

## THE CREVASSE.

'Tis morn; athwart the eastern hills  
The rising sun with golden light  
Has gild the laughing meadow rills,  
And chased away the sombre night.  
The stars have faded from the brilliant sky,  
And in the rose's breast the pearly dew-drops lie

'Tis morn: beyond the torrent's wave  
The forests toss their supple limbs,  
And, nearer, lowing cattle lave  
Their coats, and robins sing their hymns.  
All that man's eye can view is brightly gay.  
To marshal in the coming of the welcome day.

The hours that met the sun with joy  
Flee, as the brightest hours must flee;  
But sadder scenes the eye employ,  
Where all but now was glad and free.  
The trees, with lifted crests on high yestreen,  
Are few and distant, with an awful flood between.

The rushing, roaring waters seethe  
And gurgle as they sweep the vale,  
The hill-tops view the death beneath,  
And echo back the piercing wail.  
More grim and ghastly grows the horrid sight,  
Until, to cover it, in mercy comes the night.

'Tis morn again; but lowering clouds  
Obscure the sun. The light is dim,  
The beasts collect in stricken crowds,  
Trembling with fright in every limb.  
Far as the eye can see the waters sweep,  
With here and there a hill-top rising from the deep.

And morn again has come and gone,  
But brought no hope to those whose friends  
Will never see another dawn  
Until their night of sorrow ends.  
Whole regions lie beneath the swelling tide,  
Which sweeps above great fields and forests wide!

HARVEY HOWARD.

## FOR EVERYBODY.

## Sale of a Racing Stud.

The late Baron Rothschild's racing stud was sold a few days since in London. The buyers were few. The total proceeds were about \$71,000, or an average of \$3,575 per horse. "Marsworth" brought \$25,000, "Pedometer" \$8,500, "Tancroft" \$6,500, "Couronne de Fer" brought \$12,500, and was bought by Lord Roseberry, recently in this country.

## An Omnibus Tell-Tale.

A novel adaptation of electricity has just been applied to several of the carriages of the London General Omnibus Company. By a very simple piece of mechanism placed under each seat of the passengers a tell-tale or dial is made to register the number of the passengers entering the carriage and the distance which each travels. It is the invention of Sir Charles Wheatstone.

## Anglomani in France.

French journalists are just now lamenting over the rage which is prevailing among their fellow countrymen for everything English. They say that the Paris ladies have taken to giving their children English names, and instead of calling them Jacques and Diana call them Jemmy and Di. It is becoming the fashion in certain aristocratic circles to talk French with an English accent. Still more marvellous, English cookery and English millinery are superseding French.

## Cremation in New York.

The "New York Cremation Society" is fully organised, and its members are confident of a charter from the Legislature. The society does not assume any combative attitude; but one of the principal points thought to be desirable as a basis of organization is the following: "The company binds itself to perform the act of cremation on the remains of any shareholder, provided he or she shall express such desire in any way before death, and in case of no opposition from immediate relatives."

## A New Club of Mohocks.

A correspondent at Bristol has heard that there is a society formed in that city comprising 21 youths, "for the purpose of annoying the public by practical joking, such as wrenching bell-pulls, running away with a milkman's cans and leaving them at a certain public-house to be called for, pulling up young saplings, and other devices." The late and respected chimpanzee was applied to but declined to become the president and allow the club to be called the "Chimpanzees" till the society took a higher aim in its objects.

## The Retort Direct.

"Witty as Madame Metetrich is," writes a correspondent, "she has sometimes met her match. The story is told of her that one day, descending a staircase at a ball, a gentleman behind her trod on the trailing skirt of her dress, which was as conspicuously ample as the waist of it was the reverse. She turned around angrily towards him with the outrageously slangy phrase of 'Fichu! maladroiti!' (the deuce, you awkward fellow!) 'Madame la Princesse,' said the gentleman, bowing, 'that "fichu" would be more appropriate on your shoulders than in your mouth.'"

## The Ruling Passion, etc.

M. Clément Duvernois relates a strange incident that occurred during his rambles through the cemetery at Père la Chaise. He passed by a young lady in deep mourning kneeling at a grave singing "Casta Diva" with apparent devotion. He listened, and found that his ears had not deceived him. The young lady to his astonishment, said, "You are perhaps surprised to hear me singing *Norma* in such a place. But my mamma sleeps below in that tomb; she used to love to hear me sing that opera, and I come here every day to sing it to her."

## Epistles from His Grace.

*Apologies of the Duke of Cambridge, a London correspondent writes:* "The only point in Sir Garnet Wolseley's speech at the Lord Mayor's *Fête* which his hearers felt inclined to challenge was a fib about the Duke. Sir Garnet told us he had to thank his Royal Highness 'for numerous letters containing valuable military advice and cheerful encouragement received from him during the war.' A sharp eye might have seen a look of intelligence pass between three or four members of Sir Garnet's staff, for the Duke's letters were ludicrous in their 'advice,' and as compositions were mirth-inspiring rather than edifying."

## The Oldest Man in the States.

This is to be believed: it comes from a Kentucky paper. Jean Revore is a Frenchman living in Bracken County, Kentucky. He is known to be over one hundred years old, and himself "allows" that he was a boy at "Braddock's defeat" in 1755, or one hundred and nineteen years ago. The *Kentucky Freeman* says: "If Mr. Revore's account of himself be true, he is at least one hundred and thirty years old, and therefore, by long odds, the oldest man in the United States." If we except that friend of ours in Brazil, who claims to be one hundred and seventy, Mr. Revore is probably the oldest man extant.

## Quid Pro Quo.

At the Autumn Manœuvres, two or three years ago, an officer was told by Sir Garnet that he had too much baggage. The officer pleaded earnestly that he might be permitted to take with him what was already in his portmanteau, but Wolseley was inflexible, and told the officer that he must leave out what was not actually indispensable for the campaign. The officer was equal to the occasion, for, seizing a small volume, he hurled it into space, and then turning to Sir Garnet, remarked, "That was the only useless thing in my portmanteau." The volume thus thrown away was a copy of Sir Garnet's *Soldiers' Pocket-Book*.

## Young London.

Not long ago an officer of the London School Board was crossing Covent Garden Market at a late hour, when he found a little fellow making his bed for the night in a fruit basket. "Would you not like to go to school and be well cared for?" said the official. "No," said the urchin. "But do you know I am one of the people who are authorised to take up little boys whom I find as I find you, and take them to school?" "I know you are, old chap, if you find them in the streets, but this here is not a street, it is private property, and if you interfere with my liberty, the Duke of Bedford will be down upon you. I know the hact as well as you."

## Greatness Thrust Upon Him.

— is a well-known miniature painter, and was much in vogue during the Second Empire. Like all Bonapartists, he is poor. He encountered the rich and dashing widow M. de — aged 24, whose husband, a colonel, was killed during the siege, at a friend's party. She wished to have her portrait taken, and to avoid scandal she agreed to disguise herself as a *grisette*, and so give sittings to the artist in his own studio. The latter owed his landlady two quarters' rent, and seeing him reduced to paint *grisettes* instead of grand *dames*, she formally called on him, reminded him of his arrears, sympathised with his "decline," and gave him notice to quit. The wretched overheard all; and has become his wife—to restore him to the good graces of his landlady.

## Criticising the Press.

A bashful journalistic reporter on the staff of a well-known Parisian journal is famed for his dislike of the traditional note book of his race, and has hit upon a method of taking his professional notes without being observed by those surrounding him. He wears large white linen cuffs to his shirt and nonchalantly jots his impressions on those with the most microscopic of pencils. At first his landlady was greatly puzzled with the hieroglyphically inscribed *manchettes* of her client, but after a while learned the meaning of the signs, and thus gathered the news of the week while pursuing her avocation. One day she astonished M. X. by remarking, "Your last washing was very interesting, only you don't give us enough political news."

## A Hidalgo of Old Spain.

An Englishman travelling from Seville to Xeres, not understanding that a distinction of classes was unknown in revolutionary times, sent his driver to dine in the kitchen of the inn where they halted. The driver, who in his heart thought that he would have been doing great honour to a heretic by sitting at the same table with him, concealed his indignation at the time, but in the middle of the road three or four leagues from Xeres, where there is a horrible desert full of bogs and brambles, he pushed the Englishman out of the carriage, and cried out, as he whipped on his horse, "My lord, you did not find me worthy to sit at your table, and I, Don Jose Balbino Bustamante Orozco, find you too bad company to occupy a seat in my carriage. Good night."

## Story of a Hare.

The *Revue de l'Ouest* states that a gentleman of Sanjon, having sent a hare to a friend during the closed season, got into the following difficulties:—The hamper was labelled "Fruit," and the railway company took proceedings against him for false description. Whereupon a second action was commenced against him by the octroi for not having made the usual declaration. A note was attached to the hare addressed to its destined, on which account the post office entered an action against the sender. Finally the public prosecutor took proceedings against him for sending game during the prohibited period. A compromise was effected with the octroi and the post office, but the other proceedings were carried on to the bitter end. The result was a fine of 50 francs and the confiscation of the cause of the dispute for the benefit of the hospital at Poitiers.

## Macgillivray, the Chinese Highlander.

The Rev. Dr. Begg says—"The aristocracy of New Zealand,

in fact, may be said to be the Highlanders. I stayed with the grandson of a Highlander, for example, who has half-a-million of sheep. I saw another Highlander, who is a member of Parliament, and who went there with nothing, I believe, and has one hundred and twenty-five thousand sheep. I heard of two Highlanders who took their stand upon two mountains in New Zealand, and each asked Government to give them a lease of the land that they saw from the tops of these respective mountains. They obtained their wish, and are now both wealthy men. From a New Zealand paper to-day I see the Highlanders are so successful, that a Chinaman making application for some employment called himself Macgillivray. The people were astonished. They had never heard a Chinaman called Macgillivray, and they asked what the meaning of it was. The reply of the Chinaman was, that there was no use of any making application except Scotsmen.

## A Story of a Picture.

One of the most famous of Landseer's pictures was bought many years ago for a comparatively small sum, by a gentleman who, on his death, left it, together with a modest fortune, to his daughter. Recently a collector mentioned to a friend his great desire to purchase this work, and declared that he was prepared to give any price for it. The friend happened to be acquainted also with the owner of the picture, and said, "Well but what do you mean by any price? That is rather indefinite; name a sum and I will see what I can do." The collector said, "Ten thousand pounds." This offer was taken to the fortunate possessor of the picture, who heard it with glistening eyes and a beaming face, and then replied, "Is it really a *bona fide* offer?" "Perfectly, you will get your cheque in a day or two if you will accept the terms." She then added, "I am extremely pleased to have had this offer, but I do not mean to part with my picture. I shall however enjoy it more than ever."

## Mr. George Cruikshank and Charles Dickens.

Mr. George Cruikshank delivered an address on Intemperance, at Manchester. In supporting a vote of thanks to the veteran artist the Mayor referred to Mr. Cruikshank's illustration of Charles Dickens's works. Mr. Cruikshank, in responding, said the only work of Dickens which he had illustrated was "The Sketches by Box." The Mayor: You forget "Oliver Twist." Mr. Cruikshank: That came out of my own brain. I wanted Dickens to write me a work, but he did not do it in the way I wanted. I assure you I went and made a sketch of the condemned cell many years before that work was published. I wanted a scene a few hours before the strangulation, and Dickens said he did not like it, and I said he must have a Jew or a Christian in the cell. Dickens said, "Do as you like," and I put Fagan, the Jew, into the cell. Dickens behaved in an extraordinary way to me, and I believe it had a little effect on his mind. He was a most powerful opponent to teetotalism, and he described us as "old hogs."

## Genus Mutabile.

The mutability of French Politics is nowhere better illustrated than by the coat-of-arms over the clock of the Hotel de Ville at Dijon, which is now being altered for the eighth time in eighty-two years, an average of once every ten years. In 1792 the shield bore three *fleur-de-lys*, which had been placed there at the building of the Town Hall; the Revolutionists, however, erased these Royal symbols. During the First Empire the eagle appeared on the shield, but at the Restoration the Imperial bird was ousted, and the *fleur-de-lys* once more reigned triumphant. On the fall of Charles X. in 1830 the Bourbon lily in its turn was superseded by the Gallic cock, which disappeared in 1848. When the Empire was re-established in 1852 the eagle resumed its old place, and remained there until the 4th of September, 1870, when it was defaced, and in its stead was put the inscription, "République L.R.F., 4 Septembre, 1870. This is now being erased, but its successor is not yet decided on, for as yet the Septennate has adopted neither beasts, fowl, nor flower for its emblem.

## Curious Anecdotes of a Dog.

A recent number of *Le Petit Journal*, of Paris, is responsible for a dog story, the circumstances of which are somewhat as follows. Not long since a gentleman, while driving down the Avenue de Neuilly, on a dark night was suddenly stopped in his course by a man who asked him for the loan of one of his lights to search for some money which the latter had lost through a hole in his pocket, the amount being a considerable sum in gold. Instead, however, of complying with the man's request, the traveller called up a large Danish dog, and after taking a coin which the man still had remaining in his pocket and holding it to the dog's nose, he told the animal to "Go, seek." The intelligent animal understood what was required, and immediately commenced his search for the missing coins, which he found, bringing them back one by one to his master, who handed them over to the rightful owner. He, of course, was in ecstasies, having been sent on a particular business by his employers with the money he had just previously lost, and which he would, probably, have never got a sight of again, had it not been for the extraordinary sagacity of the dog.

## Keeping Beer.

A French chemist named Pasteur has invented a process for making beer that will not sour or spoil by keeping. It is well known that all the objectionable changes which beer undergoes are produced by the action of microscopic organisms, whose germs are carried in the air, contained in the materials used, or are found adhering to the utensils employed in the brewery. In order to make an unalterable beer, therefore, a must entirely free from objectionable germs is required, and it should be fermented by a yeast similarly pure. To this end the must, prepared by the ordinary methods, is first heated very hot, in order to destroy all germs contained in it, and then allowed to cool in a vat fitted with a perfectly tight cover, whose interior communicates with the outer air only through two vertical tubes, into one of which a current of carbolic acid gas is allowed to enter, its excess being discharged by the other. A sufficient quantity of pure yeast, obtained by a process which cannot well be described in detail, is then added; alcoholic fermentation sets in, and in due time a beer is produced which is wholly free from minute organisms, and which can be kept for an indefinite time without the use of ice. Whatever changes to take place are positive improvements, and even high temperatures will not affect it unfavourably.