

## CALLER WATER.

BY DANIEL CARMICHAEL.

Let there sing o' sparkling wine  
Until their throats be sore,  
The "nectar" o' the gods divine  
Is but a devil's snare,  
Inspirin' fules in their mad mirth  
To spates o' senseless chatter;  
Na, mine's a sang o' modest birth,  
I sing guid Caller Water.

Guid Caller Water, pure an' bricht,  
Sent richt frae Heaven's ain doors,  
A coo'lla' draught that keeps us richt,  
An' free frae drunken "scores."  
Nae headaches after it we hae,  
Enough oor wits to scatter;  
We're clear an' bricht as dewy spray  
After guid Caller Water.

Sae, join my sang wi' a' your micht,  
Nor mind the senseless jibe,  
On water ye will ne'er get "richt,"  
Though gallons ye imbibe,  
Nor troubled be wi' doctors' bills,  
But grow bairn rich an' fatter,  
If ye but drink the sparkling rills  
That flow frae Caller Water.

HOW THE EMIR WAS OUTWITTED BY  
A BARD.

Allamagoozler, Emir of Bedad (may his tribe increase), was a man of such prodigious memory that he could recite the longest poem after having heard it once repeated. In his household also there was a eunuch who could repeat any poem which he had heard twice, and a female slave who could do as much if she had but heard it thrice.

The Emir, who was very fond of poetry and his sequins, then issued a proclamation announcing that contributions were respectfully invited, and that such as were accepted would be paid for at the rate of their weight in gold; but it was added that, if any poet should attempt to palm off upon the Emir plagiarisms or old compositions, not only should he receive no reward, but he should be instantly bastinadoed and paraded through the streets of Bedad on a white mule with his face toward the animal's tail.

Hundreds of poets, anxious to win the Emir's applause, visited the court of Bedad, where the Emir received them, the eunuch standing amid his attendants, and the female slave sitting behind a screen of lattice-work. When the poet had recited his ode the Emir's face would darken with indignation.

"Dog of a poet!" he would thunder, "that dost dare to enter my presence with a lie upon thy lips! The verses thou hast just recited I read many years ago,—are as familiar to me as my prayers." Then he would repeat the ode to the astonished poet, and when he had concluded he would say: "Not only is it known to me, but that eunuch yonder read it to me long ago, as his own tongue shall witness," and when the eunuch had repeated it the female slave also would be appealed to and would favour the company with a recitation.

Thereupon the Emir would sign to his black slave Mesrou, and the poet would be hustled forth and bastinadoed and paraded through the streets of Bedad on a white mule with his face towards the animal's tail, and as soon as he had recovered the use of his feet would depart to his own city in an utterly dazed condition, and prepared to admit that after all there might be something in the theory of an Unconscious Memory.

Meanwhile the poet's ode would be written in letters of gold upon illuminated vellum, and placed in the royal library, the Emir thus obtaining a priceless collection of the cream of contemporary literature at the minimum of expense.

Now, there was a poet who dwelt in a remote oasis and had followed with interest the literary movement of the time. He too declared his intention of presenting himself before the Emir. For seven years, therefore, he wrought, and produced an ode beside which the wildest writings of Carlyle, and Walt Whitman, and Stephen Pearl Andrews were even as a-b-ab. The shortest word in it made two lines, and the nominatives, fainting beneath a burden of adjectives, grew gray before they found their long-lost twin verbs. Having completed his work he set forth for the court of Bedad amid the lamentations of his kindred.

When the Emir was informed of the arrival of another poet he bade the attendants summon the eunuch and female slave, select two new whips of hippopotamus hide, saddle the white mule, and admit the bard.

The poet made his obeisance to the Emir, and thus addressed him: "Commander of the Faithful, your slave has here a little thing which he threw off in five minutes last night. Your slave belongs to a new literary school, and the production which he has the honour of submitting is a sincere, though perhaps inadequate, specimen of the Poetry of the Future."

"Buk, buk! It is good, my son; proceed, in the name of the thirty-nine Imams!" replied the Emir, and the poet thus encouraged recited his ode.

As he proceeded the complacency of the Emir gave place to, in rapid succession, eager interest, astonishment, and despair, while the eunuch lamented to his neighbours that he had never studied phonography, and the female slave declared that it was hard to die so young.

At the conclusion of the recitation the Emir sighed, frowned, passed his hand across his forehead as if to collect his thoughts, and said: "My son, your verses are not without a certain merit, though it seems to me that I have read

or heard something very like them before. Let me see if I can recall them. Hem!

"Mammastodocephalic monarch—

curious I cannot remember the next line, and yet I seem to have it at my fingers' ends. Did you ever hear that poem?" he continued, addressing the eunuch.

"Commander of the Faithful!" cried the slave, prostrating herself before the Emir, "I have a faint recollection that my grandmother once sang me to sleep with a song very like that, but, of course I could not positively say."

"And you, Fatima!" cried the Emir to the slave.

"Light of the Sun!" stammered the beautiful slave, feeling, (as she subsequently averred) that she did not know whether she was sitting on her head or her heels. "I have a vague idea that I once read something very like it in the Poet's Corner of the *Bedad Zimzem*, but my mind was so occupied with admiration of my gracious sovereign—"

"Enough!" said the Emir; "we will give the poet the benefit of the doubt. Hang up the whips, unsaddle the white mule, and let the Treasurer give the poet the weight of his manuscript in gold."

"Commander of the Faithful!" said the poet: "command that sixteen stout slaves be sent to fetch it, where it is on my insignificant camels that wait at your illustrious gate."

"Sixteen stout slaves!" gasped the Emir.

"May it please your highness!" said the poet, "owing to the exactions of the wood-pulp ring, it was beyond the power of your slave to purchase paper, and, judging that an ode to so mighty a monarch should endure nearly as long as his fame, your slave carved his poem upon the fragments of an obelisk in the oasis, and thus the manuscript made a load for four stout camels."

"H'm!" said the Emir, reflectively; then waving his hand to the Royal Treasurer, he cried: "Appoint a Commission on International Copyright!"

## THEODORE THOMAS.

In considering the musicians of New York, one colossal figure stands, like Saul, head and shoulders above his brethren. England received Handel from Hanover, and to the same little kingdom America is indebted for Theodore Thomas. He holds an exceptional position in the history of music in America. He came to this country when he was ten years of age. Successively a child-violinist, member of an orchestra, one of a string quartette, leader of Italian and German opera companies, violin soloist, and conductor of his own orchestra, he has run through the whole gamut of musical practice. By many he is regarded as the "apostle" of Wagner and the new school, whose music through his instrumentality has become to us "familiar as household words." If this implies a neglect of the old masters, it does him a great injustice. A comparison of names on the programmes shows that Beethoven has been oftener presented than Wagner, and Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, and Mendelssohn oftener than Liszt, Brahms and Berlioz. Mr. Thomas is not wedded to any particular school; but with a strong leaning to that of Wagner, he has always kept in view the sterling and beautiful compositions of all the great masters, and has played the best orchestral music, old and new, against opposition and misrepresentation, often the result of intolerance or prejudice.

In 1861 he began the formation of an orchestra that for seventeen years was the pride and boast of New York; and as soon as he felt that he could safely rely on the support of the public in an enterprise that should appeal to the cultivated taste, the famous Symphony concerts were begun, and these were artistically his greatest success. That the orchestra might remain together during the whole year, the famous Summer-night Festivals were instituted in 1866. There, with an orchestra capable of interpreting any work, Mr. Thomas did not seek to enforce a severe class of music, but gave the public dance music, marches, and selections from the popular operas, as well as compositions of a higher order. By this means the frequenters of the Terrace and Central Park gardens by degrees grew to like and ask for the better music, and trivialities were gradually dismissed. It seemed a hazardous experiment to give daily concerts in Fifty-ninth street and Sixty-third street at a time when the centre of the population was two miles down town, and when slow horse-cars were the only means of access; but distance could not keep away the great public, to whom these concerts were the Symphony and Philharmonic concerts of the select few.

When the plan was adopted of giving an entire evening to the works of one composer, the musical camp divided into numerous armies, each under the banner of its favourite composer. Every one who called himself an admirer or follower of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, or Wagner felt himself under obligation to be present when his favourite works were presented, and great were the crowds, and animated the discussions that ensued as to the relative attendance on the various evenings. The Wagnerites, being the younger and the more enthusiastic, thronged the garden when a Wagner night was announced; but the admirers of Beethoven and Mendelssohn would at times run them a hard race as to numbers, and would applaud quite as vigorously as the most devoted advocates of the music of the future.

In 1869, Mr. Thomas conceived the idea of

travelling during the time unoccupied in New York, and for nine years he made an annual round of the chief cities, and enabled other places to enjoy the services of his unrivalled orchestra.

Suddenly an offer came from Cincinnati to make him the director of the College of Music in that city, at a liberal salary. The terms were generous, the work congenial, and, above all, it would enable him to enjoy a comparative rest from his intense labours. Mr. Thomas felt it his duty to accept the offer, and for a short period New York lost him—not altogether, for he came periodically to the city, and, as the conductor of the Brooklyn and New York Philharmonic societies, retained his hold on the public.

Disagreements arose in the Cincinnati College, and in the spring of 1880 he resigned his position, and returned to New York.

Mr. Thomas is undoubtedly a born conductor, and no better proof of this could be given than the eagerness with which the members of his old orchestra return to his leadership at the first opportunity.—FREDERICK NAST, in *Harper's*.

## THE "BOGARDUS SURPRISE."

Representatives of the press, the Mayor, two or three clergymen and several members of the Scientific Association, took sleighs at the City Hall yesterday afternoon and drove out on Cass Avenue to witness the workings of a new invention lately brought out by John Bogardus, the same gentleman who invented the newspaper office attachment, known as the "Bogardus Kicker." It took some little time to convince the newspaper fraternity that the Kicker was just the machine which had been looked for ever since newspapers began to "X" with each other, but this invention will be sold on sight. It is called the "Bogardus Surprise," and is a very simple piece of machinery. It can be attached to any sort of sleigh or cutter in three minutes without the aid of any tool except a wrench. It is neat and compact, able to stand a very heavy strain, and is furnished at a very reasonable price. The object and workings of the invention were clearly seen within five minutes after the party was on the ground. One was attached to a cutter, the horse started off on a trot, and several children belonging to the City School at once rushed for the vehicle with the cry: "Here's a hitch!" A boy about 12 years old had only just caught on when the "Surprise" picked him off his roost, turned him end for end, shook him till his teeth rattled, and heaved him clear over the walk into a snowbank. It was just three minutes from the time the boy was picked up until he got breath sufficient to remark:

"Oh! you think you've done it, don't you?"

The next victim was a boy with a quart of molasses in a tin pail. The machine was given an extra pressure, as the boy was strong and fat, and he was turned end for end three times and pitched over the port-quarter in just seven seconds by the Mayor's watch. The pail of molasses struck a hitching-post and was scattered a distance of eighteen paces, as paced by one of the clergymen. In two minutes from the time he was seized, the fat boy arose to his feet with the remark:

"I guess I'd better walk the rest of the way home."

In the course of an hour the "Surprise" was worked on fifteen different boys, none of whom will ever "hitch on" again as long as he lives. Total surprise and utter annihilation were complete in every instance, and yet no victim received a fatal injury.

Orders for fifty were given the inventor on the spot. The Mayor said of it:

"It is simply immense. I shall now drive from sunrise to sunset."

One of the servants passed his cigar-case around and remarked:

"It will be of more value to the world at large than a \$100,000 telescope."—*Detroit Press*.

## A TEXAN VIRGINUS.

A Dallas (Texas) letter says:—"A tragic death has just occurred in our neighbouring County of Hill, worth relating and worthy of Virginius or any other Roman father. One year ago George Arnold came to Dallas on private business and while walking the streets was bitten by a worthless cur which was frothing at the mouth and showing other symptoms of hydrophobia. Mr. Arnold became alarmed, and very much excited when convinced in his own mind the dog was mad. He went to a physician and had the wound severely cauterized. Then, going home, he was still very uneasy and dreaded hydrophobia so much that he hunted up a mail-stone and had it applied for several weeks, off and on. He took every other precaution that was suggested, resting all the time under a mortal dread that the virus had gone into his system and would sooner or later kill him. He had a wife and several small children living on a rather isolated farm, and the thought that he might suddenly lose his reason and harm his little babes horrified him. The other day he began to experience strange feelings, and at once concluded his time had come. He then procured a twelve foot trace chain and strong lock; and went to the woods. After writing his wife a calm letter, in which he told what was about to happen, giving directions as to his wishes after death, and pouring out a volume of love for her and the children, he ran the chain around a tree, drew

it through the large ring at the end and then wound the other end around his ankle so tight that it would not slip the foot, locked it with the lock and threw the key far beyond his reach. The body was found two days after still chained to the tree. There was all the evidence necessary to show the horrible death from hydrophobia. The ground was torn up to the full length of the chain, the nails of the fingers wrenched off and all his front teeth out in scratching and biting the tree, and every thread of clothing off his body. The body was dreadfully lacerated with these, the only weapons that the madman could use. He had judged rightly what would have been the consequence had he remained at home, and knowing that there was no human skill that could have cured him, preferred death alone, and in that way, to doing harm to those so near and dear to him as wife and children. Arnold was originally from Talladega, Ala., where he married, and where his widow has many friends and relatives."—*Louisville Journal*.

## MISCELLANY.

Not even in London has dramatic criticism been reduced to one of the exact sciences. The London *Telegraph* says of Mr. John McCullough's acting in *Virginius*, that "he is Roman from his head to his sandals," massive in mould, and full of nobility and grandeur. The *News*, *per contra*, remarks that the actor is not of very commanding presence, nor does his countenance strike the beholder as set in the tragic mould. The *News* adds that he possesses an excellent voice, giving distinct effect to all his utterances; the *Telegraph* records that his voice was lost at the back of the stage, except at fitful intervals.

LORD BEACONSFIELD left all his property, land, money, etc., to his nephew, Coningsby Disraeli, son of his brother Ralph, saying, "The boy has the making of a man in him, and I will see that he has the chance." The heir is a boy of fourteen, attending school at Glastonbury, and has a strong Hebrew face. The amount of the bequest is given as \$1,000,000, but this must be an exaggeration, as the Hughesen estate rent-roll is less than \$7,500 a year, and Lord Beaconsfield admitted his moderate circumstances by taking his Ministerial pension of \$10,000 a year when out of office. A London correspondent telegraphs concerning this:—"By the way, the memoranda of which Lord Beaconsfield spoke during his illness have not yet been found. It is supposed that they contained instructions for the payment of small legacies to old servants and retainers at Hughesden Manor House, but there is no proof that he ever drew them out, or if he did, he probably destroyed them. Lord Beaconsfield's ruling passion was to found a family bearing the name of Disraeli, and to that end he devoted all his money, leaving not a penny to reward faithful service in any quarter. Even Baun, his favourite valet, who served him for a generation and waited on him night and day during his illness with singular devotion, is unprovided for."

FOR LOVE OF ART.—The tenor Duchesne was the hero of an interesting incident during the fighting at Châteaudun, in the Franco-Prussian war. It was ten at night, and the Paris Franc-tireurs, who had been fighting all day against odds of twenty to one, were retreating. The Prussians were masters of the town, which was lighted up by the burning houses. Eleven wounded Franc-tireurs had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and were in danger of being executed. Among them was Duchesne, the lyric artist. They were all searched, and their papers examined carefully by a Prussian Captain, who, in looking through Duchesne's portfolio, came across a paper containing the names of a number of operas. "What is this?" he asked. "It is the list of operas I sing." Among others was the name of Weber's great work. "Ah," returned the captain, who was a musician, "you are an opera singer, and have sung in *Der Freischütz*? Where was that?" "In Paris, at the Théâtre Lyrique." "Then I must have heard you; you sang with one of our countrywomen, Mademoiselle Schroeder, did you not?" "That is so." The captain appeared to reflect; he drew Duchesne aside, and then, while passing through a dark alley, said, "Run for your life!" Duchesne did not wait to be told a second time; although wounded, he was not disabled, and succeeded in escaping from the town during the night.

UNPARALLELED TORTURES are experienced by the neuralgic, and these beset them upon the slightest occasion, particularly when they catch a trifling cold. Until the attack passes off they are racked with pain and rendered sleepless and miserable. Their sufferings are, however, altogether unnecessary, for that pain-soothing specific, Thomas' Electric Oil subdues the inflammation and tranquilizes the tortured nerves in an inconceivably short space of time. This inexpensive, economic and effective preparation, which, unlike other oils, loses nothing by evaporation when applied outwardly, is also taken inwardly as a medicine. Used in both ways, it is a superlative fine remedy for rheumatism, lameness, kidney troubles, piles, coughs, colds, bruises, burns, scalds, corns and other physical ailments. Elderly people who suffer from sore or weak backs, should by all means use it. Sold by all medicine dealers. Prepared only by NORTHROP & LYMAN, Toronto, Ont.