melting ice. Under such conditions I have never found any fleas beneath the stone. But occasionally the ice basin was drained, and it was under stones resting in such comparatively dry basins that the insects were found. In all cases, nearly the whole of the fleas were found upon the ice, very few being attached to the stones. They were grouped together in shoals, so that probably forty or fifty of them frequently rested upon a single square inch of ice. On removing the stones, the insects were very lively, but this might be owing to their sudden transition from comparative darkness to direct sunlight.

I saw no indications of food of any kind beneath the stones, but we have not to search far for a possible source of food. The cold of the glacier benumbs and kills thousands of insects which alight upon its surface, and bees, wasps, flies, and moths are frequently seen dead upon the ice. Then there is the so-called "red snow," and other allied organisms of similar habits, which may perhaps minister to the wants of this singular insect. Is the ice flea, like its irritating cousin, a nocturnal predatory insect, and does it issue from its abode at nightfall in search of frozen bees and butterflies?—*E. Frankland, in Nature.*

PHOTOGRAPHS AND LETTERS OF CREDIT.—In consequence of the numerous frauds committed by forged checks, some of the Vienna bankers have adopted the custom of sending, with their letter of advice, a photograph of the person in whose favour the credit has been issued, and to stop payment when the person who presents himself at the bank does not resemble the picture. If this practice were to become universal, some of our large banking houses would soon have a portrait gallery of no trifling interest, and the object of preventing fraud could be well attained.

Mr. Darwin, we (*Athenaeum*) hear, is engaged on a work in which the facial expression of animals will be one of the chief topics discussed.

VARIETIES.

It is as great a point of wisdom to hide ignorance as to discover knowledge.

It is pleasant to know upon the authority of a veteran statistician that in 1850 the population of the United States will be 175,000,000.

Some young men are a little partial to blue-eyed maidens. Others like dark-eyed lasses. But the mon-eyed girls have the most admirers.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has asked all the clergy of his diocese to have themselves photographed at his expense. To each clergyman he gives two copies of the sitter's likeness, and also one of his (the archbishop's) own. It is a rather funny idea.

A gentleman praising the charms of a very plain woman before a sarcastic flirt, the latter whispered him, "And why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?" "What right have I to her?" said the gentleman. "Every right, by the law of nations, as the first discoverer."

There are more ways than one of resenting an insult. Several Prussian officers in full uniform were present at a concert in Amsterdam, not long ago. The musicians struck up "Die Wacht am Rhein," when the audience took it into their heads to hiss. The band, in order to allay the tumult, glided into the Dutch national air. At the first strains the Prussian officers uncovered their heads, rose and stood during the remainder of the piece.

An advertisement is going the round of the German papers, stating that a German firm in England has been established since 1855 for marrying foreigners to English "parties." Indeed, it is stated that the firm has "rich parties" always on hand from all parts of Europe ready to be married. Discretion and delicacy are guaranteed, and unexceptionable references are offered. Among the latter is the Emperor of Germany himself.

The *Chivalier* tells the story of a Roman manager whose ignorance of dramatic literature is touching. Having to correct the proof of a play—fill in which "*Adrien le Couvreur*" was underlined, he was heard to mutter, "Here's a stupid printer's blunder. A tiler called Adrien—how absurd!" And seizing his pen, he made the correction and addition thus—

ADRIEN LE COUVREUR.

A play dedicated to the *Work and Character*.

It is reported that Horace Greeley got into a muss with a Texas editor. It appears that in an agricultural essay on Tobacco, Mr. Greeley asserts that fine-cut will not ripen well unless the tinfol is stripped from the growing buds early in the spring, and that plug tobacco ought to be knocked off the trees with clubs instead of being picked by hand. This the Texas editor said was nonsense, and Mr. Greeley challenged him.

On a certain occasion Henry Ward Beecher preached a sermon on the injustice of obliging men to work on Sunday. The next day, while riding down to Fulton Ferry, he entered into conversation with a car-driver, and asked him if he did not think some plan might be adopted to dispense with the need of running the cars all day on Sundays. The driver, in ignorance of the name of his interrogating friend, made a frank reply:—"Yes, sir, I think there might. But there's no hope of it so long as they keep that Beecher Theatre open in Brooklyn. The cars have to run to accommodate that."

An eminent judge used to say that, in his opinion, the very best thing ever said by a witness to a counsel was the reply given to Missing, the barrister, at the time leader of his circuit. He was defending a prisoner charged with stealing a donkey. The prosecutor had left the animal tied up to a gate, and when he returned it was gone. Missing was very severe in his examination of the witness:—"Do you mean to say, witness, the donkey was stolen from that gate?"—"I mean to say, sir," giving the judge and then the jury a sly look at the same time pointing to the counsel, "the ass was Missing."

Chicago is itself again. Hear what the *Post* of that city has to say of its recuperation:—"Had Noah been a resident of Chicago, and had there been a fire instead of a flood, he would have never budged from his fire-proof ark till the dove of good omen, in the form of a newsboy, had borne him tidings of the first divorce suit as a proof that the flaming flood had abated from off the face of the earth. It is like the blowing of old breezes and the ringing of old bells to hear again that we are being given in marriage and divorced, as we used to be in the consulship of Plancus, when yet the fire had not abolished matinees, restaurants, and deliciously dangerous flirtations with kerchief and fine eyes, through the plate glass on the avenues or the parlor-door at the hotels. The first divorce suit has been entered and we are once more a city. The names of Amanda B. Chalfee, plaintiff, and John B. Chalfee, defendant, will hereafter shine in our records, conspicuous as those of the First Mayor and the Original Settler. They are written here with reverence, and the Table-Talker, with rare generosity, forbears to observe that the defendant's husbandry appears to have been imperfect, and that the chaff he most affected was the product of a crop of wild oats."

CHESS.

For solutions to problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

ENIGMA No. 15.

BY AN AMATEUR.

White—K. at K. 3d. Q. at K. 5th. Ps. at Q. R. 2nd. K. R. 4th, and K. R. 5th.

Black—K. at K. 3rd. Q. at Q. R. 3rd. B. at K. B. 2nd. Kt. at K. 4th. Ps. at K. 2nd. K. 4th. K. Kt. 3rd. K. R. 4th, and Q. R. 5th.

The position above, occurring in actual play: White, having the move, can draw the game: how is it effected?

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 35.

White.

1. B. to Kt. 5th.
2. Kt. to Kt. 3rd. ch.
3. R. to B. 7th.
4. R. to B. 4th. dis. ch. and mate.

Black.

K. to Q. 5th.
K. to K. 5th.
K. to Q. 4th.