

CHALKED.

How I won my darling?
This is all the tale:
On the broad Atlantic
We were under sail.

Wide outspread, the water
Rippled in the light;
Swiftly on the quarter
Hove a sail in sight.

In its onward speeding
We, with eyes intent,
Every movement heeding,
Watch'd it as it went.

Soon it pass'd, and fleetly
Rosa darling flew,
'To the Bow!' cried sweetly;
'There the better view.'

Luckless victim! Smartly
Jack was to the fore,
Quick for fun, though partly
Bent on grog galore.

All absorb'd he found her
Lost to fee or fine;
Knelt, and deftly round her
Chalk'd a magic line.

By the circle bounded,
What might set her free?
Coin or kiss? Surrounded,
Smiled she then on me.

Like the prison'd starling,
Caught and ill at ease,
'Do,' she cried—the darling!—
'Do un-chalk me, please!'

I obeyed, and won her—
Mine to have and hold—
In a defter circle,
In a ring of gold.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

Miscellaneous.

Tragedy With a Vengeance.

A cheerful volume is in course of preparation in Paris. The daily registers of the Morgue, in which the "sensational" information obtained about the bodies exposed there, is carefully written, are being collected and bound in volumes, and they will be placed for the benefit of the lovers of tragedy in the National Library.

The Drama In The Eastern Hemisphere.

There are 348 theatres in Italy, 387 in France, 191 in Germany, 164 in Spain, 152 in Austria, 150 in England, 44 in Russia, 34 in Belgium, 22 in Holland, 20 in Switzerland, 16 in Portugal, 10 in Sweden, 10 in Denmark, 8 in Norway, 4 in Greece, 4 in Turkey, 8 in Roumania, 3 in Egypt, and 1 in Servia. The general total of dramatic, lyric, and musical artists and employés is 2,157,800 women, and 3,027,000 men.

A Scandinavian Sub-Marine Tunnel.

Two Danes, MM. S. Edwards and C. F. V. Peterson, have applied to the King of Sweden for a concession of the right to make a tunnel under the Sound. In support of their request they have forwarded a letter from the Danish Minister of the Interior agreeing to give them a similar concession as regards Denmark if they can show by the 1st September, 1874, that they can command the needful capital.

A Novel Egg-Detector.

The French dyspeptic is particular about his egg. He wants to know just how fresh it is. This is the way he ascertains. He dissolves 120 grammes of common salt in a litre of water. If the egg is one day old, it will sink to the bottom; if it be laid the day before, it will not reach the bottom; if three days old, it floats; and if more than five, it comes to the surface, and the shell projects more and more according to the staleness.

The Cost of Little Wars.

Four wars have cost the English government within the last fifteen years upwards of \$16,000,000 sterling. The Persian expedition cost \$900,000. The outlay on the Chinese war amounted to \$3,114,000. Then the New Zealand war, which did not extend beyond the year 1866, was covered by \$765,000; and the Abyssinian war entailed the expenditure of \$3,000,000 or \$3,000,000. Now it is estimated that the Ashantee war will cost about \$4,000,000.

A Pair of Bricks.

The Nevada miners have read about the gallant conduct of Captain Lambertson Lorraine, of the British ship "Niobe," in the matter of the "Virginian," and they approve of it. So they have gotten up a silver brick, which they intend to present to the Captain, upon which is this inscription: "Lambertson Lorraine: You are a 'brick'; this is another—presented by Americans who love Humanity and its manly defenders. Virginia City, Nevada, U. S. A., 1873."

Cheap at Two Dollars.

A merchant writing from Honolulu says: "Two weeks ago we had a ball at the palace of our king, Lunalilo I. He is our friend. When he was still merely crown prince I loaned him two dollars—only for a day," he said. When I met him a year after I reminded him of the loan, but he told me to wait till he should have become king, of which the prospects were then very slight. But now he is king, and I have silently made him a present of two dollars. Cheap friendship, considering he is king!"

A Novel Trip.

There is a Highlander at present engaged in the neighbourhood of Kilpatrick in the construction of a wheelbarrow, which he proposes dragging from Glasgow to London without any assistance, carrying with him everything necessary for the journey in the shape of provisions, water, bed, and clothing. He will cook and sleep on the barrow without shelter, and add nothing to his stock by the way, and perform the journey under all weathers, only resting at nightfall or when inquiring the way. With this portable camp on wheels he expects ere long to enter London in triumph.

Appropos of Tucker.

The London correspondent of the Belfast Newsletter says: "A good story is going the round of the British Museum just now. It appears that a gentleman named Tucker, finding in the library catalogue, under the head of 'Histories,' a work by a namesake, asked one of the attendants to bring it. The official bowed, and retired to fulfil the mandate. He was a very long

time away; but, on his return, after an interval of two hours, he handed Mr. Tucker a very thin volume, which proved to be *The History of Little Tom Tucker*. Mr. Tucker has not again turned up in the reading-room."

Schoolboy's Relations.

A schoolboy's table of relationship, says a writer in *Macmillan's Magazine*, is graduated by a pecuniary scale. A father is worth so much per annum. A grandmother or grandfather, so much a piece; or the pair together a lump sum down, and have done with them. Bachelor uncles and spinster aunts are "safe tips;" while married ones are not to be relied upon for a sixpence. Every relation can have his sovereign's worth, or half-sovereign's worth, of a schoolboy's affection, just as a schoolboy can go and have his fourpenn'orth or twopenn'orth of luxury at the "sock" shop. 'Tis a mean spirited world at best, and money is the power after all. You can buy guests, as you can buy dolls; you can buy opinions, you can buy friendship; in short, what is there that you cannot buy, from a penn'orth of nuts to an act of parliament, if you have sufficient money?

Two Old Follies Revived.

One of the most eminent scientists, says the London correspondent of the *Suffolk Chronicle*, has lately been informed by a lady that she has discovered a method of inventing gold out of a mixture of other metals. She has asked the gentleman in question to assist her in bringing out her discovery. Your readers may think him very ungallant for refusing, but after all science is science, and one can hardly expect an eminent metallurgist to go back 500 years and turn alchemist. I fancy another invention which I have heard of during the last few days must be placed in the same category of pseudo discoveries. A gentleman professes to have found out that by a certain arrangement of metal rods placed underground he can produce so much galvanic force as to drive machinery. In other words, he alleges that he has discovered a motive power which is practically permanent and comparatively costless.

"Scientist."

Richard Grant White in the January *Galaxy* says: "The word *scientist* has been brought to my attention by more than one correspondent. It has attained a degree of usage among those who it would seem are dissatisfied with 'scientific man' and 'man of science,' and who doubtless, with like displeasure of 'literary man' and 'man of letters,' will soon contrive some dreadful combination in *ist* to use in their stead. *Scientist* appears to me, as it does to many others, intolerable both as being unlovely in itself and improper in its formation. 'Sample-room' language gives us *drunkist*, *shootist*, *walkist*, and the like, with an undisguised incongruity which has a ridiculous effect, partly at least intentional, if not wholly so. Those words are regarded as the creations of exquisite humour by the persons who use them; nay, their very use is looked upon as an indication of latent powers which would place the user, if he would but let himself out, foremost in the ranks of the noble army of 'American humourists.'"

The Good Old Times.

An agreeable relic of the "good old times" has been discovered by a German paper, in the shape of a bill of charges submitted by an executioner at Bonn to the authorities at Cologne in 1688. The following are a few of the items contemplated in his estimate: "To quartering by means of four horses, 8 thalers; to beheading and burning, 8 thalers; to strangling and burning, 6 thalers; to burning alive, 6 thalers; to breaking on the wheel alive, 8 thalers; to beheading and fastening the body to the wheel, 6 thalers; to beheading, 4 thalers; to beheading after cutting off one hand, 5 thalers; to cutting off a hand or two fingers, 1 thaler. Tearing with red-hot pincers to be paid for at so much per gripe. Drowning or burying alive not being usual in these parts, the executioner will, in the event of such executions being required, ask as much as for beheading or fastening to the wheel, namely, 6 thalers. To fastening screws on the thumbs and legs, and driving the same, 1 thaler for the first quarter of an hour. For every subsequent quarter of an hour, 1 thaler. The executioner reserves the right of afterwards receiving what may fairly be due to him for his trouble in setting limbs to rights again."

MacMahon's Daily Life.

The French President's life is regulated with the most military precision; he is always up and dressed—very often in uniform—by five o'clock. It is not yet daylight when he is already out on horseback, and may be seen galloping along the high roads of Versailles to Satory or Rocquencourt. If he meets a company of *Ugards* or a detachment of cavalry, he cries "halte!" and rides round the men, scrutinising their appearance. He is back at the Présidence before eight, where business and his young secretary, the Vicomte d'Harcourt, await him. Business despatched, he has a few moments to give to his family; then the usual procession of visitors is admitted until half an hour before *déjeuner*, a time which the Marshal always employs in fencing. Nothing can be simpler than the mid-day meal, and it is soon over; other visitors are then admitted, or the President takes another ride, a military survey, or pays a visit until he can slip away with his gun and dogs, in company with a friend or two, into the Versailles preserves, or perhaps as far as Marly. It is not until evening, in the half hour that precedes dinner, that he can snatch a hurried glance at the daily papers.

A Darwinian in Trouble.

A rarely philosophical "bummer," who was brought before the Bangor Police Court the other day, evolved a theory that must be exceedingly comforting to the weak and erring. James Hennessey was his name, and when the justice, severe of aspect asked him what he had to say to the charge of being drunk, he calmly rose and said: "Your Honour, I am a Darwinian, and have, I think, discovered the origine of my unfortunate tendency. One of my remotest grandfathers was an anthropoid of a curious turn of mind. One morning, about 4,291,682 B. C., he was looking over his store of coconuts, when he picked up one for his breakfast, in which the milk had fermented. He drank the liquor and got gloriously drunk, and ever after he always kept his coconuts until fermentation took place. Judge, then, whether a tendency handed down through innumerable ancestors should not be taken in my defence." Casting a sarcastic look at James, the justice said, "I am sorry that the peculiar arrangement of the atoms of star dust resulted in giving me a disposition to sentence you to pay \$3 and costs." As James couldn't pay he went to the winter retreat.

Yet Another World's Fair.

Another World's Fair is announced. While the American Republic will hold its centennial exhibition in 1874, at Philadelphia, the modest Swiss Republic will rival it by having a world's exhibition in 1875 at Geneva. The failure of the Vienna exhibition does not appear to dishearten the industrious Swiss nation, who have entered warmly into the project. The buildings to be used for the purpose will include an immense cupola and dome, to be the largest ever erected. In the centre of the cupola will be raised a colossal column, from which visitors can see both the interior arrangements of the Exhibition and the most beautiful panorama in Switzerland; for from the platform the entire extent of Lake Leman, the mountains of the Jura, the Swiss Alps

and Mont Blanc will be visible. Among the other features of the Exhibition will be a vast concert hall, where besides ample space for the audience, there will be room for four thousand chorus singers; a colossal organ; a diorama of European scenery; a monster aquarium; a captive balloon and other attractions. The buildings will be separated from the lake only by a roadway over which will be flung bridges in the form of arches, leading to piers projecting far out on the lake, on which will be erected summer houses and refreshment saloons.

At Chislehurst the ex-Empress Eugénie lives in complete retirement. The imperial household now consists of only six persons—the Empress herself, Mlle. L'Armina (her Majesty's companion), the Duc de Bassano, Count Clary, Dr. Conneau, and Dr. Corvisart. The Prince Imperial, however, arrives at Camden Place every Saturday from Woolwich, with his tutor, M. Filion, and remains with the Empress until Monday. The Prince is reported to be making most satisfactory progress with his studies at the Royal Military Academy. The Empress seldom goes abroad, but takes walking exercise within the park. The ponies she was accustomed to drive before the Emperor's death she has never since driven.

Sothern's Little Joke.

A correspondent relates that on one occasion Miss Amy Crawford, who played in "Notre Dame" at the Lyceum Theatre, met an intimate friend of Sothern's at a party in London. Speaking of that gentleman she remarked that she understood he was originally designed for the church. "Oh, no," responded her friend; "for the law." A good-natured dispute ensued on the subject, and the two parted, each unconvinced, but each asserting that he or she would, some day, prove the other wrong. Miss Crawford went home and to rest, but about three A.M., was aroused by the hotel porter, who with much excitement announced a telegram. Anticipating something very important at such an hour, Miss Crawford made a hasty toilet, and, receiving the telegram, tore it open to read as follows:

London, —, 187 .

Miss Amy Crawford,—I was not brought up for the church, but the bar. Yet, if you wish, will leave the stage at once and study for the church. Yours,

SOTHERN.

It seems that Sothern's friend, a joker like the actor, had telegraphed Mr. Sothern the facts of the case on leaving the party which drew out the above response from that indefatigable joker.

The Original Mrs. Brigham Young.

The number of Brigham Young's wives and the rebellion of Ann Eliza have been subjects of wide discussion lately, and there is likely to be more talk now about that erring man. A Yorkshire person has written a letter, in which he gives some account of one of Brigham's wives who has never before appeared in print. She is a Mrs. Brigham, and lives in the almshouse at Stockton-on-Tees. This woman believes that Brigham Young is one William Brigham, who became her husband more than forty years ago, when he was a cooper and a lath-splitter. William Brigham, it appears, was an illegitimate child, whose father's name was Brigham and whose mother's name was Young. A few years after his marriage he deserted his wife and children, and they became paupers. He returned after a time, but again deserted them, and has never since been seen by his family. Only recently his wife learned that after he left her he went to America and became a Mormon leader. She feels sure that our Brigham is no other than her Brigham, and her friends will make as much of an investigation as lies in their power. Mrs. Brigham is eighty-one years of age, and she says her Brigham will be seventy-six years old next St. Valentine's Day. If it should prove true that the Prophet has been as hardened and neglectful as these statements make him appear, an indignant world will demand that he do something handsome for Mrs. Brigham, who has cherished his name and held out faithful for so many long years.

A Spanish Amazon.

Andalucia Bravo has twice served in the Carlist ranks in Spain. On the first occasion she, with other soldiers, was taken prisoner while fighting against the government troops, and was sentenced to be banished to the Canary Islands. But banishment was not in the role which Andalucia Bravo had laid down for herself, and she disclosed the fact that she was "only a woman." However, as soon as she was free she again donned male attire, and enlisted in another Carlist battalion. The penetrating glance of the priest of her native village found her out the second time. The curé, passing through a town where Andalucia's regiment was quartered, was struck by her likeness to one of his flock, and asked whether she was not Andalucia Bravo. "No," answered she, "I am her brother." But inquiries instituted by the dissatisfied curé resulted in the confirmation of his suspicions. Don Carlos, when told of the occurrence, presented the girl with a military cross of merit, but ordered that she should be sent to the military hospital in Durango, to become a nurse there. When he visited this hospital Andalucia implored him to allow her to rejoin her regiment, and Don Carlos is said to have promised that when he organized a battalion of woman he would make her colonel. She replied, "That will never happen." The confinement and work of the hospital are very trying to Andalucia, and she has made various efforts to obtain a release.

Marriage by Wholesale.

Marriage is frequently mentioned as a lottery, and it certainly is a lottery in a place called Hollandtown, near Green Bay, Wis. It seems there were twelve widowers in the place and eleven widows, and that their marriage was advisable. Accordingly a committee was appointed to fix things. A report, signed "M. Vandenberg, Secretary," says that, "thinking it economy to have them married, and not knowing how to pair them, a committee was selected to hold counsel as to the best mode of coupling." It took this committee the space of one hour to decide as to the method. It was decided to dispose of them by lot, and "consequently," says the report, "the names of all the widows were placed in a box, and likewise the names of the widowers." The drawing took place at five o'clock p. m. Monday, the 8th, at which time it was decided that

R. Menton shall marry Mrs. De Bruin.
M. Menton shall marry Mrs. Vink.
Mr. Bode shall marry Mrs. Vandenburg.
Mr. Fustenberg shall marry Mrs. Kersten.
J. W. Wessenberg shall marry Mrs. Wilde.
M. Verkuilen shall marry Mrs. Perrenboom.
Mr. Weyenberg shall marry Mrs. Heesakker.
John Kobussen shall marry Mrs. Tillman.
L. Tenrussen shall marry Mrs. Van Doren.
R. Herremans shall marry Mrs. Roff.
Mr. Soere shall marry Mrs. Van Bloemar.

The twelfth widower, we learn from the *Green Bay Advocate*, is D. H. Pentermann, and at present he is happy over his narrow escape; but the committee are casting about for some means to supply him with a partner—advertising that if there are any widows in neighbouring towns who would like to take Mr. Pentermann, "application can be made to Peter Kersten, President."