

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

MARY MAGDALENE.

Ah, me! He is not here. My Lord! My Lord!
What cruel hands have thus disturbed his rest?
What cruel hands have taken him away?
Could not their cruel hearts respect His grace?

Ah, me! He is not here and I am lone.
For He was all to me and He is gone.
Ah! whither hast thou gone, my Lord, my Lord?
Oh! hearts of stone! Oh! worse than murderers.

Oh! come again and give Him back to me.
Oh! lay Him in His sepulchre again.
Crucify me, but bring Him back again.
Let me but see Him once before I die.

Did I not watch beside the sepulchre?
My tears were sweet to know that He was near.
If I had but remained, this had not been:
Oh, if I died, I would have followed Him.

Did He not say that He would rise again?
Now they have come and stolen Him away.
Now they have crucified Him o'er again—
Now I shall see His blessed face no more.

He healed me when my soul was sick with sin.
He breathed His own pure spirit on my soul
Until I felt the pain of sin no more,
And all my soul went out to Him in love.

What cared I for the world that hated me?
The world still called me by its odious names.
But He was ever gentle unto me—
Now He is gone and I am all alone.

He took me up, a soiled and trampled flower.
No man, no woman pitted my distress.
He took me up and placed me near His heart.
And I forgot the bruises and the stains.

Did He not look upon me from the Cross?
I hear the name of her who bore my Lord,
And He has turned its bitterness to sweet—
Oh! that one look was worth a thousand lives.

I had a whole heart full to say to Him—
And yet it was enough to hear Him speak,
Enough to be of those who followed Him,
Now I were enough to see Him in His grave.

He is not here. Then, whither can I go?
For He was all to me, and He is gone.
They came and went. I cannot come and go.
Here I will wait until He come again.

Here I will wait for ever till He come.
Here I will see my Lord, or I will die.
'Twere better I should die and go to Him,
But whither He is gone I cannot tell.

My heart is torn within me. Oh! the pain!
My heart is torn with hope and doubt and fear.
Oh! that my Lord were come. My Lord, my Lord,
I know He will not let me wait in vain.

EASTER SUNDAY, 1873.

JOHN READ.

(From the Quebec Gazette, April 9, 1873.)

WHAT TO DO.

To S. PLIMSOLL, Esquire, M.P., London, England:

Sir,—When any of us who may be out sight-seeing are allowed the privilege, at some great establishment of the day, of being introduced to a quiet gentleman who, we are privately informed, is seen in his present quarters because, notwithstanding all his agreeable qualities and his cultivated manners, he is but a "harmless lunatic," after all we try, of course, to adapt our conversation to the sad idiosyncracies of our interlocutor, perhaps even feeling constrained to address the greater portion of what we wish to impart to his keeper rather than to himself. In matters relating to the preservation of life the Anglo-Saxon public is this harmless lunatic—harmless, that is, in intention—most harmful and injurious, alas, in his neglects and inadvertencies. Poor fellow! we exclaim, let him be—make him as comfortable as his sad circumstances will admit of,—but above all things provide him with a sensible and judicious—a kind and merciful keeper. In the marine department of this lunacy, we rejoice, sir, in having found a suitable keeper in yourself. The patient seems, at least, to be getting a glimmer of sensibility within the regions of his cranium. Even a systematic and constructive arrangement of lessons may be yet awaiting him—who knows? So that his intelligence may be, by these means, gradually advanced to the level of the thinking part of the Divine Creation. The ideas, beautiful in their simplicity, of the first great artificers of the world will once more be perceived creeping over his mind. His faculties and fingers will begin to act. The adaptation of means to ends will be conceded to,—metals will be forged and adapted to the real requirements of their ocean service, and the result will be that the organs of the neophyte, being thus usefully employed, and all those tremendous sciences that bother his brain being for the time laid aside, a worthy vessel will be admirably recognized floating there upon the waters, and pursuing her true course in moderate weather; but if stress of wind and wave should unfortunately arise, and her sides and the points or edges of rock or ice-floe should come into actual contact or impact, then, this ship of the future will be found sustaining the shock like an iron-clad,—repudiating the notion of being constructed of delf or chinaware—and, in short, affording to perishing humanity those precious hours or half-hours, in the worst of weather, which can be made to suffice for the landing of passengers and crew. Grand anticipation of mine!—this getting of your lunatic revived! Not a Canadian or American newspaper has so far lighted upon it—nor even discovered the real weakness upon which all the disaster hinges. Oh! my friends, how delightful, how encouraging to remember that iron, both as to quality and thickness, can be measured,—that its repellent force can be descanted upon to thousands with care and earnestness, and day after day;—that the means can be adapted to the end, namely, human safety—just as the means in the other case of armour-plated *Devastations* can be adapted to their end of offence and defence. In this great discovery of mine, not merely as regards the ship, but particularly as affects the feeble-minded pupil who is to be led to construct it, I claim, with confidence, the silver medal of the Society of Arts, and, in addition, honourable mention by the Trustees of the South Kensington Museum, even though the plan be supplemented by a searching reform of London Lloyds and its deceptive certificates. With such vantage ground to start from the new principles of *life protection* are likely to make the most encouraging progress—perhaps even to become fashionable—and may at length compete with projects for the higher education of our

Celtic brethren, for the attention of grave legislative bodies. Oh! my friend! if I may call you so—pray, pray, be adjutant in the glorious work. Add this grave and serious department to the honourable labours of your life—and a naval chaplet shall decorate the brows—amid the resounding chorus of assembled Britons—of a citizen the record of whose work will be faithfully transmitted to generations to come. Oh! Plimsoll! only get stouter iron and tough wood put into the sides of our ocean steamers, and have all the other ships of the *White Star Line* at once overhauled by experts, and the world at large will rejoice in your conquests for humanity.

DELTA.

QUEBEC, April 8, 1873.

FRENCH COOKERY.

French cookery has become naturalized in this country at the tables of the rich, where the dinner served in the Russian style, and prepared by a French artist, is every day a matter of course. But the lower, middle, and poorer classes have not yet acquired a taste for what they contemptuously describe as slops and kickshaws. That there is more lavish waste with those classes than with many others is only too well known, and the prejudice that exists against any attempt at change is perhaps too great to be overcome in this generation. There is no class with which art is more completely at a standstill than with ordinary English cooks. Their faith and practice may be said to begin and end with the Plain Joint, "with trimmings"—like Mr. John Smucker's "swarry"—pastry and vegetables. And this proverbial liking of John Bull's progeny for "a good cut out of a good plain joint" does more to keep meat at a high price than anything else that bears upon it. Nor do we expect our house-keepers to derive much benefit from "German National Cookery for English Kitchens," a new work on cookery recently published, the contents of which include "practical descriptions of the art of cookery as performed in Germany, including small pastry and confectionery, preserving, pickling, the making of vinegars, liqueurs, and beverages warm and cold; also the manufacture of the various German sausages." As to the last item, we do not believe that even the Emperor William's chef could add much to the metropolitan sausage-maker's information on the great sausage meat mystery. In that matter, civilization can no further go. But we find a goodly amount of recipes new to us in the book. Sauerkraut, of course, has a prominent place. Salads, of which the Germans eat more freely than we do. One of the best is a herring salad, though honest herring is good in all ways. In a salad, the fish is to be chopped small, and mixed with onions, apples, pepper, and potatoes, with a sauce of oil, vinegar, and cream poured over it. The use of butter, cream, and especially of eggs, is very extravagant in many of these German recipes. There are some new things in soups. "Fasten suppen," for the present season of Lent, is meagre enough for the heart of any yearling curate. Soups whose basis is milk, wine, and fruit, read good, but we know where to look for the proof of the pudding. Several dishes in jelly, as trout, eels, and poultry—"Geduzel in Aspic"—are suggestive of piqueur delight. At Michaelmas one might eat one's goose stuffed with chestnuts, prunes, and apples, instead of the sage and onion stuffing that usually accompanies the bird of wisdom. Partridges and pigeons are in season then, and may be tried roasted with vine leaves and rashers of bacon; while at all seasons the national "Klause"—little force-meat balls, compounded of bread, coarsely-ground meat, meat, fish, and eggs, or beef, spiced highly and stewed in beer—may be experimented on by the English Apicius. There is no more appetizing thing than the Barmecide banquet afforded by the theoretical study of such a book as the one under notice. With a little imagination, one can enjoy the manifold delights of these piquant dishes, with the incalculable advantage of not having the indigestion that would assuredly follow the too bodily gratification of the experienting gourmand.—*Once a Week*.

REMINISCENCES OF GIBRALTAR.

The rock of Gibraltar towers abruptly from the narrow isthmus called the neutral ground, which practically connects it with the continent of Spain. The eastern side, or back of the rock, is almost inaccessible; and on the west is the singular cave called St. Michael's Cave, which is said to be 1,100 feet above the horizon, and was, during the siege of Gibraltar, the abode of many of the natives, who fled there for shelter, as their houses in the town were entirely battered down about their ears by the fearful bombardment they sustained from the French and Spanish fleets. The cave is now-a-days often lit up with blue lights and torches for the entertainment of distinguished foreigners, or on the occasion of picnic parties given by some one or other of the rich residents on the rock, and a lovely sight does it then become. A military band is placed in what is called the "first hall" of the cave, while the guests sit about on the short green grass which grows on the plateau just outside the mouth of the cavern, in evident enjoyment of the view around them. The ladies, many of them young and pretty, dressed perhaps in cool muslins and becoming straw hats, look like summer butterflies of every colour. The scene, as we look downwards through the halls of the cavern itself, is like one in fairyland. At the bottom is stationed the band; their figures and those of the ladies and gentlemen who stand grouped around them, are rendered so small from the distance, or rather depth, of the cave as to be hardly made out; while overhead, perched on spire-like pinnacles composed of shining stalactites, sit men of the Royal Artillery, holding high aloft blue lights and red torches. The glare from these is most refulgent, as if belonging to another world. After gazing on this picture for a little space, we turn ourselves round, while yet in the dark mouth of St. Michael's Cave, and behold in a blaze of sunshine the lovely hills which surround the bay of Gibraltar. Its intensely blue waters are dotted all over with vessels, whose snow-like sails and diminished size cause them to look like white sea-gulls, folding in their wings as they settle down on the water. There are on the rock many other caves besides that of St. Michael, such as Beefsteak Cave, Poco Roco, and the Monkeys' Cave. During the siege, all these were inhabited, and in that of St. Michael a body of the enemy was concealed for some hours, having scaled the back of the rock, but was ultimately forced to surrender by a body of grenadiers who discovered them. But now all the smaller caves are fitted up as magazines, or are made into reservoirs to add to the supply of water, which at times becomes rather short on the rock. The numbers of petrified bones which abound in the cavities of the rock are

worth naming among the curiosities of Gibraltar. Years ago the perfect skeleton of a man was discovered imbedded in the rocks near Rosia Bay, on the south, and bones of large birds have also been found, all of them petrifications. From the appearance of apes, of a species not known in Spain, amongst the precipices and in the caves of the rock, it was at one time conjectured from fabulous traditions that there existed some subterranean communication between Europe and Africa. These rock monkeys, as they are called, existed in considerable numbers when the writer lived at Gibraltar, and used to appear in large droves on the western face of the rock, with their young on their backs in the most approved gipsy fashion. Many an hour has the writer spent in watching them through a glass from the town below. Of late years these monkeys have nearly all disappeared, a circumstance rather to be regretted, as the study of their habits as they leapt about from rock to rock and from bush to bush, feeding on the palmetto fruit, carrying their babes in their arms, the while, furnished an agreeable pastime for the military students of natural history during the time of their residence in the garrison. With the exception of a few red-legged partridges, woodcocks, teal, and snipe, which may be found in the neighbourhood, there used to be very little game to be had. Eagles and vultures annually visit the rock on their way to the interior of Spain, and breed in the craggy parts of the hill; and these, with hawks and kites, are often seen soaring round the summit.—*Et Cetera*.

Dramatic Notes.

The Holmans re-opened at London, Ont., on the 14th inst.

Mme. Peschka Leutner is singing at Königsberg with good success.

Offenbach assumes the direction of the Paris Gaieté on the 1st June.

A London theatre is to be dedicated to afternoon performances.

M. Sardou is writing another comedy, to be entitled "Les Merveilleuses."

It is said that a drama on the subject of Eugène Aram will shortly be produced in London.

A plan is on foot in Paris for erecting a monster theatre, which shall be capable of seating 20,000 people.

Mme. Nilsson commenced her engagement at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, on the 17th inst.

There will be ten weeks of Italian opera in New York in the autumn, commencing on the 29th of September, with Mme. Nilsson as *prima donna*.

Mme. Marie Sasse has made a great success in Madrid in "L'Incorrigible Borgia." It is said that she has made a re-engagement for the ensuing season at a salary of 20,000 francs for five months.

The Ottawa St. Andrew's Society are moving in the matter of a new Music Hall, which all visitors to the Capital will acknowledge is very much wanted. The new hall will be erected at a cost of \$35,000.

The marriage of the reigning Duke of Saxe-Meiningen with the actress, Frauletta Franz, was privately solemnized last month. Frauletta Franz will henceforth bear the name of Duchess Hoeburg.

A change has been made in the bills at some of the principal New York theatres since our last announcement. "L'Incorrigible Borgia" has been produced at the new Fifth Avenue, the "Bois de la Clémence" at Niblo's, by the Vokes Family, who have returned from Europe, and "Frou-Frou" at the Union Square.

TORONTO NEW ROYAL LYCEUM.—ON Saturday evening Mr. T. Grantan Riggs closed his third engagement to a large house. "Shin Fane" has been a decided success. On Friday night Mr. Riggs took a benefit and was called before the curtain at the end of the third act, and presented with a handsome *top hat* by his many admirers. During this week Miss Emma Glue appears for the first time as "Bertha," in Foster's sensational drama of the same name. Miss Glue comes highly recommended by the American press. The seats for the English opera are nearly all taken; preparations of an extensive nature are being made by the management for the production of the opera. The following is the programme:—The opening night, Monday, April 22nd, the ever popular "Martha"; Tuesday, "Maritana"; Wednesday, "Fra Diavolo"; Thursday, "Hohemans Girl"; Friday, "Lucia de Lammermoor"; Saturday, "Il Trovatore." During the opera week the Dramatic Company of the Lyceum will visit Chatham, London, and Hamilton, with Miss Amelia Waugh, the accomplished artiste, as the *Stella* attraction.

A STAGE TEMPEST.—The recent revival at the Gaieté, Paris, of the sensational drama, "Le Fils de la Nuit," recalls an old story in connection with it which is worth relating. The chief attraction in the piece is the great ship scene, in which an immense ship is boarded by small boats full of men, the complete manner in which the illusion is carried out exciting as much wonder as delight. The means by which the appearance of a ship in a heavy sea is presented is extremely simple, and can be explained in a very few words. The whole stage is entirely cleared, and three long lines of rails are laid down—one coming straight down from the back towards the footlights, and another from the left wing, while the last traverses the stage at the first grooves. The big vessel, mounted complete upon a platform furnished with rollers, remains till wanted at the extreme back of the stage, and is pushed down the rails and turned to the left ready to enter. The painted cloth, representing the ocean, is then laid down, and the first row of waves take their places. There are little boys, who, armed with semi-circular canes, creep under the canvas, and, pushing their covering, imitate the movement of the sea. There are fifty of these useful aids to all, the second row being composed of full-grown men on their knees, and the last and most stormy undulations of the main are formed by the movements of auxiliaries who stand erect. The electric light plays upon the tops of the waves, and the bill appears. It soon reaches the middle of the scene, where a turntable is fixed, supported by the robust shoulders of twenty-five men, who, by moving up and down in measure, imitate the rolling and pitching of a ship in a gale of wind. The attacking boats now come along the horizontal line of rails, and the vessel is hoisted and taken after a hot hand-to-hand fight. During the first performance of this effective scene in Paris, when the play was produced some years ago, a ludicrous accident almost spoiled the whole effect. The cloth representing the sea gave way in one part, and the head and bust of one of the "waves," who, for the sake of coolness, had divested himself of his upper garments, came through, and remained fully exposed to the gaze of the audience. Fechter, who represented the pirate captain, and was supposed to command on deck, did not lose his presence of mind, but immediately cried out, "A man overboard!" Added by the crew the amazed "super" was hauled on board, and the applause of the gratified spectators, who fancied that the rescue from a watery grave formed part of the play.