

RUSSIAN FOLK-SONG.

Why do the dogs howl?
Midnight strikes from the steeple.
Is it that war-wolves howl
Through the village while sleep the people?
Is it that round and bright
The moon comes up to-night?

No, in the churchyard dank,
Where the heavy night-dew glistens,
In her grave the mother listens
She hears an infant's piteous cries—
The little, motherless babe that lies
In its cradle and wails for its mother;
Not the heavy cloud nor the coffin plank
That sound from her ears can smother.

She rises; over the unbenched grass
Through the village street she passes,
She lifts the latch, through the house she is creeping,
Strangers by her babe are sleeping.
They have waked not for its weeping.

She lifts it tenderly—
"Lullaby—
Sleep my own babe on my arm,
Mother will keep thee from all harm.
In the night and the gloom,
And in the desolate room,
I will sing to thee—
Lullaby—
Till the cock crows from the farm.

Thou art too sweet
To wait in the gloom
Of the desolate room;
Thou art most
An angel to be—
Lullaby—

An angel to sing where the roses bloom,
To sing where the living mornings rise
On the golden streets of Paradise."

So, ever she sang
Strange songs and new,
Till the breeze uprang
And the red cock crew.

Then the stranger awakened and said:
"Tis dawn in the sky—
How still the babe lies,
The living night it has uttered no cries."
They looked—lo! the babe was dead!

CONSTANTINA E. BROOKS.

BEAR SHOOTING IN CANADA.

The forest we had entered was a dense growth of cedars, mixed with spruce and pine. The trees stood close together, with low branches, and were plentifully interspersed with windfalls, lying breast high on rotten branches, and forming an admirable natural abatis against our advancing column of two armed with axe and shot-gun.

George moves on like a shadow straight for the squirrel that still chatters and scolds, and swears from the depths of the cedar jungle. I veer to the right. We worm ourselves between the thick trunks, and under the thicker branches.

A low "Sh!" catches my ear. I turn toward George. "Here he is!" is written all over his face. He points directly ahead, then shakes his axe, and points and points again.

I look, stretch up and look, crouch down and look, but see nothing save the tree-trunks.

George grows impatient. He thinks I do not understand him.

"Le voici! Here he is!" he hisses. But Bruin hears as well as I. "Non, le voici! There he goes!"

I hear a whine and a grunt that remind me of a menagerie, and through the thick cedar trunks and the dead branches of a fallen pine catch a flitting glimpse of shambling blackness.

I fire a snap shot, as I would at a woodcock darting through the alder tops. The smoke hangs under the thick branches, and shuts out all before me.

"He's down! Nous l'avons!" yells George. The report of the gun has broken the spell of the forest silence, and George changes from a serpent to a tiger.

"No," he cries; "he's off again. Fire!"

I fire my left barrel through the smoke with "eye of faith," and crumpling in a couple of fresh cartridges, George and I rush on, if any mode of progress through a tangled cedar swamp can be called a rush. We kick and wrest off the dry dead branches, scramble over the fallen pine; but the bear! Nowhere a sign of him. Nothing but forest and silence.

George keeps on; I do my best to follow. He glides along like a cat, in one hand an uplifted axe, descending now and then to sever an opposing bough. He gets over the ground two feet to my one.

"Le voilà, qui s'en va! There he goes again! Venez! Come on!" cries George; and I perform the speediest coming on of which I am capable. Slow enough it is, though. Every few steps the tangled branches of a fallen cedar must be burst through, but on I press and scramble and tumble and crawl till George is reached. He stands on a prostrate tree, axe upraised, head bent forward and to one side—an admirable statue of alertness.

"Ecoutez! Listen!" he whispers.

A moment's stillness. Then a crackling, loud and near, up the hill-side. George jumps through the thicket, and springs up the slope like a flash.

Follow him? I could as easily flit up to heaven without wings. So I scramble on through the level swamp. It is said "blood will tell." I can swear that weight will. The burden of my two hundred pounds handicapped me in this swamp race with a bear. Every thicket I crawled through, every windfall I scrambled over, told on me, till at last I was forced to halt. With perspiration bursting from every pore, and breath only caught in gasps, I leaned against a tree, and imagined the feelings of a losing horse in a

race. My heart beat loudly as the drumming of a partridge, the whole forest seemed to reverberate with its quick thud, thud, thud, and the blood leaped to head and temples till my brain was in a whirl.

While the trees were dancing before my reeling sight I thought, "What an unlucky wight am I! After twenty years of small game shooting, to at last actually meet a bear in his haunts in the forest, get within thirty yards of him, on the point of gratifying one of the pet ambitions of my life, and then to bang away a couple of shots like a fool with the buck ague, while my noble quarry coolly makes off, and I am left empty-handed!"

Worse than that, the brute runs away so slowly that George sees him again and again—keeps up with him, in fact. Alas, my "too, too solid flesh!" Were I a light, nimble fellow like George, I might have shot a bear—yes, a half-dozen times over. And then my gun. What a fool, to bring a little snipe-gun into the woods in quest of the king of the forests, the beast before which all others quail, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and then to fire away at this lordly game as I would pull trigger on a woodcock! One bird missed, up slips another. But where shall I find another bear, when I have been all my life getting up with this first one? Then, if I had only shot him, what yarns I would spin to my sporting friends—

"Le voici encore! Here he is again!" sounded George's voice, loud and clear, through the forest, and cut short my reverie.

My heart stilled, and my brain steadied in an instant. Again I sprang forward. "I may get him yet; I may retrieve my fortunes," thought I, as I dragged, crawled, and pushed myself ahead through the underbrush.

George hears me crashing along, and shouts from the mountain-side, "He's makin' down by the lake. Right ahead of yer. Look out for him!"

I scramble on, impelled by one single, strong desire—to get one good, fair shot at that bear.

I keep on and on. Not a word from George. At my right, through the leaves, I catch bright glimpses of the lake, sleeping in the sunlight. I slacken my pace. All is silent as a sanctuary. "Well, the bear is off, and George with him. I'll keep on slowly, cool off, and perhaps get my 'second wind' that we read about, whatever that may be." So thinking, I sling myself up on a fallen cedar that lay breast-high across my route, swing my legs over, sit and rest for a moment, then leisurely drop down on the other side.

"Knaar-r-r-r-r!" And from under a cedar only seven paces away a mass of blackness springs for me, sudden and swift.

I have not time to take a step. Had time allowed, there is no opportunity. The fallen cedar is at my back; I am pinioned between its branches. But no thought of retreat or dodging enters my mind. There is time but for one single impulse, and that is—shoot. My gun is in my right hand, both barrels full cock. Instantly I pitch it to my shoulder, yet in this instant the whole forest scene, with the on-dashing, black brute in the centre, is accurately and indelibly photographed on my sight. I see the bear leaping on all fours, hind quarters high, fore-shoulders low, head down and askew, snout turned to right, lip curled up like a snarling dog, teeth chattering, and black eyes gleaming with a devilish light. On comes the monster with his vibrating, grunting growl. Knaar-r-r-r-r!

As the gun swings up to my face I glance along the barrels, and see the snapping teeth of the leaping brute within four feet of my gun muzzle. I fire. The bear falls forward with a heavy thud at my feet.

I lower my gun, and, with finger on the left trigger, press the muzzle against the monster's head. He moves not. Every fibre of my being thrills with a wild, intense delight.

"Dead!" I yell, with savage glee.

And from up the mountain-side comes George's answering shout, "Bravo, mon frere!"

And now comes George himself, crashing and bounding down the steep, and swinging his axe aloft. He jumps over our fallen foe, embraces me, dances about like a true Frenchman, shouting, "Bravo, mon frere! bravo, mon frere! Nous avons vaincu notre ennemi. Sacre! You old black devil, you! Voici—here you are, mort. Aha!" and grasping me with both hands, words fail us, and we give voice to the wild joy of victory in one long "Hallelu!" that wakes the slumbering echoes of the summer lake. The veneer of a thousand years of civilization dropped from us like a garment, and the original savage, the fighting animal, the true man within, laughed with a zest that civilization knows not of.

Jim hears our shout from down the lake, catches its meaning, gleefully hallooed in reply, and paddles swiftly to us in the pirogue.

"Here he is, Jim," quoth I. "Voici l'ours."

Jim peers over the shaggy brute, looks up, takes off his hat, and, bowing towards me, says, with the air of a diplomat offering a sentiment at a royal banquet, "C'est bien bon, monsieur, beaucoup de pouvoir à votre bras, et même plus à votre fusil."

Taking Bruin by the paws, we slid her down the bank.

"She'll weigh about four hundred," said Jim, reflectively, as we lifted her into the pirogue.

"But then they're dreadful lean in summer. Late in the fall, now, she'd go another hundred sure."—W. THOMAS, JR., in *Harper*.

COULDN'T FEEL AT HOME.

"Stranger, have you got some bitin' whiskey, sunthin' that takes the innards by the collar, and makes a man think he's brillin for an hour afterwards?" asked a gentleman in a butternut suit and a coon-skin cap, at a fashionable Brooklyn bar, yesterday.

"I think I've got what you want," said the barkeeper. "Try this."

The stranger smelled it and shook his head dolefully.

"Do you think this would make a man dig up his dead enemies and lick 'em over agin?" he asked. Would a slug of this pizen get a fellow to induce his mother to murder his wife, and then run for sheriff, so as to hang the old woman for the crime?"

"I don't know about that," said the barkeeper. "It's pretty strong fluid."

"I know. But is it strong enough to make a man rob his own daughter and lick daylight out of her for losin' her money? Would it be what you would use if you wanted to salt your wife down and deal her out in a boarding-house for boned turkey, extra prime? Would you drink it if you felt like burning down a church full of children, so as to get the nails out of their boots? That's the kind of liquor I want."

"Here's some terribly bad whiskey, if that's what you are after," said the barkeeper, putting out another bottle.

Again the stranger smiled and shook his head sadly.

"I am surprised at you, bar-keep. You don't understand the finer feelin's. I want sunthin' that would make me rob the donation box of an orphan asylum. Sunthin' that would make me kick a sick woman overboard and pound her with a board afterwards. I want liquor that makes a fellow bury his mother alive and plow her under for fertilizer. Sunthin' that would make a man set his children to stealin' so he could give 'em away and get witness fees for convictin' 'em. Have ye got anythin' of that sort?"

"That's the worst I've got," said the horrified barkeeper. "You can take it or leave it."

"The fact is," explained the stranger, as he poured down half a pint of the material without a shudder, "the fact is that I live in Dakota, and I was feelin' homesick. So I thought if I only could get a taste of the genuine stuff it would raise my spirits. But this is not the whiskey I wanted. This makes me feel like lending money, and it don't do me no good. Good-bye, barkeep."

And the homesick stranger turned mournfully away.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE Duke of Rutland has sent a donation of £100 to the funds of the Fair Trade League.

It is said that no less than forty tons of Miss Braddon's "cutting down" of the Waverley novels have been sent out from the publishers.

THE Conservatives have purchased the *Standard Times*, which will for the future be published at a penny instead of twopence.

MR. EDWARD LEVY LAWSON, of the *Daily Telegraph*, has, it is said, purchased the Duke of Westminster's splendid residence at Chiseldon for £200,000.

MR. F. C. BURNAND, the popular dramatist and witty journalist, was on the 23rd ult., presented by his wife with a daughter, this making his fourteenth child.

THE benevolent Sir Moses Montefiore, Bart., now in his ninety-seventh year, telegraphed to Palestine to request that prayers might be offered for President Garfield in the synagogues of the four holy cities.

"THE Blindfold Exhibition" of the City of London Chess Club will take place at Moulter's Hotel, Newgate street, on Wednesday next. Mr. Blackburne will on that occasion play ten games simultaneously without seeing the boards.

It is stated on good authority that the prime mover in the cotton "corner" expects to net between £300,000 to £400,000 by his speculation. He is said to be backed by a London financial house. The arms of this gigantic combination are said to stretch across the Atlantic to bar the shipment of cotton to Liverpool.

THE Conservatives are taking a leaf out of the book of the Lib rals. It will be remembered how effectually the latter worked the pictorial business at the general election, notably the pictures associating the flogging of soldiers with the Conservative candidates. The Constitutional Cartoon Society are about to exhibit a series of illustrations having reference to last session. They will be shown at Derby, Newcastle-on-Tyne and Edinburgh, during the great political meetings about to be held in those towns.

SOME of Mr. Ruskin's friends have begun to fear for his reputation as a writer. He bids them remember that the deterioration of his style is due to that abomination of civilization the cheap telegraph. He says:—"A sentence of *Modern Painters* was often written four or five times over in my own hand, and tried in

every word for perhaps an hour, perhaps a forenoon, before it was passed for the printer. I rarely now fix my mind on a sentence or a thought for five minutes in the quiet of the morning but a telegram comes announcing that somebody or other will do themselves the pleasure of calling at eleven o'clock, and that there is two shillings to pay." This is truly sad.

It is some time since we heard of Dr. Schliemann. He has just come to the front again though. He has, incidentally, written for publication an account of his courtship, which, as he says, was somewhat extraordinary. He met the lady who is now Mrs. Schliemann in Athens, at the home of her parents. "It was," the doctor says, "a Saturday. In the course of conversation I made an astonishing discovery. The young eighteen-year-old girl recited for me a long piece from the *Iliad* with literal accuracy. We were soon absorbed in the subject, and on the above day I was able to tell her, 'next Thursday will be our wedding day,' and Thursday was our wedding day." This must have been nice reading for the lady.

AMERICAN vernacular, though quaint, is apt under certain circumstances to be misunderstood. For instance, there is a student at one of the largest of the London hospitals who is a Yankee. He was up for a *circa vix* examination some short time ago, and the worthy examiner, pointing out some bone, asked him what it was. "I guess it's the bone of the nose," replied the Yank. "I must trouble you, sir, not to guess at all, but to state definitely what bone you consider it to be," said the doctor with some severity, not recognizing the nationality of the youth. "Then, doctor, I guess that the next time I guess I'll have to 'presume,'" said the sucking Esculapius—after which there was no need of further explanations.

"CRIBBING" is looked upon by many school boys with a lenient eye, unless the examination is a competitive one, and the same view seems to have been taken by some young gentlemen who were examined in law prior to their call to the bar. The practice grew so much that the Benchers of the Inns of Court have recently been very severe. It is said that a gentleman was sent back to his studies for a year for this offence, and this has been a serious warning to others. At one time the examiners were often out of the room during the examination, and only an usher laden with paper and pens was present. A good story is told about an examination that took place upon a dark foggy day. Three students were sitting together at the end of the room cribbing and assisting each other with paper. The usher saw that something was wrong, but did not like to interfere; but at length it struck him that he would take them a light—lawyers and wax candles are inseparable—and accordingly he did so. As he approached the cribs were hastily thrust away, and in his blandest tones he inquired if the gentlemen would like a light. "Oh, no," said one, "we are getting on very nicely in the dark," and the students present roared with laughter at the capital joke.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

GREAT preparations are being made in Zurich for the approaching national exhibition.

DR. CARTER BLAKE is now engaged on a rather large dictionary of the language spoken by the Congo negroes, in Portuguese and English.

THE latest issue of the Spenser Society consists of Wither's "Hymns and Songs of the Church," 1623. This is one of the handsomest reprints the Society has yet accomplished.

AN art studio, under a competent manager, has been started at Calcutta by some enterprising young natives of high social position, ex-students of the Calcutta Government School of Art.

It has been proposed to found in Paris a Society of Animal Painters. Some eminent artists have promised to accept membership of this new body.

THE Spanish papers state that the discovery has been made in the Colonial Office at Madrid of a small picture in oils of Columbus, in a perfect state of preservation.

THE Wooden Mulshipman celebrated in "Dombey and Son" is being removed to fresh quarters and the old shop of Sol Gills will be pulled down in the course of city improvements.

MR. LOFTIE has reprinted Jenkin Lewis's "Memoirs of Queen Anne's Son, the Duke of Gloucester," with some introductory notes, a view of Camplen House, and a portrait.

SINCE Newgate is doomed, it is well to know that Major Arthur Griffiths, who compiled the "Memoirs of Millbank," is preparing for publication chronicles of the older prison.

A FULL-LENGTH portrait of Her Majesty—copied, by permission of the Queen, from Winterhalter's fine picture—has been purchased by Captain Clerk for H. M. the Nizam of Hyderabad, by desire of the Minister, Sir Sahar Jung.

MESSRS. REMINGTON & Co. will soon publish "Living Painters of France and England," a series of fifteen etchings with descriptive letter-press, and "A Handbook to Italian sculpture," by Mr. Charles C. Perkins.

A JURY of experts of authority, having examined Herr Van Beer's picture, "La Sirène," in preparing which the artist had been accused of nefariously employing photography, has entirely exonerated the painter, and explained his mode of working.

MESSRS. BELL & SONS will publish shortly "The Thames—Oxford to London," twenty etchings by David Law, with descriptive letter-press; and "The Tyne and its Tributaries," by W. J. Palmer, illustrated with wood engravings.