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VOLUME IV. No. 37.—WHOLE No. 194. ACTON, ONT., MARCH 13, 1879. $1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

Poetic Answers.

WHAT IS YOUR CHARACTER?

A rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun,
To relish a joke and rejoice in a pun.
—*Goldsmith.*

That of the epicure, who, scrupulous and nice,
Cares not what he eats, provided it be spice.
—*Swift.*

Lecherous, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sullen, malicious, smacking of every sin that has a name.
—*Shakespeare.*

WHAT IS YOUR CHIEF ATTRACTION?

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked on.
—*Shakespeare.*

Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven.
—*Pope.*

A form so fair, that like the air
'Tis less of earth than Heaven.
—*E. E. Pinkney.*

He is so full of pleasant anecdote,
So rich, so gay, so poignant in his wit;
Time vanishes before him as he speaks,
And ruddy morning through the lattice peeps.
—*Joanna Baillie.*

WHAT DO YOU LIKE BEST?

That all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell.
—*Byron.*

A slight flirtation by the light of a chandelier,
With music to play in the pauses,
And nobody very near.
—*Willis.*

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold.
—*Hood.*

Give me kisses! all is waste save the luxury of the taste.
And for kissing—kisses live only when we take or give;
Kiss me, then,
Every moment—and again.
—*J. G. Saxe.*

WHAT DO YOU DISLIKE MOST?

Of every hore,
If to the list you add a score,
Are not as bad, upon my life,
As that one (course, a scolding wife.
—*Bernis.*

Drunkenness, whose vile incontinence
Takes both away, the reason and the sense,
It drowns the better parts, making the name,
To foot a laughter, to friends a shame.
—*Randolph.*

Coarse speech, bad grammar, swearing,
Drinking, vice.
—*Holmes.*

Home-made physic that sickens the sick,
Thick for thin and thin for thick.
—*Hood.*

WHAT IS YOUR SWEETEST AMUSEMENT?

To go to church to-day,
To look devout and seem to pray,
And ere to-morrow's sun goes down
Be dealing slander through the town.
—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

To dress as the noble dress,
In cloth of silver and gold,
With silk and satin, and costly furs
In many an ample fold.
—*Hood.*

O, great me, Heaven, a middle state,
Neither too humble, nor too great,
More than enough for nature's ends,
With something left to treat my friends.
—*Mallet.*

O gie me the lass that has acres o' charms;
O gie me the lass wi' the wool stockit farm!
—*Burns.*

Then let me get money as bees lay up honey;
I'll build new hives and store each cell.
The sight of my treasure will yield me great pleasure,
I'll count it, and think it, and jingle it well.
—*Dr. Franklin.*

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE FLOWER?

Magnificent calla, in mantle of milk.
—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

The chaste camellia's pure and spotless bloom,
That boasts no fragrance and conceals no thorn.
—*William Roscoe.*

And faith that a thousand life can brave
Speaks in thy blue leaves, "forget-me-not."
—*Percival.*

Rose, thou art the sweetest flower.
—*Burns.*

WHO IS YOUR FAVORITE?

A perfect woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command:
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel's light.
—*Wordsworth.*

A judge, a man so learned,
So full of equity, so noble—easy,
Itself cannot accuse, do malice its state.
—*Chapman and Shirley.*

A knavery, lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threed-bare juggler, and a fortune teller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch.
—*Shakespeare.*

A rosebud set with willful thorns
As sweet as English air can make her.
—*Tennyson.*

WHAT IS THE CHARACTER OF YOUR ENEMIES?

She takes the most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry.
—*Shakespeare.*

The solemn fop, significant and bookish,
A fool with judges, and among fools a judge.
—*Cowper.*

She has read her father's well-filled library with profit,
And can talk charmingly; she can sing
And play, too, passably, and dance with spirit:
She is knowing in all needle-work;
And shines in kitchen as well as parlour.
—*J. N. Barker.*

He is a scholar, and a ripe and good one,
Exceedingly wise, fair spoken, and persuading.
—*Shakespeare.*

WHAT IS YOUR FORTUNE?

Never wedding, never wooing,
Still a lovelorn heart pursuing.
—*Campbell.*

To be a man of rank, and of capacious soul,
To richer have, and fame beyond desire,
And heir to flattery, to titles born,
And reputation and incumbrous life.
—*Robert Pollock.*

Single as a stray glove, minus its mate.
—*Fanny Kemble.*

WHERE WILL YOUR HOME BE?

Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim.
—*Goldsmith.*

Where from the rise of morn to set of sun,
The mighty Mohawk runs,
And the dark woods of pine
Along his mirror darkly shine.
—*Moore.*

In some enchanted isle,
Where Heaven and love their Sabbath hold.
—*Campbell.*

THE ADVENTURES OF THE WASP.

The Wasp was a perfect little beauty—as trim as a yacht, very fast, and a capital sea-boat. Her armament consisted of one long brass eighteen-pounder on a traversing carriage. It was clear the little beauty had never soil her decks with vulgar trade. No; the miscellaneous collection of natives of most of the southern ports who had formed her crew clearly preferred to find their cargoes ready collected and stowed away on board other vessels, where they could be taken and paid for by a shot or two from the long eighteen. Privateer she had been as long as British merchantmen had fallen in her way; but the mongrel crew had no doubt a noble impartiality, and would send empty away any likely prize that fell across their path. They must have found one thing very useful for their purpose—a screw fitted so that by it the long gun could be lowered or raised from the hold, as suited them best.

When Raymond had got his orders and the rendezvous, and had got the few hands the skipper could spare us packed on board the Wasp, we made sail on our second cruise.

If it had not been for a few English sailors that the Dart had taken with a prize on which they had been prisoners, the Wasp would have been preposterously short-handed. Even as it was, there were only twelve British tars on the forecastle; but as three Corsicans, part of the captured crew of the schooner, had volunteered to work her rather than be prisoners on the Dart, the Wasp had a crew, officers and men, of twenty all told, including the "jolly."

Unfortunately for us, as it afterwards turned out, we had one other man on board. The Spaniard who had wounded me had got delirious with fever from his bayonet thrust, and old Scalpel had thought it best not to move him when he saw him first. Now, though the fever had left him, he was still on board; and though Horner spoke of him to Raymond a little before we parted company with the Dart, Tom would not risk delay by transferring him.

"The fellow will get all right here as soon as in the brig, Horner, and when he's strong enough to walk we can drop him ashore."

A few weeks after our first parting from the Dart we were standing along the coast before a gentle breeze, with all sail set and a business-like air about us, as if we were the Spaniard we pretended to be, with half the British fleet on the look-out for us. Raymond, of course, had taken full advantage of the screw, and our gun was now below, our men hidden, and we should have passed unmolested though the land had been full of batteries, instead of, as it was, a low, flattish plain, destitute either of defence or much to defend. Presently the plain was broken up by a little river that wound about for a little and then ran into the sea at a spot where there were some rocks and a tree or two. It was a very hot day, and under the rocks and trees the shade was cool and grateful, as two shepherd lads appeared to find it, for they lay on their backs apparently asleep, and unmindful of their charge, if they had any. We could tell they were shepherds from their dress and from the dogs that lay beside them; but though we swept the fields about with our glasses, we could see no cattle.

"What's that under the bank there, sir, just beside that bent tree?" asked Horner, whose quick eye had caught some movement at the bank of the river, where, in one of its bends, the river for a little ran nearly parallel to the sea.

It was difficult, for the trees, to make out whether it was not a low branch waving; but soon we saw some cattle, in ones and twos, climb out of the stream, and begin to graze among the trees.

"Fresh beef!" rose almost simultaneously to our lips. A few quick orders, and a boat was lowered, manned, and rapidly pulling towards the mouth of the river. Raymond knew better than let the men take firearms with them, to bring down a possible garrison from among the woods that bounded the plain to the north, not two miles away. Two or three boarding pikes would do the purpose, and alarm nobody till the schooner was far away.

So quickly and quietly did the boat make for the shore, that we would have surprised both keepers and herd if it had not been for the dogs. When we were in the river, two or three boat's lengths from the cattle chewing the cud lazily in the shallow water under the shade, the faithful dogs saw us, and at once gave the alarm.

The two brave cow-herds at once fled for the distant woods, followed by the most of the cattle, who, startled from their quiet enjoyment by the din of dogs and men, bounded along in all directions, tail in air, and adding to the row their loud bellowing.

They had hardly set off when our crew, fired with the exciting progress of a chase, dashed out of the boat, through the shallow water, and away, brandishing each man a pike, laughing and cheering, as they made the best of their way after the frightened animals. In most cases, of course, the case was from the first perfectly hopeless; but the Jack Tars, charmed with their frolic, still scudded along, some of them pursuing the two shepherds with mocking shouts, others trying long shots with their pikes at the galloping beeves; while one smart fellow, who had caught a young steer by the tail, but had unfortunately dropped his pike, was being dragged along in a series of bounds by the terrified animal, the tar now holding on hard with both hands, now cautiously letting go with his right, to make thrusts with his knife at the animal's hamstrings.

In a few minutes all the interest was centred in this struggle between Bill Turner and the steer that had him in tow. All the rest of the herd had escaped, except an ox that the bow man had speared in the river. At last, amid the cheering and chaff of the men, Bill's knife slashed the bullock's hamstring, and in a moment the bow man's ready pike put an end to the gallant beast's struggle.

"That was something like a lark, that was, messmates," panted Bill, as he wiped the streaming perspiration from his face, while his messmates chaffed him for being towed about by such a little beast, like a yawl behind a collier-brig.

Suddenly, however, Bill's swabbing stopped, and he again set off at a run, snatching up a pike as he passed. About three hundred yards away, and making at his top speed for the woods, was Andreas, one of the four men we had taken with the schooner. He had probably slipped away while we were all so engrossed with Bill's chase, and now he had too much of a start to make his recapture the least probable. Horner agreed with me in this; and, though it was very unfortunate, I had reluctantly to hail the eager pursuers, and make our way back with our beef to the Wasp.

The three volunteers had apparently become reconciled to the life on the Wasp: and as we did not think they had any feelings in particular for one side or the other in the wars of the time, they went about on board like the rest of the crew, and Andreas had without remark taken his place in the boat. Now, of course, the Wasp would be described, and the pleasant and profitable cruise we had had for the last six weeks must come to an end on this part of the coast, at any rate.

However, we had had very good luck, having taken four very tolerable prizes; and as the time for our next rendezvous with the Dart was not very far off, Raymond resolved to stand out into the offing, and then to steer for the old rendezvous, without coming within sight of land till we got near the appointed spot.

The night of the day after the ox adventure it came on to blow hard, with a heavy sea. We made everything snug on board, and the Wasp was standing on quite comfortably at dawn of the third day with close-reefed sails, when the lookout cried out, "Sail ho!" and almost immediately afterward repeated the cry.

Raymond was below: but as neither Horner nor I liked the look of the strange sail, Tom was sent for. They showed no colours, but from the equality of the fore and main-top-gallant masts, and other little signs, we soon saw they were French. They were evidently consorts; and while one steered for us the other began to creep away to the southward, so as to cut us off in the only way of escape left to us.

Raymond at once ordered our course to be changed, and soon we were flying along with the wind on our quarter, and our head for the point the French frigate was making for to cut us off. The little Wasp want well, but still the enemy could go fast through the water too, as they could carry much sail, while we had to take in nearly all as the breeze freshened. Raymond saw our only chance was to set more sail. He ordered up all the hawsers in the ship, and set all hands to get them up to the mast-heads and hove taut, so as to secure the masts, and enable him to set every possible stitch on the little Wasp.

With the new sail the gallant barkey staggered on, rushing through the waves gallantly, drenching us all from head to foot, but soon clearly gaining on the nearest frigate.

So the chase went on till late in the evening; then the most dangerous Frenchman was very near, but clearly we would win, and already we were chuckling over their disappointment. Luckily for us, the frigate could not fire a shot at us, as the breeze had now increased so much that she was plunging forecastle under at every heave.

Just before sunset we passed her within about half a mile, hoisting, as we did so, our flag, and firing our evening gun into the nearest wave, as a defiance to our big but now, as we thought, baffled pursuer.

"Sail ho! right ahead!" cried out old Horne; and there, right ahead of us, lay a third ship, and an enemy, as we at once saw, for they were busily using the last moments of sunshine for signalling the other two frigates.

Escape looked almost impossible; and, now, that the breeze was going down a good deal with the darkness, there was not even the chance of our running the gauntlet past one of the three pursuers fast closing in on us.

The one course that appeared open to us, not so much to escape as to prolong the chase for a time, was to put the schooner before the wind, and so run through between the more distant pursuer on our starboard quarter and the frigate ahead of us. This the enemy evidently expected us to do, for with the last glimmer of light we could see the late comer shift her course so as to cut us off in this attempt.

Very soon it was pitch dark—an ugly-looking night, with the sea still running high, though the wind had gone down a good deal. With our night-glasses we could easily make out the sails of the three frigates, dimly white in the darkness, and their lights busily going aloft signalling to one another. We still held our own well with our first pursuers, but it seemed to us all only an affair of minutes. Suddenly Raymond gave a quick order to furl all sail, to take in every stitch as fast as possible. In a moment our few and closely-reefed sails were furled, and the Wasp lay almost motionless on the water. As I came back to the quarterdeck from my station forward, I heard Raymond say,—

"Now, Horner, hoist away that cask; steady, my lads, steady. Don't show the light till it's over the side;" and then a heavily-ballasted cask was lowered over the side with a light, and floating away before the wind, while the Wasp, with a hand's-breadth of canvas set forward, was beating to windward, back again to the land, nearly on the reverse course to what we had been sailing.

"If they don't make out the decoy for half-an-hour, Charlie, we are all right," said Raymond, after we had carefully gone over the ship to see for ourselves that not a gleam of light was to be seen on board to show where we were.

All eyes were intently fixed on the frigates. In a very short time we had got to windward of the weathermost one, and even at the worst we were in a much better position than when we lowered the cask, whose light we could still see heaving up and down far away to leeward.

All three frigates now began to fire their bow guns as fast as the heavy sea would allow them, but with no effect, against the cask, which still bobbed along; but when Raymond's half-hour had expired it had approached so near the enemy to leeward that it was clear the deception was discovered, for this frigate hoisted a signal and immediately bore up. Just before we lost sight of them all in the darkness we saw the three bearing up in pursuit on a course very nearly that of the Wasp.

The breeze had now got rather more east in it, and Raymond accordingly, to bring the schooner more on the wind, helmed her some points more to the west. Escape appeared certain now; it was Horner's watch on deck, and so Tom and I went below to get an hour or two's sleep.

When I was called to relieve old Jack it was quite dark, and nothing could be seen the least like a sail, though I found the old boatswain anxiously scanning the waste of tumbling waves to the southward.

"Nothing in sight, I think," I said to him, after a careful sweep with my night-glass.

"Well, sir," answered he, "there's nothing that looks like a sail; but yet just a minute since I got a glimpse of white that *might* be the cap of a wave, but I could swear I saw the flash of a light with it. No, sir; not yet, at any rate," continued the boatswain, laying his hand on my arm as I moved off to call up Raymond. "I'll stay a bit on deck, and we'll watch for it again."

Just at that moment a bit of careless steering let the schooner's head pay off a little. Horner at once turned round to rate the helmsman; but before he could say a word the man began yelling out a torrent of oaths at some lubber forward who had showed a light.

"Mind your helm, d——n your eyes," cried Horner, "and leave for'ud alone;" but before the man could say a word of apology the sounds of a scuffle forward set us both running to see what it was.

In the forecastle we found the lookout man in a boiling rage, and with an ugly knife-wound in his forearm. It seemed that he, glancing aloft, had noticed a man creeping cautiously up the foretopmast and lashing a lantern where the light, though so arranged as to be invisible from below, would have been, of course, a perfect guide to any pursuer. Three flashes of the lantern, and then it had gone out; and it had all happened so quickly that the discoverer had no time to do more than yell out before the light had disappeared. The traitor had slipped down, too, at once; and though the man had rushed forward to catch him, a blow from his knife, luckily caught on the forearm, had thrown the tar into a momentary confusion, sufficiently long to let the rascal escape.

"He was one of them Jack Spaniards, of course, sir—that I can swear," he told me; "and I am nearly sure it was the swab Bob Haynes the jolly put his bayonet in."

However, when we went below, this man, my old enemy, and the other two captive volunteers were found quietly snoozing in their hammocks, with no trace either of bloody knife or signal lantern. The third Corsican was on the watch on deck, and several witnesses were ready to swear he was not the man. Raymond, who had been roused, was strongly of opinion that the culprit was the Spaniard; but, to make sure, he and the other two were put in irons, and a sentry with a loaded musket set to watch them.

"I'm afraid the mischief's done, Mr. Raymond," said Horner, shaking his head at some cheerful words of Tom's. "I saw the answering flashes quite clear after that d——d rascal waved his light this time; and if that frigate to the south'ard holds on like she's doing, we'll never round that long point ahead of us before she's there. The Wasp's embayed, sir, I'm much afraid."

When day broke we saw that Horner was quite right. Right ahead of us the land ran out into a long headland, and there, much nearer its point than we, was a French frigate, while to the south'ard, on our quarter, was another, and the third of our old pursuers was about half a league astern of us.

"Clear away the gun there, my lads," shouted Tom, when he saw that escape was quite impossible. "We'll give them a shot or two before we strike."

The crew cheered, and set to work at the long gun as merrily as if long years in a French prison did not stare in the face all those who would not be blown to bits by the Frenchmen's broadsides.

"Aim at her sticks, Mr. Horner; cripple her if you can; it's our only chance." The eighteen spoke, and a long streak in the side of the frigate showed where it had sped home; but though he hulled the enemy two or three times, Horner could not knock a spar about their ears. The frigate had taken no notice of our fire, treating us as a big dog does the snapping of an angry terrier; but at Jack's fourth shot we could see from a commotion on board that some damage had been done, and almost immediately three of her quarterdeck guns, aimed very high, sent their shot among our rigging, one of them knocking the hilt of our foretopmast to pieces, and cutting our jib halliards. Without head sail, the poor Wasp was for the moment unmanageable, and as the frigate ceased firing she evidently thought the battle over. But the Wasp had still a sting left.

While forward busily getting the wreck cleared away and new ropes set up, something on the land caught my eye as being very familiar.

"I say, Tom," I whispered hurriedly to Raymond, "look in there; that's old Sancho Panza's cottage; the little bay below the plateau has a beach of soft sand that we could easily run the Wasp ashore on even in this breeze. Far better, since we must lose her, to run her on shore and escape into those woods than get taken by the French. And then old Sancho will gladly get a boat for us——"

"Never mind that just now, Charlie," cried Raymond, joyfully; "let's get the Wasp on to the sand—they can get her with her back broken for their pains."

As soon as the headsails would again draw, Tom, to the astonishment of friend and foe, headed the schooner straight for the land. The long gun was kept busily at work all this time, but it had not drawn any reply from the enemy. Now, however, when from Tom's course they saw his object, a perfect rain of shot was poured into us from all three. Lucky for us, the waves were so high, or we should have been blown out of the water long before our keel touched the ground on Sancho's bay. As it was, the Wasp took the sand a perfect wreck, so much so that Horner could not take her to the place he wanted, and had to ground her a-good bit further out than was at all desirable.

The men in irons had been released, and they, as well as the crew, had kicked off shoes and made ready for the swim through the surf that must be taken before we could make land. We had not a boat that could swim; but a few spars lashed together, and towed by three good swimmers who had easily got on shore, soon landed all the crew.

Raymond had got a bad splinter wound in the left arm, and though I strongly urged him to go with the raft, he refused to leave as long as there was a man on board; so we waited until the boatswain and I broke into the magazine and strewed a train of gunpowder from it to a slow match on the quarterdeck, calculated to blow the little Wasp to pieces long before the boats that we saw the nearest frigate lowering as we left could reach the schooner.

Supporting Raymond between us, Horner and I swam ashore with some difficulty, and had just scrambled on to the sand when, with a loud roar and a magnificent burst of flame, the gallant little Wasp went up to the sky in fragments, and then settled below the waves she had so long bravely breasted.

The French boats, apparently suspecting she would be blown up, had ceased rowing when they saw us land; and, now that the schooner was destroyed, their purpose seemed to be served, for when they had been hoisted on board the frigate she and her consorts set sail for the westward, leaving us miserable wet wretches to the tender mercies of hostile Spain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Ostrich Breeding in Australia.

(From the London Times.)

The last report of the Acclimatization Society of Victoria contains some interesting particulars concerning the attempts to introduce the industry of ostrich breeding into that colony. Three or four nests of eggs were laid, some of which were hatched out by the parent birds in the ordinary manner, while others were intrusted to the incubator, which has proved so successful in South Africa, where it has almost entirely superseded hatching by natural means. By both the natural and artificial methods of incubation the young ostriches were safely hatched, but the hopes which were thus raised of rearing a large flock of birds were destroyed, the chicks being killed either by sudden storms of rain or by a disease which has been observed to attack the birds in South Africa as well as in Australia.

The young chickens exhibit the first symptom of illness by appearing unsteady on their feet, and this gradually increases till they are at length unable to stand still, and must either keep moving about rapidly or fall to the ground. The appetite all the time keeps as good as ever, and remains so until near the end, when the birds, worn to a skeleton by constant running, fall to the ground, are unable to rise, and die. In some cases death has not ensued for some months, but scarcely any ostriches so attacked have been known to recover. An examination after death of several specimens has shown the feet and legs extensively congested, but the vital organs to be quite healthy. Misfortunes attended all the attempts to rear a brood of birds, both at Murray Downs and on Sir Samuel Wilson's estate on the Wimmera. Last year a brood of young ostriches was hatched out, but an eagle carried off two or three; two others were killed by the male bird, one died of disease, and only two were in health at the time of the presentation of the report.

Nineteen birds in all remained in the possession of the Acclimatization Society at the end of last summer, and, with the experience gained, it is to be hoped that they may be fully acclimatized and become ultimately a source of profit. The old birds have been plucked on two or three occasions: one small parcel of feathers, being sent to London, realized £26, and they were "pronounced superior to any of the Cape feathers." Unfortunately, the method of cutting the quills with a sharp knife was not adopted, and the birds suffered somewhat in consequence; but in future the Cape method of cutting instead of plucking the feathers will be followed.

SOME tramps are good singers until they strike a chord—of wood.

Burning the Bodies of the Dead.

The Scientific Mode of Cremation, and Construction of the Crematory.

(From the London Sanitary Record.)

In burning a body the products of combustion which escape by the chimney carry with them, besides the gases arising from the perfect decomposition of the body, a certain quantity of organic particles not entirely burnt, which make their presence known by that peculiar burnt odour which we perceive when a cloud of smoke in a sufficiently concentrated state falls to the ground. This organic volatilized matter, which is recognized by its peculiar odour, is considered by sanitarians to be perfectly innocuous, and, in fact, it is clear that molecules which have been subject to a certain temperature cannot possibly contain pestilential germs or carry infection. On the other hand, it is argued that the said odour is by no means agreeable, and, moreover, gives the painful impression that some particles of the body have escaped from the crematorium without being perfectly oxidized and without being transformed into those vapours which mix with the atmosphere. The thought of an escape of imperfectly decomposed cadaverous molecules has the same mental effect as though during the cremation a part of the ashes of the body had disappeared and been lost, when, as a matter of feeling, we recognize the need of preserving them in their integrity.

It was necessary, therefore, to find some mode of suppressing that odour in order that its presence should not cause annoyance or pain. The remedy was not difficult to discover. In the interior of the chimney a grating is placed, over which is kept burning a sufficient quantity of coke. The products of combustion, then, which escape from the chamber in a highly heated condition, passing through the coke, become entirely purified, and the organic matters which had resisted the first combustion succumb to the second. At the boundaries between the furnace and the crematory chamber it has always been found necessary to erect a wall, separating completely the one part from the other. It is necessary, in short, that the furnace should be a closed, roomy chamber, and, one the other hand, that the crematory should be placed outside the same and perfectly free. It is necessary that nothing should intervene to disturb the calm which reigns within the crematory while the rite of cremation is proceeding.

As the products of combustion have to envelope the corpse from head to foot, so the communication between the crematory chamber and the chimney for the vent of the smoke is necessarily opened in the chamber itself, at the end opposite to that which communicates with the furnace. It was found much better to open such communication in the bottom of the crematory chamber rather than in the ceiling, because, in the latter case, the products of combustion drawn upward are for the most part condensed in that empty space where the body does not not lie, whereas in the former case, drawn downward, they powerfully compassed the body whose destruction it was their mission to effect. This smoke conduit, which opens upon the bottom of the crematory chamber at one of its extremities, descends to a certain distance, and, then dividing into two, penetrates into the lateral walls of the crematory chamber until, on each side, they enter the wall of the ceiling, where they meet and again form one conduit, which leads straight to the chimney, into which it opens between the principal furnace below and that in the chimney. This arrangement has been devised so as to maintain within the crematory a quietness so undisturbed that, if desired, the service for the dead might be said over it without any inconvenience, and so transforming it into an altar.

It will hardly be needful to explain what is to be done to introduce the body into the crematory chamber and to extract the ashes from it, or to describe the necessary apparatus and the forms which have to be followed in order to carry out these two very important operations without any inconvenience. To solve the difficulties belonging to this part of the subject, an ingenious truck, invented by Prof. Celeste Clericetti for the service of the first crematorium erected in the cemetary of Milan—which is known under the name of its two inventors, Polli and Clericetti—is of much assistance. It is a small car of iron, the feet of which are carried by four free rollers, by which it can be moved with the greatest facility in any direction. When the body has been brought to the mouth of the crematory it is placed upon a grating which is situated on the top of the ash plate, and the whole is then slid into the crematory chamber. The small coke furnace placed in the chimney is supposed to have been lit for some little time.

This is how the time to light the fire in the crematory chamber also, and the flames and the glowing gas which develop themselves from this are drawn up by the chimney and penetrate like a torrent into the flues, encompassing the corpse in every part, and being thrown back again from the walls of the chamber itself, complete the duty of dissolving it, separating the volatile parts, which pass away up the chimney to disperse themselves in the air, from the fixed parts, which, perfectly purified, remain on the grating and fall into the ash plate. When the operation is finished, which can be ascertained by shifting the lid of a small aperture left for the express purpose in the door which closes the mouth of the crematorium, if no sign of flame be visible, the cremation is complete.

Bargains.

(From Chamber's Journal.)

An eccentric friend of ours, fond of picking up good bargains, on one occasion attended a sale of old military stores in Edinburgh Castle. A lot of 20 drums with their drum-sticks were offered at the rate of sixpence a drum. Such a chance was not to be missed, and at his nod the hammer fell. He had to hire a cart to take the drums away, and then remembered that he had no proper accommodation for them; so he called an open air meeting of the juvenile population, and distributed the prizes among them, more to their delight than that of the older inhabitants, who were nearly driven distracted by the constant din of the spirit-stirring drum. A more profitable deal in military stores was effected by a Constantinopolitan Jew, who bought some 600 rusty old helmets, that had long lain in the Church of St. Irene, from the Turkish Government, at the rate of about sixpence a pound. He cleaned them up, and was rewarded for his pains by discovering that the despised martial relics were made of fine steel, and adorned with Arabic inscriptions showing that they were of very ancient date. The lucky dealer sold a few for 20 piastres apiece. Finding they went off readily at that figure, he raised the price to 30, then to 40, and finally to 50 piastres, until an Armenian offered to take the lot off his hands at something like 18 shillings per helmet; and he closed with the offer. The purchaser put them up for sale in the bazaars; and then the authorities, waking up to their folly in parting with them so heedlessly, bought them back again at from £2 to £3 apiece, and thought they did very wisely—a proof they had made a shocking bad bargain in the first instance.

Two Monsters of the Sea.

The Most Gigantic Devil Fishes Ever yet Captured in American Waters.

ST. JOHN'S, N. F., Jan. 18.—I have just received intelligence of the capture of two more of those gigantic cephalopods, or devil fish, for which Newfoundland of late years has become celebrated, and these are of such enormous size as to throw into the shade all the previous specimens of these monsters of the deep which have been taken. In 1873, I described in your columns the first perfect specimen of the giant cuttles ever obtained, and which it was my good fortune to secure. It was captured in a herring-net in Logie Bay, three miles from St. John's. The body was seven feet in length, and five and a half feet in circumference. The long arms or tentacles were 24 feet, the eight shorter 6 feet. Since 1873 several other specimens have been cast ashore, but all were destroyed by the fishermen, who of course did not know that they were of any importance. In September, 1877, a fine specimen was taken in Catalina, Trinity Bay, and brought in a perfect condition to St. John's, where it was exhibited for several days, and then purchased for the New York Aquarium, where it attacted thousands of visitors. It was afterward exhibited in the leading cities of the United States, and realized a large sum of money for its proprietors. No doubt, as it is the only perfect specimen in existence, it will continue to attract attention and to be a source of revenue. The body of this specimen was 10 feet in length, the tentacles 30 feet, and the shorter arms 11 feet. The ten arms had on them not less than 2,000 suckers.

That specimen is now eclipsed by two which have been recently captured near the head of Notre Dame Bay; but I am sorry to say that both have been cut up and destroyed by the fishermen who took them. On 2d of last November a fisherman named Stephen Sherring was in a boat with two other men at a place called Thimble Tickle, not many miles from the celebrated Little Bay Copper Mine. They observed not far from the shore a shapeless mass which appeared to be in motion. On approaching nearer they saw it was an extraordinary fish of some kind, which had been left aground by the ebbing tide and was struggling hard to escape. In its frantic efforts it flung its huge arms about, lashing the water into foam, and from a funnel behind the head it spouted streams of water, which was occasionally darkened by being intermixed with an inky fluid. Great glassy eyes struck terror into the hearts of the fishermen, and for a time they looked on in silent horror at the contortions of the huge monster. It was a devil fish, which had been driven by a heavy gale of wind into the shallower water, and the tide having receded, it was powerless to escape. The spouts of water were from the syphon, which is its chief organ of locomotion. It draws in the water, then ejects it through this tube with immense force, and the reaction of the surrounding medium drives it backward with great rapidity. Through the same tube it ejects an inky fluid, when attacked or alarmed, and darkens the water all around. The fishermen at length plucked up courage, as they saw it getting exhausted, and approached near enough to throw the small grapnel of their boat, whose flukes having barbed points, sunk into its soft flesh. A stout rope had been attached to the grappel, which they now carried ashore and fastened to the trunk of a tree.

A second devil fish was taken at the South Arm of Green Bay, Notre Dame Bay, on the 2nd of last December, by a fisherman named William Budgell, resident in Tarpe Arms, at no great distance from the scene of the former occurrence. He found it on shore quite dead, and no doubt it had been forced in on the shore, on a high tide, by a storm, and so stranded. As in the former case, it was cut up and salted as food for dogs, or for bait. My informant, however, was able to make accurate measurements by putting the pieces together, and he found the body, from the back to the extremity of the tail, to be 15 feet in length, and 12 feet in circumference at the thickest part. Only one of the shorter arms was found perfect, and this measured 16 feet, and was thicker than a man's thigh. The longer tentacles were cut up, but these are usually three times the length of the shorter arms, and so must have been over 45 feet. Had the tentacles, therefore, been stretched out, the mould have measured 65 feet from the extremity of the tentacles to the tip of the tail, the body being 20 feet in length. The beak and portions of the head and skin have been preserved in salt.

Mozart.

No musician has more successfully embraced the whole extent of his art, or shone with greater lustre in all its departments than Mozart.

His great operas, no less than his most simple songs; his learned symphonies as well as his airy dances, all bear the stamp of the richest imagination, the deepest sensibility, and the purest taste.

All his works develop the originality of his genius, and rank him with that small number of men of genius who form an epoch in their art.

At six years of age Mozart had made such progress in music as to be able to compose short pieces for the harpsichord, which his father was obliged to commit to paper for him.

His father, who was a musician of some eminence, returning home one day with a stranger, found little Mozart with a pen in his hand.

"What are you writing?" said he.

"A concerto for the harpsichord," replied the child.

"Let us see it," rejoined the father; "it is, no doubt, a marvellous concerto."

He then took the paper, and saw nothing, at first, but a mass of notes mingled with blots of ink, by the awkwardness of the young composer, who, unskilled in the management of the pen, had dipped it too freely in the ink. He had blotted and smeared his paper, and had endeavoured to make out his ideas with his fingers.

On a closer observation, his father was lost in wonder, and his eyes, delighted, and overflowing with tears, became riveted on the notes.

"See!" exclaimed he to the stranger, "how just and regular it all is! but it is impossible to play it; it is too difficult."

"It is a concerto," said the child, "and must be practised till one can play it; hear how this part goes."

He then sat down to perform it; but was not able to execute the passages with sufficient fluency to do