### A GEOLOGICAL MADRIGAL.

#### BY BRET HARTE.

(After Shenstone.)

I have found out a gift for my fair,
I know where the fossils abound,
Where the footprints of Ares declare Where the hould have a collect declare.
The birds that once walked on the ground;
O come, and—in technical speech—
We'll walk this Devonian shore,
Or on some Silurian beach.
We'll wander, my love, evermore.

I will show you the sinuous track I will show you the sinuous track
By the slow-moving annelld made,
Or the Trilobite that, further back,
In the old Potsdam sandstone was laid,
Thou shalt see, lu his Jurassic tomb,
The Plesionaurus embalmed;
In his Oollite prime and his bloomIguanodon safe and unharmed;

You wished-I remember it well, And I loved you the more for that wish— For a perfect Cystistidian shell. And a whole helocephalic fish. And O! if earth's stratum contains. In its lowest Silurian drift. Or Palacozoia remnius. The same—'tis your lover's free gift!

Then come, love, and never say may. But calm all your maidenly fests. Wa'll note, love, in one Summer's day, The record of millions of years: And though the Darwinian plan Your sensitive feelings may shock, We'll find the beginning of man-Our fossil aucestors in rock.

## THE RAILWAY ACROSS THE ICE.

#### INAUGURATION DAY.

The thirty-first day of January, 1880, will henceforth be known as Inauguration Day. Such was the name conferred on it by the promoters of the trip from Hochelaga to Longueuil, which took place on that eventful morning. On the previous day, a trial trip was made, but as the engine did not, actually cross from side to side, those who were present on the second occasion can boast of having been the first to cross in a train the ice of a Canadian river. At eleven o'clock on that memorable morning, the Montreal shore was lined with \*pectators among whom were some whose heart failed them, literally at the eleventh hour ; some there were whose loving wives would rather endure their tyranny a few years more to discovering for the first time, on a tombstone, the virtues of their liege lord who had been drown-dead others there were who were not going to risk their lives "with a pack of fools"; said fools their lives "with a pack of fools"; said fools representing the brain and talent of the country, viz., statesmen, contractors, lawyers, merchants and last but not least the self-sacrificing army of reporters, ever ready for anything from a wedding to an execution or a drowning-match. At last the "Paugman" gave a snort and started with two variously of living freight, steaming along at the rate of twenty miles an hour and stopping half way in order to be "taken" by numerous photographers. Then took place a lively seramble for front places, so many modestly thinking that their intellectual traits should be transmitted to posterity. The train was ac-companied—history repeats itself—like George Stephenson's first locomotive, by numerous vehicles. Longucuil was reached amidst the booming of guns and the cheers of the natives; then followed an adjournment to the freight shed, where champagne was drank and speeches were made, "fizz" being a component part of both The future historian will like to learn how the successful crossing of the ice was accomplished under the auspices of a true blue government, how such a thing could never have happened, well, hardly ever, without the National Policy, how this stupendous undertaking put De Lesseps' Suez Canal in the shade, what mighty motors the iron horse and his compation the donkey-engine were. Let us also hand down to posterity the enthusiasts who said the whole thing was "a nice undertaking." There is nothing more to record than that the whole party returned safely to town, disappointing the many friends they had remembered in their wills previous to starting, and no doubt many others whose names they had omitted in that interesting document.

The Hon J. A. Chapleau, and a few others, then crossed by boat to He Ronde and were explained the proposed scheme of keeping the winter. Then will the problem of winter invigation be solved and then there will be nothing left for us to do but to patiently await the blessed millenium, when the laniferous and leonine quadrupeds will lie together. As the Hon. Premier was crossing, a scribe called out to his Charon. "Quid times! Casarem vehis !" which, freely translated for the benefit of those who have not learned Latin because they could get rich without it, means "What times ! Clesar goes over the ice!

And in the nights of winter, When the cold north winds blow, When the cold north winds blow,
And the lond calls of habitants,
Are heard amid the snow;
When the festal bowl is empited.
And the "kid" howls when he's "lie
When the lads are talking "taffy."
To the girls who're catableg beaux;
With drinking and with laughter
Will be the story told,
How well we crossed the ice
In the brave days of old. " licked ";

C. E. R.

Speaking seriously this undertaking is one of the most remarkable of the day, reflecting the highest credit on the energy of the managers and the skill of the engineers. It will prove of great advantage to our carrying trade generally, especially to the South-Eastern Railway which has taken the daring initiative, and to which we wish every success. The five gentlemen whose portraits we publish to day are directors of a company intended to continue this enterprise during winter, and a new mode of crossing railway cars and carriages over ferries during the summer. We may add that the wines and re-freshments supplied at the elegant lunch at Longneuil, on the opening day, were furnished by Mr. Isidore Durocher, the well-known proprietor of the Richelicu Hotel.

### A FEW GEMS FROM AMERICAN POETS.

Poetry abides in the beautiful mansions of imagination, crowned with turrets which glitter in the rays of resplendent thought. It lifts the soul above the dross of every-day life to a kind of as it were celestial sphere. There is a sub-limity in its surroundings, a faccination in its garb, an earnest pleasure in its study. When wearied from traversing through a desert of dry facts how eagerly do we seek for an oasis of poetry to regale the mind. Prose persuades, convinces, sways; poetry charms, captivates, enamours. The former lays siege to the head, while the latter appeals to the heart and triumphantly sways every affection. The American people are particularly a people of imagination and a theme of song they readily find. They possess much of the keen and brilliant wit of the Irish, together with their wide and tender sympathics. That a national American literature is growing fast into existence is visible in every page of leading American magazines. True their literature is said to be only yet in its infancy, but its birth has been so promising and its approaching knickerbocker period accented with such vigour that we can with surety look for a stalwart manhood. Yes, the future of literature in the American republic is encircled with rays of glowing promise. Already able pens are touching the great problems of humanity in prose, and river and mountain are paying tribute in painting to the great sovereignty of verse. Of all American poems the "Legend of Hiawatha" and the "Biglow Papers," are the most original. These are indigenous and deal with matters in which the Englishman and the stranger cannot intermeddle. Out of the several hundreds of writers of American verse Bryant and Longfellow, Edgar Allan Poe, Dr. Holnies and Lowell embody in themselves the characteristics of all the others. In an old almanac of the year 1809 appears the entry son born." This was the entry which marked the birth of Oliver Wendell Holmes, one of the most witty, original and brilliant writers of the present day. It may be said that no other American poet embodies in his works so many of the American characteristics or sets off American genius to so good an advantage. He is a graduate of Harvard College and has for many years been a medical lecturer in that institution. In fact Dr. Wendell Holmes is equally as skilful with the microscope and scalpel as he is in setting brilliant thoughts in prose or verse. His lyrics such as Union and Liberty, Old Ironsi les, Welcome to the Nations, etc., are among the most spirited and beautiful in the language; and his humorous poems such as The One-Hoss Shay, My Aunt, etc., have an irresistible quaintness and drollery combined with that tender and kindly feeling which is always a characteristic of true humour. Some of his happiest efforts are the poems written for class re-unions and other special occasions. Of these The Boys, and Bill and Joe, are good examples. His poem, read at the Moore centenary celebration in Boston last year, was most exquisite and mirrored forth in every line the geniality of his tender and sympathetic heart. If poetry sways the heart Dr. Holmes rules that realm with a despotic sceptre. How beautifully and crystallike he touches the impulse of the heart in that portion of the centenary ode where he says :--Ah passion can glow 'mid a palace's spiendour; The cage does not after the song of the bird, And the curtain of silk has known whispers as tender

As ever the blossoming hawthorn has heard.

No fear lest the steps of the soft-slippered Graces Should fright the young Loves from their warm little For the heart of a queen, under lewels and laces,

Heats time with the pulse in the peasant girl's breast. Yes, the song of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes ripples along through smiles and tears. His osy fields of seventy years bloom now with the freshness of a dewy morn. Emerson says Nature is full of freaks and now puts an old head on young shoulders, and then a young heart beating under four score winters." How truly this may be applied to Dr. Holmes, for although he is already seventy his latest poems are marked with all the vivacity of youth, tempered with the influence of mature years. That Dr. Holmes possesses a highly idealistic nature and drinks in inspiration through the life of the soul, is visible in his poem After the Fire. The rays of Hope, Love and Faith light up each line of the following :---

"Hope, only Hope of all that clings Around us never spreads her wings; Love though he break his earthly chain Still whispers he will come ugain; But Faith that awars to seek the sky Shall teach our half fledged souls to fly, And find beyond the smoke and fisme, The cloudless azare whence they came !"

Dr. Holmes is not only one of the wittiest, but also one of the wisest of our writers. His works, particularly his prose works, present a succession of the most brilliant and original thoughts which fill the mind of the reader with ever-recurring wonder and delight. The best of his prose works is the series of papers contributed to the Atlantic Monthly under the title of The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, which may be justly considered as one of the great prose epics of the present century. These were followed by The Professor at the Breakfast Table, Elsie Venner, The Guardian Angel, and The Poet at the Breakfast Table. In poetry one of his best pieces and one too which exhibits some of his best qualities is his "Old Punch Bowl." What quaint humour peeps through the following extract where Dr. Holmes speaks of the antiquity and purchasing of the "Old Punch

"But changing hands it reached at length a Puritan divine Who used to follow Timothy and take a little wine, But hated punch and prelacy; and so it was perhaps, He went to Leyden where he found conventicles and schnaps."

Dr. Holmes had much to do with the christening of that very able literary magazine The Atlantic Monthly. He was one of the first contributors to its pages, and since its establishment in 1857, his genius has sparkled in the columns of many a number. Last December 3rd, beheld a brilliant assemblage of American prose and poet writers convene at the Brunswick Hotel in Boston, at the invitation of the publishers of the Atlantic Monthly, to celebrate the three score and tenth anniversary of The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. It took the shape of a breakfast and a fitting title for the union of so many who had so oft dined at Dr. Holmes' rich literary Breakfast Table. From the sentiments proposed, the speeches made, and the poems read, it may be well said that Dr. Holmes reigns as an autocrat in the hearts of the American people. Nor is this to be wondered at for his happy task has ever been to gladden the hearts of his fellow-men. This is best expressed in his own poem entitled The Iron Gate where he

I come not here your morning hour to sadden, A limping pilgrim leaning on his staff— I, who have never deemed it sin to gladden This vale of sorrows with a wholesome laugh.

How beautifully Mr. Stinter, of New York contrayed the versatile genius of Dr. Holmes in ng where he said in his poem

That song has flecked with rosy gold The sails that fade o'er Fancy's se Returned our storied days of old; Presaged our glorious life to be; And many a sorrowing heart consoled In grief untold.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table is now three score and ten. May the diamond spray of his rippling song yet bathe the rosy fields of a hundred years!

"True bard, true soul, true man, true friend. Oh! gently on that reverend head. The snows of wintry age descend; The shades of mortal night be shed! Peace guide and guard him to the end, And God defend!"

T. O'HAGAN. Belleville, Ont.

# CLERICAL PLAGIARISM.

Let me tell you two original stories touching the above topic. Some years ago a public dinner was given at B ---, in Staffordshire, to celebrate the anniversary of an institution of which I was secretary. To make the interest as wide as possible I invited speakers of all the principal churches. The great speech of the evening was made by the Rev. B—, a Congregationalist minister. Fancying that I had read something like it I went home and luckily opened a recently published volume of Dr. Guthrie's sermons where I found the very speech to which I had just listened! It had been given almost cerbatim, the last part exactly so. I showed the chairman the sermon and he stared, I showed it to the reporters and they winked wickedly: a friend then showed it to the plagiarist while his blushing oratorical honours were thick and fresh upon him, and he collapsed utterly and soon had to leave the town in very shame.

Not many years ago I stood in Coates' auction room, Toronto, at a book sale. Behind me stood the Rev. —, who was in charge of a large Wesleyan church there. South's sermons were put up and the reverend gentleman tapped my shoulder and asked, "Who was South!" I him to bid or I would to the volumes myself. He bought these books and within the same month I read a report of a sermon preached at - Street Wesleyan Church which I distinctly identified as a sermon of Dr. South's which was served up with a slight infusion of Methodism.

The preacher had very accurately gauged his auditors by himself, he had never heard of any literature further back than his own adult days except Wesley's, and felt perfectly safe in passing off South's work as his own. As had luck would have it a reporter was present whose rained car caught the beauty of style, so very strange in such a place, and all unconscious whose words he was really taking down, he sent a report to the Toronto press of a sermon preached in a Wesleyan church in 187-, which was originally preached by the classic South!

The sermons of Liddon I know to be very largely drawn upon for the pulpit of the same church, and some day the plagiarist will be getting caught and exposed.

Toronto, 25th January, 1880.

## HUMOROUS.

A cold snap—An icy answer.

No kissing by telephone for us. We prefer take the electricity direct from the battery.

SHE was plump and beautiful, and he was wildly fond of her. She hated him, but, woman-like, strove to catch him. He was a flea.

THE Chinese are fond of serial stories, but one which does not run at least twenty years is looked upon as a great literary failure. All stories are paid by the

It was a delicate piece of sarcasm in the boarder who sent his landlady last evening a razor, neatly enclosed in a haudsome silk fined case, and labelled "Butter-knife."

An old woman who has pasted nearly five thousand medical recipes in a book during the past forty years has never been sick a day in her life, and she is growing discouraged. Some people are born to ill-luck, she says.

"A LADY entering an omnibus or street-car should how slightly to the other passengers," says a recent authority on etiquette. In order to secure the observance of this point, the driver should start the horses a little before the haly is seated.

COMMODORE VANDERBILT once visited a spiritual medium, who began business by saying:
"Your first wife wishes to communicate with you."
"Perhaps so," said the commodore, abruptly, "but that is not what I came here for."

An old lady wearing a pair of green goggles stepped on the Sacramento train at South Vallego, California, and knocked at the cardoor, and actually waited till it was opened on the inside by a passenger. For consummate politeness this has no parallel.

A GENTLEMAN observing a servant-girl, who was left-handed, place the knives and forks on the din-mer-table in the same awkward position, remarked to her that she was laying them left-handed. "Oh! in-dade!" said she, "so I have! Be pleased, sir, to help meturn the table around!"

WE have heard a young lady scream, when her little brother threw his arms about her neck and say it "tickled her almost to death," but we have seen a great hig fellow throw his arms about the same young lady's neck, and yet she never complained, except when he removed his arms. This is one of the miss tickle

#### BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

LEAP year doesn't amount to much-the men

BEAUTY is not a necessity, but "it's just too pretty for anything," as the girls say.

THE Butfalo Courier asks: "How would fashionable ladies like to be angels and mear old-fashioned things?"

A POET says: "Oh, she was fair, but sorrow ft traces there." What became of the rest of the harleft traces there. \\
ness he don't state.

How does courtship look? She looks and he looks; that is how it looks. What is it like? She sighs and he sighs—that is about the sighs ot it. A WESTERN editor says one ling is worth a

dozen love-letters, and they caunot be introduced as evidence in a breach of promise suit either.

A young man in Bridgeport, Na., thus answered an invitation from a lady to attend a leap year party: "Deer Miss, yours reserved—I tumble." THERE are many hard tasks set for women in

this world, but few of which they find it impossible to perform. Still there never was a woman who could keep a fur-lined circular from flying open and showing the

To a young person who signs himself "Beauty's Slave," and wants to know "what will win the esteem of a girl whom I madly love!" we would say that \$1.20 per week will do the business if investod in THERE are two American ladies in Europe

who have attained the title of "princess," the Princess Lynar, formerly Miss Mary Parsons, and the Princess of Noer, formerly Mary Esther Lee, of New York, who was married in 1864 to Prince Frederick, brother of the Queen of Denmark. She is addressed as "your high-

"Oh, I'm just delighted with George!" said a soft-hearted maiden to an older and more matter of-fact brother. "He's just too sweet for anything. The last time he was here he was so full of fun. didn't you think so, brother?" "He may have been full of fun. sister, but he acted more to me as if he was full of beer.

It is leap year, of course, but after all it doesn't look well to go home alone at 2 in the morning.

I think of thee, dear William,
And I long to hear from you;
Send me a missive, won't you, please,
Oh, come, now, billet deux.

Oh, come, now, billet dear.

"Now, pa, our parlour electric light is too bright, and it casts such a bluish shade that really I don't think it as good as gas used to be; I can't moderate it as I could the gas. Augustus can't either. "Well, there are some objections to all modera improvements I suppose," replied the old gentleman, testily." You needn't burn it if you don't want to," which was just what she was listening for.

STRONG and incontestible as the testimony of the leading musical talent of Europe and America has been to the superiority of the Weber Piano, there is still more conclusive evidence, if possible, in the report of the Zentennial award, made by the lour judges—two from Europe, one from Boston, and the other from New York, whose reputation, ability, and disinterestedness were beyond all question. These gentlemes, on the four points of tone, equality, touch and quality, awarded 95 points out of a possible total of 96, the highest award given at the Exhibition. Full particulars are given in the interesting article on last page of this issue.

# Guilty or Wrong.

Some people have a fashion of confusing excellent remedies with the large mass of "patent medicines," and in this they are guilty of a wrong. There are some advertised remedies fully worth all that is asked for them, and one at least we know of-Hop Bitters. The writer has had occasion to use the Bitters in just such a climate as we have most of the year in May City, and has always found them to be firstclass and reliable, doing all that is claimed for them. - Tribune.