Chopin.

I.

A dream of interlinking hands, of feet
Tireless to spin the unseen fairy wool
Of the entangling waltz. Bright arabesques meet,
Gay laughter echoes from the vaulted roof,
Warm perfumed air; the wax unflickering glow
Of branching lights sets off the changeful charms
Of clinging gems, rich stuffs, the dazzling snow
Of necks unkerchief, and bare, clinging arms.
Hark to the music! How, beneath the strain
Of reckless revelry, vibrates and sobs
One fundamental chord of constant pain,
The pulse-beat of the poet's heart that throbs,
Sky-warm, though all the dancing waves rejoice,
The troubled sea's disconsolate, deep voice.

II.

Who shall proclaim the golden fable false
Of Orpheus' minstrelsy? His subtle strain
Above one prose-world sordid love and gain
Lifts up the ear. With the rapt music waits,
The lyric prelude, the nocturnal song
Of love and honour, varied visions live,
That melt and blend to our enchanted eyes.
The polish'd poet who sleeps, dissembled long,
The script-souled musician, breathes again
Ethereal sequences, immortal pain.
Revived the exalted face we know so well,
The illuminated eyes, the fragile frame,
Slowly consuming with its inward flame.
We stir not, speak not, lest we break the spell

III.

A voice was needed, sweet and true and fine,
As the sad spirit of the evening breed,
Throbbing with human passion, yet divine
As the wild birds' untutored melodies.
A voice for him beath twilight between dim,
Who goeth for it dead, while round him fall
The wan and no seless leaves. A voice for him
Who sees the first green sprout, who hears the
call
Of the first robin on the first spring day;
A voice for all whom fate hath set apart,
Who, still mourners, must perish by the way,
Longing with love, for that they lack the art
Of their own souls expression. For all these
Sing the unspoken hope, the vague, sad reverence,

IV.

Then nature shaped a poet's heart—a lyre,
From out whose chords the lightest breeze that blows
Drew tremulous music, wakening sweet desire.
How shall she chastise him? Behold! she throws
This precious, fragile treasure in the whirl
Of seething passions; he is scourged and stung,
Must dive in storm-vexed seas, if but one pearl
Of art or beauty, therefrom may be wrung
No pure-browed goddess sympathizes his Muse shall be;
An amazon of thought, with sovereign eyes,
Whose pain was poison, man-trained, worldly-wise,
Inspired that calm, delicate harmony,
Rich gain for us! But with him is it well,
The poet, who must sound earth, heaven, and hell?

Zululand.

The Zulu Army—The Zulu Kraals—Where do the Arms Come From—The Reverse of the 24th Foot.

Turning to the force it was known the Zulu King could put into the field, we learn that it was estimated at between 40,000 and 50,000 men; in fact, it is composed of the entire nation capable of bearing arms. Every youth on attaining the age of 15 is drafted into a regiment, and after a year's service permanently posted to a military kraal, of which there are 12 in the country. There are 33 regiments in the Zulu army, each having its own distinguishing dress and ornaments. The organization of all is alike. They are divided into right and left wings, each commanded by a wing officer, and subdivided again into 8 or 10 companies, each of which has a captain and three subalterns. Of the 33 regiments, 18 are composed of married, 15 of unmarried men. The former shave their heads, which are then bound round with a band made of the skin of some beast—leopard or otter predominates; they carry white shields. The unmarried regiments wear their hair naturally, and carry black shields. Drill, in our sense of the word, is unknown in the Zulu army, but they perform a few simple movements with ease and celerity. Their discipline, however, is more severe. When on service, falling out of the ranks is punishable with death, which, indeed, seems inflicted for the most trivial offences. All officers have their proper duties, and the men obey them without hesitation. The system of commissariat and transport is simple in the extreme. Three or four days' provisions, consisting of maize or millet, are carried by a number of boys or women, who also bring up mats, ammunition, and blankets, and help to drive a herd of cattle. The Zulus invariably attack in a crescent formation, enveloping the flanks of their enemy on whom they pour a ceaseless fusillade directly he is surrounded; when within 200 or 300 yards they, with loud yells, make a rush, and after having expended their assegais, or spears, in the charge, dash in with their short swords.

The Zulu army until lately was armed with the usual Caffre weapons—rifles of every pattern, Birmingham muskets, and the such like. Of late, however, the King, whose power is despotic, insisted on each soldier providing himself with a breech-loading weapon. Thousands of arms in the course of a few months were landed at Delagoa Bay, and then rapidly passed into the hands of the Zulus. The Portuguese authorities at that port were not powerful enough to stop the traffic. By doing so they would undoubtedly have drawn down upon themselves the wrath of Cetywayo, and their small detachment of 50 men was scarcely sufficient defence for the town. A correspondence on this subject passed between Sir Bartle Frere and the Portuguese Governor, which resulted in the latter officially pledging himself to stop the trade, and a gunboat was accordingly despatched to Delagoa Bay to protect the inhabitants. There is little doubt, however, that it is not the Portuguese authorities who are to blame for this nefarious traffic in arms and spirits with Southern Africa; unscrupulous English traders are the real offenders. It is these men, whose love of money overcomes all false delicacy as regards patriotism, who increase our difficulties in colonial wars. The Maories in New Zealand were armed with English weapons; so now are the Zulus. It is surely carrying the principles of free trade too far for our merchants to be allowed to supply the ammunition and the weapons with which our brave soldiers are slaughtered.

The military kraals of the Zulus (says the *Times*) deserve some slight de-cription. They are in point of fact fortified depots where the various regiments assemble for their annual training, or mobilize in time of war. The kraal is usually about 500 yards in diameter, and fenced round with a dry stake and wattled fence, about five feet in height, difficult to breach, and still harder to storm, as it is well surrounded by an *abattis* of prickly pear bush thorns, and other formidable obstacles; inside this fence are thrown up the men's huts, and a smaller ring is generally erected in the centre, in which the cattle are kept. The King's kraal is Ulundi, or Undini, almost in the centre of the country. Six regiments, numbering about 7,000 men, are quartered here permanently. Another important kraal is situated a few miles to the north of Rorke's Drift. This was the headquarters of Sirajo, a brother of Cetywayo. It was burned shortly after hostilities opened, and the chief's son killed in the engagement. Most of the other kraals are in the neighbourhood of Undini, so that the King is constantly enabled to inspect his troops.

For the second time in the history of the regiment (says the *Daily Telegraph*) the 24th Foot has been practically annihilated. For the third time it has suffered defeat at the hands of a semi-disciplined foe. Twice it has lost its colours. The first occasion was at Chillianwallah on the 13th of January, 1849, when, badly supported by the native regiments of its Brigade, the 24th had to bear the attack of four times its number of Sikhs. Nobly it fought that day; step by step the regiment fell back, nobly contesting every inch of ground. When night fell the strife ceased, and the following morning 14 officers and upwards of 300 rank and file of the 24th had answered to that muster-roll which no good soldier shrinks from. Pennycuick, the gallant Colonel of the 24th, with two of his sons, fell on this memorable occasion, but though the colours of the 2nd Warwickshire regiment were part of Sherre Singh's trophies, it was felt by all that the regiment had done its duty that day right nobly. The second occasion on which the 24th met with a reverse was during the Indian Mutiny, when a detachment of the regiment, under Colonel (now General Sir Charles) Ellice was moved rapidly down from Rawul Pindi to disarm the 14th native Infantry at Ghelum. The affair was grievously mismanaged, and though the 24th acted bravely they were driven off with heavy loss (their Colonel being dangerously wounded), abandoning a gun to the mutineers, who during the night effected their escape unmolested. It is not often in the space of 30 years a regiment can point to three reverses, still less to three such rapid spurts of promotion as have befallen the 24th. In common with the rest of our countrymen we sympathise deeply with the regiment in its present misfortune, and can only trust that it will shortly have an opportunity of showing that it can behave as dashingly in a victory as it has already shown it can act steadily under defeat—a sure test of a regiment's discipline.

The Money-Value of Wives.

It is sometimes necessary to look at things from the lowest possible plane in order to see them as they are. "Will it pay?" is a legitimate question in many cases in which it seems an ungracious or sordid one. Sometimes, too, a failure to properly estimate the money value of a given thing results in a failure to appreciate its other and higher worth, which can not be computed in dollars and cents. A luxury which is also a necessity is doubly valuable, and the moral preciousness of anything is certainly not diminished by the fact that it happens also to have a pecuniary worth.

Now we are persuaded that there is no commoner error than that of regarding wives and mothers as expensive luxuries, or at best as paradox who, in consequence of their position, are freed from the law, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." We talk of "working-women" as a class by themselves. We say of a woman who teaches school or makes dresses, or does anything else of the sort, that she works for her living. And altogether too many men speak of the money supplied to their wives as money *given* to them. Now, the fact is that there are no women who more truly work for their living than do all worthy wives and mothers. More than this, there are no women whose work is of greater pecuniary value than theirs, and the man who fails to recognize these facts does his wife a sore injustice, however tenderly he may regard her—however freely he may open his purse to her in the capacity of a liberal and willing benefactor. If she be even a tolerably good wife, he does her a grievous wrong when he assigns her the place of a beneficiary. He has no right to be her patron, even though he be a very munificent one. Her work and her care for his interests at home have a positive money-value of very considerable amount, as any one may see upon reflection, and this fact deserves recognition, at the least. Count her personal expenses as mere wages for work done and skill brought to bear in household management, and in very few cases is the wife overpaid. Estimate her money-value by what the might earn in other walks of life, if she had devoted her time to the acquisition of skill therein as she has to the learning of wifely and motherly work, and it will be found in the majority of instances, that she is upon half-pay. Measure her services by the expense their performance would entail were it necessary to substitute hirelings for her in the parlour, in the dining-room, in the nursery, at the sewing-machine, and it will be evident that here is the cheapest while it is the most faithful labour in the market.

We know that this is a homely treatment for such a topic, but it is a wholesome one for all that, and the lesson is one which can not be too soon or too thoroughly learned. No person possessed of any ordinary amount of self-respect is ever truly happy as a dependent upon anybody's bounty, and we have no right whatever to force into such a position the people who, of all others, most fairly earn the money they receive. Let us not be misunderstood. We would have no hiring between husband and wife, no wages in the household, no atmosphere of trade in the family circle. But the husband of a faithful wife should recognize her right to a higher position and a greater freedom than that of a dependent and beneficiary.

Encouragement for Estate-Hunters.

An American's Successful Suit for Property in England.

(From the New York World.)

Now let all the heirs of the Jennings estate, and of every other castellated property in Spain, arise and call meetings and put their best foot foremost and take up contributions and send out silver-tongued commissioners to secure for their airy millions a local habitation and a name! An American claimant, or at least a claimant from America, has actually proved his claim to an estate in England, and is perhaps even now entering upon it. It is only proper to add that he does not appear to be descended from three brothers who came over in the Mayflower—but perhaps his triumph may be regarded as only the thin edge on the entering wedge. The case is at all events a curious one. It was heard before Vice Chancellor Bacon on the 5th of the current month, and is thus recited in the Manchester *Guardian*:

The claimant, Mr. W. H. Cox, a builder of Memphis, Tenn., sought to establish his right as heir to a property known as Lennox Lodge, Southampton. He stated that he was born in the year 1820, at Cheltenham, where his father carried on the business of a silk mercer. At the age of 14 he went to sea as a midshipman, serving on board the John Coote, which was dispatched with soldiers to Bombay. From Bombay he sailed to China and thence home, and on arriving at Cheltenham he found that during his absence his father had changed his calling to be the editor of the *Cheltenham Chronicle*, and had subsequently quitted his native town, probably in consequence of financial embarrassment, and gone to America, leaving no trace of his whereabouts. To America the plaintiff immediately followed, and after a long inquiry succeeded in finding his father through the medium of advertisement. His mother and family he had left in the care of an aunt, the proprietress of a small hotel, where they all resided. His father was acting at the time as special correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, to which he sent letters from Pennsylvania under the *nom de plume* of "Crump." The reason for the change of name on which the main issue of identity rested was rather obscure, and probably connected with monetary difficulties. The plaintiff and his father became joint editors of *The Pennsylvania Enquirer*, and as such travelled over the greater part of the United States. He stopped at Philadelphia with his father till about 1848, and in the meantime his family also came over and stayed there. After his father's death he travelled for a considerable time, and at last settled down as a builder in New Orleans. He had also seen military experience, having opposed Mackenzie in his Canadian invasion and taken an active part in the civil war. His business was removed previous to the last-mentioned, and he was now at Memphis carrying on a builder's business. Documentary and *viva voce* evidence was given in support of the case. His lordship decided in favour of the plaintiff, holding that his identity was established.

The following scene took place the other day in a Paris restaurant on the occasion of a wedding dinner. An awkward waiter, in attempting to place on the table the soup tureen filled with fat chicken broth, spilled its contents on a lady's white satin dress. The lady screamed, and was seized with hysterics. The waiter stooped and shouted in her ear: "Don't despair, madam, there's plenty of broth pot left in the kitchen. I'm going for it now."

Can't the Ethiopian chance his kin by marrying into a strange family?

A Ghastly Witness.

A Section of a Man's Skull Wanted in a Trial for Murder.

(From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

"Murder will out" is an old saw, but the force of its application lessens not with age. Another example of the theory occurred yesterday in the coroner's office. About noon a young man, who said his name was James Carey, called and requested a private interview with the coroner. This was readily accorded, and when the parties were sequestered in the "chamber of horrors," he pulled a letter out of his pocket, signed by the prosecuting attorney of Randolph county, Missouri, asking the coroner to confide to the care of his representative, Mr. Carey, a section of skull sawed from the head of a man last July, whom the coroner had good reason to suppose had not met his death by fair means. The man's name was Michael Carey, and inquiry developed that the visitor was his brother. The facts leading to this peculiar mission are as follows:

On the morning of the 3rd of last July, Mrs. Carey, the wife of the deceased, residing in the suburbs, presented a death certificate to Coroner Auler, purporting to have been signed by a physician of Higbee, merely to the effect that the man whose body it accompanied had died from a contagious disease. In consequence of the informality of the certificate the coroner declined to issue the burial permit, ordered the body preserved on ice, and telegraphed the Randolph county authorities for information as to the manner Carey had come to his death. The answer only stated that he had been wounded in a difficulty at Higbee, a small town on the Kansas City and Northern railway. A post mortem, demonstrating the extent of the injuries, which were severe cranial fractures, was held, and then the remains were delivered to the relatives and buried. Conjecturing that at some future day evidence as to the character of the wounds might be valuable, Dr. Auler preserved that portion of the skull on which they had been inflicted, and, as it turns out, his course was a good one.

From what was learned from the brother it now transpires that the Randolph county authorities have reason to suppose that Carey was foully murdered by a fellow-labourer, and the murderer, a man named Bill Tansey, has been arrested and indicted for the crime.

The coroner refused to transfer the skull because no one but himself could identify it, but when the trial is held it will be produced in evidence, a speechless, ghastly witness before the accused.

That Checker Board.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

Up to three evenings ago such a thing as a checker-board was never known in Mr. Grattan's house. He and his aged partner have managed to pass the long evenings very pleasantly, and he supposed they were happy enough, until a friend from the East paid them a flying visit, and asserted over and over again that the game of checkers was not only all the rage there, but that it served to quicken the perceptive faculties, enlarge the mind, and render the brain more active. After giving the subject due thought, Mr. Grattan walked down town and purchased a checker-board, and when evening came he surprised his good wife by bringing it in from the woodshed, and saying:

"Well, Martha, we'll have a game or two before we go over to the social. I expect to beat you all to flinders, but you won't care."

"Of course not, and if I beat you, why you won't care," she replied.

They sat down, and he claimed the first move. She at once objected, but when he began to grow red in the face, she yielded and he led off. At the fourth move she took a man, chuckling as she raked him in.

"I don't see anything to grin at," he muttered, as he moved a man backward.

"Here! you can't move that way!" she called out.

"I can't, eh? Perhaps I never played checkers before you were born!"

She saw a chance to jump two more men, and gave in the point, but as she moved he cried out:

"Put them men right back there! I've concluded not to move backwards, even if Hoyle does permit it."

She gave in again, but when he jumped a man her nose grew red and she cried out:

"I didn't mean to move there, I was thinking of the social."

"Can't help the social, Martha—we must go by Hoyle."

In about two minutes she jumped two men and went into the king row, shouting:

"Crown him! Crown him! I've got a King."

"One would think by your childish actions that you never played a game before," he growled out.

"I know enough to beat you."

"You do, eh? Some folks are awful smart."

"And some folks ain't!" she snapped, as her king captured another man.

"What in thunder are you jumping that way for?"

"A king can jump any way."

"No, he can't."

"Yes, he can."

"Don't talk back to me, Martha Grattan! I was playing checkers when you were in your cradle."

"I don't care! I can jump two men whichever way you move."

He looked down on the board, saw that such was the case, and roared out:

"You've moved twice to my once!"

"I haven't."

"I'll take my oath you have! I can't play against any such blackleg practices."

"Who's a blackleg? You not only cheated, but you tried to lie out of it!"

Board and checkers fell between them. He could get on his hat quicker than she could find her bonnet, and that was the only reason why he got out of the house first. A Woodward avenue grocer found him sitting on a basket of cranberries at the door as he was coming up for the night and asked him if he was waiting for his wife to come along.

"Well, not exactly; I stopped here to feel in my pocket for the key of the barn. I shall slip on the hay to-night, and see if it won't cure this cold in my head!"

The Heiress-Hunter.

There are as many heiress-hunters as heir-hunters, and there is this much to be said in this connection. The man who for money marries a woman is a more deliberate wretch than the woman who for money marries a man. He makes a matter of choice of it, she takes to it as a sheer matter of necessity. He is active in his lying, she is but a passive falsehood—she merely suffers herself to be made love to, but he is a direct dissimulator. Oh! what a manly spectacle is presented to the world by this gold-seeker of society! how he adorns his rôle! how he elevates our ideas of the possibilities of humanity! Study him as he pursues the path of his perfidious courtship, listen to his elaborate falsehoods; what a consummate actor! what a look he casts into his eyes, of a love that has no place in his heart! what an accent he throws into his voice, of a passion that has no existence in his soul! what a thorough master of detail! how he graduates his steps and composes his looks, and governs his actions, all for one sole end, of producing the required effect upon the woman who is to be at once his bride and banker! What a perfect man! how he takes advantage of a woman, how he speculates upon her loving blindness, how he literally coins her all confiding tenderness, how he winds his caressing arms about her waist, imagining all the while he is dipping his clutching fingers in her purse!

The Iturbide is the swell hotel of the City of Mexico. It was built in the last century by a Spanish nobleman for his own residence, and is spacious, but gloomy. The Emperor Iturbide selected it as his palace when the Spanish dominion was overthrown.

USEFUL RECIPES.

Brown or White Stock.—Put a good piece of lean beef in plenty of water (cold) place on the fire and very slowly bring it to the simmering point; skim it of all grease with care, and when clear, put in the vegetables you like, letting all stew gently together for six hours without interruption, then strain for use. If you desire a brown stock, burned sugar or a burned onion should be used.

Vegetable Stock.—Clean and cut up some carrots, celery, turnips, onions, lettuce, parsnips and herbs; put them in a stewpan, with butter and a little water, and stew until the water is evaporated and the butter begins to hiss; then fill up with fresh water, add nutmeg, pepper, salt, and a few green peas; simmer for three hours; strain and use for maigre soups of any kind.

Baked Scotch Herring.—Cut off the heads of six herrings and split the fish, taking out the backbone; chop a spoonful of parsley and mince up an onion fine, and a little thyme and marjoram; take a piece of stale bread, if not dry enough, put it in the oven; when crisp, grate or pound it up; take a spoonful of salt and quarter as much ground pepper and sprinkle it over the fish; make a layer of fish at the bottom of a tin pan, sprinkling over them the bread crumbs, the parsley, onions; add to each layer a small piece of butter, a tablespoonful altogether will suffice; cover over the baking-pan with a dish, and bake by a slow fire about a half-hour.

Macaroni and Ham.—Take one-half pound of macaroni, put it in boiling salt and water, and cook for 20 minutes, or until tender. (The great mistake in preparing macaroni is to overcook it; macaroni should not be soft, so as to drop to pieces.) Drain the macaroni, and put in cold water until you are ready to use it. Take a quarter of a pound of the lean of cold boiled ham; chop fine; take half a can of tomatoes, when thoroughly done, through a colander; thicken with a tablespoonful of flour and a tablespoonful of butter, rubbed smooth. Lay the macaroni in a layer, spread on the chopped ham, add some of the tomato sauce, a little pepper, a little salt, and so on, until the dish is filled. Bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes. This is enough for six people.

Apple Tapioca Pudding.—Put two tablespoonfuls of tapioca into a basin with one pint of water, and let it soak 12 hours; peel, quarter, and core six apples; boil the soaked tapioca with two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, a little salt and four cloves, until clear; stew the apples until tender, with sugar to keep them from falling to pieces; then place your stewed apples in the bottom of a baking dish, and pour the tapioca over them; make a custard of the yolks of three eggs and nearly a pint of rich milk, seasoned with a little cinnamon; pour this over the tapioca and apples, and bake 20 minutes; when baked make a frosting of the whites of three eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar; return to the oven and brown slightly. To be eaten with sugar and cream, cold.

Beefsteak Pudding.—Take two pounds of round steak, (cost 20 cents) one teaspoonful each of summer savory, celery salt, and one small onion chopped fine, a sprig of parsley, salt, and white pepper, cost altogether 3 cents. Cut the steak up into small pieces and place a layer of it in a buttered dish, the sides of which you have lined with paste. Sprinkle over the steak some of the onion, celery salt, &c.; add another layer of steak and seasoning until all is used, then pour over it a little water and cover with paste. Place on the top of it a buttered paper, and stand it in a basin of boiling water, cover it tight, and let it boil two hours and a half. To make the paste, take one teacup and a half of flour, a half-teaspoonful of salt, and two table-spoonfuls of of roast-beef drippings, and wet it up with a half-teacupful of water; cost of all 4 cents. Total expense, 29 cents. This quantity will make a dish sufficient for five persons, with the customary vegetables.

Swiss Pudding.—Sift together half a pound of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, and one of salt; rub together four ounces of granulated sugar and two ounces of butter, and when they are well mixed, so as to be granular, but not creamy, add the flour gradually until all is used; make a hollow in the middle of the flour, put into it one egg, half a teaspoonful of lemon flavouring, and half a pint of milk; mix to a smooth paste, put into well buttered and floured mold, and set this into a large pot, with boiling water enough to come two-thirds up the side of the mold; steam the pudding three-quarters of an hour, or until a broom-splint can be run into it without finding the pudding sticking to the splint. Turn the pudding out of the mold and send it to table with the following sauce. Stir together over the fire one ounce each of flour and butter; as soon as they are smooth pour into them half a pint of boiling milk, add two ounces of sugar and half a teaspoonful of lemon flavouring, and use with the pudding as soon as it boils up.

A Burmese Massacre Which Was Not Perpetrated.

It may fairly be said—although the assertion savours of a bull—that the most memorable in the long list of Burmese massacres is one which was not perpetrated. When the British squadron appeared off Rangoon at the opening of the last war with Burmah, the native Governor of the city sent a messenger to announce that every European within the walls should be put to death the moment the first shot was fired. This menace having no effect, a score or so of foreign residents, including two American missionaries, were ordered out for immediate execution. The word was given, and the headsman had just stepped forward with his huge knife, when the first English broadside was discharged, shattering to pieces, by a singular chance, the very house in front of which the Governor and his suite were standing. Never was a panic more instantaneous. Away ran Governor, officers, headsman and all, while the victims, bound and unable to stir, remained kneeling in readiness for the fatal stroke, with no one left to attend to them. They were speedily released by a party of British blue jackets; and to complete this sudden turning of the tables, the inhuman Governor was brought in by a sailor that very evening, with his hands tied behind him and a gag in his mouth.

Railway up Vesuvius.

It is thirty years since a concession was granted for a railway up Vesuvius. It has been promised many times, but never so positively as now. The plan proposed involves the construction of an iron elevated railway about three feet high above the ground, on which is to run a train of eight cars operated by a steel cable. Each car is to be furnished with two automatic brakes. The cable will be double, in case of accidents. The actual tension on it will be 3,000 kilogrammes, but it will be made to support a tension of 33,000 kilogrammes. A small station with a restaurant will be constructed on the cone and another at the foot of the mountain. The ground has been chosen where there is least danger from an eruption, and all the material is movable, so that it can easily be taken up and carried in the observatory in case of an eruption. It is expected that the railway will be completed before the summer of the present year.

"Oh, I'm good for another twenty years," was the laughing rejoinder of Prince Henry, of the Netherlands, when urged to make his will. He has died intestate, and his vast possessions will probably pass just where he didn't want them to go.

A school-girl of tender years thus writes to a bosom friend: "Dear Susa—I shan't attend school again until I get some new cuffs, collars, and jewellery—dear Mama agrees with me that it is my Dooty to take the shine off that Upstart Mary Jones, and I'll do it if I never learn nothing."

Crossing the Line.

Some of the Tricks Played by the Jolly Tars When Crossing the Equator.

(From All The Year Round.)

The rude and boisterous customs formerly observed on board ship, such, for instance, as the ceremonies on "crossing the line," as related by nautical writers, are familiar to all our readers. These sports, the offshoot of other practised in earlier times, have, in their turn, yielded to the more refined and reasonable mode of whiling the tedium of a long voyage by theatricals, recitations, concerts, etc. Grose gives some curious instances of the way in which the "salts" of former times enjoyed their pastimes at sea. He mentions a custom called the "ambassador," practised upon ignorant fellows or landsmen" in warm latitudes. The sport was thus managed: A large tub was filled with water and two stools placed on each side of it. Over the whole a tarpaulin or old sail was thrown. This was kept tight by two persons, who represented the king and queen of a foreign country, and were seated on the stools. The person intended to be ducked was called the ambassador, and after repeating a ridiculous speech dictated to him, he was led in great state to the throne, and there seated between the king and queen, who, suddenly rising, the ambassador fell back into the tub of water.

Another observance practised near the line was called "autour," or King Arthur. A sailor, who represented the king, ridiculously dressed, and having an immense wig made of oakum or some old stuff, was seated at the side of or over a large vessel of water. Every sailor in his turn was to be ceremoniously introduced to him, and to pour a bucket of water over him, crying: "Hail, King Arthur!" If during this ceremony any seaman laughed or smiled (to which he was provoked by the wry faces and facetious gesticulations of the monarch), he had to change places and assume the throne, until relieved by some other brother tar who had as little command over his facial muscles as him elf.

Another game on board ship was called "hoop." To run the hoop was an ancient marine custom. Four or more boys having their left hands tied fast to an iron hoop, and in their right a rope, called a "nettle," being naked to the waist, waited the signal to begin. This was done by the application of a stroke of the cat-o'-nine-tails given by the boatswain to the back of one of the boys, who struck at the next to him, and so on, until all became engaged in what can scarcely be called an amusing game; for although at first the blows were gently administered, each boy, irritated at the strokes of his neighbour, at length laid on lustily, and the play became earnest. This custom was practised when the ship was wind-bound.

The boy-flogging brings to mind a practice of the French seamen in former days, who believed that the spirit of the storm would be propitiated by thrashing unfortunate middies at the mainmast.

"Cob," or "cobbing," was a punishment formerly inflicted on seamen for petty offences and irregularities. This consisted in striking the offender with a cobbling stick or pipe-staff. The number of strokes was usually a dozen. At the first the inflictor repeated the word "watch," on which all persons on board took off their hats on pain of like punishment. The last stroke was always given as hard as possible, and was called the "purse."

"Keel-hauling" was a barbarous punishment in the navy, but the following account of "keel-raking" was a refinement on such cruelty. It is described in "Six Dialogues About Sea Service," (1685): "If the offence be foul, he (the seaman) is also drawn underneath the very keel of the ship, and being thus under water, a great piece is given fire to, right over his head, as well to astonish him more with the thunder thereof, which proveth much offensive to him, as to give warning to all others to look out and beware."

A punishment to sailors for swearing, is mentioned in the diary of Rev. Henry Teonge, chaplain of H. M. S. Assistance (1675-76): "David Thomas and Martin, the cock, and one master's boy had their hands stretched out, and with their back to the rayles, and the master's boy with his back to the mainmast, all looking one upon the other, and in each of their mouths a mandler-spike, namely, an iron pione clapt heds, and there they stood a whole houre till their mouths were very bloody." An excellent cure for swearers!

Gold in Scotland.

(From Chambers' Journal.)

Gold, it would appear, was wrought in Fife and Forthrif (Forfar?) as early as the twelfth century. In 1152 David I. granted to the Abbey of Dunfermline, among other gifts, a tithe of all the gold that should accrue to the King from those districts. Earlier than this "record" does not go, but it is the general opinion of archæologists that the gold ornaments of prehistoric times were made of native metal. Between the twelfth and sixteenth centuries there are a number of records to show that gold was wrought in Scotland to an extent deemed worthy of the attention of the King and the Parliament, but the statistics as regards quantity are of the most meagre kind. The earliest record of the precious metals was undoubtedly the upper district of Lanarkshire, and in the sixteenth century many bargains, grants, and arrangements appear in connection with the work there. The accounts of the Lord Treasurer give some hint as to the productiveness of the mines; and it is interesting to know that between 1538 and 1542, a space of five years, sufficient native gold was obtained to make a crown for the King and Queen, to add to the King's great chain, and provide a belt for the Queen; the total weight of the metal used for these purposes being above 112 ounces. This was over and above a large quantity of gold used in coining "bonnet-pieces," in providing a gumstick consisting of a *bairtuthe*, or boar's tusk set in gold for the Prince, a whistle for the King, a shrine for one of the bones of St. Audrian of May, besides other knicknacks described in the accounts.

Latest Discovery in Rome.

Continuing the work of the new street, the Via Nazionale, just behind the Palazzo Colonna, the workmen came upon a pavement of exquisite mosaic, 48 yards square, and more than 50 feet below the level of the modern street. Its date has not been ascertained yet, but from the great depth at which it was found, and from fragments of buildings of the republic above it, it is supposed to be from a time antecedent to that period. On one side of it a part of a wall was covered with stucco, and painted in the Pompeian style. The whole is in perfect preservation, and the colours look more like a work of yesterday than one about 2500 years old. It is already cut in large square blocks, and will be removed, each block on a marble slab, to the Museum of the Capitol, at an expense of 4000 francs.

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