WEARING AWA'.

The following exquisite lyric, depicting Burn's affection for Jessie Lewars in his last illness has recently been found in Kilmarnock. anonymous, but is believed by competent critics to have been written by Motherwill, who cherished an almost idolatrous admiration for the great Scottish bard :-

The sun lies clasped in amber clouds. The sun lies clasped in amber clouds.
Half-hidden in the soa;
And o'er the sands the flowing tide
Comes racing merrily.
The hawthorn hedge is white with bloom,
The wind is soft and lown;
And sad and still you watch by me.
Your hand clasped in my own.

Oh! let the curtain bide, Jessie. On! let the curtain bloc, lessic.
And raise my head awee,
And let the bonnic setting sun
Glint in on you and me.
The world looks fair and bright, Jessic.
Near loving hearts like you:
But puirith's blast sifts summer love,
And makes leal friendships few.

Oh! Jessie, in the dreary night, I clasp my burning hands Upon those throbbing sleepless lids O'er eyes like glowing brands. And wonder in my weary brain,
If, haply, when I'm dead
My old boon friends for love of me
Will give my bairnies bread.

Oh! did the poor not help the poor. On! and the poor not help the poor.
Each in their simple way.
With humble gift, and kindly word,
God pity them I say:
For many a man who clasped my hand,
With pledges o'er the bowl,
When the wine halo passed away,
Proved like a niggard soul.

Oh! blessed thought midst our despair. Oh! blessed thought midst our despair.
There is a bromise made.
That in the day the rough wind blows.
The east wind shall be stayed.
A few short years, and those I love
Will come again to me.
In that bright realm without a sun.
That land without a sea.

Oh! wilt thou gang o'nichts. Jessie, Oh! wilt thou gang o ments. Jessie, To my forsaken hearth,
And be as thou hast been to me.
The truest friend on earth?
Sae sweetly in your linnet voice,
You'll sing my weans to rest.
While Jean will lay her weary head
Upon your loving breast.

Oh! what is fame: Its wrath of rays Cools not the fevered brow, Wilt tell his name in coming days, Who whistled at the plough. And wrote a simple song or two.

For happier hearts to sing.

Among the shining sheaves of corn.

Or round the household ring.

Yet would I prize the bubble fame,
If but mine artless lays
Bore thy sweet deed and lovingness
For future time to praise.
True souls! I bless the poet's skill,
Which won a friend like thee,
Whose tender love 'twist Home and Heaven
Is with me constantly.

THE FROG INDUSTRY.

SHORY OF A TRAINED FROG-ITS ACHIEVEMENTS.

The bush of June evening in a quiet hamlet in Orange County. On one side a circle of wooded hills. On the other a sloping stretch of meadow, with cattle feeding over its fragrant acreage. Then a border of marsh, with the sparks of a million fireflies flashing amid its rank growths of flag and water-weeds. Beyond, a shallow pond, dotted with marshy islands, mirroring a firmament of myriad stars, and lit here and youder by the weird glare of a dozen fishermen's "jacks.

"Did ye come up to go a froggin'? 'Cause if ye did ye've struck the proper time. They're jist a gittin' theirselfs more than in tune, an' the boys begunter shed their red flannel fur bait a week ago, an' they ain't a jack nor a spear in the place but's a gittin' in the pootiest kind o'

"Jug-o' r-u-u-u-m / jug-o'-r-u-u-u-m / "
"K-r-r-r-ook! k-r-r-r-ook!"

In mellow basso profundo, harsh baritone and rasping tenor robusto came the chorus up from among the lights and marshes. I had not dropped down in the quite hamlet to "go afroggin'"; but, although I was entirely igno- friend. rant of the mysteries of the sport, the sounds and surroundings made the speech of the tall their night's work, and between exhibitant native—leaning against the bar of the country "nips" of the favorite tipple of the neighbornative—leaning against the bar of the country store, with his hickory overails stuffed in cowhide boots, and ancient straw hat tilted back on a head of scraggy yellow hair-entirely intelligible without further interpretation. It was evident that "froggin" was not only the pas-time of the populace, large and small, but one of the main props upon which the financial interests of the community rested. The daily bread of more than one honest yeoman, l learned, depended on the sureness with which he launched his spear against the acrobatic denizen of the marshy pond; and upon the illusiveness of his red flannel lure, and the deftness with which he cast it, hung his hopes for a

requisite supply of apple jack and "terbacker."
"Yes sir-ee!" said my friend of the hickory overalls. "The season has opened bang up, an' they ain't only ketchin' 'em by the bushel, but they're bringin' in some o' the whoppinest whoppers az ever jumped a bog. Sile Morton got his flaunel inter one yisterday ez weighed three poun', dressed, an' a Yorker ez was a spookin' 'round here give him twelve shillin' for it."

Then my friend, in language picturesque and

rather pregnant with the suspicion that it should be taken, like a frog's leg, juicy from the broiler, cum grano salis, regaled me with a history of the frog catching industry of the lo-cality. It had its beginning there in a poculiar manner. Some years ago, a well-known citizen of New York visited the place in search of a Summer home for his family among the dairy farms. One day he brought to the tavern from the pond half-a-dozen large frogs which he had shot while rowing about. To the amazement and disgust of the landlord and his good wife, he ordered them broiled for his suppor! The landlady refused, point blank to soil her savory iron with the "nasty things," and it was not until the gentleman himself prepared the snowy saddles of the frogs, and offered a handsome "tip" to her, that she cooked the delicacy, under his direction, and served them for him. When the visitor left he engaged a native to catch and ship him a dozen frogs a day for the entire season. Friends of his in the city in turn sent orders for frogs, and the demand for them grew so rapidly that in time dealers sent for them by the hundred, until it required all the able bodied men and boys in the vicinity fishing and spearing day and night, to supply the demand. Now it is no uncommon thing for bushels of frogs' legs to be forwarded to the city from this small pond daily. They return twenty five cents a pound to the fishermen. Scores of men and boys throng the borders of the pond every day, equipped with a stout rod and line, to which is attached an ordinary cat fish hook, baited with a piece of red flannel. The frogs, perched solemnly on the margin of the water, or on the bogs, are cautiously approached. The red flaunel is lowered slowly in front of them from a position behind them, if possible. When it reaches their line of vision they snap it viciously. It is rare that one is not hooked if he once snaps. To hand him in and bag him is then a trifling matter.

Night fishing is attended with the best returns. Two men enter a boat - flat bottomed and generally leaky—one carries a long handled spear, with three barbed "tines." The other pushed the hoat slowly along the shore. In the bow of the boat is a jack containing a brilliant light, or a strong kerosene torch. The frogs are out in herds, and their constant croaking guides the fishermen to them. Expert frog hunters can pick out the larger sized frogs by the tone of their voices. The light is thrown upon them, and it is but the work of a second to thrust the spear through their bodies. When the frogs are brought in from the pend, the hind quarters are separated from the bodies and skinned. This separating and skinning in dexterously performed. The legs are then neatly packed in boxes with layers of moist fresh grows and are boxes, with layers of moist, fresh grass, and are ready for market.

"Some fellers is a good deal smarter at froggin' than others," said my garrulous friend of the hickory overalls. "Mebbe 'y' might think it ain't no trick to slap a spear inter a frog, but I'm a tellin' y' that y've got to learn it the same ez y' do shootin'. The frogs 'round here is pooty cute, they've ben hunted so long; an' a feller ez goes arter em' 'll find that he hain't a-trackin' no mud turtles. I s'pose the best feller that ever slung a frog spear on this pond was Jack Mosher. He could tell the weight of a frog within half an ounce by just hearing him sing. I see him wunst after an ole socker over on the fur side o' the marsh. The frog sot in a bunch o' flags, more'n twenty foot from the nighest p'int that Jack could get to him with the boat. We throw'd the light onter the spot, but he were hid so we couldn't see him. could see the flags shake ez if they war blow'd by the wind every time the frog'd tune up.
"'Hol' the light ez high ez y' kin', says

Jack.

"I riz the torch 'bout ten foot in the air, an' it throw'd a bully light all 'round. Jack picked up a stone they war in the hoat an' tossed it behind the bunch o' flags. I see a white thing like a flash in the air, an' Jack slung the spear. It fell in the water clean on t'other side. We rowed 'round an' got it. The frog was spitted on it ez nice ez if y'd put it on with yer hand. Jack had ketched him on the fly.

"No. We never eat none o' the durn things. I'd ez leave chaw a black shake," said my

Just then a party of frog hunters came in from hood, reminiscences of remarkable exploits in their peculiar sport followed fast on one another.
The veteran who had entertained meduring the evening capped the climax with a little recol-

lection of his own.
"Them ez think that frogs ain't about ez cute an insec' ez paddles," said he, "is a fishin' without no flannel. I tell y' that they know a heap, an' I kin prove it to y' by telling a curious sarcumstance ez wunst happened down in Jersey when I was froggin' in the swamps thar, long fore I come up here to larn you fellers a lot yer didn't know. The swamp whar I fished down thar war a big un, an' you couldn't do nothin' 'long the edges, ez twa'n't possible fur to git a boat inter it. I used to set nights and grit my teeth a listenin' to the great big fellers a beller-in' off in the awamp, jist ez if they was a sassin' me 'cause I couldn't git no way nign 'em. I laid awake many a night tryin' to hatch up some trick ez would fetch some on 'em out, but nothin' 'd work. One day I ketched a tadpole ez was jist puttin' on the finishin' tetches ez would make it a frog, an' I says to myself, durned if I don't take it hum an' see if I can't earnest, and with here and there a statement raise it. I put it in the spring an' petted of it the burglars. Michael, the nephew, was then

ev'ry day, an' ez it grow'd it got to knowin' of me, an' it was so durn tame an' cute that I foun' out I could larn it tricks. I larned it to turn summersets an' to hop along on its hin' logs, carryin' a little flag under one of its fore legs like a sojer, an' to do lots o' other things. grow'd to be the biggest frog I ever see, an'

know'd more than some men.
"He understood ev'rything I said, an' used to go with me down to the swamp, hoppin' longside o me like a young kangaroo. He'd set an' watch me sling my flannel under the noses of the swamp frogs, an' open his mouth clean from one shoulder to t'other when I'd haul 'em in a kirkin', jist ez if he wor langhin' at the fun. When them big fellers that I couldn't git at would sass me, an' 1'deuss an swear at 'em, my frog 'd git jist ez mad az I did an' the noises he'd make tryin' to swar, too, was

nough to make a mule laugh. "One day the frogs out in the swamp had ben more aggeravatin' than ever, an me and my trained frog had made things blue around thar, in the arternoon, Job-that was the name I give my frog-seemed to me to be keepin' up a ter'ble thinkin' 'bout suthin'. All of a suddint I see him makin' for the woodshed. I allus kep' a lot o' lines an' hooks, with flaunel all on 'em, hangin' on the back of an old chair in the woodshed. Job went a-pilin' in the shed, an' pooty soon out he come. He had one o them lines wound round him jist below the forelegs, leavin' 'bout a foot o' it, with the hook an' flannel on it, streamin' to one side. I thort he had picked up a new trick, an' so he had, fur he went a whizzin' 'long to'ards that swamp ex if he'd ben a big injin-rubber ball shot out o' a cannon. He went kersouse inter the swamp an' thinks says I, Job has gone to jine his relations, sure. 'Bout fifteen minutes arterw'ds, though, I happened to look down to'rds the swamp, an' thar I see my frog a-makin' fur hum, an' a draggin' another one arter him, durn nigh ez big ez he was. Tother one had the flanuel hook in his jaw. Then the hull bizness struck me squar in the conk. Job had made up his mind that he wa'n't a-goin' to have them frogs out in the swamp a-sassin' us any longer, an' so he had jist rigged hisself up a hook an' line, swum out to the place whar I nor nobody else couldn't git, an' had flirted that flannel unner the noses of them frogs, hooked one, an' fotched him in. He brought in twenty nine frogs that arternoon 'fore he rested, an' that weighed ez much ez two poun' apiece. So when any one says that there ain't no sense in

a frog, jist-The story was more than the other natives could stand, and before my friend of the overalls could draw the moral for it, they were beating a retreat from the bar-room, as if they were afraid the house might be struck by lightning or something.

ED. H. Morr.

MUNKACSY.

Michael Munkacsy has no right to complain of the world. It has been very good to him. Universal suffrage has proclaimed a man of genius-in doing which it judged aright. Gentle and simple, the artist and untutored visitor to pictorial exhibitions take equal delight in his works. His faculties are well poised, and of such a rich order as to place him on a level with the great thinkers as well as with the most illustrious artists of the century. He is not so much self-made, as a result of struggling generations. If fortune had not favoured his attempts to rise, he must have been, however obscure and poverty-stricken, truly great. He got to the top of his profession while young. Although he climbed from the lowest rung of the social ladder, he did not find the ascent painfully arduous. It was natural for him to face hardship and to combat it, and he had a robust frame and elasticity. Munkacsy is a Hun, with, it may be, Tsigane and Slav crosses. He is tall, and his bones and muscles are of powerful construction. Plebeian descent is shown in the thick rebellious hair and strong beard. Men who labor in the fields are less prone to baldness than those who live to amuse themselves or who work more with their brains than with their hands. Munkacsy's eyes are twinkling and goodnatured, and help the tongue, which is often embarassed when French is spoken, to express the thoughts and feelings of the artist. He rattles his r's and speaks from his chest and throat. In the presence of strangers his eye is furtive and searching. His manner is simple If near a dog, he is sure to stroke it down. Al! the gorgeous furniture that surrounds him in his palace in the Avenue de Villiers should not be regarded as a sign of ostensation. He bought it merely because he liked it, and can afford to indulge in his tastes. Madame Munkacsy is very rich; she fell in love with the painter, and made him an offer of her hand and fortune. The Hungarian artist is her second husband. In summer he resides in a château that she brought him not far from Metz.

Munkacsy is very gray for a man of his years, not being yet forty. And is his native town. In his childhood, many events happened in his family of a nature to stir and stimulate his intellect and imagination. An epidemic swept off his father and mother. Although only four years old when they died, he remembers how they were carried away, and their funeral. An aunt took compassion on the child, and undertook to rear him. As she was thrifty, and was reputed to have saved money, her cottage was broken into at night, and she was murdered by

adopted by an uncle. But this protector was torn away from his home by Austrian soldiers in 1849, and shot as a rebel. He was in sympathy with Kossuth and Gorgy, but had not himself ever made war against the Kaiser. As Mun-kacsy was strong and intelligent, he found at the age of nine employment in a carpenter's workshop, and there learned how to make trunks. To tempt poor people to buy them, he used to cover them with paintings of his own design. A strong taste was thus developed in him for pictorial art. To be able to improve his mind and learn how to draw correctly, he went to Pesth. There he worked by day at his trade, and at night attended a mechanics' free school. A thirst for knowledge and a desire to see more of the world prompted him to remove to Vienna. What he saw in that Metropolis decided ars fate. His vocation became too strong to be resisted. Sundays were entirely devoted to the education of the eye and intellect, and the week was divided into days when task-work jobs were got through, and others when his sole occupation was sketching in museums and reading in a public library. French was one of the things he studied. He had a notion that he would succeed better in Paris than he would elsewhere. But there was no way of reaching it, except by tramping along from village to village and town to town. When he failed to procure work, he got country innkeepers to lodge and board him in return for portraits he engaged to do of them and their families. From an early age he utilized his pencil in a similar way. There is a tailor at Arad whose house is decorated with pictures done by Munkacsy in return for suits of clothes.

Munich did not please the young Hungarian genius. He disliked its pseudo-Greek architecture. Nor did the Royal collection of pictures awaken his enthusiasm. The quaint old German towns were more congenial to his taste. At Dusseldolf he came to understand that the best school for an artist is not in museums, but in the streets, market-place and fields. He learned that it was best to trust to his own inspiration, and to paint things just as they impressed him. "Condemned to Death," was painted at Dasseldorf. It was sent to Paris, and without definity admitted to the salon of 1869.

It was done from recollections of a scene witnessed in infancy. The Princess Metternich, who is very impulsive and fond of her Hungarian compatriots, blew the trumpet for the young exhibitor. The public were fascinated by the strong expression given, without tragical attitudes or contortion, to speechless, unutterable woe. The apparent decency of the convict suggested a doubt as to his guilt, and rendered his position harrowing to the spectator. Mun-kacsy had been familiar from his cradle with that undemonstrative tragedy which haunts the poor quarters of towns and cities. For some years after he won a name, he only depicted the sufferings of the class in which he was born.

Munkacsy has been eleven years a regular artist when he obtained a medal of honor at the Universal Exhibition of 1878 for "Milton's Daughters" and the "Conscripts." "Christ before Pilate" is his masterpiece. The painter est entre dan la peau of the different characters whom he represents. By an effort of the imaimagination he thought and felt as they each might have done at the state trial that took place more than eighteen hundred years ago at Jerusalem. The faces well answer to the sup-posed moral and mental conditions of the divers actors before the high court of justice in which Pontius Pilate sat. Munkacsy entirely evolved this painting out of his own consciousness. It is a work of pure reason, imagination and tochnical skill. The apparent ease comes from a great amount of thought and that felicity which Lord Bacon speaks of. Munkacsy could feel his head growing gray when he was engaged in the composition of this painting. As a rule, things done with labor are good—things done from inspiration are super-excellent.

Munkacsy resides in a house built by himself. It is a vast, solid, rich, and of, in many respects, fanciful exterior. The Hungarian eye likes showy magnificence. Twisted columns of chonized wood, of the Italian sixteenth century style, are brought into the architecture. Their outlines are defined with gilding. The pipes that carry rain from the roof end in open-mouthed and fantastic animals, painted and enamelled. Fire places are made to consume whole trees. They bear a resemblance to those in the hall of Pierrefonds Castle. Everywhere there is the flush of brilliant, but harmonious color. One sees it in the windows-painted, no doubt, by Oudinot; in the Magyar flags; in the Japanese and Chinese vases, tapestries, bright embroidered cushions, chairs, tablecloths, and in the door curtains and Persian carpets. Some of the por-tières are composed of showy vestments made for Italian priests in the time of the De Medici. The embroideries on these sacerdotal garments were cut out from them and reapplied on new stuffs. Although his studio in the Avenue de Villiers is seventeen yards long, it is too small for Munkacsy. He has turned it into a salon, and works in the Rue de La Rochefoucauld. At the end there is a gallery for musicians. A fête in this noble apartment reminds one of Veronese's "Marriage of Cana" in the Louvre.

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